NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Mr. Chiozza Money appears to have profited by our advice and to have begun to acquire ideas as well as statistics. In the "Daily Chronicle" last week, as our correspondent and recent contributor, Mr. Finn, points out, Mr. Money startled his readers—having first, no doubt, been startled himself—by the discovery that under no circumstances can the existing proletariat outrace the existing capitalist classes. The discovery is surely of capital importance, since it disposes of the "myth" on which the Parliamentary Labour Party depends. These deluded persons profess to believe that they will one day command an electoral majority; but Mr. Finn's analysis, now endorsed by a statistician, proves that this hope is vain. The practical conclusion, of course, to draw from this higher criticism of the Labour theology is that political action at its very best is inadequate to the task of Labour emancipation. Direct or economic action will at least be necessary if only as a complement to political action. But this discovery in ideas, of Mr. Money, however, raises the first doubt that we have seen published of this comfortable universal doctrine. If Free Trade here in England are apt to conclude that what is good for them under certain special circumstances must necessarily be good for them under all circumstances. We cannot have, they say, too much Free Trade either here in England or in all parts of the world. Mr. Chiozza Money, however, raises the first doubt that we have seen published of this comfortable universal doctrine. If Free Trade has enabled England to establish herself ahead of all competitors in the world-market, it is surely follows that the same policy, when it is adopted by other nations, will cancel their disadvantage relatively to ourselves. In other words, the adoption of Free Trade—and, in particular, the cheapening of the cost of subsistence of the proletariat—will enable America, let us say, to compete on more favourable terms with England than she does now in the markets of the world.

That America, with all her natural gifts, has hitherto been handicapped in world-competition by reason of the high cost of living maintained by her tariff is plain from the figures. There was no reason a priori that America should not be the chief among the nations of the world for foreign trade. Yet her exports as compared with those of England are to-day almost exactly smaller than ours by fifty per cent. The reason, we agree with Mr. Money, is that food-stuffs in America are dear; for, food-stuffs being dear, it follows that the cost of the production of labour is dear also. Suppose, for example, that in a manufacturing business whose main item of cost was horse-labour a device was introduced by which the necessary food of the horses could be reduced to an oat a day, would it not mean a considerable reduction in the total cost of production and consequently, by competition, in the selling price? And the reverse may be similarly argued. Whatever raises or maintains the cost of production of efficient labourers ipso facto raises or maintains the competitive price of their product; and what reduces the cost tends to reduce the price. If, therefore, America is setting about the business of cheapening her own food-stuffs by abolishing the tariff on them, we may expect wages to fall in America as they fell here, with the effect on world-competition that America will henceforth be able to compete in profiteering on equal terms with the European proletariat nations. In short, both our capitalists and our wage-earners are now about to face a more formidable competitor than ever in every foreign market where they now enter. The real rigour of the competitive world-market of profiteering has only just begun.

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Though courageous enough to face this new prospect almost alone among Liberal economists, Mr. Money runs away with his tail between his legs when he is called upon to frame a measure to combat it. Like any other weakling, reposing on Providence while his powder is obviously becoming damp, Mr. Money takes refuge from the nightmare awaiting the nation in the superstition that the world-market is unlimited, that there is room and profit for all, and in the pious adjuration that, instead of fearing, we should welcome as competitors, not competitors, every nation disposed to increase the number of undeveloped markets; but, unfortunately, the condi-
tion of their commercial development is that the proletarian whose labors must supply them as well as be supplied in them, must at the same time have their own effective demands curtailed. The demands, in short, of the proletariat all over the world—the existing and the still predestined proletariat—are a relatively diminishing quantity. The wants of the wealthy of the world, on the other hand, can only be met by qualitative, varied and particular supplies. The choice, it follows, before any nation desires of competing in the world-market is similar to the choice of a single star in the sky. The wants of the wealthy of the world, on the other hand, can only be met with intelligence and will enough to make a choice in the matter at all, will choose in the majority of cases commerce with the few rich rather than with the many poor. It is the same, we may now point out, with nations competing together in the world-market. They have and can choose for themselves, of course, to have intelligence and will enough to make a choice—the catering in the world's market for the capitalists of the world or for the proletariat of the world; and on their decision rests the shape and position of the world, but of their own nation. Let us suppose, for instance, that America, being supplied by nature with resources for abundant quantitative production, should undertake to satisfy the elementary demands of the workers of the world—the operation for her would be comparatively simple. England can, if she chooses, attempt to compete in the same line of business with America, but every other stupid nation will in course of time do the same. All that is necessary for wholesale quantitative and unprofitable production is the possession of natural resources, machinery and a servile force of efficient idiots; and most nations either possess these or may acquire them. The conclusion is, therefore, that in quantitative production competition will become keener as time goes on. The mere flux and flow of business over the world, together with modern education, will ensure an equilibrium of advantage and a balance of economic power for all nations engaged mainly in quantitative production for the proletariat.

A relatively favourable position in the world-market, however, may be won by any nation that first produces statesmen with eyes in front of their head; and it is on this comparatively small circumstance that the fate of England turns. For it should be clear as light to any intelligent observer that in the coming intensification of world-competition, even from a profiteering standpoint, the race will be not to the most quantitatively, but to the most qualitatively swift. In quantity, as we may say, as a nation we may beComparatively simple. England can, if she chooses, attempt to compete in the same line of business with America, but every other stupid nation will in course of time do the same. All that is necessary for wholesale quantitative and unprofitable production is the possession of natural resources, machinery and a servile force of efficient idiots; and most nations either possess these or may acquire them. The conclusion is, therefore, that in quantitative production competition will become keener as time goes on. The mere flux and flow of business over the world, together with modern education, will ensure an equilibrium of advantage and a balance of economic power for all nations engaged mainly in quantitative production for the proletariat.

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maximum quantity of production is our best criterion of national efficiency. These assurances are all very well for ephemeral politicians, with souls here to-day and gone to-morrow, plagiaries of apes, mere jots and titles of statesmen; but they bring no comfort to those who identify with the nation's future as well as with its present and past. On the contrary, it is precisely the utterers of these pleasing lies whom we find the greatest enemies of the nation to which they belong; for they cry Peace when they should cry War.

This decision, we repeat, to be made within the next twenty years by England as a competitor in the world-market is the decision between quantitative and qualitative production; and on her choice depends, as we say, the future of herself if not of the world.

But what are the conditions of qualitative production? We know by heart the conditions of quantitative production, for these have been preached by our leading men for well over a century. They are the utilisation of natural resources for industrial purposes and for profit to the neglect of their aesthetic, humane, and spiritual values; and the inculcation in the many of the virtues of the machine. The conditions of qualitative production, on the other hand, are perhaps more than at any period of the world's history; and with every turn of the competitive screw a little more of their realisation is squeezed out of our minds. Nevertheless, they are simple enough to be grasped by almost anybody, and only too incurably cursed by blindness need despair of seeing them. We shall not stop to consider them at length at this moment, for, in truth, each issue of The New Age, so far as we can make it, states our case on every page; but we may briefly examine the simple condition of the organisation of labour as it affects quality in production. The great stages through which labour has passed in its long agony of production have hitherto been two: slavery, in name as well as in form; and wage-slavery, or slavery without the name. There have been, it is true, intervals of relief when the common people in some favoured district or under some enlightened rulers have enjoyed security without subservience to profit; and from those periods descend to us the relics and traditions of the best handicraft, art and life that we know. But for the most part, overt slavery and covert slavery have been the successive conditions of the majority of mankind. Now there is not the least reason to doubt—and we have never doubted—that the production as well as the spirit of the former exceed those of the latter by the difference between the liberty enjoyed by one and the other. Chattel-slavery, as its economic history proves, was capable of producing gross quantity and large mechanical work: the rawest work of the world, in fact, was its métier. But with the establishment of a world-market and the consequent differentiation of demand, it would have been difficult to maintain that industry as the wage system is superior to the slavery of the chattel-system. It is obvious indeed that the production as well as the spirit of the former exceed those of the latter by the difference between the liberty enjoyed by one and the other. Chattel-slavery, as its economic history proves, was capable of producing gross quantity and large mechanical work: the rawest work of the world, in fact, was its métier. But with the establishment of a world-market and the consequent differentiation of demand, it would have been difficult to maintain that industry was essential to supply; and variety could only be ensured by a loosening of the bonds of chattel-slavery. Hence the wage-system. The step now about to be taken by the most enterprising and prescient of the nations will compare with wage-slavery as that compared with its predecessor, chattel-slavery. We fear, in view of Mr. Charles's head, from naming the system that must, in this pioneer nation, supersede the existing wage-system; but our readers should know it by this time.

Now that we have written them, we feel half disposed to suppress the preceding paragraphs as too idealistic for our country; we will assert that it sounds the real outlook of the world and the imaginary outlook as apparently envisaged by our politicians of all parties is too great to make the contrast less than ridiculous. For it is obvious that if our particular nation is not to be shot down in the Billingsgate of To-day, without the sun even casting the nation a pretty one way and another! Lord Haldane, however, and others were convinced that this measure could not be passed if it stood alone in its indecency. But they, without a beginning, began to provide clothes for the brat in the shape of those phrases now current in the tabernacles—education as an affair of the spirit, organising from the top downwards, etc., etc. With these and similar verbal dressings it was hoped, at all events, that some measure, called the genesis of the new Education plan was unfolded; and a particularly dirty little act of generation it proves to be. The intention of the Government, so we understand, was that the wretched Passive Resisters among the Nonconformist atheists should be placated by some means or other at the expense of local authorities who should be required to erect a council school next door, so to speak, to every existing non-provided school. So much, it appears, was due to the supporters of Mr. Pease of Oxford, who, as we have seen, is the origin of the whole political sport. We will not say that this is the veridical history of the Education proposals, but it sounds uncommonly like the truth. And there is this further evidence for it that as the scheme of the Government approaches official publication its lineaments take on more and more the likeness of a Nonconformist fanatic's Relief Bill. Lord Crewe's speech which we reported last week undoubtedly allowed dissenters a view of their abortion amidst the folds of Lord Haldane's rhetoric; and in Mr. Pease's speech in the House of Commons on Thursday last no trace whatever of rhetoric was to be discerned, but only the bare embryo of "purely administrative changes." The stick, in short, of Lord Haldane's rocket has now come down and brought a stink with it.

But Mr. Pease's speech was remarkable not only for its absence of rhetoric, nor even mainly for its absence of ideas (of anybody of the name of Pease we can expect nothing; a Pease is secretary of the Fabian Society), it was remarkable for what it contained. The passage that has chiefly struck us and that longs in our memory is the following: "I encumb myself upon the teaching of which he had done his best to develop, was sewing." Was it fig-leaves for the Nonconformist Passive Resisters our reverend Minister of Education had in mind? We do not know. But certainly it is that on all the problems of which Elementary Education is the key the only light from Mr. Pease was his assurance that sewing was very near his heart. No reform, we say, worth discussion...
can come from such a mind, from such a milieu. Close your books, you students of education; put out your lamps and go to bed. Though you add thought and word to word, it will all be vain. It is through the narrow crevices of a Pease's brain that the fading hopes of England must steal. The contribution of Mr. Balfour to the debate should, however, be noted; for at least the opposite of what he says may sometimes prove to be true. We do not agree, any more than Mr. Goldstone did, when Mr. Balfour advocated elementary education as a preparation for industrial life. On the contrary, the less preparation there is in our elementary schools for any other life, the better. School-life is or ought to be a life in itself, a distinct phase of human existence. Generally speaking, the best men and women are those who have been the best boys and girls—the parallel immaturity apes of adults, straining themselves to shoulder in fancy responsibilities that do not belong to them, and neglecting at the same time the duties of childhood. Schools, we repeat, are not at their best a mere preparation for life, and least of all in the minds of the scholars themselves. The teachers, of course, should see ahead, but the children have enough to do to look around. Mr. Balfour's heresy—let us say it flatly, his philistinism—is the more serious since he would have our schools made a preparation for industrial life; for to say of any English child of any age: 'England to-day, and cannot be until our economic position has been defined.'

As little appreciation of England's position in the world do we find amongst the Labour Party and their spokesmen as amongst our Ministries of Education. And, moreover, we hear, incorrigible in bad form, and confirmed in their bestial ignorance. Who would suppose that at this time of day the ghosts of the Fabian Society would produce a new journal the contents of which would appear belated in the "Nation?" Yet in the "New Statesman," the first issue of which appeared last Saturday, written mainly, we are told (and can well believe) by Mr. Shaw and Mrs. and Mr. Webb, the articles of an economic and political nature are such as must provoke capitalists to laughter and the friends of the proletariat to scoffs and jeers. Where is the new view that alone would justify the reappearance of these spooks? What message from the other world has propelled these earthbound spirits back into the world of the world, that brain ever engendered. It is not, as Mr. Shaw has made this observation. The very enemies, of the political side of the Labour movement has been singularly barren of late, while the trade unionists have been applying 'direct action' with unprecedented success." The Labour party should act up to its creed and love these enemies who come with truth in their hands. We will gladly them to spend their hatred on us.

As if to illustrate what we have so often written, Mr. Crooks on Wednesday last delivered a speech in the House of Commons which contains every point we have desired to make. His speech, as the defending barrister remarked, is our case. The House, it was reported by the "Daily News," was "strangely empty." But there is nothing strange about the matter that we can see. Mr. B.'s game is a game that amuses or profits them to do so; and the game of Labour politics has long since lost the charm of danger or even excitement for them. The newest capitalist sheep-dog may well be excused for napping nowadays when the Labour party is on the bleat. And what a bleat it was that Mr. Crooks emitted! This born buffoon should certainly be on the music halls or in a camp-meeting out West. In either place, his talent for making an incongruous ass of himself would be worth pounds or converts by the hundred. But in Parliament, it is less amusing to hear a well-favoured man pleading in broken tones for more wages for the poor-oo-oor. "I am asking," he apologised, "for a man's share, not a dog's." "We're going—going—going at thirty bob a week—going at thirty—thirty—dirty-cheap at thirty—going at thirty . . . "Will anybody deny that the nation can afford to pay it? You cannot." Well, then, thirty is all I'm asking for the whole job lot of my class—thirty—going at thirty! Why not offer both? "Some day the nation will force you!" Some day, Mr. Crooks, the skies may fall, pigs may fly, and the cow jump over the moon. The only "nation" that will ever force the employers to pay more in wages than competition demands is the "nation" of the proletariat, armed for strike and with a year's reserve of economic power behind them. It would be as much as Parliament's life is worth for the House of Commons to legalise a Minimum Wage of thirty shillings at this moment.
Current Cant.

"Parliament is an oyster which the workers must open with their votes. If they will do this, they will find much that is good inside, and mayhap a pearl of great price."—Daily Citizen.

