Without going to the lengths of Mr. Tom Mann, who recently declared that political action is not merely subsidiary, but useless to the working classes, we may regard the craze for political action as almost pathologically exaggerated. To hear men (and women still more so) talk of politics and of Parliament as if these were the ivory gates through which alone Utopian dreams were certainly coming true, is to feel political philosophers turn in their graves. The dependence of politics upon economics and the further dependence of economics on faith seem to be facts that our shallow and impatient, our anarchic and de-standardised age has either forgotten or never learned. It is true that in its actual operation, politics is seen to be what Sir George Kemp in a speech last Wednesday described it: a perpetual spectacle of the lower side of life; and there was no place, he said, that he would less like to be put in than the House of Commons. It is true, we say, that the paid mummies, we may say, whose souls supply the fuel of the dangerous flame. Mr. Birrell has not an ounce of myth in his system; he has done it, we should cut him for ever; and we turn from a realisation of the truth; to our favourite news-paper, in fact. There, sure enough,—we learn that our number of myths they require themselves to invent. The illusion is assisted by our natural disposition to believe the best of ourselves and therefore of the institutions, and men whom theoretically at least we create or elect. It gives us a shock to discover that this or that department of State, controlled by this or that prominent politician, has done something for which, if one of our acquaintances had done it, we should cut him for ever; and we turn with an unspoken but deeply felt demand for a denial of the plain fact to someone who is paid to defend us from a realisation of the truth; to our favourite newspaper, in fact. There, sure enough, we learn that our senses had undoubtedly deceived us; twice two might be four in private life, but considering the complex circumstances of public policy, they happen—fortunately for England—to be five on that occasion. There was, we are assured, policy in what in our innocence we feared was a dirty bit of business. So-and-so of such-and-such a department was really the very soul of honour: a little rash perhaps, and over-anxious in his zeal for the national welfare, but a statesman to be backed up:

The most unfortunate of these poor creatures are, of course, the men who are paid to keep the illusion going; the paid mummies, we may say, whose souls supply the fuel of the dangerous flame. Mr. Birrell has not an adjective too severe in his contempt, expressed on Wednesday last in the House of Commons, for the public Press of this country. Absolutely antrustworthy, we believe he declared the Press to be, and most of all in its dissemination of "news." But as the galled jade, "F. W. W.," wired in reply, the politicians have no particular right to abuse the Press: the Press does them good service. It does. It does them the service of magnifying their personalities and qualities and abilities and sacrifices and labours to untold dimensions, by comparison with which mere mortals like their readers appear and are meant to appear as ants. But this is all part of the illusion which politics produces and which produces politics. All we have to say of it is that everybody "in the know" knows that the whole thing is Dr. Pepperism. But the chief of the illusionists, we repeat, are the journalists. Without journalists, who would even suppose that there are more than three, at the outside, passably great men in politics? Who would suppose from merely reading their speeches or observing their conduct that Mr. Bonar Law is a fiery orator and a leader of men; or Mr. Montagu a statesman; or Mr. Austen Chamberlain an oracle? The fact is that of all the "foremost statesmen" in England, not more than a small minority would distinguish themselves on any jury of plain unknown men in the kingdom. All that they are they are, and their immediate neighbours know them. But all that they appear to be the journalists have made them.

One of the most monstrous of the illusions of politics is the belief sedulously cultivated by journalists that our leading politicians and the House of Commons as a whole are honest. The illusion is assisted by our natural disposition to believe the best of ourselves and therefore of the institutions, and men whom theoretically at least we create or elect. It gives us a shock to discover that this or that department of State, controlled by this or that prominent politician, has done something for which, if one of our acquaintances had done it, we should cut him for ever; and we turn with an unspoken but deeply felt demand for a denial of the plain fact to someone who is paid to defend us from a realisation of the truth; to our favourite newspaper, in fact. There, sure enough, we learn that our senses had undoubtedly deceived us; it is true that of all the "foremost statesmen" in England, not more than a small minority would distinguish themselves on any jury of plain unknown men in the kingdom. All that they are they are, and their immediate neighbours know them. But all that they appear to be the journalists have made them.

* * *

The most unfortunate of these poor creatures are, of course, the men who are paid to keep the illusion going; the paid mummies, we may say, whose souls supply the fuel of the dangerous flame. Mr. Birrell has not an adjective too severe in his contempt, expressed on Wednesday last in the House of Commons, for the public Press of this country. Absolutely antrustworthy, we believe he declared the Press to be, and most of all in its dissemination of "news." But as the galled jade, "F. W. W.," wired in reply, the politicians have no particular right to abuse the Press: the Press does them good service. It does. It does them the service of...
tion and the survival of the most impudent, has caused to survive. On the other hand, there are still among them journalists of a more sensibly conscious and deliberate protective resemblance to truth goes a little against the grain. Not much, we say, but a little. And the subterfuges to which they are driven in their attempts to square the facts with their allegiance to their newspaper and its party are among the tragic comedies of the political Coliseum.

No realist with the smallest experience of public life, Parliamentary, municipal, or parish, has any doubt whatever that, however England may compare with other countries, corruption in England is bad enough to make us a stinking little island. We do not deny that occasionally a right man gets the right job for a right reason. We do not deny that a right man often gets a right job for a wrong reason. But we do deny that more than a small proportion of the right men get the right job for any reason at all. In the case of dozens of municipalities, well known probably to our readers, no appointment to a salaried post has been made for years on the merits of the applicants alone. It is not necessary to attempt to prove this statement. Everybody knows it to be true. And those who know such a statement to be true of the public authority that has come under their observation may be assured that it is true practically universally. But the need for relief in the gloom, as we say, is so great that the hope is cherished practically universally. But the need for relief in the present Liberal Cabinet. Its editor, Mr. Massingham, administrator, is a scamp, either in himself or by collusion.

It has been really pitiful to watch the antics of Mr. Massingham during the last fortnight on the subject of the Foreign and Naval policy of his beloved Liberal Government. Mr. Massingham is precisely one of those arch-illusionists whose pen can dress up a dummy to make him look like a hero. In his day he has invented and staged quite a number of romantic characters. Any bundle of qualities on two legs, so it was labelled Liberal, reserved him as a lay figure for his modern Plutarch. Twenty—or was it ten—years ago he made a personage of Lord Rosebery—his most successful creation, though unhappily a short-lived one. Of Mr. Balfour, Mr. Churchill, Mr. Masterman he attempted to make a Marlborough and an Admirable Crichton rolled into one. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, it is well known, he made Prime Minister; and his present occupation is to prepare the same office for Mr. Lloyd George—or is it Mr. Ponsonby? And having made these impressive phantoms, he naturally expected them to move as he waved his hand, this way and that exactly as his own fancies dictated. They ought, in all conscience, to follow his direction if they are the men he has made them out to be. And if they do not, someone has blundered in his judgment. Can it conceivably be Mr. Massingham? Impossible.

The "Nation," as our readers know from our columns, has never since 1896 been built by the present Liberal Cabinet. Its editor, Mr. Massingham, reserved for his occasional use the right of chastising the Liberal Party himself, but on no condition, right, entreaty, argument, protest, would he permit any independent journal to do so. Conserva-

five weekly, 338 of them, were at liberty to "slander" his pet; they, like his own journalists, were paid to state a case. But independent criticism—criticism unauthorized by the styles of the party-game—did not exist for him. We have seen that he has put his money, so to speak, on Mr. Lloyd George. First it was Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Churchill and Mr. Masterman and—but to-day it is Mr. Lloyd George alone, and even he is slipping! What is the matter? Mr. Massingham had sworn both to himself and to the public that the Cabinet of 1906 was the best Cabinet that could possibly be devised. We have a number of the most single men was out who, in Mr. Massingham's own word, were the right man often gets a right job for a wrong reason. But we do deny that more than a small proportion of the right men get the right job for any reason at all. In the case of dozens of municipalities, well known probably to our readers, no appointment to a salaried post has been made for years on the merits of the applicants alone. It is not necessary to attempt to prove this statement. Everybody knows it to be true. And those who know such a statement to be true of the public authority that has come under their observation may be assured that it is true practically universally. But the need for relief in the gloom, as we say, is so great that the hope is cherished practically universally. But the need for relief in the present Liberal Cabinet. Its editor, Mr. Massingham, administrator, is a scamp, either in himself or by collusion.

It has been really pitiful to watch the antics of Mr. Massingham during the last fortnight on the subject of the Foreign and Naval policy of his beloved Liberal Government. Mr. Massingham is precisely one of those arch-illusionists whose pen can dress up a dummy to make him look like a hero. In his day he has invented and staged quite a number of romantic characters. Any bundle of qualities on two legs, so it was labelled Liberal, reserved him as a lay figure for his modern Plutarch. Twenty—or was it ten—years ago he made a personage of Lord Rosebery—his most successful creation, though unhappily a short-lived one. Of Mr. Balfour, Mr. Churchill, Mr. Masterman he attempted to make a Marlborough and an Admirable Crichton rolled into one. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, it is well known, he made Prime Minister; and his present occupation is to prepare the same office for Mr. Lloyd George—or is it Mr. Ponsonby? And having made these impressive phantoms, he naturally expected them to move as he waved his hand, this way and that exactly as his own fancies dictated. They ought, in all conscience, to follow his direction if they are the men he has made them out to be. And if they do not, someone has blundered in his judgment. Can it conceivably be Mr. Massingham? Impossible.

The "Nation," as our readers know from our columns, has never since 1896 been built by the present Liberal Cabinet. Its editor, Mr. Massingham, reserved for his occasional use the right of chastising the Liberal Party himself, but on no condition, right, entreaty, argument, protest, would he permit any independent journal to do so. Conserva-

five weekly, 338 of them, were at liberty to "slander" his pet; they, like his own journalists, were paid to state a case. But independent criticism—criticism unauthorized by the styles of the party-game—did not exist for him. We have seen that he has put his money, so to speak, on Mr. Lloyd George. First it was Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Churchill and Mr. Masterman and—but to-day it is Mr. Lloyd George alone, and even he is slipping! What is the matter? Mr. Massingham had sworn both to himself and to the public that the Cabinet of 1906 was the best Cabinet that could possibly be devised. We have a number of the most single man was out who, in Mr. Massingham's own word, were the right man often gets a right job for a wrong reason. But we do deny that more than a small proportion of the right men get the right job for any reason at all. In the case of dozens of municipalities, well known probably to our readers, no appointment to a salaried post has been made for years on the merits of the applicants alone. It is not necessary to attempt to prove this statement. Everybody knows it to be true. And those who know such a statement to be true of the public authority that has come under their observation may be assured that it is true practically universally. But the need for relief in the gloom, as we say, is so great that the hope is cherished practically universally. But the need for relief in the present Liberal Cabinet. Its editor, Mr. Massingham, administrator, is a scamp, either in himself or by collusion.

It has been really pitiful to watch the antics of Mr. Massingham during the last fortnight on the subject of the Foreign and Naval policy of his beloved Liberal Government. Mr. Massingham is precisely one of those arch-illusionists whose pen can dress up a dummy to make him look like a hero. In his day he has invented and staged quite a number of romantic characters. Any bundle of qualities on two legs, so it was labelled Liberal, reserved him as a lay figure for his modern Plutarch. Twenty—or was it ten—years ago he made a personage of Lord Rosebery—his most successful creation, though unhappily a short-lived one. Of Mr. Balfour, Mr. Churchill, Mr. Masterman he attempted to make a Marlborough and an Admirable Crichton rolled into one. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, it is well known, he made Prime Minister; and his present occupation is to prepare the same office for Mr. Lloyd George—or is it Mr. Ponsonby? And having made these impressive phantoms, he naturally expected them to move as he waved his hand, this way and that exactly as his own fancies dictated. They ought, in all conscience, to follow his direction if they are the men he has made them out to be. And if they do not, someone has blundered in his judgment. Can it conceivably be Mr. Massingham? Impossible.

The "Nation," as our readers know from our columns, has never since 1896 been built by the present Liberal Cabinet. Its editor, Mr. Massingham, reserved for his occasional use the right of chastising the Liberal Party himself, but on no condition, right, entreaty, argument, protest, would he permit any independent journal to do so. Conserva-

five weekly, 338 of them, were at liberty to "slander" his pet; they, like his own journalists, were paid to state a case. But independent criticism—criticism unauthorized by the styles of the party-game—did not exist for him. We have seen that he has put his money, so to speak, on Mr. Lloyd George. First it was Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Churchill and Mr. Masterman and—but to-day it is Mr. Lloyd George alone, and even he is slipping! What is the matter? Mr. Massingham had sworn both to himself and to the public that the Cabinet of 1906 was the best Cabinet that could possibly be devised. We have a number of the most
two years, may go to India for the sake of the voyage and rest; and add to it the statement, made on the following day, to the effect that Mr. MacDonald had accepted Government service as a member of a Commission to report on Public Service in India, and that he would be absent there for two months, and afterwards return again to complete his work. We will not ask if a commissionship of this character is compatible with rest after a strain on health. It may be; it is well possible. But we ask our readers who have complained of our criticisms of Mr. MacDonald and the Labour Party to renew their complaints of them if they can. To give fresh cause, we will even announce that Mr. MacDonald is not the only member of the Labour Party to whom strange strings—or to get it! Yet the "Labour Leader," we hazard the guess, will not deplore these facts; the Liberal Press, as is only natural, will rejoice in them; the Conservative Press will say nothing; and Tutt New Ace will be told that it is of no account. Nor are we! Nor is any part of the Press, nor is public opinion, nor are thirty-five of the forty millions of the inhabitants of these islands. On politics that is, on the executive of administration—the effect of seven out of every eight of us is absolutely nil. We can hiss, we can applaud, we can drown the speeches, we can turn our backs, but we cannot stop the action of the political tragedy.

As an example—and not a particularly obvious one—of the double-shuffle danced by Liberal journalists over a stab in the back by their Cabinet friends, a sentence from "P. W. W." in the "Daily News" of Wednesday may be added—in the sense of being wondered at. The "Daily News," as everybody knows, is owned by Mr. Cadbury—a man who would be surprised and hurt if you told him he was running a skunk-farm. Do not Mr. Bernard Shaw, Mr. Cunninghame-Graham and Mr. G. K. Chesterton honour the "Daily News" with their messages to the public? To be in their company is surely for any journalist to be above suspicion of hedging and ditching and party gutter-scaping. Halos, then, for Mr. Harold Spender, who recently announced in the "Daily News" that the "whole community" was grievous to hear that the doctors had decided to kill the Insurance Act. That is the sort of statement that passes for truth under the embroidered robes of Mr. G. K. Chesterton. Halos also for "P. W. W." who, in the article already indicated, commenting on the scandalous appointment of Mr. Mallet, an ignoramus, over the head of Mr. Arnold, a far more remarkable business, remarks that the only disputable feature in a statement which was progressive in tendency and well received by a small, though thoroughly appreciative, House. The only disputable feature! A trifle, a spot on the sun—all the rest being integrity. But do not Mr. Harold Spender admit to-day who is not there by permission, active or passive, to-day who is not there by permission, active or passive, that the index fingers of economic forces. The distribution of wealth in this country, as in all countries, is exactly and precisely measured and registered in the algebraic terms of political power. Not the vote only, but the whole system of politics, is a symbol of the economic possession, a mark and a sign of the "pulls" exercised by the various classes over one another in society at large by virtue of their possession or non-possession of economic resources. * * *

When we speak of the governing classes of England we are referring, whether we know it or not, to the three classes of Rent, Interest and Profit; and when we speak of the people as the governed we refer, whether we know it or not, to the class of Wages. There are exceptions, of course, in both classes; an intelligent and humane member of the governing class may politically associate himself with the class of wages; a fool or a sage of a wage earner may politically associate himself with the governing classes. But the actual fact still remains that in neither instance is the conversion complete. Mr. Fels, who occasionally subscribes to the funds of the Labour Party, does not by that act descend from his governing position. He no more loses his right to the oversight even in the Liberal Press at the proposed "deal" between the Government and the Marconi Company. By an evil chance, Sir Rufus Isaacs—that perfect pink of his profession whatever it is—has not yet changed his patronymic for the name of an extinct English peer. His name is, therefore, still Isaacs, just Isaacs. Had his elevation taken place some months ago, the coincidence of his name with that of the Managing Director of the Marconi Company would have formed a writers' soul. We should not have remembered it; it is impossible to remember all the new peers. But, as we say, he is still Isaacs; and so, too, is his brother, the Managing Director of the Marconi Company. A talented family, you say! Oh very—but what a pity, as a correspondent suggests, in view of the relative bargaining capacities of the Government and the Company, that the nation did not get the other brother.

