

CONTAINING INDEX, AND A SPECIAL CARTOON.

THE NEW AGE

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART.

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

SOME danger exists lest in the present temporary unpopularity of the House of Commons, the institution of Parliament should be confounded with Mr. Lloyd George and Sir Rufus Isaacs and suffer for their defects. Already, indeed, our modern Bolingbroke has raised the cry that we must restore the power of the Crown and equip it to succeed the House of Commons. But how exactly, even if the plan were clear, it could be carried out our Bolingbroke does not know. Parliament might itself offer resistance to its own supersession; and with all the power in its hands its resistance would be formidable. Again, we do not see as yet the one sure sign of the approaching elevation of political power, which is the elevation of the economic power, of the Crown. The centre of gravity of economics still reposes comfortably with the classes who now control Parliament; and neither the Crown nor the crowd manifests much will to disturb it. Parliament, also, it must be remembered, is regarded by the more ambitious of the working classes as their destined patrimony. Like Moses upon the Promised Land, they look upon the green benches of Westminster and long for the day when they shall be occupied exclusively by their class: and while they thus aspire, the institution of their hopes is safe in their hands. Who could hope to convince the politically-minded working classes that Parliament is corrupt or effete? They are more jealous of its honour, as intending one day to appropriate it, than the most jealous of its present representatives. Mr. Balfour and Mr. Belloc will find many among the middle classes and more among the upper classes to agree with them that Parliament has been ruined by democracy or plutocracy as the case may be; but few among the working classes.

For these latter Parliament, whatever the House of Commons for the moment may be, is still the incarnation of the power, might, majesty and glory of the State.

* * *

In one sense these heirs, as they hope, of the executive power of the State are right in their judgment. We have never, as our readers know, shared the view of the Syndicalists that the State is or can ever be of no account. It is indeed much more, even in its embodied form of Parliament, than a mere conglomerate of functions, being a symbol as well as an organ of national unity. The House of Commons may, it is true, from time to time, obscure this symbol of national unity and leave us to conclude that Parliament itself is nothing but an organ of class dominance; but that is the fault of the House of Commons in particular, and the remedy lies in purging the House of Commons and not in decrying Parliament in general. From even the most pessimistic point of view Parliament is at this moment the only representative we possess of the "better self" of the nation as well as the organ of the middle classes. The hope of improving matters is therefore in the endeavour to cleanse the House of Commons of its class character—which constitutes an invasion of national rights in Parliament—and to emphasise once more the aspect of Parliament as the better self of the nation.

* * *

From this point of view we can not only continue with a good conscience the criticism of the House of Commons as a national organ unfortunately captured from us and wrested to their sectarian purposes by a single class; but we can erect a standard by which to judge its particular acts. There are obviously defects in the House of Commons, but these, we contend, are almost entirely personal. In other words, the defects of the House of Commons consist in persons and in nothing more. Once clear the House of the handful of personalities now in unfortunate possession, and it will return of its own accord, as it were, to its office of executing the national will. Who are these persons and why are they at once objectionable and in possession? For the moment we can name, as our readers will guess, Mr. Lloyd George and Sir Rufus Isaacs in particular; but we should be magnifying their talents in confining our list to them. The truth is that at the present time all the dominant personalities of the House of Commons are of a character less national than class, and, we might almost add, less class than private. And they reveal it both in their conduct as statesmen and as men. The Marconi affair has allowed us to see in a peculiarly strong light, what, perhaps without it

we should never have realised in our generation, that the House of Commons for some years has been drifting further and further away from its ideal purpose; with this astonishing result, as we now see it, that the professed representatives of the nation, who should be as sensitive as conscience to the moral sentiments of the people, openly ignore and almost boast that they ignore the weightiest opinions of the community. We confess that the signs of this are to us much the most serious elements in the Marconi affair. For a foolish flutter in shares, had it been followed by a frank confession and apology, we could have found excuses; but nothing can excuse in representatives of the nation a flutter followed by concealment, evasion, and, finally, by brazen admission. That this attitude, so un-English, so anti-national, so opposed to the better self of the nation, should nevertheless be accepted by the House of Commons as tolerable is a proof of how far from its intention that House has fallen and of the extent to which it must be lifted to restore it to its old place. We hesitate to admit that good may come out of evil, for it was the sophism on which, it appears, the world was founded. The resignation of the two Ministers concerned and their retirement to private life would, however, we believe, compensate the nation for the scandal we have endured; and, to use an old Dutch ceremony, we may say that the nation has placed staff and shoes at their doors in readiness.