"Let us then be thankful in this blithe April, in this year of grace 1913—which really is a year of grace—that we live in an era of emerging truth."—Charles T. King.

"I do not think that anyone can deny that Socialism is an increasing force in this country."—Lord Curzon.

"Living in London keeps people young."—Sir Herbert Tree.

"All Radicals pursue a definitely religious object."—Church Times.

"We are a practical people, and demand like attributes in our rulers."—Fairplay.

"How much sin after baptism is required to forfeit the benefit of regeneration and to render conversion necessary."—Rev. Canon Aitken.

"We begin today the answer to a question that everybody at one moment or another is sure to ask—namely, what is Socialism?"—The New Statesman.

"Poor Society, it does not want to turn an aristocracy of birth or manners into an aristocracy of wealth."—BERT TREE.

"There is a world of encouragement in the figures Mr. Masterman gave in regard to the working of the Insurance Act...."—News and Leader.

"I gather that England and Germany are to come together with the main objects of crushing Socialism and coping with the coloured peril."—W. L. George.

"We have put off the old men of mid-Victorian Liberalism, and have been very careful not to put on any new men in their places. We choose our own leaders...."—Fabian News.

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"Poor Society, it does not want to turn an aristocracy of birth or manners into an aristocracy of wealth."—Evening Standard.

"George R. Sims, while he has made money, has never been one to accumulate much. His work for Socialism makes heavy demands on his purse."—"West Australian Worker.

"The world is on an up-grade. Most of her passengers are pushing... every year finds her steadily going forward and upward."—E. B. Smith in "The Outlook.

"Lloyd George's rights as a citizen have not been forfeited by him because he is a Cabinet Minister."—Nottingham Express.

"My characteristic modesty...."—George R. Sims.

"The Unionist policy is going to give stability and security."—Austen Chamberlain.

"The soft body in his arms moved slightly, and the hand resting upon his shoulder tightened its grasp. 'Ah!' 'Kiss me,' the boy urged... The little pink fingers trembled on his shoulder, her body swayed...."—"London Mail.

"If you see a cyclist wrestling with one of his tyres—his machine being up-ended at the roadside—you may safely assume that he has sustained a puncture."—"Cycling.

"The Insurance Act has been instrumental in adding to the gaiety of nations."—"Pall Mall Gazette.

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdak.

When the present Conservative Government was elected in Canada, the battle was waged on the basis of the 1901 census; but when the next general election takes place the number of seats in the House of Commons will be automatically increased on the basis of the 1911 census. I do not say that this partly accounts for Sir Wilfrid Laurier's anxiety to turn out Mr. R. L. Borden on the alleged pretext of the divergencies over the Naval Bill and the recent Closure resolutions; but people who study these matters closely have come to the conclusion that it has something to do with his determined resistance to a measure which is desired by the British Government.

The merits of the Naval Bill itself have already been discussed in these columns. It is clear that any immediate naval engagements which take place will be fought chiefly in European waters, and a Canadian Navy, built in Canada, manned by Canadians, and retained for possible uses in American waters, would be useless to the mother country. On the other hand, if the Canadian Navy is not built in Canada—and there are no suitable facilities there for building the ships in time—who is going to get the 'graft money' which the supporters of the Opposition leader looked forward to with such eagerness, and if the ships, when they are built, are not going to be manned by Canadians, how are billets to be found for the younger sons of such aristocracy as Canada has bred within the last century or so? True, Canadian sailors cannot be induced to join the navy on any terms; true, British bluejackets usually desert, when they get the chance, if their vessels are in Canadian waters. But what do these things matter to a place-hunting Opposition?

Not that the Government itself is so pure and noble. It would not suit the business interests that support the present Canadian Government to see shipyard after shipyard established in Canada; and the cloak of patriotism is a good enough garment to conceal the anxiety. The Labour problem, partly owing to bad organisation on the side of the employers themselves, is acute in several parts of Canada, and shipyards would make it worse if they were established and set in running order. The debate is still in progress and is likely to continue until this number of The New Age is published. It will suffice for me, therefore, to say in the meantime that Mr. Borden is in some difficulties, for the Senate is Liberal and may obstruct his Supply Bills. What a fuss these provincial assemblies sometimes make, to be sure! And yet they regard themselves as of great importance in the councils of the Empire.

The main feature of the war news is the tension which has openly developed between Bulgaria and Greece—see, for instance, Dr. Danoff's statement on Friday last, in which he mentioned certain problems that had to be dealt with in the West. The fact is, there is as much tension, though unadmitted, between Servia and Bulgaria as between Greece and Bulgaria. Furthermore, an agreement—some writers would go so far as to call it an alliance—has been formally concluded between Servia and Greece, whereby each State binds itself to support the other by force of arms against Bulgarian aggression. The common interest they have is the Greek claim to Salonika and the Servian claim to Monastir, both of which claims are opposed by Bulgaria. I may point out that the new boundary line on the acceptance of which the Powers insist prevents Bulgaria from having the important port of Rodosto, on the Sea of Marmora, which remains Turkish, as does the Gallipoli Peninsula. This has led Bulgaria to emphasise, unofficially, her claim to Salonika and Monastir by way of compensation. In Greek Govern-
Salonika is destined to become an important port in the near future. For one thing, just before the war broke out plans had been prepared by a financial group for running a fast service of trains from Vienna to Salonika, via Budapest, Belgrade, and Sofia, doubling the present track where necessary. At present Salonika is very badly served by rail. The object of this, naturally, was to shorten the route to Egypt and more particularly to India. The Bagdad line, which is now being worked by the German concessionnaires, and was being completed as rapidly as means permit, will be of great intrinsic value, and of still greater relative value as a connecting line between the railways in European Turkey and the proposed Trans-Persian line. Salonika, in fact, may be an improved and more up-to-date Brindisi in another ten years or so.

Apart, then, from the value of the port considered merely as a port, it is not surprising that Turkey should have been anxious to retain such an important town and harbour, and that Servia, Greece, and Bulgaria should all have been so anxious to capture it. The prize has gone to Greece in the meantime; but, if we have already stated, only temporarily. The Bulgarian Government is determined to have it, and war will be waged with Greece if war is necessary to turn the Greeks out. Still, this will not greatly matter. When Salonika is on the point of becoming a more important port of call than it now is, the Powers will almost certainly demand, and secure, its internationalisation.

The peace party in Russia has maintained its position, and even strengthened it. As the result of M. Sazonoff's efforts, an important official statement was given out to the Press late last Thursday night, in which it was clearly indicated that Russia was on the side of peace and was desirous of keeping the shaky Concert of Europe together as long as possible. From St. Petersburg, too, came the suggestion that financial instead of territorial compensation might be offered to Montenegro, a suggestion which justified the predictions of the Vienna Press—let us overlook for the moment the fact that these very predictions were inspired by the Russian Embassy in Vienna.

King Nicholas, however, thinking of his throne and his dynasty, still holds to the views he expressed weeks ago about the importance of Scutari. He maintains that the Powers have no moral right and no legal right to coerce him; for they declared their neutrality at the beginning of the war, and the war is still going on. The result is that the whole Montenegrin situation has turned into a farce. The warships of the Powers are solemnly steaming up and down the waters of Antivari, and no bluejackets have been sent ashore up to the time of writing. If a land campaign on a large scale is attempted, Austria will have to undertake it alone. This assumes the capture of Scutari, and it is said now that the Montenegrins cannot capture Scutari as the Servians have withdrawn, or promised to withdraw, their auxiliary forces. But a last desperate rush by the Montenegro, and the fortress of Tarabosh may be taken after all. And then? The high, well-born officials at the War Office that it was necessary to ask the Montenegrins to give up a mouldy and effete official known to himself and to his relatives as the Lord Lieutenant of the County—for there is no satisfactory evidence that anybody else was aware of the title—and to attach to him the title of homo, but not of homo sapiens.) And so it came to pass that the idea of rousing local interest was to be left to the muddled and effete official known to himself and to his relatives as the Lord Lieutenant of the County—for there is a dislike of spontaneity in this age. It has become the fashion to "organise," or, in other words, to compel people to do badly what they were doing well without anycompulsion. Institutions must be designed upon (or, if they already exist, must be cut and carved to fit), the geometric plans that lurk within the pigeon-holes of bureaucrats, and imagination and creative impulses in general are taboo. There is no place for them in the official cosmos. Hence plants like the Territorial Army, to which spontaneity is the sun and the rain and manure and the gardener's watering-pot in one, have begun to wither, and will very likely die; for though you can make a man work under bureaucracy if his living depends upon it, you cannot make him do so for fun, and the Territorial Army, having seen bureaucracy, hates the beastly thing and is resigning on masse rather than put up with any more of it. Of course, if you are especially idiotic, you are at liberty to style this a "want of discipline" on the Territorials' part. But it is too much to ask of any man, not bound by the need for daily bread, who knows by experience and common sense what is required, to sit still whilst men without experience of the difficulties in question and without common sense, muddle away an ancient and valuable institution.

Take the case of the County Associations. Somebody or other told the War Office that it was necessary to encourage local interest in the Territorial Force, which, God knows, is true enough, and Romney wishes to heaven that the War Office would always remember it. But even when the official mind does grasp a right idea, it carries it out wrong. The high, well-born officials at the War Office could not conceive of anyone's existence outside the little clique of other high, well-born persons with whom they were accustomed to dine. (It appears that in their view the other thirty-nine million odd of British inhabitants might be classed under the heading of homo, but not of homo sapiens.) And so it came about that their idea of rousing local interest was to raise up a muddled and effete official known to himself and to his relatives as the Lord Lieutenant of the County—for there is no satisfactory evidence that anybody else was aware of the title—and to attach to him other amiable if rather useless creatures of a similar class, and to call them the "County Association," and to bid them "Rouse the county—if you can!"

Now, there was no need to create these precious associations at all. In the first place, the class which comprises the County Associations has not the faintest idea of what is wanted. The county gentleman has doubtless many virtues, but a capacity for business energy, for push and advertising is not one of them, and the most that these somewhat lamentable persons have done is, first, to ruin the Territorials by their incapacity, and then to sit down and howl for Conscription. Their administration of the finances was equally incompetent. They spent money where it was not wanted and refused to spend it where it was, and, generally speaking, there has been no help in them. The whole thing has been an awful mess.

It is needless to say that they cannot. In the first place, the class which comprises the County Associations has not the faintest idea of what is wanted. The county gentleman has doubtless many virtues, but a capacity for business energy, for push and advertising is not one of them, and the most that these somewhat lamentable persons have done is, first, to ruin the Territorials by their incapacity, and then to sit down and howl for Conscription. Their administration of the finances was equally incompetent. They spent money where it was not wanted and refused to spend it where it was, and, generally speaking, there has been no help in them. The whole thing has been an awful mess.

Now, there was no need to create these precious associations at all. In the first place, a great deal of the power entrusted to these helpless bodies might have been left to the officers commanding units. After all, if the regiments themselves do not know how to
spend the money, nobody else does, and certainly not the County Associations. Admitting, however, that for certain purposes (such as the purchase of uniforms) it was advisable to create centralised bodies which could reduce the price by purchasing en bloc, the War Office had only to extend the range of its vision beyond its dining limits to see that there were already existing a number of live and active bodies known to the thirty-nine millions odd of nasty, vulgar persons with whom the War Office does not dine as "County Councils"—pushing, busy things, in touch with popular opinion and drawn from those very middle and lower middle classes which provide the bulk of the Territorial Force. Why were not the powers of the silly "County Associations" handed over to these bodies? The idea was actually suggested at the time by the Editor of New Age, but the fear of life and spontaneity that possesses bureaucrats prevented its adoption. Your bureaucrat prefers a dead dog to a live lion any day of the week.

* * *

However, even now it is not too late. Here is a definite proposal. Abolish the County Associations and transfer their powers (so far as those powers cannot more profitably be restored to regimental commanders) to the County Councils. If you like you can give the County Councils (or the committees of the County Councils concerned) the power to co-opt military members. Let the County Councils be given power to levy a rate to replace the present Imperial grants to County Associations, and the Government having imposed a reasonable limit on expenditure, let them go ahead. Seeing that the Council members are drawn from and represent the class which keeps the Territorials going, I have no doubt that they would make the force a success. In the first place the most crying need—that of money, of adequate expenditure on drill-halls, on bands, on railway fares, and so forth—would be satisfied, for no one would object to a rate, once local patriotism was aroused, and there would be no Treasury to hamper. In this way, if any, the Territorial Force might be revived. A proposal of the sort was recently made (in the House of Commons, of all places!) and received with applause.

* * *

Not that I think there is the faintest chance of anyone adopting it. It is far too sensible.

A BARRACK-ROOM BALLAD.

(By a Minor Blasphemer.)

We are the Soldiers Three,
Three devils on the spree.
We've damned the bloomin' Decalogue
And all the parsons set agog.

From Kent to Kurachee.

Three Godless lost galoots,
We're always canned by seven.
By God! we're bloody shoots
Of Satan, by eleven.

We'd pull a church up by the roots;
We'd wipe our bloomin' muddy boots
On angels out of 'eaven.

Last night we met a jeller—
The four of us, for fun,
Could paint 'ell red and yeller,
And shave the Evil One.

He'd been a bloomin' swell—
But now 'is next step's 'ell.
Women in their looms 'as weft 'im,
And the blasted house 'as left 'im
Bitten as the fruit from Stenile,
So he's goin' to the devil.

We are the Soldiers Three,
Three devils on the spree.
We've damned the bloomin' Declarogue,
And all the parsons set agog.

From Kent to Kurachee.

GEORGE A.

The Bishop of London's Revolution.

By Grant Harvey

(Chairman of the Human Rights Section, Young Australia Movement).

The respective characteristics of the three parties within the Established Church were defined by Benjamin Disraeli, the then Prime Minister of England, during the memorable discussion upon the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill of 1874, as Ceremony, Enthusiasm, and Free Speculation. At or about the same time Lord Salisbury summed up the three schools in question as the Sacramental, the Emotional, and the Philosophical; the Anglican Communion, then and now, on the best of authority, resembling ancient Gaul in its division into several parts. To which of these historic divisions the Bishop of London may belong is a matter of small importance. Whether as a Ceremonialist, an Enthusiast, or as an enfranchised Speculationist, Dr. Winnington Ingram remains the kind of cleric whose intellectual myopia must make the unregenerate scoff, and cause no end of criticism alike in London and at the Antipodes.