Well, we have made our protest, and so, too, for once, has the Liberal Press. So, too, we imagine, will the Liberal Press crumb-flickers, the "Labour Leader" and the "Christian Commonwealth." But what, we seriously ask, will be the fate of the majority, probably the terms of the present "deal," and to ensure certainly more circumspection in the next. Bismarck, being asked what he would do if all dispatches were published, replied that he would be put to the trouble of writing two. Discovered in one job, pains will be taken to conceal the next more carefully. Does any body doubt this? Can any honest soul honestly say that jobbery and thievery is more likely to be disclosed now than it was a few years ago? On the contrary, credulity is taxed long before the revelations have fairly begun. The public simply dare not believe that they are as bad as every dip of the bucket into the public stream shows them to be. And against every fresh dip impediments are placed as well by the administration as by the general public. What can be the end of it nobody knows. It would be absurd in face of history to affirm that national ruin follows certainly upon political corruption. On the other hand, if the corruption is deep, ruin must follow. But is it deep spread as yet? Is it past stopping? At this point we are, brought directly in front of two great movements (we call them great by courtesy), the Labour Movement and the Women's Movement. Both movements, through their political leaders, declare that politics is corrupt; both declare that their mission is purification; and both are enthusiastic enough to believe that the remedy for political corruption is more politics. But we have already proved more than once that the whole political machine is moved by economics, not by what is called politics. Politics is merely the movement of the index fingers of economic forces. The distribution of wealth in this country, as in all countries, is exactly and precisely measured and registered in the algebraic terms of political power. Not the vote only, but the whole system of politics, is a symbol of the economic possession, a mark and a sign of the "pulls" exercised by the various classes over one another in society at large by virtue of their possession or non-possession of economic resources.

* * *

On politics—that is, on the executive of the political machine is moved by economics, not by what is called politics. Politics is merely the movement of the index fingers of economic forces. The distribution of wealth in this country, as in all countries, is exactly and precisely measured and registered in the algebraic terms of political power. Not the vote only, but the whole system of politics, is a symbol of the economic possession, a mark and a sign of the "pulls" exercised by the various classes over one another in society at large by virtue of their possession or non-possession of economic resources.

* * *
When writing several months ago on the inevitable subject of Germany I had occasion to mention the necessity for national solidarity in foreign affairs. I am therefore glad to see that this matter was referred to with that delicate profundity for which, among other things, my colleague who writes the Editorial Notes has become distinguished. I allude to this reference because its publication coincides with two items of news which have appeared in the papers in the course of the week. One was the notification that Mr. Massingham wished to form a new party, with Mr. Ponsonby, egad, at its head; and for what purpose? Why, to vote against the Navy Estimates. And the other news item referred to the stevedores, or some other section of the dockers, going back to work: the men assembled, it appears, hurrahed for Lord Devonport, and sang God Save, etc.

From the point of view of their delivery from the wage system I think the dockers were wrong to act as they did. From the point of view of national solidarity, I think it was an excellent thing to do. And from the point of view of the Editorial Notes I wish to emphasise how easy it is to deal with the working man, what an honest, good-natured fellow he is at bottom, so long as he thinks he is being justly dealt with. Some of those very dockers, for all I know, were among the crowd that prayed the other day for Lord Devonport's early demise. Whether or no, they were obviously dissatisfied with the prevailing economic conditions. But were they prepared to follow Mr. Massingham or Sir Edward Grey? Sir Edward Grey for a thousand. And why? Because, to make what is possibly the simplest answer, they are not Quakers. Our national traditions are still strong among the working classes, and Quakerism is not one of our national traditions. In spite, therefore, of all the evil qualities attributed to the workmen by the capitalist press, I still look to them with some amount of hope. If they do nothing more than preserve our national traditions, they will have to that extent justified their existence.

As to Mr. Massingham's proposal, if I criticised it at any great length I should merely find myself repeating arguments which I have used time and again. Let it only be realised what this proposal is. Mr. Massingham and those for whom he writes wish to split the House of Commons—i.e., the nation in miniature—into two sections: the section for the spirited foreign policy outlined in last week's Editorial Notes, and the section against it. I have previously said of similar proposals that they were injurious, ill-founded. I will go further this time and say that the present one is criminal. For Mr. Massingham is not satisfied simply to agitate in the Press against the Navy Estimates—it is understood, of course, that we are here referring to the Supplementary Estimates. He is not satisfied to propagate his agitator, among Members of the House of Commons. No; he wishes to go so far as to form an entirely new party, with an extreme Radical Member of the House as its leader, for no other purpose than that of making a determined onslaught on our national security.

Long ago, as regular readers of this journal will recollect, I referred to the famous "watch-tower" from which Mr. Massingham viewed the cosmos. He has written his new article from the same high plane. In reading it we forget for a moment that there are any foreign Powers at all, or that we have a Navy, or that there are people in this country who have preserved a trace of the military spirit. We might be living in Utopia, or Oceana, or Erewhon, but not on the planet to which our present incarnations have condemned us.

Frankly, I am utterly opposed to this peculiar type of mind that disregards the reality amid which we live. I have no use for semi-Buddhists. If Mr. Massingham and his employers and friends believe this world to be an illusion of the senses, if they regard foreign navies and foreign ambitions as coming under the heading of Maya, they have my blessing if they wish to cut themselves off from this illusion. Let them take their little bowl and their staff and go into the forest or on the mountains, and peace be to them. But the rest of us have to remain here with us, and we must face facts. What they must not be allowed to do is to maintain their present attitude: they must not treat half the world as if it were an illusion of the senses. This makes them more than preserve our national traditions, they will have to that extent justified their existence.

Setting aside the "spirited foreign policy" plan for a moment, let it be remembered that we must always be prepared to strike as a purely military precaution—as a simple measure of defence. Must one say the same thing over and over again? Ought one to repeat the elements of military strategy month after month for the edification of those who will not listen, or who are too muddle-minded to understand? Mr. Bax, for example, still prove an excellent follower for Mr. Massingham. In his article last week he makes a statement of truly Massinghamian profundity and insight: "The opinion is steadily gaining ground among political thinkers that the world will never again see a war between any two first-class Powers." This opinion, I believe, "gained ground" in the eighteenth century; and it had acquired a considerable amount of territory just after the opening of the Crystal Palace. But I do not think it stopped any wars between first-class Powers, which were on the whole fairly numerous in the course of the nineteenth century, and "ground" was "gained" in the precise sense to which, I take it, Mr. Bax objects with all the fervour of a staunach pacific.

Nor does Mr. Massingham's disciple make his case any better when he goes on to say: "This does not mean, of course, that all war is likely to come to an end in the immediate future. There remain weaker States inadequately safeguarded by any first-class Power or combination of such Powers which may at any time be swallowed up. More than all, there are backward, barbaric, and savage peoples outside the range of the modern capitalist world which remain to be absorbed into it on the first convenient opportunity by one or other of the leading capitalist States." How comforting! The capitalist States, then, with the praiseworthy object of not interfering with Mr. Bax's argument, will simply invade these barbaric lands, fight the natives, and refrain from fighting one another for the possession of the new countries? I bite my thumb at you, sir; and at you, Mr. Massingham. You are amphibians in the primitive meaning of the word; and you are equally incapable of noble feelings, for your instincts are not sound. I refer you to my analogy of Buddhism; for I think it suits you extremely well. You wish to be ascetics and yet to live among us in this world. Now, it can't be done. If, in some lucid moment, you can see what I am driving at, you may be able to make up your mental faculties—I will not say your mind—one way or the other. But until then, for the sake of the nation whose interests you profess to have at heart, I beg you to desist.
SERJEANT BuzfuZ, alias Mr. St. John Ervine, was very busy in these coming days. He was in a very bad temper. Young men of impetuous temperament, who write first and think afterwards, really ought not to take part in political controversy, or, if they do, they should not get angry when their inaccuracies are exposed. For instance, Mr. Ervine, this world interest me less than Mr. Ervine’s opinion of myself, except as providing me with “a source of innocent merriment,” as the old song in the “Mikado” puts it. But it is very significant of the weakness of his own argument that he must needs spit his venom on a man so esteemed by a whole community for a lifetime of self-sacrifice among the poor as the Rev. Henry Montgomery, the Moderator of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland. According to Mr. Ervine, it is gross impertinence on the part of this gentleman to appear on a political platform in the Albert Hall. Of course, what parsons on the other side of politics may do in this line, from Irish Catholic priests to the Rev. John Clifford, is quite right and proper. He tells us further that the half-million of Irish Presbyterians are “slimy,” that Belfast is a byword by reason of the hideousness of its architecture and the hideousness of its mental condition.

Does even “Serjeant BuzfuZ” really think that rubbish of this kind in any way advances discussion on a political and economic question? It only suggests the thought that his own mental condition is in serious need of examination by experts. No wonder that a decent Belfast Catholic and Home Ruler remarked fervently the other day, apropos of this latest production of Mr. Ervine, “Non tal auxiile, nec defensoribus ipsis.”

But I should not think of obstructing myself again upon the readers of The New Age merely to comment upon Mr. St. John G. Ervine’s vulgarities. He has, however, challenged me on some questions of fact. In his previous article he stated that the latest report of the Medical Officer of Health of Belfast contained such frightful revelations that it was suppressed by the Corporation. To this statement, on the authority of the Medical Officer of Health, I gave him the lie direct. He now challenges me with quibbling over the word “latest,” and suggests that it was the 1910 report which was suppressed. I allow Mr. Ervine to amend his charge of suppression so as to include any and every report that Dr. Baillie ever wrote, and again I give him the lie direct.

It is another capital offence on the part of the Corporation of Belfast that some friend of Mr. Ervine was refused a copy of this report on his personal application. Does Mr. Ervine honestly believe that the Belfast or any other Corporation can afford to print bulky reports for distribution to every casual caller? If Mr. Ervine’s friend had applied, as I did, through a member of the Corporation, he would have obtained a copy without difficulty. I shall be very pleased to send my copy to Mr. Ervine if he wishes to see it. But, of course, the Corporation of Belfast is, according to the Epistle of St. John, “as rotten as every-thing else pertaining to that City of Dreadful Night.” I wonder if he saw the letter which appeared in the Press a few days ago, in which a member of the Dublin Corporation announced his resignation from that body on the ground that the whole Corporation so reeked of jobbery and corruption that an honest man could not stay in it. Mr. Ervine can scarcely have seen this letter, or, if he have seen it, of course, he can- not be that he suppressed any reference to it because it was Dublin and not Belfast.

Mr. Ervine makes a long catalogue of “mean streets” in Belfast, and asks me if I should like to have to live in one of them. Mr. Ervine’s notions of my personal tastes in the matter of a residence are not the point at issue, but the relative prevalence of slums in Belfast. I quoted as my authority a Government Commission which stated deliberately that, in comparison with similar centres of industry and population in England and Scotland, “slums are rare in Bel- fast.” Mr. Ervine’s controversial teeth are hardly strong enough to crack that nut.

His explanation of the “spirit of commercialism” is very lucid. Just a century ago a much greater man than even Mr. St. John G. Ervine called England “a nation of shopkeepers.” Of course, England ought to have gloved in the dust until under such a terrible accusation, but instead she fought on, and Napoleon died, as Mr. Ervine may have heard, in St. Helena. The charge against Belfast of Commercialism is just as little relevant, and as Belfast and Dublin will be just as little affected by it, but I hope the parallel will not be completed by Mr. Ervine dying under restraint. He has, of course, satisfied himself fully, and is prepared to prove that this blighting “spirit of commercialism” is not equally rampant in Glasgow, Leeds, Manchester, or Sheffield, as in Belfast.

If the logical sense were not painfully lacking in the mental outfit of Mr. St. John G. Ervine, he would see that all his venomous attacks on Belfast lead absolutely nowhere in the way of argument, unless he can show that Belfast is worse in all these respects than similar cities elsewhere, and this he never even attempts to do. Nothing will be found in Mr. Ervine’s book of a stronger sense of local patriotism and civic pride, which he finds so abominable in Belfast, than in Manchester (which returns a majority in favour of Home Rule); but will any Manchester man say that there were not appalling slums in the Ancoats district? Where about the sweating and “sma’ masters” of the Sheffield factory worker? Before Belfast, his nursing mother, can be put in the pillory for the crimes with which Mr. Ervine charges her, half England and Scotland must stand there before her. I do not defend these things for a moment, but Mr. Ervine’s attempt to belittle Belfast and her opposition to Home Rule because certain abuses which exist elsewhere are beyond civic boundaries is the very feeblest piece of political argu- ment that I have ever seen put forward even by an advocate of Home Rule.

On the question of rates of wages, it is easy by means of the “half-truth” and similar methods, to make enough misstatements in six lines to require six columns of facts and figures in disproof. One of Mr. Ervine’s is typical of the lot, and, in considering it, it is pleasant to be reminded from realities to face a serious economic problem. He states “an expert worker can earn 1s. 3d. in 14 hours at shirtmaking.” In my previous article I referred to the power-driven sewing machine, so as being the unit of production in a large number of industries in Belfast. The girls who attend these machines on piece rates make good wages, 20s. to 25s. per week being nothing unusual. These wages are earned under the restrictions of the Factory Acts as to hours, sanitation, ventilation, etc. If any English reader of The New Age cares to call on me in Belfast, I will introduce him to as many sewing-rooms as he will have time to visit, and he can see and talk to those “sweaters’ victims” for himself. One of these girls gets married, and after the first baby has added to the household expenses, or her husband has decided that it is much pleasanter that his wife should work for her father rather than he for himself, he comes round to her old employer to see if he can give her any of the shirts, blouses, or whatever she used to work at, to do at home. No employer likes outwork—it has many drawbacks even from his point of view—but he gives the work, often on the urgent request of the worker, at—let this point be specially noted—precisely the same rates which he is paying for the same work done in his own factory, and at which the out- worker had earned a salary of £25 in 48 hours, or an 8½-hour factory day. But how can pure human limbs, on a foot-driven sewing machine, one hand guiding the work, the other perhaps soothing a fretful child, compete with the remorseless rush of the power-driven machine at its 2,000 stitches per minute? And so the rate of pay per dozen shirts which earned good wages in the factory becomes a sweated wage in the home.
The Perils of Expertism.