* * *

As a criterion of the distinction between the House of Commons as the organ of the nation and the House of Commons as the organ of a class, the analysis of Swift, perhaps the greatest intellect that ever wrote English, may be recalled. As the organ of the nation Parliament, in Swift's judgment, was the executive of the "universal bent and current of the people." What permanently satisfied the sentiments of justice of a people, that was, for Swift, the true legislation and work of national Parliament. The work of faction, on the other hand, or of class as we now call it, was characterised by a partial satisfaction, by the satisfaction, not of the bulk of the nation, but of one particular section at the expense of the general body. It must be admitted that our present Parliament is rich in illustrations of the second, as public life, in spite of it, is rich in illustrations of the first. Indeed, factious, in Swift's sense, as the House of Commons at the present moment is, it is still, as we have said, the only representative of the permanent self of the community, and thus, even against its will and against the grain of many of its members, the House of Commons is compelled to mingle with its class legislation legislation that is national and not sectarian. Of these two types of legislation, the national and the sectarian, the past few weeks have, as it happens, provided examples. The decision of Parliament—for that is what the recent debate amounts to—to maintain the Censorship of the Drama is what with no hesitation we regard as a national duty. Undoubtedly the universal bent and current of the English people is towards decorum in public life and particularly towards decorum in art. By what instincts the nation realises that art influences life, and that, as Aristotle says, from the seeing and saying of evil things it is but a step to the doing of them, we will not now inquire. Certainly there are few signs that our public appreciates art in any degree. But that, by some sense or other, the nation has discerned the peril of an unlicensed Drama is clear in the decision of Parliament and in the absence of any protest of any value against that decision. We may just remark that far from degrading Drama by this means, Drama is actually honoured by it. The establishment of a Censorship involves a kind of homage to the power of the stage and a recognition of its duties as well as of its rights. No dramatist, we believe, would wish to break the bounds set fairly by the nation for its own soul; and no dramatist who has ever been censored has in our opinion deserved anything else.

We find no fault either with the attitude of the Government towards the project of a National Theatre. If we understand the matter rightly, the reply of the Government to the petitioners for a National Theatre is to advise them to create one. That undoubtedly, in our view, is the national reply, and we care not whether it came through Mr. Ellis Griffiths or any other insignificant person. The view taken by the Government (which, by the way, is less devoted than many of its supporters to the substitution of the State for the Nation) is that a National Theatre must either be the creation of the nation or simply a department of the Civil Service. As nobody desires the latter, the former is obligatory on the nation itself, and the lead must necessarily be left to private persons backed by public zeal. In a phrase that has been laughed at and misunderstood Mr. Ellis Griffiths did, in fact, suggest that this was the proper order of procedure. The Committee, he said, should proceed to erect their theatre and endow it; and the State would then come in and "crown it." That is precisely what, in our opinion, is the right course for both parties. A theatre initiated and financed by the State could not fail to become, as we have said, a department of Government, run by officials and, in the end, abandoned to them. Where would be the freedom of the artists, the freedom of the dramatists, the freedom even of critics, if the National Theatre were the engine of State it would certainly become under State endowment? A theatre, however, built up by the nation, controlled on national lines by artists full of national spirit, would be a very different affair. A National Theatre, as anyone can realise, is as different from a State Theatre as the institution of Christmas, say, is different from the statutory Bank-holidays. To deserve to be crowned by the State would indeed be the highest honour to which a National Theatre could aspire; but to receive a crown before the nation had created a theatre to be crowned would be to condemn the theatre to an official career to the end of its days.

* * *

Another matter on which it appears to us that Parliament has so far conducted itself nationally is Women's Suffrage. It is true, as we reported last week, that steps are being clandestinely taken to prepare the way for a Suffrage Bill; but we hope and believe that these will be retraced before the Bill is brought on. Of Women's Suffrage we may fairly say that England thinks what Ulster thinks of Home Rule: we will not have it! There is no arguing the matter that we can see, for arguments are ignored on the one side as obstinately as they have been pressed on the other. To this day no advocate of the Suffrage has attempted to meet our case with reason, but, on the contrary, they have flown to force as if they were aware that reason would fail them. The issue is therefore now fairly joined on prejudice and on prejudice alone; and between the prejudice of a few distraught women and the prejudice of a whole nation nobody can doubt the result of a contest. It is significant, too, that in no sense whatever is Women's Suffrage a national movement or even the movement of a class, or even, still more notably, the movement of a permanent section of the nation. If it contained the germ of a national aspiration and could ultimately be reconciled with the universal bent and current of the people; if it were the voice of a class newly rising to self-conscious power and pecking at its shell to become free; if, even, it were the settled opinion of an element in the nation which had always been there and which we were simply called upon at last to recognise; then there would be some ground for believing that women's suffrage would ultimately succeed in establishing itself. But no one of these conditions is fulfilled or can claim before the law of reason to be fulfilled, in the movement we know. On the contrary, the movement of Women's Suffrage suffers from these defects and is, in addition, not even a matter of indifference with the nation at large. We do not simply smile upon women's vain endeavours to