For this worthy Bishop of London has lately taken Australia into his care, with much the same misguided zeal that caused the betrothed female elephant to adopt the clutch of motherless chickens. The business of pronouncing benedictions upon the White Slave Bill, and upon similar miracles of Liberal legislation, apparently fails to provide sufficient mental occupation for his short-sighted lordship. Consequently Australia, to say nothing of Canada, South Africa, India, New Zealand, etc., must be taken under Dr. Winnington Ingram's episcopal apron; must be sat upon, in short, with all the ludicrously solemn gravity with which the distressed she-elephant sat upon the orphan family of the late lamented hen. This Bishop of London, we are by cable informed, in presiding at the North-West Australian Diocesan Association, lately took occasion to observe that "Australia presents an even greater problem than Canada." The cry in the case of this North American Dominion, he explains, is to keep it British and to keep it Christian. "But I do not know how we are going to keep Australia even British," his lordship mourns, "unless millions are sent out to that country." Whether it be millions of British men or millions of British money that Australia requires, in order to keep it safe in the eyes of Dr. Ingram, we are not at present advised. Doubtless this over-burdened Bishop of London will supply the details later. For the present—really the solicitudes and activities of Dr. Ingram are simply boundless—for the present, I repeat, we will endeavour to extract some guidance from yet another oration, vouchsafed by London's Anglican Enthusiasm to the Christian Social Union. The Right Reverend gentleman, so the cable states, asserted that "the labour movement in the House of Commons was really a religious movement, and the Labour leaders themselves were religious from the bottom of their souls. The Church ought not to be satisfied with the existing condition of affairs, and in that sense they should be revolutionarys." Now, it would of course be quite an impertinence to inquire when Dr. Winnington Ingram proposes to start his British revolution. We can only hope (a) that it will commence at once, and (b) that the revolution, instead of wrestling on the surface with measures of the White-Slave Traffic variety, will strike to the heart of things. But, if we scrupulously refrain from inquiring whether the Archbishop of Canterbury—salary, approximately £15,000 per annum—is to provide this revolution with its Robespierre, the Archbishop of York—£20,000 a year—was its Danton, and the Bishop of London himself—£10,000 a year—with its Marat; if
we quite sedulously refrain, I premise, from such speculativist activity as this, at least there can be no impropriety should we, at the Antipodes, venture to inquire into, and to report upon quite dispassionately, the extent, condition, and apparent prospects of the local or quasi-indigenous episcopal revolution. For this is a task much less for the tongue and much more for the keen attention of eyes and ears. Consequently, it is a task that the worthy and be-gaitered members of the North-West Australian Diocesan Association have met; and the brethren who conferred with the Bishop of London, no doubt have quite omitted to supply Dr. Winnington Ingram with any exact idea as to how this presumed Anglican upheaval at the Antipodes proceeds.

The late Lord Salisbury was a mighty pillar and a consistent champion of the Established Church. When Mr. Gladstone, having carried his Irish Church resolutions through the House of Commons, proceeded in 1868 to bring in a Bill to suspend appointments to all vacant ecclesiastical offices in the Church of Ireland, this characteristic Gladstonian measure was denounced with much force by Lord Salisbury in the House of Lords. Certain passages of the noble statesman’s speech have a practical bearing upon the liberal attitude and unfeigned hatred of the Anglican Communion in Australia. Let us, with a fit obeisance towards the present Marquis of Salisbury and Lords Hugh and Robert Cecil, so far presume as to reproduce the words of the peer:

“...My Lords, it is against the land and not against the Church that the Fenian agitation is really directed. . . . . Talk of the monuments of conquest!—the landlord is a much more complete monument of conquest than the clergyman. The clergyman does not hurt the peasant; for if the clergyman be taken away the peasant would be no richer but rather poorer; but the landlord holds the property which the peasant in his traditions will remember once to have belonged to his sept. If you seek to yield to the mere demands of anger, or to use the euphemistic language we have heard, if Fenian outrages are to make you reason calmly and dispassionately it is to the landlord and not to the clergyman that you should really turn your attention.”

There are no peasants in Australia. Our period of Antipodean settlement has been too brief to give that disease of the body politic sufficient time to establish itself. But there be no prophecies which the Australian peasant remembers as having once belonged to his clan or sept, there are millions upon millions of acres of fertile soil upon which these twain monuments of conquest—the landlord and the Church of England—are hallowed. It is a role that is filled by the clergyman of the Anglican Communion in Great Britain is repeated by the Church of England vicar, bishop, dean and curate in Australia. At either end of the Empire they act as a kind of windless, resilient buffer between the class, on the one hand, that possesses the soil, and the class, on the other hand, that desires to possess it. The Archbishops of Melbourne and Sydney are as much the social, ethical, and political shock-arresters of Australian landlordism as the Archbishops of York and Canterbury are, consciously or unconsciously, the feudal buffers between the landless hosts and the territorial owners of England. In fact, it is the entire English social system that has been transported to the Antipodes; and Australia’s “monuments of conquest”—to employ Lord Salisbury’s pleasant Tory phrase—confront this Commonwealth exactly as they confront the landless Hodge of distant Britain.

It is this almost complete ubiquity of English customs, English attitudes, English subserviences that constitutes the special peril of Australia. This country is too British, too slavishly and stupidly English in every thing. The revering with his brethes of the North-West Australian Diocesan Association, does not know how we are to keep Australia British, unless British millions are sent out to this country. Dr. Winnington Ingram will have to get off the chickens at once. His threatened millions constitute a fearful danger to this Commonwealth. Australia requires to be rescued from the British, not damned for ever by the despising upon this Continent of millions upon millions of English land and wealth and energy. Why, England itself requires to be rescued from the English; and this suggestion of Dr. Ingram’s is simply monstrous in its ignorance, diabolical in its folly, and without parallel as an exhibition of super-British fatuity and self-satisfaction.

The Bishop of London makes the mistake that is made by ninety-nine out of every hundred Englishmen. He imagines that the English people are a race of pioneers—that the Empire, in short, is their handiwork, and that all the wisdom that has ever illuminated the legislatures and cathedrals of this earth has been the monopoly of the English. In this assumption the Bishop of London profoundly errs. The men who have made Australia and New Zealand, so far as these countries can be considered “made,” are the Irish and the Scotch. With all his faults, the Prime Minister of Australia and the leader of the Federal Labour Party is a Scotchman. Alfred Deakin, the most fervently pro-English politician produced in Australia, that just abandoned the leadership of the Australian so-called Liberal party. Why? Because he is a failure, and because he knows, and Australia knows, that Alfred Deakin is a failure as a man who can merely talk and spout and attitudes against Australia and the Scotch, yet never in his life could descend from the clouds and be constructive or practical. Why, even the Jews—a mere handful in comparison—have made a greater mark in Australia than the English. Everywhere throughout this Commonwealth Jews are to the fore in business, and I know of scarcely a single Australian town that is making progress except with a Jew or a Scotchman as its driving force. The English are the disappearing factor in the life of Australia. And the faster they disappear the better. We want more Germans, more Irish, more Scotch, more Norwegians above all, more Americans. Immigrants from all of these countries are supremely useful. They come here to work, to push ahead and get a living. The average Englishman comes here—after a life of spiritless and abject self-abasement in England—chock-full of conceit and arrogance, prepared to lecture and advise the Australians about everything and anything. In England he has no opinions, no ideas, no self-assertiveness; but crawls back and forth with the docility of a sheep. Here he swells up into a perfect balloon of superiority and self-importance. “No-English-need-apply” notices are stuck up outside Canadian factories. It is only a matter of time before such notices will be visible in every manufacturing city of the Australian Commonwealth.

Why are the English people such a crowd of servile, obedient, whim-stamp-stickers so long as they remain at home? Is it because of these twain monuments of conquest—the landlord upon the one hand, and the clergyman of the Established Church upon the other? Are the English at heart a nation of slaves, that they display abroad the inflated, over-bearing self-conceit that so often characterises the American negro—the flamboyant Jack-Johnsonism of which “white”-minded American blacks, like Mr. Booker Washington, are so sorrowfully aware? It is perhaps by many corps of archbishops, bishops, deans, suffragenates, curates, deacons, vicars, and other functionaries of the Established Church to play the part of a collective Janus—one face of smiling sympathy to the landlord, towards the superior British Monument of Conquest; and another face—a very different face, a proud, a supercilious, even a contemptuous face—towards the universal Hodge of England? Why is the unspeakable cant of a Lloyd George the staple policy of the diet of so many Englishmen? Are the English as a nation played out? In a word, are they ripe for conquest?

These are questions that a dignitary of the
Established Church like Dr. Winnington Ingram might very appropriately attempt to answer. They are asked because we dread the growth of a servile, spiritless, stamp-licking proletariat here. They are also asked because the archbishops, bishops, deans, vicars, curates, and other ecclesiastical fuglemen of the Church of England attempt the rôle of such a two-faced episcopal Janus there. They are asked for the landowner class, which expects the parson to preach political flunkey's wages. Doubtless it would be highly interesting to scan the letters that some of these imported clergy of the Church of England, eager for their share of the servile peasantry on the one hand and a High-Tory landed aristocracy on the other. They find neither. They discover on the one hand a large proportion of the people never giving the Anglican Church—regards the Church of England, in fact, as a humorous sort of religious Punch-and-Judy show—and on the other hand they discover a lazy, ignorant, mentally-sterile landowner class, which expects the parson to preach political contentment into the collective mind of the mob, yet demurs at paying a proper share of the ecclesiastical flunkey's wages. Doubtless it would be highly interesting to scan the letters that some of these imported Church of England deans, bishops, vicars, and their wives sent to their pious relatives in England. But it would be more interesting still if those relatives in England could hear the criticisms that are passed in turn by critical Australians here.

Of course, there are exceptions. Not all the Anglican clergy in Australia are snobs. Some of them are Men. I have certain Anglican bishops, deans, vicars, etc., for my personal friends, and they are fine chaps—they few—to drop in upon and smoke and talk with. But these are the men who are most alive to the social, ethical, and political rottenness of the Church of England as it exists within Australia. These are the few who think the men who refuse to bow the knee to the Australian landlord, and who have a keen appreciation of the many excellences of the average Australian working man. Also, these are the men who don't get—what find that the path of the ecclesiastical syophant is made as smooth and as remunerative as the way of the independent, manly cleric is made hard and full of discouragement.

One example will suffice. Let us take the case of Dr. Mercer, Bishop of Tasmania. This man was perhaps the broadest-minded, most Australia-suiting clergyman of the Church of England that ever came to this Commonwealth. His Tasmanian diocese comprised an area of 26,000 square miles; population, about 100,000. Tasmania is at once the smallest, the most backward, and the most unspeakably British State in Australia. Its capital—Hobart—looks exactly like a sleepy, intellectually lifeless English provincial town. The inhabitants of this State approximate more closely than those of any other Australian State to the British type of yokel. Landlordism is worse and more pronounced in Tasmania than in any other State—in a word, Tasmania is as British and as backward as the stupidity of man can make it. Within this diocese Dr. Mercer suffered and laboured like a criminal, wasting his splendid mental energy on a community of stagnant-minded serfs, dominated and politically controlled by a couple of thousand ignorant, fearlessly Tory landlords. On the mainland, and in any of the more progressive States—Queensland, Western Australia, or South Australia—the Bishop of Tasmania would have made a tremendous hit. He would have stirred up the Anglican Church and made it the greatest popular force in Australia. His scholarship, his splendid voice, his manliness—every feature of the man qualified Dr. Mercer to be a Real leader of the Australian people—a people, be it said, who are genuinely religious and emotional at heart. All that this country needs is a religious emotion big and true enough to arouse the corresponding true religious emotion dormant in the people.

On the rare occasions when the Bishop of Tasmania visited Melbourne or Sydney, he made a great impression; people were knock-kneed for a man with a mind like that—a man courageous enough to denounce sweating and low wages—should be wasted on Tasmania. They wanted him instinctively; and when the Primateship of Australia became vacant, through the death of the Archbishop of Sydney, Dr. Summit, with scores of thousands of non-Anglican Australians hoped that Dr. Mercer would receive the appointment. Indeed, the group of episcopal tuft-hunters, miscalled Anglican bishops and archbishops, decided to import a Primate from England. They would not stand an aggressive original thinker like Dr. Mercer at any price. As a result, Australia has possessed for the last two or three years a Primate who knows nothing about Australia, and about whom the Anglicans care not, and, as a further result, Dr. Mercer has at last grown tired of wasting his brain-stuff on the wealthy white savages who rule Tasmania, and has, therefore, resigned his bishopric, intending to return to England and devote the remainder of his life to literature.

This case explains succinctly enough the amount of Church of England revolution that obtains in Australia. Dr. Winnington Ingram's Church is the chief bulwark of snobbery and mental stagnation within this Commonwealth. The Labour leaders of Australia very much resemble the Truth party in England. Their movement is like the English Labour movement. It is religious, but it is a thin, meticulous religion with a soul that, on special occasions, can be geared up to about twenty fsea-power. The souls of Australia's Labour leaders are snobs. Some of them are Men. I have certain Anglican bishops, deans, vicars, etc., for my personal friends, and they are fine chaps—they few—to drop in upon and smoke and talk with. But these are the men who are most alive to the social, ethical, and political rottenness of the Church of England as it exists within Australia. These are the few who think the men who refuse to bow the knee to the Australian landlord, and who have a keen appreciation of the many excellences of the average Australian working man. Also, these are the men who don't get—what find that the path of the ecclesiastical syophant is made as smooth and as remunerative as the way of the independent, manly cleric is made hard and full of discouragement.

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Notes on the Present Kalpa.

By J. M. Kennedy.

XXI.—Representatives (concluded).

It is a coincidence that this article, which was drafted six months ago, should be prepared for press at a time when the Plural Voting Bill is being discussed in the House of Commons. The Government demands that an elector shall have not more than one vote; the Opposition insists that a redistribution measure shall accompany this proposal, and the more or less serried ranks led by Mr. Law point to some Irish constituency where the electors number only 1,700 or so, but which yet returns a member to Parliament, while some English constituency or other with an electorate of about 50,000 is allowed to send not more than one member to Parliament. This, they say, is unjust.

Undoubtedly this is unjust if we measure merely by numbers and not by weight, though our best political scientists have never chosen to measure the opinions of the country by mere numbers alone. Even Mr. Asquith, in the course of the last election campaign, reaffirmed the principle of judging by weight and not by counting of noses, and the principle still holds good, though Mr. Asquith may have repudiated it in practice.

Arithmetic is the stinging name applied by Ostrogorski to the system of government resulting from proportional representation. Why then should the Conservative party, the party of Burke and Disraeli, base a claim on a principle which Burke himself explicitly disowned? Chiefly, I think, on account of its present poverty of ideas and the poverty of ideas of its professed advocates. The few younger members of the Conservative party who are endeavouring to improve their political knowledge and the political knowledge of their leaders and colleagues, are apt to place too much reliance on the far from original views of hack newspaper writers, and in consequence they naturally leave themselves open to attack on more than one side.