By Walter Shaw Sparrow.

Or, some experts are expert, and a few are modest. But in one thing they have all a common fellowship; it is a habit of self-deception. They find imagination more palatable than truth. If you tell them that little fact you are not what a genuine expert tries to be, an autocrat of art, a Napoleon of taste. Expertism dies in a single confessed blunder. Its value is a triumph over mistakes. One big follower of the art declared that it would be sillier for him to admit an error of judgment than to chant Psalms in Fleet Street on a wet day. The latter act of courage seems the matter of rude fact, not less so than are many gifts which are called flowers.

Experts of that type laugh at themselves. They fear a reputation for infallibility, for over-credulous believers often change their faith to-day and tell us to despise their fashions of yesterday. The real dangers of connoisseurship begin when a confident knowledge of art is unprotected by a sense of humour; and for some reason unknown, humour is rare among experts. There is no cocksureness equal to that of a man who, with unlaughing zeal, plays the part of a Vehmic tribunal in art, judgment and execution going hand in hand. When two such tribunals clash in a dispute, each kills the other, and yet goes on fighting. There have been recent examples of this.

There is an alleged Cotman in the National Gallery—a Galliot in a Gale—which no student of Cotman believes to be genuine. As a picture it is second-rate; in colour,封装 handling it is more like Constable than J. S. Cotman; and there is no evidence to support the official experts.

Caution is the quality we need in public expertism. We cannot afford to take large parts with us. The market for old work is upset by a tricky gambling with names, for young men learn from their parents to fight shy of art as a too unstable investment for money. That is one result of a wrong-headed connoisseurship like that which ran wild in the finance of art during the decade following the Franco-German War. To-day, also, there is little responsibility in written criticism. Follow the views expressed by experts on any exhibit of old masters, and you will be astonished, again and again by the variety of painters they find in a single canvas. It is not often that any two hit upon the same ascription.

The fact is that an expert very often sees in the work before him what exists only in his own mind. There is the story of Lombroso, for example, who received by mistake a packet of photographs said to be those of female criminals, but representing Paris women of excellent character. Poor Lombroso! He found criminality in every face; and with the rash conceit of a thorough expert, he wrote out his opinions and published them, too!

John Constable said that no young man could be a judge of pictures because he had not practised enough. Yet there are several young men to-day who play big anxious parts in the comedy of expertism. Who knows why so much responsibility should have been thrust upon them? One day they will learn to their cost that of all professional humbug in this world—and, good heavens, there is so much!—expertism is the most tricky. Pray for a sense of humour to save you from its thousand pitfalls.

According to experts, the gift of remembering styles in art is a rare thing. Yet, as a matter of rude fact, it is common, not less so than are many gifts which ordinary folk make no fuss about. Some persons never forget faces; others remember handwriting for years if they see it for a second; and yet we pretend that the planning of a town and retain it always in recollection. But these aptitudes are all quiet and modest; they do not brag and boast, nor pick quarrels, nor pretend to be infallible. In that they differ from the ability to remember styles in art, which inflames the mind with vanity. It is a peacock with three tails.

According to experts, the gift of remembering styles in art is a rare thing. Yet, as a matter of rude fact, it is common, not less so than are many gifts which ordinary folk make no fuss about. Some persons never forget faces; others remember handwriting for years if they see it for a second; and yet we pretend that the planning of a town and retain it always in recollection. But these aptitudes are all quiet and modest; they do not brag and boast, nor pick quarrels, nor pretend to be infallible. In that they differ from the ability to remember styles in art, which inflames the mind with vanity. It is a peacock with three tails.

The Perils of Expertism.

By Walter Shaw Sparrow.

Or, some experts are expert, and a few are modest. But in one thing they have all a common fellowship; it is a habit of self-deception. They find imagination more palatable than truth. If you tell them that little fact you are not what a genuine expert tries to be, an autocrat of art, a Napoleon of taste. Expertism dies in a single confessed blunder. Its value is a triumph over mistakes. One big follower of the art declared that it would be sillier for him to admit an error of judgment than to chant Psalms in Fleet Street on a wet day. The latter act of courage seems the matter of rude fact, not less so than are many gifts which are called flowers.

Experts of that type laugh at themselves. They fear a reputation for infallibility, for over-credulous believers often change their faith to-day and tell us to despise their fashions of yesterday. The real dangers of connoisseurship begin when a confident knowledge of art is unprotected by a sense of humour; and for some reason unknown, humour is rare among experts. There is no cocksureness equal to that of a man who, with unlaughing zeal, plays the part of a Vehmic tribunal in art, judgment and execution going hand in hand. When two such tribunals clash in a dispute, each kills the other, and yet goes on fighting. There have been recent examples of this.

There is an alleged Cotman in the National Gallery—a Galliot in a Gale—which no student of Cotman believes to be genuine. As a picture it is second-rate; in colour,封装 handling it is more like Constable than J. S. Cotman; and there is no evidence to support the official experts.

Caution is the quality we need in public expertism. We cannot afford to take large parts with us. The market for old work is upset by a tricky gambling with names, for young men learn from their parents to fight shy of art as a too unstable investment for money. That is one result of a wrong-headed connoisseurship like that which ran wild in the finance of art during the decade following the Franco-German War. To-day, also, there is little responsibility in written criticism. Follow the views expressed by experts on any exhibit of old masters, and you will be astonished, again and again by the variety of painters they find in a single canvas. It is not often that any two hit upon the same ascription.

The fact is that an expert very often sees in the work before him what exists only in his own mind. There is the story of Lombroso, for example, who received by mistake a packet of photographs said to be those of female criminals, but representing Paris women of excellent character. Poor Lombroso! He found criminality in every face; and with the rash conceit of a thorough expert, he wrote out his opinions and published them, too!

John Constable said that no young man could be a judge of pictures because he had not practised enough. Yet there are several young men to-day who play big anxious parts in the comedy of expertism. Who knows why so much responsibility should have been thrust upon them? One day they will learn to their cost that of all professional humbug in this world—and, good heavens, there is so much!—expertism is the most tricky. Pray for a sense of humour to save you from its thousand pitfalls.

According to experts, the gift of remembering styles in art is a rare thing. Yet, as a matter of rude fact, it is common, not less so than are many gifts which ordinary folk make no fuss about. Some persons never forget faces; others remember handwriting for years if they see it for a second; and yet we pretend that the planning of a town and retain it always in recollection. But these aptitudes are all quiet and modest; they do not brag and boast, nor pick quarrels, nor pretend to be infallible. In that they differ from the ability to remember styles in art, which inflames the mind with vanity. It is a peacock with three tails.

The Perils of Expertism.

By Walter Shaw Sparrow.

Or, some experts are expert, and a few are modest. But in one thing they have all a common fellowship; it is a habit of self-deception. They find imagination more palatable than truth. If you tell them that little fact you are not what a genuine expert tries to be, an autocrat of art, a Napoleon of taste. Expertism dies in a single confessed blunder. Its value is a triumph over mistakes. One big follower of the art declared that it would be sillier for him to admit an error of judgment than to chant Psalms in Fleet Street on a wet day. The latter act of courage seems the matter of rude fact, not less so than are many gifts which are called flowers.

Experts of that type laugh at themselves. They fear a reputation for infallibility, for over-credulous believers often change their faith to-day and tell us to despise their fashions of yesterday. The real dangers of connoisseurship begin when a confident knowledge of art is unprotected by a sense of humour; and for some reason unknown, humour is rare among experts. There is no cocksureness equal to that of a man who, with unlaughing zeal, plays the part of a Vehmic tribunal in art, judgment and execution going hand in hand. When two such tribunals clash in a dispute, each kills the other, and yet goes on fighting. There have been recent examples of this.

There is an alleged Cotman in the National Gallery—a Galliot in a Gale—which no student of Cotman believes to be genuine. As a picture it is second-rate; in colour,封装 handling it is more like Constable than J. S. Cotman; and there is no evidence to support the official experts.

Caution is the quality we need in public expertism. We cannot afford to take large parts with us. The market for old work is upset by a tricky gambling with names, for young men learn from their parents to fight shy of art as a too unstable investment for money. That is one result of a wrong-headed connoisseurship like that which ran wild in the finance of art during the decade following the Franco-German War. To-day, also, there is little responsibility in written criticism. Follow the views expressed by experts on any exhibit of old masters, and you will be astonished, again and again by the variety of painters they find in a single canvas. It is not often that any two hit upon the same ascription.

The fact is that an expert very often sees in the work before him what exists only in his own mind. There is the story of Lombroso, for example, who received by mistake a packet of photographs said to be those of female criminals, but representing Paris women of excellent character. Poor Lombroso! He found criminality in every face; and with the rash conceit of a thorough expert, he wrote out his opinions and published them, too!

John Constable said that no young man could be a judge of pictures because he had not practised enough. Yet there are several young men to-day who play big anxious parts in the comedy of expertism. Who knows why so much responsibility should have been thrust upon them? One day they will learn to their cost that of all professional humbug in this world—and, good heavens, there is so much!—expertism is the most tricky. Pray for a sense of humour to save you from its thousand pitfalls.

According to experts, the gift of remembering styles in art is a rare thing. Yet, as a matter of rude fact, it is common, not less so than are many gifts which ordinary folk make no fuss about. Some persons never forget faces; others remember handwriting for years if they see it for a second; and yet we pretend that the planning of a town and retain it always in recollection. But these aptitudes are all quiet and modest; they do not brag and boast, nor pick quarrels, nor pretend to be infallible. In that they differ from the ability to remember styles in art, which inflames the mind with vanity. It is a peacock with three tails.
tions in expertive minds. Your own knowledge is ever a possible El Dorado, since merit in the old master means a large fortune to those who understand it in the gambling of trade.

One day, I hope, the State will tax each sale of an old master, and will claim royalties on expired copyrights of books. Then, in marketable works of imagination, in literature and art, there will be a fairer competition between past and present survivals of the fit.

Problems of Sex.

By M. B. Oxon.

II.

As usual, the wrong thinking on the subject of Sex, as on all others, is chiefly due to the belief in the "normal" man and that he is a simple element, whereas men are all very complex bundles, and all entirely different, though among them an "average man" can be defined. A "normal man" suggests a permanent type, which clearly does not exist except in as much as men have two legs, two arms, and a head, while an "average man" suggests no permanency, though probably his change will be gradual. He does exist. Furthermore, the word "average" suggests conditions which all good people should seek after, whereas "average" only suggests mediocrity, a state all wish to avoid. There is one, and only one, thing in which all men are alike in their body, but is in their intellect and recollection; but we carefully ignore this, and never lay any real stress on any part of man but his body—its birth, its health, its acts, its death. As long as we consider a man or woman pure, because, for fear of something present or future, they avoid the more obvious manifestations of sex and confine their sex relationships to the crowd of erotomaniacs and perverts who inhabit the books in the circulating libraries, we are clearly in the land of whitened sepulchres. A good frank whore is a far more pleasant and much less dangerous companion.

To different men and women different needs; but the basal truth remains, that it is Love which makes the world go round. Intimacy with our fellow-creatures, whether we call it love, great friendship, sympathy, or any other name, is an essential to our well-being, bodily, emotional and mental. For each man his own need, and if a man needs bodily intimacy, it is worse than useless for him to get a surfeit of intellectual, and the converse is every bit as important. Now this misunderstanding is the great evil of the day. The need for love and intimacy is a fundamental one; civilisation, by "improving" on nature, has, as usual, upset the true balance of things. The taboo on intimacy between the sexes has, in fact, emphasised the need of it more than anything else could have done, and the specially rigorous taboo on bodily intimacy has made this the central idea on which the mind of a large part of the most "civilised" people is concentrated. The uncivilised and savage man, being dependent on his body, more than is the evolved man, by reason of his greater intellectual freedom, depends much on bodily and emotional love, and hence a taboo on this attention, too. Seeing this, those who believe that man is a forked radish triumphantly announce that all men are alike. They do not see that in truth the difference is that, whereas the gift of sympathy with their patients recognise how, in some conditions of life, not the pot-house women; and having studied them, we must try to understand what they mean, not item by item, but altogether. Then we shall not make our own meals consist only of the savouries and curries—or what we think are savouries and curries!—witness the folk for whom Aristotle is purveyed in Green Street.

It is much more difficult for a woman to have a group of friends who will supply all her needs. In theory her husband must be the synthesis of all the important part

and, perhaps, in all, by knowledge of how to direct the mind's thinking; but here we must remember an interesting fact. It is not rare to find that men have grown to have very good, intimate and emotionally close acquaintances. They first made quite promiscuously in the street, and they all agree that as this happens the wish for bodily intimacy sinks away into the background. It is a real friendship, small or wide-reaching; but real, and as such, to many more value than others which, to an onlooker, should mean more.

True intellectual and emotional friendships exist not unfrequently between men; but rarely between man and woman, for the spectre of the fig leaf stands in the way. Between man and woman the bodily and emotional sympathies are in their right place, and exist, almost sub-consciously, as common "tastes," and as that feeling, half emotional, half physical, which makes the presence of some people a pleasure and of others a torture. For the rest, the intimacy is mostly intellectual. Such an intellectual friendship does not only mean a community of interests, but a sympathy deeper than that—the strange sympathy which enables real friends, after years of separation, to take up their friendship where they left it, and to continue to see and judge the present as it comes with sympathetic understanding. With man and woman, on the other hand, emotion ("sex" in its largest and best meaning) predominates, and real intellect takes a subordinate place.

Problems of Sex.

For the rest, the intimacy is mostly intellectual. Such an intellectual friendship does not only mean a community of interests, but a sympathy deeper than that—the strange sympathy which enables real friends, after years of separation, to take up their friendship where they left it, and to continue to see and judge the present as it comes with sympathetic understanding. With man and woman, on the other hand, emotion ("sex" in its largest and best meaning) predominates, and real intellect takes a subordinate place.

Problems of Sex.

As a result of this, he will not understand her, and keeps away too much; and she, perhaps, only feels well with her husband by her; and this antipathy is not mutual, and is often the cause of many unhappy married lives. This is intellectual perversion, unless there be, too, an emotional, or, perhaps, even a bodily intimacy of some kind sufficient to make the intellectual talk ring true; a real intimacy which shall exercise the chilly spleen of the fig-leaf or the yet more pernicious spirit which foments lust.

Again, great friendship between man and man does not mean enforced continual companionship, nor that all other friendships are impossible. And this is also sometimes true of man and woman. A wise man's friends are a well chosen bunch among whom he can find the different scents and colours which he needs from time to time for his well-being. But all the flowers must be right; there is no paper, it must be there as wrapping not as roses. It is the bug man who wants all his bunch the same, just as he uses the same sauce all his meats. This leads us straightforwardly to another good parable. For a proper understanding of life we must study the present conditions of life, and the specially rigorous taboo on bodily intimacy has made this the central idea on which the mind of a large part of the most "civilised" people is concentrated. The uncivilised and savage man, being dependent on his body, more than is the evolved man, by reason of his greater intellectual freedom, depends much on bodily and emotional love, and hence a taboo on this attention, too. Seeing this, those who believe that man is a forked radish triumphantly announce that all men are alike. They do not see that in truth the difference is that, whereas the gift of sympathy.

* I would in passing direct attention to this half-physical sympathy or antipathy, for it is, I think, the source of much trouble and misunderstanding. All doctors who have the gift of sympathy with their patients recognise how, in some conditions of mental or physical health, five minutes' conversation may tire them more than hours of hard work. Many people who are not doctors know this too, and that with some of their acquaintances they are better company in the third quarter of an hour than in the first.

My experience leads me to think that this sub-conscious antipathy is the cause of many unhappy married lives. This kind of antipathy is not mutual, and the husband finds he can only stand a limited amount of his wife's company, whereas her antipathy to him is much less. As a result of this the wife, perhaps, only feels well with her husband by her; and the husband finds he can only stand a limited amount of his wife's company. As a result of this the wife, perhaps, only feels well with her husband by her; and the husband finds he can only stand a limited amount of his wife's company. As a result of this the wife, perhaps, only feels well with her husband by her; and the husband finds he can only stand a limited amount of his wife's company.
of the bunch. But she has to make the choice, or such selection as is permitted her, without the chance of more than a very superficial acquaintance; influenced, unknowingly, by physical sympathy; at an age when sex is paramount; with the pride of having shot of the very best type, who do not want a husband, though they would dearly love a baby, and for such the bunch must, in these days, be quite incomplete, unless they will sell their freedom or condescend to some bondage of truth.

It is another type of woman who wants a husband but no baby, and although when it comes she often changes her mind, yet there are many who persist in regarding it as an imposition, while the woman above-mentioned it would be hard to conceive a better mother.

In these days of State children and 5-guinea triplets and ten-shillings-a-week mothers, we almost forget that nursemaidens and workhouse nurses are not the direct provision of Providence, that, in fact, no child has a real chance of becoming what he was meant to be if he is one of a string, nine months apart, or if he leaves his mother before he is three or four years old. Of course, we may again be improving on Nature, but you never can tell.

So then it seems that for a full and healthy life we have to see that we live truly to ourselves and others; that before seducing a woman we should make sure that it is not only the colour of her hair which pleases us and makes us wish to stroke it. True, as things are at present, if you wish to do so you must either seduce her or marry her, otherwise she will think that you are trifling, and in the first event the parents may continue to think they пользы and with these mothers who want babies; if she were in the position to be an epicure, she would know that she did not really want that man for their father. But ignorance of this, and a longing to be freed, as she hopes, from the taboo spoils her power.

Both among the married and the unmarried there are very many who, misled by feelings which they did not understand, and ignorant of the complexity of their needs, have made mistakes for which they have afterwards never forgiven themselves. To understand our feelings is very difficult; in fact, quite impossible, if we believe in the "normal man. The "normal man recogises no needs of an emotional character which cannot be satisfied by one lawful wife—in fact, any lawful wife—and "normal woman" is expected to do the same with her lawful husband. The view that the whole of a man’s emotional nature can be thus simply provided for, absurd though it is, is practical in the society which postulates.

It is in great part due to the century of artificiality and repression through which we have passed—a century of gentility and prudery of which we are now gathering the fruits—art, literature and society rotten to the core with untruth, and with a poisonous bloom of lasciviousness to attract the unwary to their destruction.

This is not to be altered by penalties and policemen—the fruit looks too attractive for that to succeed—even if the latter have no other effect than to warn the good from the bad, which is at least highly improbable, since many men more competent than they, who have given more thought to the subject, are still far from an agreement on the question. We must raise a new and higher standard, which is not to say that only do good to those who eat, and in the meantime take care that those who have eyes may learn to avoid the bad.

A An Audience of the Pope.

By Horace Horsnell.

"IL VATICANO!" was the direction we gave our cabman.

"Si, si," he replied with patient correction; "Sampietro in Vatican!"

We assured him that it was the Vatican itself we wanted, and he was tired of repeating this confidential surrender helped to colour still further the drive through Rome and to increase the already high excitement of our adventure which, beginning with Aunt Julia’s insular attitude towards the conventional mantilla, was to culminate in Swiss guards and cardinals and the awe of the Papal presence.

Whatever may have been my anticipations—and they were anticipations in which Aunt Julia’s devout reminiscences of a former audience scarcely counted—the realities were very different. Whatever may have been the imagined atmosphere, it was most certainly not that which I found within those plain, many-windowed walls of the Vatican which I had so often glimpsed from outside. Although magnificent enough, there was something unsatisfactory—I had almost written theatrical—about that gorgeous interior. Debarred, as a heretic, from rapt concentration upon the spiritual significance of the affair, I could not keep my mind from worldly speculation. Besides, there were wonderous picturesque elements to distract—the Swiss guards in their blue mediaeval uniforms, the wholesale gift and crimson furnishings, the tremendous marble staircases and corridors, the yellowed walls in which pleat by pleat the story of our progress through them, the sense of things but partially unwrapped, as we skirted closed doors and forbidden ways, exercised more than a passing hold upon the rebellious fancy and kept me eagerly critical of the note, not so much of mystery as of policy, which concealed the machinery and presented but a morsel of the fabric to the view.

Aunt Julia discouraged my questioning whispers. Little scope was allowed for self-assertion and the insular egotism which lurks, despite oneself, behind conventional good manners. The impassivity, the impersonality, of our reception by the Vatican officials overpowered, discouraged. Here one was neither patron nor guest, but a mere bifurcated anonymity, crude material for the use of the machinery which controls Papal receptions; and the farther one penetrated the more one realised that the stage-management, if unimaginary, was at least efficient.

Uniformed officials and officials in evening dress examined our credentials and marshalled us onwards into the growing crowd of cassocked theological students, priests with touches of official purple about them, cosmopolitan laymen, and rustling, silk-clad ladies, abbesses, nuns, and occasional children, who had come, like us, to visit Pope Pius the Tenth in his own palace.

This crowd, relieved of its overcoats and wraps, slowly entered the inner apartments where the reception was to take place. Subtle distinctions were made in the groupings, based upon I know not what data; and we were added to a mixed company of about thirty pilgrims separable from the rest. We stood slowly up another marble staircase, through gilded saloons where other little companies were waiting, frankly curious, intensely interested, absorbed in our untechnical way by all that happened. We were finally brought to rest in a large square apartment, crimson-carpeted, with no furniture in it save a few fine cabinets placed against the walls, one of which supported a large crucifix. Two or three people timidly sat down upon the armchairs or soft upholstered chairs in the corners of the room; many were embarrassed by a shyness which hindered their meditations.

The large windows of the room were entirely screened by white linen hangings with purple borders, through which the light filtered softly, its diffused illumination suit the scene in which we were among the mixed, unimportant actors. An elderly fat Italian, dressed in crimson brocade knee-breeches and a jerkin
with flowing sleeves, marched ponderously, in squeaking red shoes, up and down the room like a policeman on duty. He stopped occasionally to exchange confidential asides with a colleague from the next room. On one occasion a group of fashionable-dressed Frenchwomen, who treated the affair with rather bored indifference, and chatted among themselves and inspected, through their lorgnettes, the other members of the company, much as they might have done at a party which failed to interest them. When their comments, which occasionally reached us, were more scathing than usual, they spoke in English, making their points with brutal directness. The youngest of them, a handsome girl of about seventeen, self-possessed to a degree bordering upon insolence, laughed in a sophisticated way at the company, much as they might have done at a party where she spoke in English, making their points with brutal directness. The youngest of them, a handsome girl of about seventeen, self-possessed to a degree bordering upon insolence, laughed in a sophisticated way at the three pairs of contemptuous eyes disdainful of other pious objects which they had brought for the purpose of the whispers which reached me.

Between us and the Frenchwomen was a stiff division of the company upon their; they would not let her be. She shook the poor child with their well-meant encouragement to her; they drew all the eyes of the company upon her; they would not let her be.

Two proud and beautiful girls, dressed as for a Court, regarded their neighbours much as the mannequins of a famous costume house might survey prospective patrons. They, I think, were English. In another corner two elderly nuns spent their time almost equally between fervent prayer and a close and embittered scrutiny of the laughing Frenchwomen. At intervals there passed through a Cardinal or some high official, followed by a whispered comment. Expectation was given almost an hour in which to purge itself of vulgar excitement. The French ladies had long since thawed to the extent of an exchange of coquetry and thus fan again the fires of confusion in her eyes again. I felt their searching quality, and almost cast side-long glances at her full of a sort of pious apprehension that took me unawares.

The Pope's shrewd gaze flitted along the line of devout black casquocks and lighted on us. I felt we interested him; I was suddenly afraid he would speak to us. I glanced at Aunt Julia, who knelt, passively devout, her slight silk-clad figure a little in advance of me, her landful of rosaries held up before her face gave her an air of piety and adequate factor in the affair. My eyes met his eyes again. I felt their searching quality, and almost resentfully framed excuses to myself for being where I was. The old childish fears of an interview by the headmaster held me. They were irrelevant but compelling. I told myself that I was there in common courtesy, an escort merely for my aunt, that my immi- nent touching of the Papal ring had no more than a purely conventional significance, and, indeed, needed no other; that homage such as I could offer held no further responsibilities than those entailed in an act of quite impersonal politeness. Still his eyes held mine as if the absurd tumult in my mind was recorded there. Only when he offered that great ring to my aunt's obedient lips did he release me, and I shuffled through my obeisance with intense relief. His hand was gently tendered, and I touched the smooth emerald with my lips, conscientiously grateful that the ring was mine.

I can find no epithet to convey my impression of his personality. He struck me as neither subtle nor domi- nant, nor naive nor kindly. His voice, when at last he spoke a blessing, was rather harsh and uncultivated, his speech sounded at times official, at others almost pungent with rude finality, and had something of a challenge in it. His gestures, as I have said, were full of fatigue. There was nothing stereotyped about his manners; natural- ness and force were their chief characteristics. It seemed to me that he was capable of more than mere deter- mination; that opposition would rouse him, and that criticism and suggestion alike would have to be put to him simply and sincerely, or they would prove worse than useless. He was very definitely a person.

His office, indeed, seemed, in the aspect he presented then, a subservient thing. He assumed the role of a great champion of crude homage. His Apostolature was not self-evi- dent. It was not a symbol of an ideal but of a thing personal and anonymous, as much a subservient thing. He afforded little scope for crude manipulation, but as man to man. One felt for him a great solicit- tude; he seemed so ill, so unnecessarily paraded, almost pathetically out of the picture, and to the superficial view the least significant detail in that grand interior, giving as it were the lie to history, yet after all the most striking tribute possible to the efficiency of the machine which has survived so many dynasties, and of which his is the controlling hand. One's imagination looked in vain for some touch of sneering pity or in- diguence from the great who accompanied him. What- ever vulgar gossip may say of the atmosphere of policy and intrigue that resulted in his election, whatever may be the intrinsic value of the magnificence of his doings, while he lives he is Pope, the supreme head of the Catholic Church, the Father of Princes, the Vicar of Christ on earth.
George Moore, the Mundane.*

By B. Russell Herts.

Mr. Moore's psychology is simple. Devoid of passion, he makes sex the key-note of his thought and life. Lovers speak not—they have better modes of expression. Only man or woman can articulate what he feels in a song or a novel. For him, the call of the body. Admirers of Mr. Moore, visiting Dublin—into which poor, cool city, haunted by both Catholic and Protestant restraint, he has retired from the ravages of London and Paris—are astonished to see his gaunt figure, toppled by its unattractive visage and its thin, pale hair. They wonder if this is the Lover of Orelay and the confessor of England's most artistic search for truth. Where, then—they ask—are the withering red lips and the flashing eyes and the huge, muscular frame of perfect proportions? They have never existed for Mr. Moore, any more than for such earlier attendants at the literary confessional as Rousseau, Flaubert, or Maupassant. Genuine passion does not write about itself. It is only the mild but ever present appetite that goes to self-expression.

Mr. Moore is a true apostle of sex. His religion, music, and art are inextricably merged into but one ground. As far as the expression of ideas is concerned, sex is his one strength, his one originality, his one sincerity. The usual artist has a thousand intellectual angles from which emanate as many momentary sincerities. Even that of that which he has believed or something he is later going to believe. A single truth that will cover all things at all times (such as the philosopher seeks and the religious possessor) is impossible of retention by the artistic mind. Only the simple can be sincere. And with these Mr. Moore ought always to have been placed. Despite Mr. Huneker, he has changed but little. Sex has been and is his pursuit, his luxurity, his stock-in-trade. His treatment of this topic has the flavor of the merchant who has wages to sell. But all this is the logical result of the self-realisation which has been the purpose and indulgence of his life.

With this exception, George Moore is as barren of ideas as Kipling or Pinero. Only rarely do ripples come to the surface of his muddy pools of thought. For him sex is the determining factor, not only—as for novelists generally—at the supreme crises of life, but at every moment put as if in every mood. For passion, however, is not his. In Mr. Moore the conscious intellect—such as it is—reigns in a supreme circle. His mind is the student of his senses, and his senses are the motive-power of his mind.

In a contentious "Apologia," published in the American edition of "Memoirs of My Dead Life," Mr. Moore defends all that he has written on the subject of sex. The arguments are twofold: first, that the public is inconsistent and inefficient when it tries to deal with morals, since it determines its position without reason, and learns nothing from experience; and, secondly, that such books as his own, however one may disapprove of them, do not incite to imitation in life at all—certainly untrue that Boccaccio's fanciful episodes of the fourteenth-century Florentine nobility, taking place in a cloud of chatter about the impossible of having all pleasures for all or for all moments; and then, at the suggestion of a quoted correspondent, makes the sudden discovery that he has been distinctively and powerfully propagandist without knowing it. Such action illustrates a degree of unconscious uncertainty which is not appropriate even in the supposed creative artist. Uncertainty may develop the imagination; but one should always be conscious—especially of the things of which one is not sure.

Mr. Moore is a true apostle of sex. His religion, music, and art are inextricably merged into but one ground. As far as the expression of ideas is concerned, sex is his one strength, his one originality, his one sincerity. The usual artist has a thousand intellectual angles from which emanate as many momentary sincerities. Even that of that which he has believed or something he is later going to believe. A single truth that will cover all things at all times (such as the philosopher seeks and the religious possessor) is impossible of retention by the artistic mind. Only the simple can be sincere. And with these Mr. Moore ought always to have been placed. Despite Mr. Huneker, he has changed but little. Sex has been and is his pursuit, his luxurity, his stock-in-trade. His treatment of this topic has the flavor of the merchant who has wages to sell. But all this is the logical result of the self-realisation which has been the purpose and indulgence of his life.

With this exception, George Moore is as barren of ideas as Kipling or Pinero. Only rarely do ripples come to the surface of his muddy pools of thought. For him sex is the determining factor, not only—as for novelists generally—at the supreme crises of life, but at every moment put as if in every mood. For passion, however, is not his. In Mr. Moore the conscious intellect—such as it is—reigns in a supreme circle. His mind is the student of his senses, and his senses are the motive-power of his mind.