The irregularity of our electoral districts is not altogether the result of a haphazard allocation of the franchise, but of traditions the origin of which is now often obscure. In truth, there can be no traditions associated with the average urban constituency except, perhaps, London or York, or some of the old towns which were interested in Parliamentary affairs long before 1832. But there are several such urban constituencies, each with distinct traditions; and there are many rural electoral districts where the old traditions still linger.

It is these definitely formed bodies of electors, and not their mere numbers, which have to be taken into consideration by anyone who is bent on reforming our voting and electoral procedure; for every such district is, in its way, as independent and proud of its associations as each particular county in England is proud of its traditions in relation to the remaining counties considered as an entity.

Traditional attachment to some portion of soil is not a feature of English life alone. Let any reformer who proposes to neglect it study—to give one of the best instances—the life of Bismarck, and observe to what extent each petty lordling in Prussia, Bavaria, Saxony, Hanover, etc., had to be studied before the unity of the Empire was brought about, because every landowner and head of a county family exercised such a great influence on his own followers.

The same trait may be found in Spain, in France, in Russia—in every country, in fact, though in varying degrees; and this relationship between the human being and the soil he lives on is at once an argument against proportional representation and in favour of irregular constitutions; an argument both against and in favour of plural voting—for it may well happen that some estate may now be so split up as to form part of two, or even three, electoral divisions, and in that case it is only right that its owner shall have as many votes as there are electoral districts. But this attachment to the soil is also an argument against plural voting; for it is clear that a man cannot have equal affection for his country estate in Sussex and his town house in Park Lane.

This argument against arithmocracy has not been overlooked by writers on political science—it is understood that foreign writers are meant, since so few original English books on the subject are yet in existence. Bluntschli, for example, refers to it in his "Theory of the State," while pointing out another defect in the system of government which would allocate representatives in proportion to the number of electors. Direct Democracy is, as he says, one thing—a united body; but Representative Democracy is not united in the sense that Direct Democracy is; "On the contrary, it is divided into a number of scattered units, which may be equal in number, but which in regard to quality stand in a wholly different relation to the whole, and are therefore very unequal parts of the nation. Is it possible to maintain that the rural districts of Brittany or the manufacturing districts of Lyons at all resemble the electoral divisions of Paris, where one finds mixed together without real union the wealthiest and the most educated members of the community, the numerous grades of simple burghers and artisans, and a low rabble such as cannot be paralleled elsewhere in France? This difference in the electoral districts demands logically that a different value shall be placed upon their votes. True representation can only be secured by arranging the elections so that every element and every interest in the nation shall be represented in proportion to its relation to the whole. Number has a certain value, but it is not sufficient by itself."

Bluntschli does not mean by "interest" those financial "interests" which have recently been so prominent in the political life of England, as the context makes clear. He is referring rather to the elements in the nation without which it could not exist—the yeomen, for example, and the craftsmen. It was Burke's aim to show the electors that none of these elements and interests could be properly represented by servile delegates, but that Members of Parliament were dangerous as well as useless if they did not typify the corporate body of the people. The ideal M.P. was not to be a fanatic, a crank, or a faddist—but a man of ideas as well as of principle, who was skilled in the art of compromise, who knew the men of influence that ruled the farmers and the workers, and who saw the need for a man to be a man of influence himself, who was not merely a man of ideas, but a man of action, a man of influence, a man of influence who could influence others.

A MARCONI TRIOLET.

I intended investing
And it turned out a sale.
A gamble detesting,
I intended investing,
But my broker, protesting,
Bade me sell without fail!
I intended investing,
And it turned out a sale!

S. J. G.
The Chronicles of Palmerstown.

By Peter Fanning.

VI.

I first became aware that our local education authority was giving preferential treatment to certain school children on reading the last annual report of the old School Board, dated December, 1903. The following tables relating to two schools will disclose how this was accomplished.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Grade</th>
<th>Higher</th>
<th>Dunn</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Table</td>
<td>10/6d.</td>
<td>28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Grade</td>
<td>3/5d.</td>
<td>3/3d.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Average</td>
<td>£4 0 12</td>
<td>£2 6 4½</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

We see from the above, that whilst the children of the poor, bootless and ill-clad were thought to be done well by during the winter months at an expenditure of 3s. 3½d. per head, the well-fed, well-clothed youngsters from better class homes were made extra snug at a cost of 10s. 6d.

This revelation as to the preferential treatment accorded to certain children led me to make further inquiries into the subject, and the deeper I got the worse it grew. It was, however, just at this period that the old School Boards were about to disappear and the new education committee of the Town Council was coming into vogue. We might, I imagined, expect something better from the new authority.

April the First, 1904, had been selected as our "appointed day" and the last Thursday of the month (3) to purchase some land of Lord Northbourne at the rate of £1,500 per acre.
at their nearest point of contact are only divided by a few hundred yards. The North ward, however, as we shall see from our census returns, was flung up almost in a night, without regard to drainage, sanitation or ventilation. Rent was the sole object of those who were responsible for its construction, hence the people have been paying in blood and money for fifty years for the privilege of occupying such disgraceful shacks.

In 1908 a school medical officer was appointed, but at such a late period of the year that he was unable to do more than examine those children aged five who had entered school in the month of August. The result of the examination of these infants disclosed the appalling fact that 25 per cent. were already afflicted with some mental or physical defect. A happy prospect, surely, for their future career in life.

Since that time the doctor has paid particular attention to the school children of the town and as a result of his labours we are able to see, in actual flesh and blood, we are paying the slum-owner and plutocrat. I take the doctor’s last report and arrange our schools north and south of the North Eastern Railway line.

### South of the Line.

**Weight of Children, aged 11 (in lbs.).**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Gender</th>
<th>Average Weight</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Boys</td>
<td>58.0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Girls</td>
<td>57.0</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Height of Children, aged 11 (in inches).**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Gender</th>
<th>Average Height</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Boys</td>
<td>58.5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Girls</td>
<td>57.0</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### North of the Line.

**Weight of Children, aged 11 (in lbs.).**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Gender</th>
<th>Average Weight</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Boys</td>
<td>62.25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Girls</td>
<td>65.0</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Height of Children, aged 11 (in inches).**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Gender</th>
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</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The medical officer in trying to offer an explanation for the differences in our school children disclosed in his report, remarks:

> It will be noticed that more than half of the children examined live in houses of one, two, and three rooms, and under conditions not conducive to sturdy adolescence. As a rule, the houses are too small, the rooms ill-ventilated and stuffy; both these facts are aggravated when the living rooms have to be turned into sleeping apartments. These unpleasing conditions react both on the physical growth and mental activity of the children.

> It is evident that amongst the poorer of our population, at any rate, the average number of persons sleeping in each room at night is over three.

When we turn from the school medical officer’s report to that of the medical officer of health we discover what the slum-owner is exacting as a toll in deaths. For instance when I was seventeen I adored Verdi, and thrilled and wilted beneath the impassioned vibrations of “Donna e mobile.” Then someone took me to hear Wagner, and I mourned over Tristan, and slopped around with the Flying Dutchman and the prelude to “Melisande.” And when I dared to like Charpentier in the other arts, in including my own, I find much to speculate upon Par

> Can I say is that in this age and country such-and-such a criticism is right and just, but in others not at all? And could I judge better if I had spent my days practising scales and meeting musicians, instead of reading books? It is very perplexing. And for the

Letters from Italy.

**X.—MUSEO NAZIONALE NAPOLI.**

Sometimes I wish that jesting Pilate had said “What is Taste?” and that he had waited for an answer. Perhaps the prisoner was wording an epigram in his mind when the judge interrupted. Anyway, an answer would have been interesting.

At the Museo Nazionale here I find a large collection of Greco-Roman and Roman art, and in a perfectly unconscious way I made my mental criticism on the “objets d’art,” and by now can tell anyone my opinion of them and range them in order of merit. But I have only my “taste” to guide me; I am neither a sculptor nor a painter; I know hardly anything of the “technique” of those arts—scarcely more than Pater, and certainly less than Hazlitt. And though I cannot dogmatise (and to be contradicted on all occasions, I grow a little perturbed. Is there no critical formula, or set of formulae, to enable one to criticise accurately the frieze of the Parthenon, the paintings of [Cézanne] and the sonnets of Lorenzo de Medici? Or do I expect too much? Is it that no criticism is right? That all one can say is that in this age and country such-and-such criticism is right and just, but in others not at all? Some such questions irritate my classic apomb as I walk through the horribly under-warmed marble galleries of the Museo. And in the other arts, including my own, I find much to speculate upon. For example, when I was seventeen I adored Verdi, and thrilled and wilted beneath the impassioned vibrations of “Donna e mobile.” Then someone took me to hear Wagner, and I mourned over Tristan, and slopped around with the Flying Dutchman and the prelude to Rienzi. But then someone else took me by the ear and said: “Look here, young fellow, Wagner’s all right—but you go look at Delius and ‘Pelleas and Mésidane.’” And when I dared to like Charpentier in Paris, I was made to feel an awful ass, and found that only Debussy’s chamber-music was any good. The odd thing is that I discovered something to like in all these people—but I do not admire Verdi and Rossini now. And I come down here and find Wagner the latest thing! (They put the Valkyries on in Rome a few weeks back.) Now, who is right? Or are they all right? And could I judge better if I had spent my days practising scales and meeting musicians, instead of reading books? It is very perplexing. And for the
first time in my life I feel almost diffident about dogmatising. Now, in a more or less hurried review of the Pinacoteca I found little to admire except two pictures by Peasant Breughel, and a pastel copy of Velasquez's "Drinkers," and a Madonna by Palma Vecchio. There were some portraits attributed to Titian which I was perfectly certain were copies, and a replica, by Guido Reni, of Raphael's "Purgatory of St. Bridget," which had given me a sense of delight before Annibale Caracci's "Pietà" or Caravaggio's "Bearing of the Cross." I could hear Hazlitt declaiming in front of Guido Reni's "Atalanta," or joyously tasting the "pulpys shadows" of a Claude. And then, I suppose, we should have had Ruskin writing long articles on a spurious Masolino; Pater finding exquisite analogies between a Madonna by Giovanni Bellini, and the heads of goddesses in the first golden age of Greek sculpture; Whistler, delocalising living lifelike before Cesareo Sesto and Sodomina; and lastly, Mr. Bernard Berenson, eager for the "tactile values" of a Lorenzo Lotto or thrusting to the "functional line" of a Duccio di Buoninsegna. And all these, or have I forgotten my followers, and find many to accept their views and condemn the "functional line" of a Duccio di Buoninsegna. And all these gentlemen had, or have, many concerns with the fine arts. One night when I was at the missionary's house to drink tea at Beaufort, I remember the alarm was given: "The Kaffirs are coming." They surrounded the town and admitted! I have not seen, and fear to go, lest I should be tempted to expose to a guileless public the grotesque obscenities and pagan enormities of the ancients.

But if I write more upon the arts in Naples, I will tell of the exquisite marble lovely statues and reliefs, which are worth travelling any distance, and enduring an eternity of Tramontane. Naples.

Grandmother's Story.

Our poor little Irish nurse sobbed after us on the pier at Cork City the morning we sailed in a battleship for the South African War, 1857. "Och, man, you're never going to leave poor Biddy behind!" she kept crying as the steamer left the dock.

In the Bay of Biscay we had a terrible time, all the women and children shut down below and only a couple of men there to try to lash the boxes. As the ship rolled everything rolled to one side: the noise was terrific. I had been asleep. Awakened by the women screaming and children crying, I got up and knelt down and said, "Lord save us." I lay down and fell asleep, and He did save the ship. We called at Gibraltar and took orders for South Africa. I was just about four and a half years then. The voyage took three months only. We landed at Simonstown, then we had to sit on the slope of the hill and wait for mule wagons to come from Cape Town. There were only a few houses, none large enough to shelter us, about fifty women and children. My mother had a baby nine months old in her arms, I was four and Amelia three years. My father at that time was band sergeant, so we went on with the 74th Highlanders to the war the same day, so there was plenty of weeping and sorrow. My mother heard a lady asking for her and to her surprise found one of her school friends in the colonel's wife, so mother and we children were taken to the castle: it was indeed a great surprise to mother. The baby had been ill all the voyage. On arriving at the castle mother untied the baby's bonnet strings. The dear little spirit had flown away, only the body was there. Of course, mother was greatly upset. Thus we entered South Africa with depth. After the funeral, we stayed two weeks at the castle, then we went to live in the barracks, where nothing much happened. At Christmas we came back by another ship to Fort Elizabeth. It was a hard time for us, so no accommodation could be found for us and we had to wait days for an escort and mule wagons to take us to Fort Beaufort. I only remember four things about this place. One is that the bandmaster went out for a ride with his orderly and ventured beyond the boundary, though the orderly called to him not to do so. The orderly rode back to town and gave the alarm. The picket turned out, but it was four days before they found his body tied to a tree, his tongue cut out his nose and ears cut off and otherwise fearfully cut up. Then my father was made bandmaster and would have done well had he remained with the regiment. But no; he bought his discharge, left Beaufort and came to Grahamstown. But I have got on too fast—I must tell you about our journey. There were three wagons with women and children going up to their husbands at the front. The first alarm we had was that the Kaffirs had taken a driver and cut him to pieces while alive, tied him over an anthill in the sun and left him there to die. We were in great fear that they might attack our wagons, but our guard was in front and behind, so we passed through safely. Once again, three days before we got to Beaufort the alarm was raised, but though there was a fight they did not harm us, because God was our protector all the time and our relief.
sent two big fellows with a white flag saying that Sandi- 

null was outside and wanted peace. The alarm was 

sent through the town and soldiers turned out and gave 

chase. They only wanted to get into the town. There 

was a fight and the Kaffirs were driven off. One day our 

Kaffir took Amelia and me out for a walk. I walked 

to the races then,-my only appearance on a 

racecourse. We arrived home at night to find our 

mother frantic. Our next move was to Grahamstown. 

Father taught music in all the best schools and also 

had private pupils at the house. All was flourishing 

for a time, then mother took ill of an illness that lasted 

five years—the left town. Father became first 

teacher in the Salem College for gentlemen's sons. 

While there I had a little schooling at a country school, 

but as a rule mother kept me at home, so I had no 

chance to learn. I learned nearly all at Sunday School— 

so I am thankful for the Sunday school. I tried to 

learn, for I was fond of books. But I have never had 

a chance to get oe—perhaps it is as well, or I might 

not have turned out as well as I have done. Look at 

Winfred's child, I gave her the best I could. I have 

wandered away, I cannot remember if we stayed one 

or three years at Salem. Mother continued ill, could 

do nothing for us, so we ran wild when father was 

away. Then he took to drink. That finished us up 

for a time. C. J. H.

Present-Day Criticism.