In a contentious "Apologia," published in the American edition of "Memoirs of My Dead Life," Mr. Moore defends all that he has written on the subject of sex. The arguments are twofold: first, that the public is inconsistent and inefficient when it tries to deal with morals, since it determines its position without reason, and learns nothing from experience; and, secondly, that such books as his own, however one may disapprove of them, do not incite to imitation in life at all—certainly untrue that Boccaccio's fanciful episodes of the fourteenth-century Florentine nobility, taking place in a cloud of chatter about the impossible of having all pleasures for all or for all moments; and then, at the suggestion of a quoted correspondent, makes the sudden discovery that he has been distinctively and powerfully propagandist without knowing it. Such action illustrates a degree of unconscious uncertainty which is not appropriate even in the supposed creative artist. Uncertainty may develop the imagination; but one should always be conscious—especially of the things of which one is not sure.

Mr. Moore is simply a gunshot at the conventions of this century. Quite well he sees that soul is no longer possible in our society; that here is the greatest moral decline in the successful if unsuccessful, rich nor poor, learned nor ignorant, are immune from its devitalising efforts. Only those in revolt can remain spiritually pure. The creature of convention may lead a blameless life, but he does so by change or necessity or habit, not by seeking the attainment of his own truth. He lives not by his own creed, but by one he has stolen from the multitude.

Again and again we hear Mr. Moore termed a "realist," but in him we find a realism quite different from that to which we have been accustomed. We have known the realism of Zola and Brieux, which may be termed "scientifical." This possesses a distinct intellectual and technical value and formidable blows at prejudice and convention. It condemns the practice of secrecy concerning recognised evils. It widens the knowledge of the public on topics of "unmentionable" but supremely important character. We have seen the realism of Wells and Galworthy, which aims not only at special cures, but also carries with it an unmistakable suggestion of general solution which might prompt the use of "spiritual" in its characterisation. We have set one or the other above the rest and praised the work of realistic art can be very much more than an art object. This is what Mr. Moore's creations really are. Their realism, being neither scientific nor spiritual, is what we demand of a better and one wise. They aim at a candid reproduction of the picturesque.

Mr. Moore is said to have at moments somewhat the same directness and virility of attack that have spread and in "Ave"—which deals with some matter also treated by the latter—the onslaughts are only comparable with those of "G. B. S." as the gravest of a sheet of sandpaper is comparable with that of a plane: Mr. Shaw shaves his chunks off with the hardest and surest of intellectual metal; Mr. Moore covers the surface more smoothly, but he is wavering and raspering. Only on sex is he sympathetically attuned, only on sex is he temperamentally effective and sincere.

In the last analysis it makes little difference whether a writer elects to be sincere or make a living. He cannot really put to paper more or less than his own soul. It is by losing his soul, or giving it, that the author achieves himself ultimately. "For out-pouring of his greatest possession is his one essential ability. Indeed, of what avail is it to him if he gain the whole world and cannot lose his own soul?"

Mr. Moore has succeeded in giving us his soul, but our appetite remains unsatisfied. It is pleasing food, but slight, sterile, insignificant. It is a soul that becomes finally neither startling nor shocking. It merely succeeds in calling us the expected in a whisper and shouting the subtle into our ear drums. That is what happens in "Hail and Farewell," as in every one of the score of other books.
He has, indeed, led a vivid existence. He has gone ahead, unconquered, undismayed, writing wretched poetry, poor essays, passable novels, puerile plays, and now he starts to gossip his way faultlessly into oblivion. He has lived, a varietist, in art as in sex; and in a certain sense, variety is the price of life. But where in all his sure and subtle art, where is the whirl of poetry, poor essays, passable novels, puerile plays, and ahead, unconquered, undismayed, writing wretched now he starts to gossip his way faultlessly into oblivion.

He has led a vivid existence. He has, indeed, led a vivid existence.

He has, indeed, led a vivid existence.
The Sonderbund Exhibition at Cologne.

By Anthony M. Ludovici.

The movement inaugurated by Jean Fouquet and Clouet the realists (transcriptists in my phraseology) and Claude Lorrain, with his tentative adoration of light, on the one hand, and the development of Claude Lorrain's aims, combined with Constable and his emphatic insistence upon truth, on the other, was an attempt at regenerating art, in opposition to the Graeco-Roman and scholastic painting of Europe, by an appeal to nature and to a new technique.

The very decline of the subject-picture was in itself, therefore, ominous enough. And yet the most far-seeing, most lucid, and perhaps the most logical country of Europe mistook and misunderstood the only obvious meaning of this decline. The artistic world of France concentrated its attention upon the palette and upon the face of nature when all the time human life itself was crying out for a cure. Art was sick because humanism did not want to be cured, and the study of the outdoor life of the period on the one hand, and the concentration of the "regenerating" forces the painter to simplicity, and therefore to a more masterly expression of his reality. Secondly, it deprives him of all the machinery of compromise and of Nature. The discoveries of Helmholtz and Chevreul on the one hand, and the study of the outdoor life of the period on the other, were two main simultaneously that continuation of the "regenerating" movement which we associate with Manet, Monet, and Renoir.

As "Le personnage principal d’un tableau," said Manet, "c'est la lumière"; and this negative technical refuge from the pressing problems of the day, this elaborate ostrich-like circumvention of the principal threat and danger in the air, was to remain the key-note of the most advanced art of Europe until quite recently. Can one wonder that the Impressionists and Pointillists were followed by the Neo-Impressionists, and that they in their turn were succeeded by such of the Post-Impressionists as Van Gogh and Gauguin, and by the Cubists and the Futurists.

For two roads were open to the innovators, once they had learnt their first steps in the school of their linage ancestors, the Impressionists. They could continue regarding art from the craftsman standpoint, i.e., from the standpoint of the proletariat of the studio, as a mere matter of technique, and develop along that line only, in the discovery of ever newer and more unprecedented conventions for the rendering of impressions; or, oppressed by the artistic requirement of their age, they could demand a higher meaning for their functions, they could agitate for a closer relationship to life, and form the nucleus of a new party wishing earnestly to regenerate and re-vitalise art by connecting it once more with the highest form of life—man himself.

The Futurists are the last examples of the first alternative; Van Gogh and Gauguin are the best examples of the second alternative. The Roundheads, the Puritans—those who persisted in their negative attitude to life—lost heavily in the Post-Impressionist movement. In fact it was in this movement itself that the world of art first seems to have become conscious of the cause of the whole trouble. And it took just about a hundred years for this stage to be reached. It seems an extraordinary thing that it should have required all this time. But it must be remembered that the artists were left absolutely alone in their work of investigation and inquiry. Not a voice from philosophy, religion or scientific criticism came to help them. Not a sign-post was put up to direct them. I say, not a voice came from philosophy. This, however, is not exact. And there, in the works of eighteenth and nineteenth century German thinkers, there were warnings enough if they had only been known; it was not, however, until Nietzsche's intensely healthy doctrine of "art for life's sake" was formulated, and问询ed, by a philosophical supporter who thoroughly understood what he was talking about.

Artists, however, as a rule, do not think these things; they feel them. And if I recognise the beginning of a healthier tone among some of the Post-Impressionist painters I should be the last to ascribe that healthier tone to philosophical influence, because, in every case, this healthier tone is strictly in the traditions of the Roundhead Rebellion—that is to say, it is concentrated in technique. The Pre-Raphaelites began to introduce desirable human virtues into their technique; and, when they sought to draw nearer to life, although they did not turn immediately to human life itself to get into its content in the form of human moods.

The technique of the best Post-Impressionists showed a tendency to sacrifice values to colour. Now, apart from the fact that pure colour and line technique is associated with the painting of the best periods of both Egyptian and Greek painting, what are the desirable human virtues that it compels a painter to practice? In the first place, a pure colour technique forces the painter to simplicity, and therefore to a more masterly expression of his reality. Secondly, it deprives him of all the machinery of compromise and of democratic blending, and leaves bravery, the ability to face and control contrasts, as the only alternative. Thirdly, it carries with it as a by-product the sunshining and of brightness, it is a sign of a more positive and more hearty attitude towards life in general. The gloominess, Puritanical depression and black disposition of the kind of pictures which a number of the Glasgow school of painters used to show us, not more than six or seven years ago, constitute the extreme limit of the opposite movement.

But, now, what was the good of this superhuman tone, this charm of style which could not be given to their function, was obviously that this weapon, which they themselves had forged and finished by their own strenuous efforts, should be provided with some worthy cause in which to reveal its peerless qualities.

The manner in which these two artists replied to this question constituted them deserters from the ranks of their old fellow-insurrectionists, the Roundheads. They said that Man could be the only fit subject for their pictorial rhetoric. Van Gogh himself grew so to dislike landscape that he would almost apologise when he said that Man could be the only fit subject for their pictures. Now, where was the man or the race of men in their day who could inspire the artist with a passion for men? This question which Van Gogh himself grew so to dislike landscape that he would almost apologise when he said that Man could be the only fit subject for their pictures. Now, where was the man or the race of men in their day who could inspire the artist with a passion for men? This question which Van Gogh himself grew so to dislike landscape that he would almost apologise when he said that Man could be the only fit subject for their pictures. Now, where was the man or the race of men in their day who could inspire the artist with a passion for men? This question which Van Gogh himself grew so to dislike landscape that he would almost apologise when he said that Man could be the only fit subject for their pictures. Now, where was the man or the race of men in their day who could inspire the artist with a passion for men? This question which Van Gogh himself grew so to dislike landscape that he would almost apologise when he said that Man could be the only fit subject for their pictures. Now, where was the man or the race of men in their day who could inspire the artist with a passion for men? This question which Van Gogh himself grew so to dislike landscape that he would almost apologise when he said that Man could be the only fit subject for their pictures. Now, where was the man or the race of men in their day who could inspire the artist with a passion for men? This question which Van Gogh himself grew so to dislike landscape that he would almost apologise when he said that Man could be the only fit subject for their pictures. Now, where was the man or the race of men in their day who could inspire the artist with a passion for men? This question which Van Gogh himself grew so to dislike landscape that he would almost apologise when he said that Man could be the only fit subject for their pictures. Now, where was the man or the race of men in their day who could inspire the artist with a passion for men? This question which Van Gogh himself grew so to dislike landscape that he would almost apologise when he said that Man could be the only fit subject for their pictures. Now, where was the man or the race of men in their day who could inspire the artist with a passion for men? This question which Van Gogh himself grew so to dislike landscape that he would almost apologise when he said that Man could be the only fit subject for their pictures. Now, where was the man or the race of men in their day who could inspire the artist with a passion for men? This question which Van Gogh himself grew so to dislike landscape that he would almost apologise when he said that Man could be the only fit subject for their pictures. Now, where was the man or the race of men in their day who could inspire the artist with a passion for men? This question which Van Gogh himself grew so to dislike landscape that he would almost apologise when he said that Man could be the only fit subject for their pictures. Now, where was the man or the race of men in their day who could inspire the artist with a passion for men? This question which Van Gogh himself grew so to dislike landscape that he would almost apologise when he said that Man could be the only fit subject for their pictures. Now, where was the man or the race of men in their day who could inspire the artist with a passion for men? This question which Van Gogh himself grew so to dislike landscape that he would almost apologise when he said that Man could be the only fit subject for their pictures. Now, where was the man or the race of men in their day who could inspire the artist with a passion for men? This question which Van Gogh himself grew so to dislike landscape that he would almost apologise when he said that Man could be the only fit subject for their pictures. Now, where was the man or the race of men in their day who could inspire the artist with a passion for men? This question which Van Gogh himself grew so to dislike landscape that he would almost apologise when he said that Man could be the only fit subject for their pictures. Now, where was the man or the race of men in their day who could inspire the artist with a passion for men? This question which Van Gogh himself grew so to dislike landscape that he would almost apologise when he said that Man could be the only fit subject for their pictures. Now, where was the man or the race of men in their day who could inspire the artist with a passion for men? This question which Van Gogh himself grew so to dislike landscape that he would almost apologise when he said that Man could be the only fit subject for their pictures. Now, where was the man or the race of men in their day who could inspire the artist with a passion for men? This question which Van Gogh himself grew so to dislike landscape that he would almost apolog
Pages from an Unpublished Novel.

By Beatrice Hastings.

BOOK VII.—A FLOWER FROM APHRODITE.

PROEM.

Fantastically, the Buds of Aphrodite bedeck the chaos of human existence.

And so it happened that there is always the comedy of love, and never any lack of lovers.

I marvel what monstrous impulse brought Orm Hazan upon earth. He understood not the ways of Earth’s people, nor the rules behind which men refuge like a garden. I learned of orgies, abstinences, feats of the most probable way.

Then he laid down his lyre, and the orchestra, resonating eyes he appeared ethereal, self-absorbed, sexless in the early world. It told of the gods of the young and under the sun and moon. Morning breathed with my love waking and sleeping, in the solitude of the house which contains my sense of life became written around no inclination for.

And so it happens that there is always the comedy of love, and never any lack of lovers.

I had heard chapters concerning him for some time before we met. Men ordinarily abused him. Women commended; or, cursed. His beauty of person and his a gipsy, and travellers told it that he knew the earth almost beyond imagination. In his hand he held a lyrical kind of instrument, from whose strings at rare intervals he seemed to invite a tone to mingle with his. Then he laid down his lyre, and the orchestra, re-enforcing at each beat, crashed again and again in oceanic choruses, while that wondrous voice opened its way, as a shaft of light vibrates through rolling waters.

The words mattered nothing. The voice was the voice of the ancient peoples who were abroad and sang in the early world. It told of the gods of the young earth. It echoed the hymns of the ray and the shower, of the sea and the mountain, of the bud and of the herb. And liquid, flowery, passionate—every tone resounded, besides, the musician’s own self-praise. It was certain that he loved his voice, his life, himself.

And ‘tis such as he whom women covet! To pretend that I was not enchanted or that my love was not given on the instant would be a misrepresentation. I have no inclination for. As I gazed and listened, the sphere which contains my sense of life became written around with shining signs. Love was at its labour, and ready with crowns, with constellations, with rolling showers or sapphire cestus, to win a worshipper.

And now was no rest for me, night or day. I carried my love waking and sleeping, in the solitude of the house and under the sun and moon. Morning breathed with my sighing as I would stand and watch them arrive over the emerald mountain. At noon, the dew all gone from the Gardens, there I sat, listless. Sunset and the empurpled mountain. At noon, the dew all gone. I had an inspiration. I bent over and kissed him, as one kisses a child, calmly, on the brow, and waited. He proved truly sensitive. He played, timidity, with a little bit of my scarf fringe and began to chat in the sly way one kisses a child, calmly, on the brow, and waited. He cried. He answered, "Well, I have very nearly gone out of fashion in making you the rage. People talk so more of Hazan, and of Hazan’s Dream. I am aware—happy—terrified. Come away with me down this valley where I can weep."

I was interested while he told me a hundred things about the country I loved and thought I had loved not ignorantly. But he seemed a wizard of Nature in his familiarity with her ways. "Where have you learned?" I cried. He answered, "I have travelled very far and sometimes I am lost for days. People say—oh! they say stupid things enough. Perhaps you have an idea where I lose myself."

It reached high afternoon. On a bank he flung himself down near me, and, looking up, said: "You will forgive my silly speech—when we met?"

"Forgotten."

"You will let me adore you?"

"Sinning again?"

"No."

"The tone was most disconcerted.

I had an inspiration. I bent over and kissed him, as one kisses a child, calmly, on the brow, and waited. He seemed truly sensitive. He played, timidity, with a little bit of my scarf fringe and began to chat in the style children take to distract attention from their crimes.