Before resuming our review of the Perse plays, we 
may take the opportunity of commenting on an allied 
subject, namely, the effect on literary genius of the new 
school methods. The opinion of the present writer is 
that these methods will not benefit English literary 
genius. They will undoubtedly benefit talent, even 
talent of a fairly high order—but this is another 
question. We go so far as to say that the old system, 
thwarting and coercive, yet had not in it a tithe of the 
damaging influence that is concealed under the Montes- 
sori régime of friendly espionage: we particularise this 
last method because it is practised upon very little ones, 
almost babies. Again, let us say, for the average child 
this method will benefit; all systematic education must be concerned with the average child. Genius, as ever, must look after itself where the gods are 
helpless.

Genius is never injured by kicking against the pricks: 
it blunts the pricks. This is not in the least to mean that 
genius is any the worse for repression and persecution, 
not at all! But choosing between two evils, one of 
which is inevitable in any modern educational system— 
of repression, which is almost helpless against genius, 
and of the affectionate parasitism hidden under what is 
at all too confidently called an "inspiring guidance," there 
is no doubt in our mind as to which were least risky for 
genius, that is at all periods superior to its guides, 
philosophers and friends—and to which the worst thing 
that can happen (as far as talent is best) is to be discovered 
early. Now the new methods are expressly intended to 
discover the child; and henceforth, genius will need to 
seem more than ever the Ugly Duckling if it is to escape 
the warnings of a "contemporary peer"! To provoke 
temporarily obedient children to however feeble and con- 
strained disapproval of a temporarily turbulent compan- 
ion is a devilish device; a well-witted child would be deceived thereby, or induced; but he might well be embittered.

We have implied, above, that there is no legisla- 
ting for genius. Once we read somewhere that certain 
American suffragists contemplated their first reform 
the closing of the schools for young children, the 
release of these into country life with no compulsory 
lessons of any sort. Admirable! Bo-Peep's sheep do 
not lose their tails by being let alone. We do not, 
for one moment, hope to establish such a complete 
abandonment of expeditions. The public is concerned 
with results, and so long as these when forthcoming  are 
well be embittered. We refer to the folly of permitting 
classes of children on botanising expeditions to tear up 
the woods for the mere—-a fate of education which 
will have to be made an offence against stringent byes- 
laws, as it is a scandal to sense and taste; the naturalists 
will not long look on at this business, which began 
harmlessly enough, but is now conducted, or rather 
misconducted, by horde upon horde of innocent little 
vandals. We suppose nothing less than the millennium 
will Douglas among the general public any hint of the 
aesthetic's aversion from dissecting flowers; but persons 
with even the least feeling for natural beauty will appreci- 
ate and condemn the loss by plucking of rare flowers, 
ferns, and mosses; and the indoor pedagogues will manœuvre with yet another argument for the quiet 
abandonment of expeditions.

In the products of the Perse School, we confess our- 
selves most happily unable to discover much of the system which developed them. The governors, men of 
vit and refinement, keep well in its lair whatever system 
they may have; and they will do still better if they never 
let the layman too far into their secrets. Details of education are the affair of teachers, and no enlighten- 
ment, but much confusion, can enter into the hand and 
amateur public discussion. The public is concerned 
with results, and so long as these when forthcoming are 
good, none but the most general principles of education 
need or should come under general discussion.

The plays "Baldur's Death" and "Freyr's Wooing" are 
not quite as good as the gregarious instinct— 
and when it is remembered that genius works alone, is 
especially and distinguished in all its ways, the irritation 
certain to be set up by so much association as is defi- 
nitely and deliberately imposed by the new methods. The 
need not too easily be reckoned. Reflect, moreover, 
that human nature does not change, and that, therefore, 
the distribution of types of future teachers will work 
out much as ever to include persons of pompous, en- 
vious and frivolous understanding, and the trials may be 
fearedly and continually of a counterfeit genius in the 
hands of a bad teacher versed in and misusing, accord- 
ing to his or her nature, the new methods of educational 
control. Obedience is not less than ever to be the aim 
of at least one new system. We had not, for instance, 
under that régime, where there was no competition, 
no friendly enemy, any punishment which surpassed in 
power to confirm true rebels or to tame the spirit of timid children, the Montessorian device of segregating 
the black lamb for the new-fangled offence of disturb- 
ing the white ones! In our schooldays, there was no 
such crime (though a mean nurse was very adept at 
creating its illusion). Iniquities were an affair between 
Jones minor and Mr., Herr, or Monsieur, the latter of 
whom always took, and were for example, one of the 
minor mistakes of the new methods is already pickling 
a major rod. We refer to the folly of permitting 
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and certain lyrical passages in both show no sign of the abyss between authors of twelve years and of fifteen.

Pleasome cloud and feathery snow,
Whirled from my spinning wheel.
However the howling winds may blow,
For mortal woe.
Or give to the snow, so white can soar,
Ride in the sky.
Lest winter come frosty and summer must go.

Her arms are whiter than the palest lily
That ever fair spring brought forth to fill
The long, vale with honey-laden breath.
And while she paused, like to a stately swan
Borne on the silver surface of a lake,
A motion visible invisible drew on,
Took her away, and left me sorrowing.

Approach that, if you can, Messrs. Masefield, Gibson, Stephens, Abercrombie—and the rest of your “tedious row”!! One feels inclined at last almost to pity these poor clowns of the third-school, with their wormsomely parcels of mud and crime and romance. If they had only had the chance at twelve years of working off their itch to express themselves they might not now be exhibiting their little performances of grossness and all unmanliness; and the world would have been spared so many pretentiously morbid parasites. Why was there no Perse School where they might have learned the truth at least about their broken-winded free rhythms, and discovered the horrid secret of their condemnation of classical metres—that they cannot fill them? It is new now, and they will die with their names set upon volumes which are staring indictments of our educational system.

We are inclined to blame the choice of subject of these plays. The truth is that while the names in the Norse legends are vastly attractive to us English, we do not get much inspiration out of the legends themselves. They are of a lower order as legends go, far inferior not only to the best of the inferior cycles—“The Morte D’Arthur”—but to the “Mabinogion.”

It is a great waste to attempt to build with boulders when fine stone and marble are lying at hand. Technique of much merit, some poetry and conscientious verse, humour and sound sense, still fail to engage us with Baldr and Freyr. The last impression is of a monotonous subject—and such an impression is to be resented where wise interest and admiration might find all to enjoy.

Literary Notes.

If we were asked to sum up in a single phrase the most salient characteristic of modern English editors, publishers, critics and the general public, we should naturally reply that it was a disinclination or absolute inability to exercise their individual judgment in accordance with traditional classical values. Nearly every one is taken in by the glamour of a great name or a great institution; and in consequence great names and great institutions, being left uncriticised, are apt to degenerate into things of small account. We know of at least one well-known modern novelist who, after he had made his “name,” spent several years in “working off” rejected MSS, at five or six times the price which, before making his name, he would have been glad to accept for them.

This tendency of the English public to take names for granted has a deplorable effect on modern writing; for an author, once famous, will be praised whether his later work is as good as his earlier or not. A writer whose soul is in his art will naturally try to improve his style, irrespective of the praise or blame of the public; but there is a decided temptation to backsliding if, in a moment of illness or despair or discouragement, he remembers that his work, good or bad, will meet with precisely the same treatment. We had an instance of this meaningless praise quite recently. Mr. Max Beerbohm’s “Christmas Garland” was a most trifling work; we have heard the authors he parodies parodied better in a club-smoking-room. But Mr. Max Beerbohm, whose reputation was made by “More,” “Yet Again,” and dramatic criticism in the “Saturday Review,” had “arrived.” He could afford to be careless, and his book of parodies, like his “Zuleika Dobson,” was received with a bray of welcome by practically every critic in the country.

Abroad, criticism has not sunk so low. In a single week’s issue of the “Journal des Débats” alone, for instance, we have seen better notices of books than we have seen in the “Saturday Review” during a whole year. But there are other papers in France than the “Journal des Débats.” Since Maeterlinck became dull and prosy in the last few years, his works have not met with the warm general welcome in France that has fallen to their lot here; and one of the best criticisms of “La Mort” appeared in the “Figaro” in the form of a diverting sketch by Albert Guillaume. On the other hand, Anatole France has never let his success spoil his style or interfere with his ideas. Compare one of his last books—“Les Dieux ont soif,” let us say—with one of his earlier ones, such as “Le Crime de Sylvester Bardon.” It is the same Anatole France indeed, yet a matured Anatole France. The writer has preserved and developed the effectiveness of his individual style, but he has thus brought it nearer on the way to perfection; and his gifts of irony and satire have become more polished and incisive with the care and training of years. Not so Mr. Max Beerbohm’s.

When we refer to the influence of names, however, we do not mean our really cordial attempts to please. Turning to recognised institutions, we have often been amused by the reverential tone in which our more “advanced” literary coteries speak of the “Saturday Review” and the “Mercure de France.” Fifteen or twenty years ago the “Saturday” was entitled to praise. Apart from its fairly cultured band of reviewers and its independent outlook, Shaw and Max Beerbohm alone—writing in what recent circumstances must force us to regard as their intellectual prime—would have justified the paper. These men have left it, but the bradfriars of the “Saturday Review” and no doubt believe themselves to be amused by the petulant editorial notes, the stodgy articles, and the “light touch” dramatic criticism of Mr. John Palmer. Ah, that “light touch”; what is it not responsible for!

Take up a typical issue—we are looking at that of April 5—and you will find Mr. John Palmer carrying out on Mr. Arnold Bennett that process already so well known to readers of The NEW AGE as praising with faint banalities of his theme, to show himself at every turn agreeable, to slur so easily the inconsistencies and dullness of his construction. One after another, Mr. Bennett’s “Howards End,” from the first pages received with a bray of welcome by practically every critic in the country, has been deracinated.” And so on. And again: “Mr. Barker should not have allowed his author to write his play so well, to season it with so much agreeable fun, to slur so easily the inconsistencies and banalities of his theme, to show himself at every turn so adroit a master of craft.” This, after saying a few lines previously that “The Great Adventure,” Mr. Bennett’s play, “is agreeably compounded of second-rate ideas about art and life!”

This is simply idle chatter; and in writing it Mr. Palmer sometimes manages to make himself just barely readable. But we were not aware that the dramatic pages of the “Saturday Review” were originally destined for this purpose alone. The fact is, the taste in drama shown at present by the English public, like its taste in music and in literature and in painting, is execrable; and
the few people who have any ideas or "strong views" about drama have never regarded Mr. Granville Barker with anything but mingled amusement and disdain. Like another dilettante on the fringe of art, M. Léon Bakst, he has succeeded in attracting a certain proportion of the public, much to the gratification of all the parties concerned. But to say that he represents anything really new in drama is to say that Mr. Palmer, with all his opportunities for observation and criticism, should have said so. But if he had the capacity for saying so we must presume that he would have been on the staff of The New Age and not on the staff of the "Saturday Review."

In the same issue of the "Saturday" there is an article by Mr. R. B. Cunninghame Graham. Wonderful how there is always a name floating about somewhere that will appeal to the "advanced" people! "Whether thou art Death stealing amongst us, veiled, or life concealed working by day upon the wharves and poring over books at night, can explain as easily as he can solve other mysteries, with his science primer, who shall say?" We give it up—the oatmeal was too much for us—realising that the style and ideas of Mr. R. B. Cunninghame Graham will remain the style and ideas of Mr. R. B. Cunninghame Graham to the end of time.

Of the tawdry editorial notes and reviews we will say less. In the notice of "The Economic Beginnings of the Far West" we observe "much patient research—covers a wide field—stood out in high relief—up to a certain point—keen eye to gain—an exaggerated idea—ever-increasing numbers—never-handled justice—underlying causes." About a dozen clichés to the page, that is. The editor's views are neither inspiring nor original, and never deviate from the rigidly straight line of the commonplace, with arrogance on the one side and timidity on the other.

The "Mercure de France" is also living on its reputation. It is no very high praise to say that it is very much better than the "English Review," for one naturally expects that of a Continental publication; but it has fallen from its former high standard and the standard of its own book catalogue. It no longer carries out its professed purpose of offering "une sorte d'encyclopédie au jour le jour du mouvement universel des idées." To test the review by a department which naturally interests English readers, we have observed that M. Henry Davray, the "Mercure's" London correspondent, is a man without any judgment whatsoever. Not even in the literary pages of the "largest circulation" can the reviewers spatter butter and ladle out honey with noble enthusiasm. It is putting our sanity to a severe test to be told of Mrs. Sarah Grand ("une oeuvre puissante et captivante"), and several others. And that is chiefly because M. Davray imagines, apparently, that the last word in English literary criticism is still to be found in the "Saturday Review," the "English Review," and the "Times" Literary Supplement.

Articles by "Mercure" writers have often been translated and published in The New Age; and we gladly admit that we now and then find in its pages a point of view, an idea, a virile opinion, which we should look for unsuccessfully in any of our English reviews or magazines. But the old tag about the chain and the weakest link applies, and forcibly. The London correspondent, not to express our feelings too strongly, is uninformed and incapable of judging what is literature and what is simply book-making. We become suspicious. If the "Mercure," with all its resources, is so ill advised on what is happening in modern English literature, how can we believe that it may not be equally ill advised in regard to Russian, Polish, Spanish, Portuguese, or any other literature? It happens, that the "Mercure" has a few good correspondents on its foreign staff, for we have tested them by their writings. But what of those countries about which we ourselves are not sure? What if we did not keep a close eye on modern French literature and thought: should we have to judge both by the "Mercure" and its critics? We think that the editor, in justice to his readers, should lay these remarks to heart.

For what, we may ask, is likely to become of art, of literature, of ourselves, if names and institutions, once trustworthy, fall into the common rut? It has been well said that even great magazines, such as the "Mercure," are founded by men of genius, are carried on for a time successfully by men of talent, and finally perish at the hands of mediocrity. Must we assume that the "Mercure" is approaching this third stage? While we hope not, we must say there is a grave symptom of it in the issue of April 1. The first article, the article in the place of honour, deals with Maeterlinck's book on Death. The writer takes Maeterlinck seriously, praises his books, including "L'Oiseau bleu;" even; and, without mentioning the Latin poet by name, quotes Lucretius in a footnote. We regard this as blasphemy; a sin against the spirit. Is it not known in Paris that when Maeterlinck's "Mary Magdalene" was produced at Nice only a few weeks ago the pious author himself went out and played roulette between the acts?

Spreading the Light.

By Richmond Haigh.

The company had obtained a concession from the chief giving it the sole right to trade within a large stretch of native territory. No sooner were the papers, in order and duly scratched by the chief and her principal indunas, than I was wired by the company's general manager, asking me if I would undertake the business of organising the trading.

Morotipani's country was large, her people numbering some thirty thousand men and women, and the head kraal was about fifteen miles from the nearest white settlement, although the border of the territory was within a day's ride of it.

I had never visited the chief, and was but poorly acquainted with the tribe. There were, in fact, few white men who could say they had anything like an intimate knowledge of the people; the reason for this being that since the war with the whites—in which the old chief had been killed—white men were not well welcome from the natives, and had usually found it convenient to pass quickly through the territory when it happened to lie in their way.

Being (this by the way), naturally enough, curious to learn how the concession had been obtained from the chief who looked upon the whites so bitterly, I put it to the general manager that it was necessary I should be acquainted with every particular of the negotiations which had taken place with the natives. So that my ground might be secure in any conference I might have to hold with them. He appreciated my point and informed me (to put it shortly) that the good offices of the native Commissioner had been used to persuade Morotipani and her indunas of the benefit they could
count on in having trading stores in their territory; also, that we were not altogether dependent upon the goodwill of the Commissioner, owing to certain money transactions he had had with the company placing him in rather an awkward position, not to mention (above a whisper) the fact that a good round sum had found its way to his bunches on the concession papers being endorsed by the Government.

All this, although very interesting, only concerned me as far as it went to show the probable attitude of the chief and her people towards me, and the extent to which I could rely upon the support of the authorities in the event of things not running smoothly. I did not, however, anticipate trouble, having never failed, in all my commerce with them, to discover amongst the natives a proper appreciation of straight talk and fair dealing.

There was no difficulty about terms, and having received carte blanche for the making of all the arrangements I considered necessary, I went out for a stroll and got my business down to business.

From the maps and plans in the company’s office I gained a fair knowledge of the lay of the country and of the position of the principal kraals, and a conversation with the one or two men in the village who had any acquaintance with them informed me usefully regarding the more common native products and the general characteristics of the tribe. The language was one common enough in many other parts, and I had a good knowledge of it; the tribe, in fact, was a branch, although long separated from it, of a nation with which I had had an especially close acquaintance, on and off, for some years.

My first move was to send for a native carpenter and general handy-man who had worked for me occasionally. He was an intelligent man who, by using his brains while working for builders and other tradesmen, had really become clever in wood, iron, and stone work. Although unable to read or write, he had a good knowledge of it; the tribe, in fact, was a branch, although long separated from it, of a nation with which I had had an especially close acquaintance, on and off, for some years.

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A few consultations with this craftsman—who was known as Petrus—I took him round to the timber yard, where he busied himself in putting out the material we should require in erecting the first store, the only transport being by material we should require in erecting the first store, the only transport being by material we should require in erecting the first store, the only transport being by material we should require in erecting the first store, the only transport being by material we should require in erecting the first store, the only transport being by material we should require in erecting the first store, the only transport being by material we should require in erecting the first store, the only transport being by material we should require in erecting the first store, the only transport being by material we should require in erecting the first store, the only transport being by material we should require in erecting the first store, the only transport being by material we should require in erecting the first store, the only transport being by material we should require in erecting the first store, the only transport being by material we should require in erecting the first store, the only transport being by material we should require in erecting the first store, the only transport being by material we should require in erecting the first store, the only transport being by material we should require in erecting the first store, the only transport being by material we should require in erecting the first store, the only transport being by material we should require in erecting the first store, the only transport being by material we should require in erecting the first store, the only transport being by material we should require in erecting the first store, the only transport being by material we should require in erecting the first store, the only transport being by material we should require in erecting the first store, the only transport being by material we should require in erecting the first store, the only transport being by material we should require in erecting the first store, the only transport being by material we should require in erecting the first store, the only transport being by material we should require in erecting the first store, the only transport being by material we should require in erecting the first store, the only transport being by material we should require in erecting the first store, the only transport being by material we should require in erecting the first store, the only transport being by material we should require in erecting the first store,
of the men were at the back of the wagon, and it would have been foolhardy to a degree to attempt to get at the brake now. The load was made up of heavy cases of stout, good, and bright, and my feelings must be imagined as I stood helplessly watching the wagon rushing backwards to the river. The two hind oxen were flung round, happily breaking the neck straps and so escaping unhurt; the plowman and the man in charge of the oxen, and the wagon with its valuable load backed heavily into the water with a huge splash and swung round. Nothing whatever could be done, for all this had happened in less than a minute of the down stream rush. The wagon reached the boulders which invariably line the bottom side of a drift, and with my heart in my mouth I watched the hind wheel slide up a rock. We expected to see the wagon topple over immediately, but fairly judging the man I had blessed with a quick angle the wagon stopped, and in a flash we were all in the water to the rescue.

It required some cunning and a good deal of hard work to get things into running order again, and it was most fortunate that we had until the morning. Such an accident as this happening to a man travelling alone would be heart-breaking.

From this river it took the wagons two full days trekking to reach our destination, the head kraal; but having safely descended under way I took Petrus with me and rode on until at nightfall we came to the kraal of an under-chief, where we stayed the night, and finished our journey fairly early the next day.

I found the "head-kraal" to be a village of considerable size, but of no unusual appearance. Easily finding the road to the place of the chief, I rode slowly along, Petrus following at a proper distance, until I came to the "great gates." There were a number of men sitting or standing about, but no one as I dismounted came forward to take my horse or offered greeting. Throwing the reins to Petrus I strode up to the most important looking man I could see, wished him good day in his own tongue, and telling him I had business with the chief, asked if he would take me in. His language rather impressed the man, and he set off to the road to the place of the chief. I rode slowly along, Petrus following at a proper distance, until I came to the "great gates." In the water to the rescue.

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Bidding Petrus "off-saddle" and take the horses to the "great gates" and telling him I had business with the chief, asked if he would take me in. His language rather impressed the man, and he set off towards the chief's place to inquire.

Everything depended, I knew, upon the impression I made on the strange face, holding out my hand and for a full minute looked me straight in the eye. She also touched on the question of liquor. She, with two of her indunas asked what name I was known by, and on a sudden whim I had replied that as I was now one of her children she should find a name for me. This, she said, she would do and I would hear of it on the day we started trading. I had become very curious, and I believe just a hit at my new name—Tristram or Trismigistus—names carry meanings to the native mind, and this would especially be the case in the present instance where the head chief herself was to be godmother.

My fears were, however, put to rest early in the day. As Morotipani advanced—chief-wise at the head of her suite—I stepped out to greet her, when she, with a good-humoured smile on her broad face, held out her hand and exclaimed so as to be well heard "Dumela m'pholo Kgosi." (Take out the poison, chief). Morotipani evidently thought the occasion of open-

This was quite a happy instance of the native impressiveness. Bhutani is the name of a bird well known about the Limpopo for the peculiarity it has in choosing for its nesting place a bush as near to a road as possible. It would appear that this from a feeling of pure friendliness to, and simple trust in, man, for as often as one passes the little brown bird will pop out at the top of the bush and cheerfully whistle its three plain notes, repeating them again and again, in the most frank camaraderie, until one has quite passed on. From the views both of my having come alone to live amongst her people, counting surely on her friendship, and as descriptive of the traders' calling, the chief could hardly have found for me a name more appropriate and happy.

Morotipani evidently thought the occasion of opening the store was the favourable one for having a straight talk with me. She, with two of her indunas and her chief waiting-woman, came round to my private room and spoke her mind on some more or less important matters. She was concerned as to the manner of our dealing with grain, declaring that in seasons of crop failure she would forbid her people selling any at all. She also touched on the question of liquor. She, the huge creature, said, I could come to drink any of her men under the table, but she would not hear of liquor being in any way easily obtainable by her people. What appears worth recording of this interview is the remark made by the chief at the close of the "indaba" which followed it is not necessary to speak, but I knew that much had been said behind the scenes, and without my knowledge, and I allowed the interview to end, and for a full minute looked me straight in the eye. She also touched on the question of liquor. She, the huge creature, said, I could come to drink any of her men under the table, but she would not hear of liquor being in any way easily obtainable by her people. What appears worth recording of this interview is the remark made by the chief at the close of
of it: "Bhutani, I have heard much of the ways of white men. You have no women with you here, but you are not to seduce my young girls." This from Morotipani was very rich. Since the old chief’s death some years before she had borne three children, the last of which, by the way, was known as Patu’ulu (which means unexpected) for the reason that on account of the chief’s size and fatness her people were taken by surprise when the child was born. Of course these things are not to be judged from the moral standpoint of the whites, but even amongst her own people Morotipani was known to be no prude. She kept a straight face until I replied: "Don’t fear, chief, for your girls. You have caught them by the tail (Ang.: "the wrong end of the stick"). I think it is I who must be protected, and (pointing to a fowling-piece at the head of my bed) I shall shoot the first woman who approaches me." Then she fairly shook with laughter, and in excellent humour, went home.

I made it my business early to pay ceremonial visits to the various under-chiefs who had their kraals in different parts of the territory; and within twelve months three other stores were erected and set going at convenient places; trading was in full swing. Communication direct and regular was established with the outside world of the white people by horseback, by cart, and by wagon, and thus although perhaps scarcely noticed at the time was brought about in the custom and life and thought of this tribe. What we Europeans are pleased to call civilisation had been introduced.

Views and Reviews.

It was said by Emerson who said everything: "If I know your sect, I condemn you, Father Vaughan is more sectarian than any sectary, for he speaks, as St. Paul would say, "by commandment;" the "Papa of the three hats" is also the conductor of a thousand voices, and an Encyclical is not a matter of much moment to-day. Before Father Vaughan opened his mouth on the subject, we knew that he could not, would not, dare not go beyond the authoritative pronouncement of his Pope; and, except to the faithful, his arguments could be taken as read. Indeed, in an intelligent audience, the previous question would have been moved long before Father Vaughan had got into his stride. But the "conferences" have been delivered to the faithful; worse than that, they have been published, with, of course, the customary apologies for lack of literary merit, and the criticism that did not accompany their utterance may not be withheld from their publication in book form.

The rule of criticism in the New Age is that we judge a man not by what he tolerates, but by what he chooses. Father Vaughan might have enlightened us concerning Socialism as well as Christianity; but he chose to obscure the issue by refusing to define Socialism practically everywhere but its economic basis. "The Socialism, then, that I have to deal with," he says, "is not the Socialism of the campaign book or of the political platform, but the Socialism assiduously spread among the people in working classes, the Socialism poured on anxious listeners in the Socialist Assembly Rooms, the Socialism scattered over the country in Socialist newspapers and pamphlets, and in well-advertised editions of what are called Socialist classics. I have little or no interest in Socialism as an abstract principle of economy, or as a distant Co-operative Commonwealth." Father Vaughan has chosen his adversary with the true instinct of the priest; it is the Socialist Bogy, and the Socialist Bogy, as even Lord Curzon knows, means not nothing, but a vacuum, no reality, does not exist. Father Vaughan’s "conferences" are simply a logomachy, and his weapon is logomachy; and his purpose is plain, to prevent or prejudice any discussion of the problem except within the limits allowed by the Pope. But the limits allowed by the Pope are not sufficiently wide. "That a remedy must be found, and found quickly, for the misery and wretchedness which press so heavily and unjustly upon such vast multitudes," we are all agreed; there is not a politician, even a member of the Labour Party, but will, drunk or sober, utter the same words with a solemnity at least equal to that of his Pontifical Majesty. Something must be done; why, Marie Antoinette had risen to that height of understanding of the Vicar of Christ to know his remedy? Of course, he can, and does. To the capitalist, he says: "Don’t be greedy"; to the wage-slave, he says: "Don’t be envious." In other words, be Christian, all you, and bless you all.

Now if it is fair to credit Socialism all the violence, the insolence, and the intellectual rubbish talked by discontented people, it is equally fair to credit Christianity with all that happens in her name. The Popes have denounced the "papists" and the "papists" have denounced the Pope. But the Pope, and the Pope is answerable to God, is dealing with a world that does not care a tinker’s curse about the Pope’s anathemas; indeed, I will be generous to Father Vaughan, and admit that capitalism is the necessary outcome of Protestantism. But how much better are we off for the fact that the Pope and the employer (who will not read the Encyclical, or, reading it, will not obey it), that "there is a dictate of nature more imperious and more ancient than any bargain between man and man, namely, that the remuneration must be sufficient to support the wage-earner in reason- able and frugal comfort"? The employer knows, as well as we know, that nature knows nothing about wage-earners or employers, that she only sets a limit to the conditions amid which human life can exist, that variation between these limits, which we call progress or decadence, may occur, but if the limits are passed, life becomes extinct. The whole matter turns on the question of responsibility. Is the employer responsible for the life of his employee? Obviously not; he does not own him, for slavery is abolished. Who is responsible for the life of the employee? Obviously, the employee. "The individual in society has his own individual end, directly given him by God," says Father Vaughan. "He is answerable to God alone, not to society except in so far as society is delegated with God’s authority. The individual will be judged not merely as a member of society. He is not wholly immersed in society. Society exists to protect him and to help him to do certain things which he cannot do for himself." It is clear, according to this dictum, that the wage-slave who is not a Socialist will have a bad time at the Judgment Day. If one could imagine God asking such a question, he might say: "What did you think of Masefield?" It would be useless for him to protest that he had never read Masefield because his employer paid him such low wages that he could not afford to buy his poems, worked him so many hours that he was too tired to read, and so on. The interesting work that his mind and soul were atrophied and rendered incapable of understanding poetry. The answer obviously would be: "I gave you a soul to develop, and if, owing to your perversity adherence to the doctrine of private property, you allowed yourself so to sink into ignorance as not to know that Masefield was a rotten poet, you are not fit for heaven." From the sanctity of the individual, both Socialist and Catholic start. But if a number of individuals get together, and agree that the institution of private property in land and capital prevents them from attaining the fullest expression of their individuality, they are told by the Vicar of Christ that he knows that their fullest expression is only to be found in self-sacrifice. At the best, he will only thunder anathemas against

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those who do not pay a living wage; at the worst, he will thunder anathemas against those who try to arrange affairs so that a living wage does not depend on the Christian charity of an employer. But if it is legitimate, as Father Vaughan argues, for a man to steal to save himself from death, it is only an extension of principle to argue that theft may well be the beginning of a new life. In some way or other, the means of production must come into the hands of the workers, if they are to be not slaves to the Christian ideal of obedience, but exemplars of the Christian ideal of individuality. For the whole truth is this, that the importance attached by Christianity to the individual soul is itself the mainspring of the revolt against industrial conditions. That the priests should denounce the only priestly ideal of an employer is only, the lineal descendant of Caiphas. Vaughan is only, the nearest embodiment of the one argument for giving the market ! It would probably paralyse industry and coincidences. A young wife, "in name only" (to repeat Mrs. Everett's dreadful phrase—there are many clichés, alas!), expecting her detested spouse from India, arranges to obscure his death and burial; and, for no earthly reason, herself attends the funeral in the country at the village where is the husband's family vault. Perhaps to serve the plot, she collapses, is taken home by the villagers to act as a nurse. Work right there, where, of course, the loathed Nabob turns up a few weeks later, just on the very day that the lordly rake from the neighbouring hall has entraped the fair Camilla with dishonourable intentions. The Nabob wounds the noble lady in the inevitable duel, and has taken ship to fly the country, having endowed his wife with her worldly goods, when, with the aid of a lady friend, Camilla realises that she loves! Barely catching the boat, she sails away with Mr. Hadow and his niece with a daughter. The noble lord recovers after all.