We descended home for tea. He lost then his bewitching diffidence, and displayed again, naturally enough, the dandified manner which men catch who frequent the society of many women. To an outrageous compliment I replied: "The Queen is dead! Long live the Queen!" He threw himself at my knee, and, kissing my hands, said: "You accuse me. It is true that I have loved many women. But they have been to me only like the oases in the great deserts. You seem to be the oasis of my heart's thirst."

I sat down to work. My inspiration was a new love-song. "The Queen is dead! Long live the Queen!" I was amazed, I was dazed. I was overwhelmed with my love, my new love. I was lost."

"You have never worshipped any woman, and I am glad of it now."

"Bewildered a little by love of him was I. Yet I could not fail to recognise that I was the powerful one, the possessor. He, if I conferred it, was only a beautiful slave to me. But, ah! how valued, how caressed, how encouraged. Not one expression spoken by his mystical eyes but was understood. None of his thousand and one faineant lovers ever paid any attention to me."

"This sanguine heart, to whom a sunny morning was augur of bright futurity, and a new love-song a shield time were dead and delay had no longer hope or fear. At the brow of a hilly road, I looked, one side upon the mountain, the other upon the blue Bay. And there standing, I believed, a phantom, between me and the sea. The poet of the sea and sky and the delicious being who absorbed my thoughts. He had seen me, was gazing at me with the wistfullest hesitation. We met in the centre of the road. He said not a word, but stood with his cap off in the blazing sunlight. "I was returning home," I lied. "Come with me."

"To the world’s end!" he answered.

The little coolish breeze which sometimes announces the turn of noon touched my brow. "Well, we will walk a little bit, and I'll tell you all I can at first sight; and then I'll show you things."

"This sanguine heart, to whom a sunny morning was augur of bright futurity, and a new love-song a shield
against the past, had yet its desperate moments. For, 
living among men, he hated men. After some provoca-
tion of this hatred, his whole figure would droop, his 
eyes would dull, his hair become lustreless, his brow, 
usually so eager, lose its light. And all this swift re-
verse perhaps for some trivial thing. I have seen him 
weep with rage at a lack of manners in a human bawd. 

He declared that the possibility of similar brutality must
lurk somewhere in his own bones.

"In this world," he exclaimed bitterly, "in us, the animals He has made, the 
Creator dissipates His evil!"

I have written the 'weak' Hazan, but—doest 
remember that night when thy rival, dangerous and 
drunken, entered: and thou wert singing, I playing for 
thee, a love-poem? The air, thrilled by thy voice, 
vibrated like a string. I shivered with terror, but thy 
sympathetic eyes commanded me. They appeared to change 
and grow far lighter than their usual colour. Power, 


beyond any I had ever dreamed to behold there, shined 


the rings turned to the curl. I looked upon him, aston-
ished at the silent speed of the two, stagger off into the smooth 
dressing the ruffians in the Malayan. After a moment's


speech was in some strange language.


I cannot readily excuse myself for instantly having 


I heard his words like stones falling. 


"I shall not cease to love you. Love may spare me not 
one of its cruelties, but, at least, it will be always with 
me. That's a fine knife of a fact, eh? Not too thin for 


I did not send him away, then.


and I knew just when—nor when it 


mockery of a lover am I, who loved and loved and still


love-letter


am your fool, Beatrice; breath-


how my eye lingers upon you.


I contemplate the moment when I must leave you with 


shame and fear.


"What becomes of shamed lovers? Is there any 
corner for them? Is there any time for them, or 
occupation? Yesterday, there was a place for me. Imagina-
tion created it, a throne. The sun rose for me. My}


his frightful contempt of his passion for me. He stood, 


sailed me. But more bitter to hear than reproaches was 
his frightful contempt of his passion for me. He stood, 


avowing in one breath my perfection, his desire, and his 


"How many days have I awaited your letter, the 
love-letter! You have a laugh there. I am still waiting. What 


thirteen lights shone to four. I have lived them through. 
I am your fool, Beatrice; breath-


less, lovely—I do! See! how my eye lingers upon you. 
He! Only a fool would have served you as I! On my


knees-while you gave never the look, neither while my 


love. But you have me afraid and ashamed at last. 
I contemplated the moment when I must leave you with 


shame and fear.


Yet, did I ever rebel? Laughable, hysterical 
mockery from a lover am I, who loved and loved and still


loved. But you have me afraid and ashamed at last.


I have written thee 


"I said I was afraid. I felt afraid. I thought it was 


fear of loneliness, emptiness. By God! I shall not be 


lonely. I shall have an everlasting companion in 


love. Love may spare me not one of its cruelties, but, at least, it will be always with 
me. That's a fine knife of a fact, eh? Not too thin for 


I thought it was 


"Don't—don't


I wondered about him all through the long hours. I could imagine him, wearied 


and recollect more exactly what had befallen. It seemed to me 


that regret had exaggerated.


I have slumbered just before dawn. Day was 
high when a knocking at my door awoke me. My 


sigh, relinquishing,


My eyes felt very large and worn far past their 


strength; their look travelled wearily towards him.


I was gazing at me; he appeared like a man who 


had been bled. He was leaning upon the mantel-board 


and endeavoured to say "Come"


I implored him with my eyes, and then, 


I stared at him. He caught his breath, and we both


laughed. He jumped up and drew me by my hands to 


his feet. "I am an imbecile," said he seriously. "But 


you understand what I intend to say. I do love you. 
You adore me. But I do not want you to write me love-


letters. I want nothing. I can never be such a brute 


again, no, not even if you sent me away." He drew 


my head towards his shoulder: "But don't do it."


I did not send him away, then.


Hesitated. I could not say again even that 


"Come," towards me. I implored him with my eyes, and then, 


unable to bear any more, I burst into sobs. He threw 


himself at my knees, nestling his dear head as if to 


lose himself in my bosom.


How more days have I awaited your letter, the 
love-letter! You have a laugh there. I am still waiting. What 


standing—because I was 


I imagined challenge was implied, lover's


threat and blandishment. From these it was easy to 


conjure up pitfall decoy and gin. I replied advising him 


to accept.


The half of an hour saw him in my room, rebellious 


and reckless.


His diffidence was all gone. Agonised words as-
“in dealing with the workmen I employ in London, because of their general ignorance.” The result of this evidence was that drawing was added to the curriculum of the elementary schools, with lamentable results to the artistic taste of the people; but Morris, at least, cannot be blamed for this misapprehension of his meaning.

Against the general contention, however, gifted, could not make much headway. True, he did, so far as his workmen were concerned, manage to train them in his methods, and produce results approximating very nearly to his ideals. The fact is, however, that he did not always share his purpose, although it used his products; and perhaps the most amusing case is that of the famous “Morris chintzes.” They were designed as wall-hangings, as an artistic improvement on the cheap machine-printed wallpaper, and as a substitute for the more expensive hand-printed paper. But “people dressed themselves in their wall-hangings,” says his biographer, “covered books with them, did this or that with them, according to their fancy; but hang walls with them they would not.” Against stupidity, it has been said, the gods themselves fight in vain.

Of course, the necessary condition of this various activity and striving for artistic perfection was economic independence, as Morris was never tired of explaining. A man who begins adult life with an income of £600 a year is happily circumstance, whether he wishes to do anything or nothing. To a man like Morris it was an essential, for he was compelled to look to the impossibility of obtaining the decorative effects he desired with the materials supplied by the commercial furnishers. Then he discovered that no one knew how to make the things he needed, and he was driven to the discovery of forgotten processes and to the attaining of practical skill in them. But for the happy fact that his father was a successful bill-broker, his ideas would have remained ineptive, and the range of his activity would have been restricted. We might still have had no alternative to plush upholstery and imitation fruit and stuffed birds as furnishing material, if Morris had not been possessed of an economic competence.

But it must be confessed that all this activity was educational, of the manufacturers no less than the public; it simply added some new stufis and patterns to the social stock. One would naturally look to his literary work for evidence of inspiration; but, however grown it may be, it was no new truth. His medievalism would have been arrested in a less vigorous man; and who in these days reads William Morris? The medieval jester has ousted the medieval craftsman from public favor; it simply added some new stuffs and patterns to the social stock. One would naturally look to his literary work for evidence of inspiration; but, however grown it may be, it was no new truth. His medievalism would have been arrested in a less vigorous man; and who in these days reads William Morris? The medieval jester has ousted the medieval craftsman from public favor; and perhaps the most amusing case is that of Morris himself. His poetry, like the sonnets of Michael Angelo, was not his principal wealth, as his mother’s family were merchants and landed proprietors. With the possible exception of music, a gift attributed to his maternal heredity, as well as his expletives, were already remarkable.

His incessant activity and his tremendous physical strength appear strangely in one who had been a delicate child. It is difficult to imagine Morris, the expert cook and gourmet, being kept alive, as his mother said, by calves-foot jelly and beef-tea. Delicate as he was, he seems to have had no serious illness until, in later life, he developed gout and symptoms of diabetes; but the delicacy of his childhood, like that of Balzac, gave him the leisure to read. When he learnt to read, no one knows; but at the age of four he was deep in the Waverley novels, and he formed the habit of reading, again like Balzac, with extraordinary swiftness, only occasionally interrupted by the prodigious grasp of his memory. He never carried this craze to the extent that Balzac did, who at the age of fourteen had read himself into a state of coma; but this early acquaintance with books, and the formation of his habits thereby formed, served him well in later years. For he contended, as Carlyle contended, that the understanding is not a tool; it is a hand that can grasp any tool. Nietzsche also used to boast that he had so trained his mind that he could learn anything, from the gods themselves fight in vain.

Of his political activity there is no need to say much. He was a propagandist and no more. To politics he never devoted the same elaborate care as he did to his craft-work, and he really did no more than preach the coming of the Revolution. How even that was to be accomplished was not new to us, and it must be confessed that his ideas of revolution were somewhat melodramatic. A few riots, with some massacres by the troops that would shock the rest of the population, seemed to be the only still that he projected. The possibility of revolution by a financial move never occurred to him, although he was the son of a bill-broker. That if the working classes were suddenly to withdraw their savings from the Post Office the structure of society would come tumbling about our ears is one of the more striking indictments of our society and a more fruitful revolutionary proposal than any made by Morris, and it was not made by him.

A. E. R.

* "The Life of William Morris." By J. W. Mack (Longmans. Two volumes. 4s. net.)
Charlotte Brontë and her Critics.

By Frances H. Low.

No one has been so unhappy in her critics and biographers as Charlotte Brontë, the one single and supreme exception being, of course, Mrs. Gaskell, whose dignified, and, on the whole, faithful Life remains, and will remain, the one nobly worthy monument as yet raised to her genius. One does not, of course, forget Swinburne's monograph, with its fine touches, but it is painfully disfigured by the absurd and utterly indefensible attack upon George Elliot, by way of poor Maggie Tulliver, whose lack of propriety offended the delicate moral perceptions of the poet of poor Maggie Tulliver, whose lack of propriety was wrong-headed unpardonable, choose the authoress up.

The Heir of Redcliffe."

But it would have been utterly impossible for any publisher to choose anyone more hopelessly unfitted to estimate the peculiar and most rare genius of Charlotte Brontë than Mrs. Humphry Ward. Mrs. Humphry Ward remains the striking and interesting example of the success of the bourgeois novelist in an age when everybody belongs to the same school of writers as Miss Edna Lyall and Miss Edna Lyall and Miss Charlotte Yonge at her least inspired masterpiece represented by "The Heir of Redcliffe."

But both Miss Yonge and Miss Edna Lyall could tell a story. Mrs. Ward has not one to tell, and I defy any of her admirers (who I find prefer to fall back upon the thousands of pounds she receives for her stories) to point out one novel with anything like a story.

Of course, the defence is, "she draws character so wonderfully." But the fact is not a single one of Mrs. Ward's lengthy list of high-born ladies, with their political coqueting with handsome Radical politicians, always, of course, with the highest of motives, or the stock type of lovelies, impulsively indirect girls, or the earnest, ethical young men destined to "careers" by way of loving high-toned Marcellas, and so on, has a moment's breath of life. Mrs. Humphry Ward does her best. Marcella, though a saint and a most advanced politician and social reformer (though in practice Mr. Ward is opposed to the political vote, in her novels there is scarce a heroine who is not a vote monger on the thousands of pounds she receives for her novels) to point out one novel with anything like a story.

"Life re-

If there were moments during that sad year at Brussels when the neurotic little woman permitted herself to think of the might-have-been of life, to imagine to herself what a woman she would have made to the brilliant little professor, she kept all such thoughts well in subjection, and with speculations concerning them the world has nothing to do.

Whereupon Mr. Clement Shorter proceeds to make a variety of suggestions as imperative as they are gratuitous and unnecessary, on the ground, as exquisitely lucid as it is grammatical, that,

"The fictitious characters of an author's creation are to be taken for realities in his or her eyes, there is sufficient excuse for the views.

What excuse can be made for any man who talks of Charlotte Brontë as a "neurotic little woman"? and who, pursuing his graceful fang in the same strain, adds:

Paul Emanuel of Villette was undoubtedly Monsieur Heger in many pleasant and unpleasant characteristics, and if Lucy Snowe be assumed to be Charlotte Brontë—and here, also, there were certain indisputable points of likeness—then the passionate love that Charlotte Brontë felt for her professor is beyond dispute.

I used above the words "gratuitously imperative." Will anyone who is acquainted with Charlotte Brontë's reserved character, with her letters to her friends and those written to her, not agree with me as to the colossal vulgarity and the bad taste of this suggestion, or, rather, assumption, for which there is no shadow of proof; and that the statement in black and white that this passion existed when it has never been so much as breathed by those who knew her best is a proof of insensitiveness, or, rather, of the want of those written to her, not agree with me as to the.

What excuse to say about such methods of the authority," what in condemnation of the so-called "literary" man who uses them? And it is this kind of thing which enables a man to-day to pose as "the authority," and to create a monopoly in the works of the dead writers, so that the best far better the cheapened have been turned out and not so much as dare to question such methods now in vogue and, of course, promoted and encouraged by publishers, even of the standing of Messrs. Smith, Elder (and we come to Mr. Humphry Ward. It is not Mrs. Humphry Ward's fault that, with all her learning and culture and her knowledge of theological dialectics, she is temperamentally incapable of understanding Charlotte Brontë. Take, for instance, her utter misconception of Rochester; and the point is wholly lost by most of the Brontë critics, that if you
misapprehend, misconceive, and misinterpret the character of Rochester, the whole tragic drama is sheer confusion, the whole moral power of the situation is lost. Unhappier never hath been any case, or to the minute of a moment pungent irony, Mrs. Ward comments upon Rochester's self-revelation as follows:

Poor Jane gets out of the dilemma as best she can, and gradually this astonishing gentleman thaws, becomes conversational and kind. And this is how he puts the little governess at her ease: "Young lady, I am disposed to be gregarious and communicative to-night. Not even [says Mrs. Ward] would exceed Parody has to add. ... Listen to the banalities of the beautiful and accomplished Miss Ingram. She is making brutal fun of governesses, is she not, and shrinking Jane behind the window-curtain. Miss Ingram, it should be remembered, has never seen Jane before, has no grudge against her, and can only be supposed to be displaying the aristocratic temper on such.