Veiled Women. By Marmaduke Pickthall. (Eveleigh Nash. 6s.)

No doubt Mr. Pickthall has described harem life as fitly and favourably as any European may; his picture, however, should temper the average Western notion of superior Oriental life. The harem is: curiously dull the world over, and that the majority of the human race is suitably born stupid enough to find it a tolerable sort of purgatory. The wise should always applaud marriage for the manners, thereby securing the best chance of peace and propriety for themselves. Mr. Pickthall writes with immense skill of Turks and their women, and in introducing a rather vulgar little Englishwoman to a harem has, at least, not prejudiced the case for the harem. Yet such portraits as these of the ladies Murjânah, Leylah and Aminah need no foils of a little governess. Briefly, with wit and imagination, Mr. Pickthall suggests these women as the best of Eastern feminine types: the statly Murjânah, a Mohammedan, but full of charity and deep piety; Leylah, the fastidious widow; Aminah, frank and witty, acquainted with half elegant Europe; all three agreed in maintaining the superior dignity of veiled women. Certainly, such women would compare well enough with any of our own.

Unconventional Molly. By Joseph Adams. (Methuen. 6s.)

"Leckie's History" sent young Lord Ballyshameon, under an assumed name, to Ireland to study the Irish question on his own estate; and it was Molly herself who showed him the beauties of the place. . . . "The golden hair glittered on his shoulders, the eyes with the sea-depth in them looked into his. . . . All the virgin wealth of that sweet mouth yielded itself in an impassioned kiss.

Simply Friends. By Josephine Clave. (Walrond. 6s.)

The story of the "simple friendship" between Henry and Nannie. But the old "Fabian Pals" tack is a bit antiquated; ordinary women must be driven hard for men's society when they have to be so rusee in order to ensure both bicycles being wheeled up-hill! The tacit promise not to plague a man with love and its consequences is beyond any woman's power to keep until she has safely landed the blue-paper; then she looks round to involve her husband's friends in palships. Once in a while a genius at this one-sided game, like Madame Rambouillet, makes it amusing for less autistes, but the ordinary brainless, witless, tasteless and impertinent female pal usually rewards her quarry by nothing but chilly marriage or a squalid little five minutes' plain talk from hubby, who probably has him numbered.

My Russian Year. By Rothay Reynolds. (Mills and Boon. 6s.)

Mr. Reynolds chatters about Russia in the accepted style of this series; tells us about his servants, his friends, his food and clothing, and even gives us his opinion on Russian politics. He is not a revolutionary, it seems, nor is he exactly a reactionary; but he thinks
that the Russian Government is not so bad as it is represented to be, and that the Russian revolutionists are not so good as they are represented to be. He even went to a prison, by very special permission, and discovered that, in a number of ways, a Russian prison is preferable to an English prison. The book covers much ground, but its intrinsic value of the work itself has not been much in evidence, demands that they be brought to justice. It is obvious that we can call it what we will without offence or indiscretion. Of one thing there is no doubt: "The Daily Citizen" was right when it said that "as a dramatist he (Mr. Arnold Bennett) has still much to achieve." For although this work is a "comedy in four acts," it is really what you will in eight scenes. A special note to the play says: "Each act is divided into two scenes, separated by a passage of time more or less short. The passage of time is indicated by darkening the stage for a few moments. No change of scenery is involved." In plain English, this means that Mr. Arnold Bennett is an incompetent bungler, an ignoramus concerning dramatic art; and I am the more pleased to notice the fact because he prides himself on his craftsmanship. "The conquering of new worlds is his speciality. There are there who believe the hope of the British drama lies with Bennett and a very few others." Five days afterwards the play was produced at the Kingsway Theatre; and I feel inclined to ask, in Byron's phrase: "And where are they? And where art thou, my country?"

For the critics with one accord have failed to discover a young hopeful of the British drama in Mr. Bennett, but have incontinently discovered a new actress. That extraordinary organ of public opinion to which I have made reference sent a representative to Miss Wish Wynne on the day after the first performance to inform her that she was famous. "I am surprised," said Miss Wynne. She might have offered, as she said herself, that she had merely presented a type which "everyone in the audience must have known perfectly well—perhaps that is why they liked her so much." The obliquity of this satirical conclusion may be apparent by the time that I have finished this article.

Satirical duality seems to afflict everybody connected with this work. The publisher's synopsis of the play begins: "This 'play of fancy' (as the author describes it); which is certainly faint praise. On the programme the work was described as "a comedy in four acts"; so it is obvious that we can call it what we will without offence or discretion. Of one thing there is no doubt: "The Daily Citizen" was right when it said that "as a dramatist he (Mr. Arnold Bennett) has still much to achieve." For although this work is a "comedy in four acts," it is really what you will in eight scenes. A special note to the play says: "Each act is divided into two scenes, separated by a passage of time more or less short. The passage of time is indicated by darkening the stage for a few moments. No change of scenery is involved." In plain English, this means that Mr. Arnold Bennett is an incompetent bungler, an ignoramus concerning dramatic art; and I am the more pleased to notice the fact because he prides himself on his craftsmanship. "The conquering of new worlds is his speciality;" he had better learn to join his flats.

No one but a Stümper would suppose that darkening the stage for a few moments could indicate the passage of time; for drama differs from literature in this respect, that its fancies must be facts. You cannot make believe with real people in a real theatre, where everything is material and embodied. If the whole of the first scene is devoted to the medical treatment of an invalid, and a conversation leading up to the declaration that his recovery is unlikely, and the curtain is lowered at this point, it is impossible for anyone to suppose that, when it is raised again in thirty seconds, about thirty-six hours have elapsed. The scene is the same, the characters are the same; and the lowering of the curtain is simply an irritating interruption. The extraordinary degree of clumsiness that this device intimates may be seen when we consider how much, or rather, how little, the author wished to convey in the first act to his audience.

He wanted them to know that of two men, I lam Carve and Albert Shawn, the first was a great artist, and the second was only his valet. He wanted them to...
know that Iiam Carve was known in England only by his work, and that his incurable shyness in the presence of admirers had driven him abroad, so that he was personally unknown in England. He wanted them to know that Iiam Carve had had a love affair with an English lady of title when on the Continent, and had fled from her to England. He wanted them to know that Albert Shaw, who took a chill during the voyage, that pneumonia supervened with fatal results; and that the incurable shyness of Iiam Carve prevented him from correcting the wrong impression of the doctor that the dead man was Iiam Carve. To convey that paltry amount of information, we were asked to make believe that thirty-six hours had elapsed when, as a matter of fact, only thirty seconds had passed, and we had to tolerate a ghastly beginning, to understand a pretended comic development. The reckless disregard of every principle of art, every canon of taste, must be apparent; and it has this strange result. Mr. Arnold Bennett asks us to laugh at him at the ignorance of art betrayed by the English in their dealings with it; and we can only laugh at Mr. Bennett's own ignorance of art.

For it is germane, it is necessary, to Mr. Bennett's satire that English people did appreciate the art of Iiam Carve. The question of burial in Westminster Abbey could never have arisen if the man's work had not been appreciated in a supreme degree; and the fact of mistaken identity, on which Mr. Arnold Bennett bases his satire, does not mitigate against that appreciation of the work of a man who was personally unknown in England. Indeed, the only effective satire on the English taste in art is the offering of this play to the appreciation of the public; if it approves the play, then the worst that Mr. Arnold Bennett can make Iiam Carve say of it, will be true.

The question raises a delicate consideration. There are two sorts of satire, honest and dishonest. "Out of the fullness of the heart, the mouth speaketh," we have honest satire; and the subjects of it write, and sometimes reform. But dishonest satire, the saying of conventional cynicisms, is the most damnable of all the peculiarities of the play proves that Mr. Bennett is really incapable of writing more than a series of incidents. The fact that in a cast of fifteen persons only two are more capable of writing more than a short story writer, that he is incapable of writing more than a series of incidents. The fact that in a cast of fifteen persons only two are more than thumb nail sketches, and of those two the more commonplace character is the more perfectly realised, proves that Mr. Arnold Bennett is incapable of the creation of character, he is only competent to observe a type that, in the words of the actress who played the part, "is to be seen in every suburb of London." The Philistinism that these two facts portray cannot be disguised; and the jokes are of the same nature. The two curates with their mother, who, mistaking his identity, lecture Iiam Carve and his wife on bigamy, are simply one example of the puerile character of Mr. Bennett's humour. If we take this work as a comedy, we can only recommend it to junior clerks; we cannot regard it as "a play of fancy," for its only triumph is an observation of fact; and, as a satire, it only succeeds in making the artist look ridiculous. England, and more particularly Putney, will probably accept Mr. Bennett as an artist.

Pastiche.

THE DEFENCE OF THE POLITICO-FINANCIER.

I think it is most infamous for anyone to make a fuss. Because I thought it would be nice to buy some shares on good advice, Instructing (oh, it's vile!) That I—that I have made my pile. I marvel at the villainy. That can imitate such things to me. For though I'm not a noble birth, I've solid character and worth. Which things are more important far than titles (or Marconis) are.

They circulated a report. About the houses I had bought. Though only one belonged to me— I rented all the other three.

And then what do these wretches do, But make a photograph or two Of my poor house? To make it look As large as possible, they took It from the front!—this was a trick Which really cut me to the quick. Had their intentions not been black, They would, of course, have shown the back.

Though Cowdray sticks through thick and thin; And Keurley helps to keep me in; And Lever, Mond, and Cadbury Have always been most kind to me; And though the bowed, gigantic backs Of Wilson and the police backs Prevent my fall—one cannot tell . . . Perhaps some day they'll say farewell To me, expressing their regard For what I've done—which would be hard On a poor Welsh solicitor. So if in preparation For that rainy day I've—you know what: Why do you blame me? (Voice: "We do not.") I think perhaps I ought to add That if a craven cur or cad Has any charge to formulate Against my name, I beg to state He'd better do it openly, Instead of saying—

(Chorus: "Marconi.")

THEODORE MAYNARD.

SHAM POETRY: A LITTLE DIALOGUE.

JAMES. (shocked): Why, he's one of the most talented young poets of to-day. The "Times" says so. (Fumbles at the back of the volume, then reads): "A wonderful gift for sustained melody. . . . him, him, him. . . ." Now, this is it: "We have no hesitation in ranking Mr. Loggs with the greatest names of English poetry, whose honourable traditions he so worthyly upholds."

JAMES (stately): Some of these critics have no hesitation in doing or saying any mortifying thing. Let's have a look at the blessed stuff.

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Letters to the Editor.

Mrs. Hastings on Women.

Sir,—I was not altogether surprised that "K. B." did not reply to Mrs. Beatrice Hastings' letter of the 27th ult. Mrs. Hastings' view of her new cause as they have proved to be in regard to the cause she abandoned. There is, we are told, a method in her anti-feminist madness. I confess I should be glad to have it pointed out to me. But first, I maintain, Mrs. Hastings' method of attacking the women's movement to-day is as violent and personal as her method of defending it used to be. The new convert, we know, is often indiscernibly averse, but, from Mrs. Hastings' case, we may conclude that the new recruits are equally furious. From a lady with "more than a common talent in literature," terms like "infuriated female," "Mrs. K. B. and Co.", and "sneering hussies" are expected. Mr. Knoggs on the stairhead is capable of such abuse, with no talent for literature whatever. And the insinuation that "K. B."'s "pleasure" was a sort of trick and charge, and required an explanation struck me as being heavy for a wit and a poet. But, after all, I have only a small concern with Mrs. Hastings' new and regrettable style of controversy; the question is whether the views she now maintains are right. It is no assurance that they are right that Mrs. Hastings sacrifices her style in their defence. Quite the contrary. One's style and tone of "Present-Day Criticism" is never tired of preaching, at its best when one is most sincere, truthful, and sincere. Judge whether Mrs. Hastings would appear prima facie to be at least less near the truth to-day than she was some time ago. But what are her ideas? At the risk of a reply from her in the tone of her reply to "K. B.", I will venture a summary of her views as I have collected them from her recent feminist, or rather anti-feminist, fulminations: (a) Women in general are inferior sex and are too coy in their appearance, "soulless," "feminine," only audacity might snatch me out of this defence. Quite the contrary. One's style, as your writer for more, they are impudent hussies. (c) As well as being intellectual inferiorities, they are cruel, incapable of justice, greedy, and grossly selfish. (d) Yet this state does not call for any remedy, either from women or from men; it is inevitable and serves women right. Being a woman and a culture, culture would only be degraded by being forced on with their culture. In fact, women are twaddles, and ought to be "larned." (e) The women of poetry as being clever? It's hardly an appropriate part with them. (f) Men should neither marry themselves, nor simply keep them in their place. (g) Every woman in private life is a drab or a cat; every woman in public life is pretentious or a minx. (h) Motherhood itself is no more than an animal affair with women, and they have nothing to do with it. (i) Women as a sex are not fit to live.

If my summary of what I have gathered are Mrs. Hastings' views on the subject of women appeals self-contradictory, I claim that the fault is hers, not mine. Chapter and verse are necesarily go or with her style of controversy; the question is whether the views she now maintains are right. It is no assurance that they,

P. Selver.

April 17, 1913. The New Age.
plied—contended, I think, a very reasonable idea, namely, that whereas women are asking to be freed by Act of Parliament, freedom may only arise from within themselves. It is certainly true for men; but so far as I offered it anew, I addressed women. What was there in the letter to suggest that I ought to be in a position to say it? No man has a like "K." Such a reply could have sprung from nothing higher than a materialistic and grubbing female intelligence. I bit back under the weight of consideration the bare of replying, knowing whatever I might write, nothing but solid, caste femininity would touch. Unlike from her, with her importunate, trite, and jargonistic epistle that her silence is due to remission, I believe, that she said had the same sort of thing as would have been her up had her babbling before a wigswam. Is displaying publicly, I was vulgar, and for this I offer to my friends to excuse, but an apology.

Mr. Hirst charges me with personal feeling in my attacks on women. Personal feeling, which arises from experience, is honest enough, and legitimate. The views with which Mr. Hirst credits me are certainly worthy of endorsement; but I did not first establish them—they are as old as society. I have small reason to respect women, individually or as a sex; but much to despise them. I make it that Mr. Hirst is as a wit and as a poet is not ironical, "a pleasantry" as he understands one's taste. I note, moreover, that his few expressions of belief that women's tricks with the whip are copied in work that men's is sufficient not filled. Well, that is certainly a part, but not enough, or too much, according to whether they are considered by no means all that has to be considered. But let us look at it first from that standpoint. "The class of men that were enfranchised in 1867 and 1884 are no more free now than they were then. They have become patrimonialists as to refuse to believe that enfranchisement has placed them on the right path, even though they have not yet managed to break their yokes; and, so very far from me is the burden of a disfranchised womanhood has impeded them!" Or to put it another way, did not the Reform Acts knock chains off their legs, which are gradually ac-
quiring the muscle needed for the long walk? In a pamphlet which has been largely circulated by the W.S.P.U. for years, Mrs. Pankhurst expounds the "importance of the vote, as a weapon, and of political protection. It is fairly evident just now that the workingmen of Belgium agree with her estimate, or they would not be busy organising a general strike, in order to obtain Manhood Suffrage! According to Dorothy Thurtle, these misguided Belgians are "pressing forward towards a chivalrous opposition," she says. Who's side is this Driver Knox or Guard Richardson? We all know the shallow woman who tells the suffragist that "she can have his vote; it's no good to him." But no doubt the above-named gentle with sufficient children will be able to be aware that the "indignant organised labour" which "sent them back to work" would have been powerless to organise effectively in the first place without the "weapon and protection" of the (corporately used) vote. It may be contended, of course, that women's 'Trades Unions are in a position to get political protection in the same way as the Unionism by the enfranchisement of the men. But would the men like, at the present moment, to see the situation reversed— the men's Trade Unions without the vote, and the women's Trade Unions with it? Quite apart from sex considerations, purely as an economic proposition, would they put up with it for a moment? Then why all this cant about the uselessness of the Vote to working-women? 

Mrs. Thurtle affirms that "the leaders have assumed that the Vote is the panacea for all the ills suffered by women." I do not think it possible that she has read many of the publications of the various suffrage societies, or she would not make such a statement. That disfranchisement is a stumbling block in the path of women's emancipation, which must be cleared away, is agreed by most women of weight in every class and profession. You may twist this assertion that the vote will bring the millennium, if you please. But the plain fact is that the apparent over-emphasis on the value of the Vote is entirely due to the delay in granting it caused by the unchivalrous opposition of the men. A writer in the "Observer" asks naïvely, "Why are American women suffragists not militant?" And fails to see that the obvious difference is that American women are more refined and womanly than Englishwomen, but that, in face of the fact that several States have already enfranchised women, the effort of argument on their part, militancy would be an absurd waste of "blood and money." 

Thus the answer is—"the enlightened working-woman realises that in common with her fellow-men-workers, she is governed by capitalist laws." As a matter of fact, what she realises in this: that she is governed by a class tyranny and that the last is not worse than the first, from the point of view of the development of the soul. The phrase "class tyranny" is regarded by socialist as "tosh," "silly," and "all be spiritually free without the Vote." Well, can we, as things are? In 1890, it was true, possibly, for men and women equally; but the 20th century, "the age of "wretched runners for a wretched cause." It is that politics have become of vital importance in the every-day life of each one of us, and that each extension of the franchise to men, made women so much less the arbiters of their own destiny. Take the married women who are advised to achieve "spiritual freedom" by economic "independence." Is not their way made delightfully smooth and easy by the present laws and arrangements that shut her out of most of the well-paid jobs, and restrict her labour in every direction? Can the girl growing up escape the blight of the suggestion that while her brother of 21 is competent to give expression to his opinions on the things that make the national life, she never weds, whose marriage is never asked upon the legislation that decides the way their children shall be educated, hold up their heads as "their"? Thiers not to reason why, theirs but to do and die"—and get fined for keeping the children away from school when boots are lacking.

Is it really necessary to ask, "Why make the Vote an issue?" If that soldiers need not Standard to rally round! Mr. George Lansbury and a few others see that clearly enough. The strange thing is that The New Age does not.

ELEANOR JACOBS.

[Since Mrs. W. W. Jacobs chooses to identify The New Age with our correspondent, Mrs. Thurtle, we reply to a few of her protests as they affect our articles.

(1) "Whose patron saint is Joan of Arc?" It is the first we heard of it. Who'd have thought it?
(2) Has Mrs. Jacobs ever inquired why the "Daily Herald" champions the W.S.P.U.?

(3) The citation of the Belgians organising a strike to obtain the franchise is singularly unfortunate. Economic power precedes political power once more! The cat also chases its own tail, for in the same paragraph our correspondent argues that without the vote our own railwaymen could not have organised efficiently. Which does come first, the chisel or the horse?"

(4) If the vote is only a symbol, why should the delay in granting it cause its importance to be exaggerated? If the vote is of more importance than man's life, what are the other means of emancipation, why are they not being used?

(5) There are almost as many men as women, unfortunately, in favour of "sentimental "tosh." The "unchivalrous opposition" is quite as much feminine as masculine.

(6) We never urged women into "economic independence." On the contrary, we warn them against it. It means wage-slavery for themselves, and the workhouse for their brothers.

(7) Wives and mothers who are not satisfied with their personal influence on the decision of husbands and fathers on the subject of children's education, have no resource in law and must turn to politics.

(8) Mr. Lansbury sees less clearly than his own daughter.—Ed. N.A.]

LABOUR AND THE LAWYER.

Sir,—So it has come at last! The Labour Party has its first lawyer Parliamentary candidate. Mr. H. H. Schlosser, it is announced, is to contest in behalf of Labour, as the term is understood by the Labour Party, at York. It was inevitable. On the political field Labour has offered altogether too good a road to pelf and power for professional spell-binders like parsons and lawyers to ignore. Parsonage and salary have been one of the commonplace Labour platforms. Even more frequently than parsons, and with good reason, too, they have been described by the second-hand capitalists. And it is but natural that lawyers should get inside also. Perhaps the road has not been quite so easy for the lawyers as it was for the parsons. Lawyers have a particularly bad name among the workers, earned by service for the old political parties. For years the cunning duplicity, the utter lack of principle, and the domineering attitude of lawyer politicians have been commonplaces on Labour platforms. Even more frequently than parsons, and with good reason, too, they have been described as social revolutionists. "We can preach the class war; he is not fighting for a social revolution. He is a member of the Fabian Society who has wormed himself into official favour by advocating miserable Sidney Webb reformist measures. Of real service to the workers he has given none. Of real understanding of the workers' wants and aspirations—I do not mean what Mr. and Mrs. Webb think the workers want and aspire to—he has shown absolutely none. His is a most flagrant example of a lawyer politician, seeking a career for himself, exploiting the Labour movement for that purpose. The lawyers of France and our Colonies have shown how easily the trick can be done, and behold Mr. Schlosser profiting by their example?

In the whole, it is as if it were true as there are workers with a taste for the game of Parliamentary fooling, it is as well that the game should be properly played. For this the lawyers are essential. A wily, ambitious journalist like J. R. MacNeill is too tame a local preacher like A. Henderson may not be altogether unsuccessful at the game, yet they leave much to be desired. To achieve the quintessence of procrastination, of futile hair-splitting, which is the Parliamentary game, the legal mind is indispensable. And so, "with heads uncovered, swear we in the world has lawyer for the man. But who's to be the lawyer? Will come a candidate for the Parliamentary Labour Party?

OMNIPOTENT PROLETARIAT.

Sir,—I may feel rightly proud on having made an important convert in the person of Mr. Chiozza Money. In one of my series of articles which The New Age recently published, I pointed out how political social democracy and the Labour Party have built their political theories
on a false "truism." They were so certain that the "proletariat" commands a majority of the votes of the country to discuss it would be silly. Years ago, when I first discussed the subject with some of your readers, they looked at me with astonishment, as much as to say, "Is the fellow mad?" Even Mr. Chiozza Money, who is a Radical politician and a statistical authority, was no better informed on that point than the article entitled, "The Sleeping Giant Anatomized" (NEW AGE, February 13), I related how several years ago when I began to discuss with my Socialist friends and acquaintances the question of political power to bring about Socialism. Now, if Mr. Money did arrive at the same conclusion as myself—(which, after giving certain figures, he says he did)—"it follows, therefore, that if a General Election were to take place, say, in this forthcoming June, the number of men in practical possession of the franchise would exceed by nearly seven millions. Five out of seven have no votes.

If the above figures be correct, then, is the use in wasting the hard-earned pennies and shillings of the workers in trying to elect some Socialists to Parliament worth the while? Mr. Money is a Radical politician and a statistical authority, and even Blatchford, Snowden, and Keir Hardie, should take up my arguments and refute them if they are refutable. His reply is worth repeating in this letter:—"A useful point for you to remember is that over the £60 a year line (income line) there are about who own practically all the land and capital of the country, while under that line are thirty-nine million people who have little or no property. It, of course, follows that the proletariat commands the great majority of the votes of the country.

In the "Daily Chronicle" of April 10, Mr. Money publishes an astonishing discovery, namely, that out of every twelve working-men, five are unable for one reason or another to vote. Further on in the article, he says:—"It follows, therefore, that if an industrial reconstruction may proceed more rapidly than some people think possible, it is necessary that the producers should at once link up their interests and begin to form what I may call 'the co-operative distributive' movement.

The questions of administration which remain to be solved are complex because the central federation, which, as an organisation, is to receive from the profits of the present industrial system every penny of value extracted from rent and sleeping capital, must succeed in harmonising many conflicting interests, both great and small. The functions of the central federation of the Guilds would include the following:

1. Receiving all rent, interest, and profits.
2. Controlling large funds, either for fighting purposes (if the present shareholders stand at bay for development i.e., reorganising and enlarging the industrial machines).
3. Supervision of the managements of the industries, each of which would be controlled by the producing partners employed in that industry, subject only to the federation's power of review.
4. Provision of such banking facilities as were required.
5. Co-ordination of marketing and making adjustments to meet substitution.
6. Supervision of accounts (e.g., standardisation of accounts to ensure that each industry adopted the same policy as to depreciation and reserves and distribution of profits).
7. Allocating the huge central funds among (a) fighting fund, (b) industrial and commercial development fund, and (c) annual "share-out" to the members of the Guilds.
8. Prevention of group strikes, and so on.

Making a general survey of these functions, the interesting question which arises is as to the powers of democratic control which it may be possible to entrust to the individual producing partners. Will it be possible to arrange for any more effective forms of control than those which are now vested in the members of the co-operative movement? If so, what will they be, and how will they be worked?—P. J. Reid.

"FINISH."

Sir,—With your permission, perhaps I may be allowed to comment on the controversy between Mr. Ludovici and Mr. Reid on the question of aesthetic decadence, and in my opinion, the quarrel between the latter gentleman and your art critic is an irreconcilable one on account of their apparent divergence from each other in the fundamental issue of good taste, aristocracy versus democracy, or, in terms of art, the pagan school versus the Gothic.

Some of Mr. Green's attacks on Shakespeare, for the navy, and for thirteenth century art, as well as by his contempt for what he is pleased to call the "servile Graeco-Roman style"—i.e., for the glory and loneliness of the classical Renaissance—is shown to be a true romanticist. Of course, he, therefore, dislikes finish. Finish is only found in the work of men who have inherited a long tradition of culture, both from their literary or artistic predecessors and from their personal ancestors. Upstart men of the people, like Burns and Walt Whitman, are always after the next moment, the queer between the old and the new. As for the artistic decadence, Mr. Green, find it nowhere! As far as I can see, the decadence in art has come from the capitulation of the classical style to the romantic movement. Now, the most obvious method of decrying anything is to cause it to be associated in the general mind with decadence, and such is the case with romanticism as compared with classical art. But, in spite of the unsatisfactory nature of the classical position, this attempt is invariably crowned with success, and for a very simple reason. It is only when an aristocratic art is interfered with that it ever becomes completely decadent. If democratic art ever comes to be really popular, it will be because it is not interfered with. Some day the democratic era can occur, and it is only when classical art has lost its spirit and become mere finish that the romanticists can obtain any hearing. The remedy for style
THE PRETENDERS.

Sir,—I hope it is not too late to discuss your account of The Pretenders of March 27. The play is rightly described as "a philosophic drama," but as against Mr. Hope I should hazard the opinion that it is illustrative of and composed in the light of Schopenhauer's "Basis of Morality," which contains the germs of Nietzsche's doctrine of the will.

Modern critics of Christianity and religion in general—seldom remember the relations between egoism and its negation; some imagine that egoism has been lately invented (by Nietzsche or his school) as an antidote to Christianity. The reverse is the case. Egoism is the most ancient motive, from which spring nine-tenths of our actions; historically it does not die away—in Norway or elsewhere, a nation has been sprinkled by holy water. It does not need, although it sometimes obtains, articulate expression. Kallicles in Plato's "Sophist" is an egoistic character; in "Faust" by Goethe, in "The Pretenders," are not inventing apologists for egoism; it was first in the field, and they speak for it against the true inventors, Sozism, Christianity, or any other form of altruism that may seek to invade its sphere. It is thus we must understand Bishop Nicholas. Hear him describing to Skule the picture of the Deluge at Nidaros—the man who built it had been sprinkled by the priest of Thor, had a better footing for an hour than the egoist in excess; "That, Earl, is the saga of wisdom, the saga of Ea, who had the strength, and the craving for life, fulfill your cravings and use your strength... whatever is helpful to you is good—whatever lays stumbling-blocks in your path is evil." It is not the Christian purpose to exalt the pagan egoism, to veil the law of his nature. A century or two earlier, Nicholas would have been the priest of Thor. From this may be seen the carelessness of Nietzsche's dictum, "Diabolic wrong." If I had supposed that the Divine right of kings was a Christian thought, I should have been more tender of, and would not have asserted that "the Bishop's teaching avail to break down the silent opposition exhibited in the play. There is no support for Hakon's surety of the approval of Christianity that had spread over Norway. It is not necessarily due to his Christianity. Sympathy, compassion, altruism, and renunciation are generated by experience out of our nature, not by grace. Christianity knows this, and exploits them for purposes that have not yet gained their final justification. We must wait and see.

WILLIAM HOPPE.

[John Francis Hope replies: I can make nothing of Mr. Hare's letter. I never intended to suggest that "egoism was imported into Norwegian literature as an antidote to Christianity"; although the statement that "'The Pretenders' is a proleptic refutation of Nietzsche's doctrine of the will" is a correct one, I do not suggest that this is not specifically due to his Christianity. Sympathy, compassion, altruism, and renunciation are generated by experience out of our nature, not by grace. Christianity knows this, and exploits them for purposes that have not yet gained their final justification. We must wait and see.

WILLIAM HOPPE.

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