There are various comments to be made upon the above passage. The irony of the "aristocratic temper" as such is "beyond me in subtility, and the introduction into serious criticism in a costily edition, supposed to have the impress of finality and permanence of Bret Harte's amusing parody, I shall not comment upon. It appears to me in its contempt to justify the conviction of those to whom the fame of Charlotte Brontë is dear, that her utter misconception of Rochester, and of her own circle, a quiet plain, young woman, dowdily dressed, bearing herself with the independence that her own ill-fated governess had not displayed. And so far from this being "heavy grotesqueness," it is Mrs. Ward's fault, and they ought rather to apologise for the lack of those literary graces of which the author of "Robert Elsmere" is a past mistress.

I am not concerned here to defend Charlotte Brontë's knowledge of the ways of high-class society; but will any other woman profess disbelief in the rudeness of haughty ladies at the expense of governesses, companions, and other "young persons"? Moreover, where is the amazing impossibility? Miss Ingram numbered among the guests, all of her own circle, a quiet, plain, young woman, dowdily dressed, bearing herself with the independence that her own ill-fated governess had not displayed. And so far from this being "heavy grotesqueness," it is Mrs. Ward's fault, and they ought rather to apologete for the lack of those literary graces of which the author of "Robert Elsmere" is a past mistress.

If I have not space to quote Mrs. Ward's fatuous remark here and elsewhere, all we need to remember rightly, it was ranked with Mrs. Gaskell's "The Heart of Midlothian." What marks out "Jane Eyre" from all other novels, thus stamping it as a work of unmistakable genius, such as no other woman has ever shown (not even Emily Brontë, whose wild, rude, untutored energy cannot be brought into comparison with Charlotte's massive and moulded genius), is that it is one of those rare and evenpriceless human documents in which the heart reveals, as it were, from some hidden force, its burning, flame-like secret. In the person of Jane Eyre we have the soul's most innermost essence poured forth, lava-like, in its white heat. As there are various ways of loving, and of being, making him the greatest male creation and the most living in all literature, and to be matched, though not surpassed, by the self-revealing portrait drawn for us by Rousseau. Mention of Rochester brings us to Miss May Sinclair, whose volume, the "Three Brontës," is praised by the "Standard" critic in language that would be perhaps excessive for a Swinburne, and declared by the "Telegraph" to be a "valuable contribution to Brontë literature." If I remember rightly, it is a "generous, honourable, astonishing gentleman," slightly lacking in the Wardian sense of what is proper for "young persons" to hear. Of course, the reply to all this, and to the critic who says "Jane is not quite as artless as the author would have us suppose," is that the very reason Charlotte Brontë stands out in literature precisely as Velasquez does in portraiture, is that all conventions are swept aside, and a creative force, a creative being, is given life blood and the living breath of reality—it is an autobiography of suffering and experience, a suspense de profundis, shown, so to speak, through the epic life of the "heroic little Jane."
between them, they contrived to make it suffer. . . . Monseigneur's case is pitiful, for he was kind and well meaning, and he was fond of Charlotte. . . . Without him we might have had no 'Rochester,' because he himself had not had any Paul Emanuel, which would have been a pity—that is all.

I ask anyone, even one but imperfectly conversant with "Villettre," what he thinks of the mingled flippancy, stupidity and lack of the elemental capacity to understand what it is in Charlotte Brontë to which we pay homage—that reveal themselves, from which one thing is, at any rate, clear in this passage, "it would have been a pity to have Paul Emanuel!"—Hearten to this rhetoric:—

But there are terrible lapses. After Rochester's cry: "Jane, my little darling . . . if you were mad, do you think I should hate you?"

Whereupon remarks Miss Sinclair sapiently, "he elaborates his idea and he is impossible"—this apropos one of the most moving and dramatic of passages, absolutely characteristic, in which feeling, passion, despair, and tenderness are so wrought up and fused as almost to produce blank verse.

The lady adds: "And in the final scene of temptation, there is a most curious mingling of reality and unreality, of the passion which is poetry and the poetry which is not passion." Of words that are nonsensical, dear lady; of highfalutin language which conceals, not one of the most moving and dramatic of passages, absolutely characterising everything.

Adèle is all.

and

'Jane, this is all.

Hearken to this rhetoric:—

This is no piece of playfulness, no effort of irony; it is a prayer, and a plaintive. The poet should be simple, unused to the things of this world, so that objects and events, for which all other men have stereotyped ideas and phrases, may make a fresh impression on his mind. There is no quality so well marked, so widely spread through the voluminous works of Paul Fort, as this sense of the novelty of the world. The poet is a child to whom all things, all sensations, are full of wonder and excitement, who tumbles out words and rhythms pell-mell in the emotion of the moment.

For a mind so remarkable as this it is obvious that there must be some new method of expression. He is free from the clichés of thought, but this will not of itself save him from clichés of the world. The world was necessary, and the ardent, simple temperament of Paul Fort created it in the natural course of things. He desired liberty, as he keeps on impressing upon us, in his quotations he affixes to each section of his work, and he hit upon an extraordinary combination of prose and verse, which varies from the prose rhythm of Rimbaud to the alexandrine of the Romanticists, so that in the same poem he can render his varying degree of enthusiasm by modulations from plain prose to finished verse. It sounds dangerous, and it is significant that no other man can handle this extraordinary instrument of expression, and the only possible style for the expression of his unique genius. The liberty it affords him is obvious. If he does not wish to rhyme he will not do so, and the reader may take the stanza as prose, or the verse he uses as a sonnet, in which the effect obtained is undoubtedly that of a half-way house between prose and verse.

These are not the only differences made by the new method. It is unquestionable that the form in which verse is written will have an appreciable effect on its music, through the ear of the poet and the ear of his reader. For example, Oscar Wilde's "Sphinx" is written in the metrical scheme of "In Memoriam," but is prizeworthy that the stanza makes two long lines interspersed by a number of short lines. The effect of this is to carry on the rhythmic movement from the first to the second line and from the third to the fourth, which produces a music peculiar to "The Sphinx" and absent from "In Memoriam." In the same way, Paul Fort's poetry, written as prose but in separate stanzas, has a continuity of rhythm within the stanza never attained by any other French poet. To this must be attributed the glorious rush of his verse, which is so prominent a characteristic of "Les Idylles Antiques" and "Les Hymnes de Feu."

It is impossible here to attempt anything like a detailed analysis of M. Fort's twelve volumes of verse. In spite of the very special character of his metric, he has made use of it for a great number of different themes. M. Louis Mandin, in his study of the "Ballades Françaises," has enumerated as many as fourteen different branches to be distinguished in M. Fort's work. This amazing variety is absolutely beyond the scope of a short essay, and I must confine myself to examination of two or three of the chief divisions into which this poet has divided his liters works. One of the most remarkable of these is the large body of popular songs, chiefly contained in the volume "L'Amour Marin." M. Fort, unlike Vié-Léon, and others, has not taken the traditional ronde as a basis upon which to build up
beautiful Symbolist poems; he has instead created new rondes, new peasants’ or sailors’ songs, as racy and plain-spoken as the models he has followed. His first book opens with one of these, “Si toutes les filles du monde voulurent s’donner la main,” and the genre thus begun is continued with much success in this volume and again in “L’Amour Marin.” Is he here that his simplicity and receptivity to all impressions are most to be observed. He does not compose ingenious imitations of folk-song, but does actually create it, as the nameless poets who are responsible for the ballads must create it. The whole is often vague and overcrowded. It is difficult to comprehend. One passage from “Le Lien d’Amour”:

why once more tie up the affair? Is loving worth the trouble of it? The cord was too tight to bear. Was it you that drew it too tight.

Or was it another? Or the good God of Christian fame? It is broken and we know well that no one can take the blame.

Love... that goes through so many hearts, is a common theme, goes so many rings, whose fault when at last it slips?

There are so many lovers on earth to pull on the whole, Is it the fault of love, indeed, if love's cord is worn and thin?

why once more tie up the affair? Is loving worth the trouble of it? The cord was too tight to bear, and tied it too tight.

These little songs are so natural in their wording, so primitive and unspoilt in their attitude towards life that it is difficult not to believe that they have been collected and not composed by Paul Fort. In the first series of the “Ballades,” we find numerous examples of country songs, “Cette fille, elle est morte,” and the exquisite ballad of a wedding:

Ah! que de joie, la flûte et les gars et les fillettes, et tous les vieux au son des instruments.

From this branch of M. Fort’s genius we turn to another. Certain features in his folk-poetry, that of his descriptions of Nature. Certain critics have said that it is here he most shows himself a great poet, and though this is a doubtful proposition concerning a poet with so many and such varied gifts, nevertheless these descriptions on mountains and woods are of a great vigour of language and of an astounding speed in movement. M. Fort does not merely describe landscapes as any man might, but as one who has so recently seen them. He records rivers, fields and mountains for the first time that they have fascinated him by their novelty. In addition to this he has a wealth of quaint and curious fantasy which envelops all he views. In this quality of an excelsior imagination he abounds alone among his contemporaries. His fancy is so fertile that it even cloaks its own movement and displays at once so many bewildering beauties that the effect of the whole is often vague and overcrowded. It is difficult to read these poems with full understanding because of the complexity of their decoration. Had M. Fort written less, in a more restrained style, he would perhaps have been a greater poet. As it is we cannot but marvel at the richness of his language. Certainly, as time goes by, this exuberance becomes less, and the descriptions in “Ille-de-France” are easier to follow and to comprehend. One passage from “Montagne” will serve to exhibit the style of these descriptive poems and also to give some idea of the flexibility of this medium which hovers between verse and prose:

Et voici le vallon, la grâce des paysages...
Nothing lasts. Farewell, fair day! Love is an amorette. Let us bury it in the shade, in the scent of a violet.

We will dig under the moss, far from the green twilight—digging a little grave for our friendship frail and light.

Night falls and all is effaced. Our hearts beat icily. Farewell, and farewell again, Lucienne who art lost to me.

The lyric sequence leads us naturally to the consideration of Paul Fort’s poetry in verse, “Paris Sentimental” and “Le Roman de Louis XI.” “Paris Sentimental,” or, to give it its sub-title, “Le Roman de nos Vingt Ans,” is again a series of poems in which the characters and incidents are more concrete than in “Lucienne.” The story is again simple: the poet loves Manon and spends his Sundays with her in the country, but she is unfaithful to him during the week, so that he takes his revenge by making love to Jeanne la Rouquine. A three-cornered reconciliation is arrived at and the three characters make an expedition together to the Moulin d’Orgemont. Here, when they are all slightly exalted, the truce between Manon and Rouquine is broken and the plot in a short space is quite impossible, and I must confine my notice to the absolutely forlorn, but lighthearted, bacchanal scene, where the mutual forlornness of the two women is paralleled by the bungling murder of the third. “Le Roman de Louis XI” is a much weightier matter. It is not the finest, but certainly the most remarkable book that M. Fort has ever written. To give the plot in a short space is quite impossible, and I must confine myself to drawing attention to the more extraordinares, the more extraordinary, incidents in the story of Louis XI and of his struggle to be master in his own kingdom. But within this frame M. Fort has contrived to vary from scenes of the most dramatic and picturesque quality to scenes of the most symboelectrical. From the tragedy of the episode in which Louis learns of the death of his son to the farcical humour of “La Pêche Miracleuse,” when the King and Tristan l’Ermitre go fishing with their “bonnes amies,” Simonne des Chaînes and Perrette du Főcrét, there is every possible gradation of incident. The whole book is planned with a mad and extravagant humour. In one interlude Time interrupts the author at his work and has pressed upon him the story of tales of les jérs d’intelligence. In a catalogue of the persons present at the States General, the poet assigns the names of well-known living authors to all the offices of medievals France:

Mme de Gourmont, archevêque de Tours. . . . Mme de Gourmont, léviste et parjure (saint homme). Mme de Gourmont, Hugues Rebell, tout rouge, légit de Rome. . . . Maitre Francis Jammes pour la ville de Pau. Maître Davray, de Douvres, traducteur pour le roi dans ses affaires anglaises. . . . Maitre Merrill, navigateur normand, qui . . . eût très bien pu, avant le vieux Colomb, rencontrer cette grande ile que dénomma Vespuce, d’une façon inique, de son petit nom en le, laquelle se fit alors appelée la Merillque.

I have described and quoted enough to indicate the variety of the “Ballades Françaises.” I have left much unmentioned and grotesque fantasies that the effect of the whole is overloaded, and not one of his marvellous gems is put to its full use. It may be thought that a stricter form would have provided the required discipline, but I am of the opinion that the restraint that have been of any service, should have come from within. An external restraint might merely have meant vigorous rhetoric or commonplace bombast.

The room was bare, but not barren of any of the other miserable velleies that made up the dwellings of that particular corner. Policemen daren’t enter even it, for poverty had reduced its dwellers to such a state of brutality that they rebelled instinctively against all outward as well as inward signs of law and order. But the district nurse was a privite woman, and her eye was intended to look on moral and physical horrors that were defended by violence from the scrutiny of the sex that prides itself on shielding the weak from unsavoury sight and smell.

She had been called up from her sleep by a wretched-looking man, whose thin clothing only seemed to emphasise his body’s real physique. His wife was “expecting” every moment. He implored the nurse to come quickly, so she hurried after him without waiting for the cup of tea that the other sister who should have accompanied her had no intention of relinquishing. Outside they said nothing, but hurried along through dark, deserted streets.

“‘This wy,’ the man said after ten minutes’ rapid walking, as he turned up a pitch-dark entry. The nurse followed his slouching steps, the dim outline of his miserable figure her only guide. She stumbled up the two steps into the room which the anxious husband had taken in one stride, and saw her patient writhing by the light of a guttering candle.

The room reeked of gin and foul air. There was no vestige of food upon the dirty table, and only a cotton coverlet protected the labouring woman from the cold. “It was a long time ago, her confirming tone, as she looked at the straining figure. “Oh my Gaud! if only the byby’s gone back I don’t mind anything,” moaned the woman pitifully. The nurse had not had much experience in the language of the poor, and the expression puzzled her. “Gone back,” she repeated, “what do you mean?” “Lot,” the man explained the man awkwardly, “that’s our way of oping it may be born dead. You see, we’ve ad four already, though, thank ‘eaven, two on ‘em’s gone to a better place. All the other girls, he said, looking round the room forlornly: “any wy, it can’t be wuss.”

“You do know there has to be a byby for your wife,” the nurse said, ignoring the man’s last remarks; “she will want some when the baby’s born.”

“Drop o’ gin’ll pull ‘er round quicker, I reckon,” he said, without any wish to be argumentative, and then—as by way of explanation—“milk ain’t much in our line, Miss, but there’s three pubs just outside.” The reasoning seemed conclusive.

“You ought to milk all milk the same,” protested the nurse indignantly. “You can, surely, go and fetch some now that I am here.”

“Very sorry, Miss, there ain’t such a thing as a jug in the place, except this e’re thing—that with the gin in it.” “Besides,” he muttered, dropping his voice so that the woman on the bed might not hear, “I ‘aren’t so much a’ways a’round.”

“You don’t bother abah me, Miss,” said his wife weakly, as she caught the cause of this discussion. “We’ll ope as the kid’ll not need me at all, and then I can get well on anythink or nothink. Don’t you bother, that’s all.”

“Haven’t you got any work, then?” the nurse persisted in reference to the man’s last remark, “and your wife in this condition.”

“Oh yes, Miss, I ain’t one of the unemployed, I ain’t: I sells bootlaces, and once on a time I ’ad good work as a gunsmith,” he said with a remnant of pride; “but what I does now don’t bring in anythink reg’lar, to speak. Sometimes I makes a bob and sometimes only a copper or two. To-day I ’ad bad luck—I waited from mornin’ till night.”

“Lord sakes! don’t bother any more abah it,” repeated the woman querulously. “’Tis the likes of us doesn’t expect such things. Oh my Gaud! it’s coming this time.”

She gave a shriek, followed by another and another. “By it’s dead,” murmured the man from the other end of the room.

The nurse was unable to confirm his hopes.

K. VIOLET CHURCHILL.

A BALLADE OF REFORMATION.

This is an age of learning and of light, of politicians fighting the good fight, of economists fighting the goose light. And masters listening to their men’s demand. Class-feeling and self-interest are banned—It is the sort of thing that helps the poor.
Rabelais. But I'm getting old and foolish. Aye, there it is and what I don't know. But, of course, I don't care; no, not a tinker's curse. Which reminds me that the sub-editor has have to do for the present.

Our future glory with promise, clear and bright, A million peasant holdings will be manned. The little flame at Limehouse that he is planned Becomes a raging fire—he's on the spoors— I've mixed the metaphor—but understand, It is the sort of thing that helps the poor.

Enow, Prince, you're a wit and I called it "grand." We're going to get a nine for every four! The mighty wizard waved his magic wand, It is the sort of thing that helps the poor.

C. W.

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

XV.—THE CLARION.

By C. E. Bechhofer.

ALL ABOUT MYSELF.

By Robert Blatchford.

Oh, it's been a wicked world, my brothers, since I read Rabelais. But I'm getting old and foolish. Aye, there it is, Not that I still don't enjoy Belloco's books and cricket and the society of women, children, and men, and roses and—what? Now, why do I dither and blither like this every week? I don't know. But, of course, I don't care; so, not a tinker's curse. Which reminds me that the sub-editor has invited herself to tea, and Bellerby is coming too, so I sha'n't have to review a book this week. And that will have to do for the present.

IN THE LIBRARY.

By Winifred Blatchford.

Aye, let's be joyous, please the gods. Let's be jolly, like my parental friend the editor says. But I, for one, cannot "diddle" his inconsiderateness.

DRY BONES.

By Harry Lowerson.

I was talking to Nunqam and Winnie about this book (2s.), and didn't they like it! Winnie smiled and said "I can't read it."

SHREDS AND PATCHES.

By Bart Kennedy.

... And here I must say: There is no hope for us. Hope! I talk on—a forlorn figure.

A HORRIBLY FUNNY STORY.

By A. Neil Lyons.

... So I merely fell off my bicycle, strenuously avoiding the old man. "Git off," he said. So I mounted studiously the old man.

Our POINT OF VIEW.

... atravished ghouls fattening on the foolish wrongs of our womanhood. ... In the misty recesses of the nineteenth century we called for a man. In 1906 we called for a man. In 1906 we called for a man. Now, again, we call for a man. And we shall go on calling for a man. You can "diddle" us. We see through all your little games. Lynx's are in it with us—pah! we want a man.

NOTES TO CLARIONETTES.

A. J. (Brixton).—We have passed your letter on to Winnie. She will reply in her column soon.

B. K. (Kennington).—Man, you look fine; but what is her name?

CLARION VANS.

"End Stacey" V. Van.

Bournemouth meeting, I think, a failure; only three drunk clerks listened to me at Boscombe; I addressed a small and unenthusiastic audience at Brankome. So everything as usual.

Joseph Burgess.
seed of man's salvation—at which you scoff. Your scoffing scares only the weak and pleases the cruel. The strong, who have faith in their intuitions, do not so much as wince.

(9) I am engaged at this moment not in justifying the details of social ethics, but in explaining their general significance. As against you, who one week trace them to fraud and deceit, another week to self-interest and fear, and now as last to新型 and feminine, I would in the main find their root in humaneness—a quality with which the race is more or less generally endowed—and which each individual is enabled to feel, often keenly, the suffering or deprivation of another; in a word—compassion. The positive affirmation of the will to live plus the wrongs which have by nature and by its own egotism and all its derivatives have filled the world full of horrors, but the new-aged temperament lusts for an overflowing good; the compassionate tempermament seeks to mitigate whatever evils it perceives and in a manner suffers from. This is the psychological basis of social reform all the world over. The vain conspiracy you have been discovering of late is a mare's nest.

(8) In a recent number you wrote the following: "The test we apply to social reforms is the simplest test of their effect on the relative distribution of Profits and Wages. I do not feel that social reformers are bound to accept that criterion. All measures arising from the true moral incentive about necessary will result in a real raise wages and reduce profits. Municipal milk (may I say it?), free education, baths and wash-houses, parks, farms, and housing do not raise wages. Healthy—if not secuura—does not raise wages. So far as I am aware, the social reformers who are Socialists look to something very much bigger than this. Our task is to keep the evils of the system as humane as possible for life's sake. For life cannot wait while dramatic experiments are being tried—it knowing nothing, systems are made for men, not man for the systems. I therefore declare that the compassionate incentive and all measures arising therefrom, if unadulterated by parties or partisan interests, are valid absolutely, and may be trusted.

(9) It must be granted, however, so wide and powerful is the whirl of the present industrial system, that social reformers must not be so absurdly optimistic as to the results of their efforts in the mitigation of the evils of the present system—but I leave THE NEW AGE to apply the wet blanket week by week.

(10) May I now summarise the modification I would make in your analysis? First, the industrial system is not to be attributed to any conscious experiment or bargain whatsoever; it is the result of the prevailing mode of production, and that is a phase in economic evolution. Granted it has worked miracles; it has failed to prove its efficiency to supply the nation's physical needs; granted, also, it might have worked more mischief if men had not been men, but something else. The effects of this humaneness of men has in the national physical needs; granted, also, it might have the three factors of the situation—capitalists, workers, and State—would be better if the systems. I therefore declare that the compassionate incentive and all measures arising therefrom, if unadulterated by parties or partisan interests, are valid absolutely, and may be trusted.

(10) I conclude by begging you to allow these matters to be decently discussed by any who so desire. I see a vista of Fine Constructive Politics from the point at which your recent number you wrote the following: "The test we apply to social reforms is the simplest test of their effect on the relative distribution of Profits and Wages. I do not feel that social reformers are bound to accept that criterion. All measures arising from the true moral incentive about necessary will result in a real raise wages and reduce profits. Municipal milk (may I say it?), free education, baths and wash-houses, parks, farms, and housing do not raise wages. Healthy—if not securable—does not raise wages. So far as I am aware, the social reformers who are Socialists look to something very much bigger than this. Our task is to keep the evils of the system as humane as possible for life's sake. For life cannot wait while dramatic experiments are being tried—it knowing nothing, systems are made for men, not man for the systems. I therefore declare that the compassionate incentive and all measures arising therefrom, if unadulterated by parties or partisan interests, are valid absolutely, and may be trusted.

(11) It must be granted, however, so wide and powerful is the whirl of the present industrial system, that social reformers must not be so absurdly optimistic as to the results of their efforts in the mitigation of the evils of the present system—but I leave THE NEW AGE to apply the wet blanket week by week.

(12) May I now summarise the modification I would make in your analysis? First, the industrial system is not to be attributed to any conscious experiment or bargain whatsoever; it is the result of the prevailing mode of production, and that is a phase in economic evolution. Granted it has worked miracles; it has failed to prove its efficiency to supply the nation's physical needs; granted, also, it might have worked more mischief if men had not been men, but something else. The effects of this humaneness of men has in the national physical needs; granted, also, it might have the three factors of the situation—capitalists, workers, and State—would be better if the systems. I therefore declare that the compassionate incentive and all measures arising therefrom, if unadulterated by parties or partisan interests, are valid absolutely, and may be trusted.
especially if the visits occur in the constituencies of these agitators. The insinuation that the King's advisers are obeying a financial interest in disloyalty is too horrible to be replied to, and I am convinced that no argument of mine could alter the opinions of these obedient financiers. The insinuation that the King's advisers are not the imagination to understand how seriously the results of their agitation are taken by our rulers and governors.

"LOYALIST.

WHO WOULD HAVE THOUGHT IT?

Sir,—I take the following extracts from the current "Contemporary Review." Your readers, I am sure, will be able to supply the proper comment in each case.

G. T. P.

"My main concern is for the poorest-paid class of labour in the great towns."—Dr. T. J. Macnamara.

"Women's suffrage" will bring about that strengthening of Parliament by the inclusion of women that has invariable followed on every extension of the franchise in this country."—Mr. W. H. Dickinson.

"The main consideration for the workmen is as necessary a part of business organisation as care of machinery... Happily, there are indications that this is already being realised."—Harold Spender.

"The whole question of the agricultural minimum wage needs more elaborate investigation."—Mr. Charles Roden. Buxton.

"I remember his [Browning] telling me that when asked to accept the presidency of the Shelley Society he had met the request with a 'resolute refusal'—on the ground that much had to be considered, but only here and which he could by no means justify or approve."—Mr. W. H. Kingsland.

"It is the duty of our diplomats to secure without delay the cessation for ever of Russia's present policy in Finland."—Mr. V. Whitford.

"It will make the difference in the world if the destiny of China is moulded by men whose culture is British in tone."—Mr. A. MacCallum Scott.

When we plant ourselves upon Nonconformity's real principle, immerse ourselves in Nonconformity's real spirit"...—Rev. Henry W. Clark.

"I am astonished at the number of young people who want to follow the example of the Continental nations and call its school-teachers 'professors.'... The term 'teacher' suffices."—Mr. J. L. Paton. (Whose and which is it)

"English people possessing a liberal education are, as a rule, nearly as familiar with the names of some of the leading Greek philosophers, such as Aristotle, Socrates, or Pythagoras, as they are with that of Dr. Samuel Johnson."—C. Robinson.

"She herself is so essentially a humanist, an explorer, analyser, integrator of human nature, that we are sometimes apt to forget that she is, hardly less, a poet of nature."—Editorial.

"CHAOS AND MUDDLE.

Sir,—In the "Daily Express" of Monday last, over the above perfectly descriptive title, appeared a leader ordering the men to return to work at once.

On Saturday, Ben Frascati and the rest of the strike leaders called the strike merely to get a cheap advertisement. I never see the paper—this has been sent to me. I suppose you think you will get a free advertisement and the paper will boom—-it may for a week or two, but I believe in the public—so decent person will touch it, and I am so dearly loved that people will be disgusted at your vile abuse of me. After all, fourteen years of service is a fairly good record, and there isn't a city or village where I am not known and honoured. I have letters from all sorts of people, from Royalty and Prime Ministers to the poorest and most desolate creatures, thanking me for my service to the people of this country. My books have been translated into many languages. "The Soul Market" was read the world over. To think anyone could be so ignorant, so unclean, and so personally spiteful is unbelievable. The very police know and love me all over London. Only in June one of the Mackirdy Homes saved three girls of seventeen from awful fates. They were brought to us. So you see I have every sort of evidence, and practical living evidence, to offer as to my work. Because I advocated the vote, your reviewer has excelled himself in filthy personal abuse. Now he can pay for it. Imagine anyone being such a cur as to write like that of a lady—of two people who have given endless and devoted service! It is shocking and prostituting the past world to the present world to have allowed such an uncouth thing to degrade the paper you edit. And you must be taught that you are not at liberty to injure and injure useful citizens and decent men and women by your dirty and venomous attacks. Luckily, the meaning of the article is self-evident. You hoped to get a cheap advertisement out of a law suit, and it is so grossly ignorant that it will speak for itself. I don't know what reputation your paper has. I have this moment been told it is a filthy paper which people are ashamed of to be seen reading. I never have seen it, but I shall soon find out. I am known to everyone of repute in the writing and newspaper world. I keep a copy of this letter, and am sending Mr. Willis one, so that he will know what I feel about this matter. Criticism is all very well, and no one objects to it; but I will not allow such a scurrilous, abusive article to remain unchallenged. It is something so new and so dreadful that I mean to have the fullest reparation. Yours faithfully,

OLIVE CHRISTIAN MACKIRDY,
Author of "The Soul Market"; Founder of the Mackirdy Hostels for Poor Women and Girls in London; Vice-President of the Girls' Guild of Good Life, Hoxton (12 years).

P.S.—I am sending copies of this letter to Rufus Isaacs and Marshall Hall, and instructing my solicitor to brief them, and I am advising Mr. Willis to brief two more.

O. C. MACKIRDY.

"THE WHITE SLAVE MARKET.

Sir,—There has just come into my hands the brutal and personally abusive review of the book "The White Slave Market," of which I am joint author.

I am writing this to your solicitor to brief proceedings against you. I have never in my life seen anything so vile and venomous written of a book. You are ignorant, and personally revenged in a Faury call to the police. You don't even know my name—a name loved and honoured throughout this country—a name that has behind it fourteen years of personal service which is evidenced by the lives of those who have come to me for protection and help, by the homes I have founded, and the work that has been done by every ostracised, despised, and incompetent of the 'leaders' of these unhappy men."—C. K. REVERE.
AFRICAN TIMES
AND
ORIENT REVIEW.

IMMEDIATE SUCCESS OF NO. 1.

AUGUST NUMBER (No. 2) NOW READY.

Hon. W. MORGAN SHUSTER
On THE PHILIPPINES

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON
On TUSKEGEE INSTITUTE

ERIC HAMMOND
On ABDUL BAHAA

THE REMARKABLE RETICENCE OF ROOSEVELT.
LIGHT FROM JAPAN ON WESTERN CAPITAL IN THE EAST.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE WEST AFRICAN FORESTRY BILL.
TRADE OPENINGS IN BHAGDAD.

A High-class Half-crown Monthly Review at 4d.

AFRICAN TIMES & ORIENT REVIEW,
158, FLEET STREET, E.C.

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

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>One 2s. 6d.</th>
<th>6s.</th>
<th>13s. 6d.</th>
<th>25s.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>10 words</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>20</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>15</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>50</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>100</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>200</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>500</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Trade advertisements are not inserted at these rates.

ALL LAME PEOPLE should send for particulars of Patent SILENT, NON-SLIPPING PADS for Cribbes, Pin-Logs, and Walking-sticks. Inspector a user. Splendid testimonials. Address: N. A. Govea, 2, President's Road, Chorlton-cum-Hardy, Manchester.

A FAIR PRICE Given for Old Gold, Silver, and Platinum, Old A. Coins, War Medals, Diamonds, Silver Plate, Jewellery, China, &c., AND ALL KINDS OF FOREIGN MONEY EXchanged by Maurice Roseweare, 47, Lime Street, Liverpool.


DRAWING AND PAINTING.—SICHER AND GORE, Rowlandson House, 140, Hampstead Road, N.W.

FREE SALVATION FOR ALL.
By the Spirit of Revelation IN ZION'S WORKS.

OCULTISM.—Books on Higher Occultism lent free. Information answered through the post.—THE THEOSOPHY, Waterloo Hotel, Wellington College.

UNITARIANISM AN AFFIRMATIVE FAITH, "The Unitarian's Justification" (John Page Hoppe), "Eternal Punishment" (Skeffington Brooker), "Atonement" (Page Hoppe), given post free.—Miss Baskery, Mount Pleasant, Sidmouth.

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