become what Nature has not made them—political creatures; we do not simply rest secure in the knowledge that women will never enter politics or only so to find men fled; the nation positively, actively, and heartily loathes the notion of the political “emancipation” of women, and rather than admit it, would, when reason fails, oppose it with force. We do not gather that the women’s advocates have yet drawn the true conclusion from the nation’s approval, or, at least, acquiescence in, the terrible methods of Mr. McKenna. Forcible feeding, imprisonment of the subject without conviction, the prohibition of free speech—all these powers are accorded to Mr. McKenna with all their dangers in such hands to English liberties on the one condition that by their means he will suppress the anarchy of the militant women. There is no mistaking, we should have thought, the meaning of this; and even if the women do not learn the lesson we hope that politicians about to dally with the Suffrage Bill may. It is this, that the enfranchisement of women is contrary to the universal bent and current of our nation, and a Commons Bill to bring it in would be an act of treason to Parliament and the better self of the nation.

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Of the sectarian acts of the House of Commons it is unnecessary to write at length. No reader of THE NEW AGE is unaware of what they are or of the signs by which they may be recognised. A consideration more immediately profitable is how they may be opposed. The claim of democracy is that the House of Commons shall itself cease to be the organ of any one class of the nation. That, we believe, is the alpha and omega of Democracy which we would maintain as readily against the working classes if they sought to establish the exclusive power of their class, as against the aristocracy or the middle classes. The purging of the House of Commons of those Members whose interests are personal or class and whose last thoughts are of the nation is, in our judgment, the first duty of Democrats. Close upon it comes the duty of clearing out from the Commons the delegates of “interests,” whether of Capital or of Labour. The Labour Party, we observe, make a great fuss of their discovery that seventy-seven railway directors, sixty-four assurance directors and the Lord knows how many other directors sit in Parliament for the main purpose of their profiteering business; and well enough the Labour Party may complain. It is the most manifest contradiction of the spirit of Parliament to consign the control of its executive organ to men secretly devoted to their private gods. Against what other form of heresy, blasphemy and idolatry did the ancient prophets inveigh in the days when Israel professed the worship of the national God of Israel? We certainly endorse the judgment of the Labour Party on those Members of Parliament who sit in our national councils and devise profit for themselves. But what can be said of the profiteers may with equal truth be said of the wage-labourers, as such, in Parliament. They, too, have as little right, place, dignity, or value in the House of Commons as their employers. It is idle to pretend that their greater needs entitle them to indulgence when the lesser needs of the capitalists are contrasted with them. The place for wages as for profits is outside Parliament, outside the councils of the nation as a nation; and in our view the forty Labour Members who sit at Westminster are as much to blame for the conversion of the Commons into a class and sectarian organ as the railway and other directors who sit beside them. Clear the House, if we can, of the tipsters, sharps and flats, the profiteers and the men on the make; but let us clear it also of the delegates of the wage-slaves who, in proportion as they serve their class, betray the purpose of Parliament.

* * *

But suppose, as appears likely, that these counsels of perfection are ignored. Parliament in a material sense is omnipotent. It can do what it pleases. We

have, to quote Burke again, confided to Parliament the most extravagant powers, powers of the military, powers of police, and the power of money, and reserved to ourselves only one weapon, namely, opinion. For force, it is clear, we have not reserved. What unorganised mob, however numerous, could stand against machine guns? As our national weapons of defence have become perfected their employment against ourselves has become possible in the same proportion. We are, in short, as powerless in the face of our rulers as our enemies are. If then our rulers will not listen to popular reason, if they continue to rely upon their strength, upon the weapons we have entrusted to them for our defence, the only alternative to submission is the discovery of a new weapon which shall be neither opinion nor force. Herein, if we are not mistaken, lies the political, and not alone the economic, value of the general strike. In economics we contend that the preparation of a general strike is in itself the most powerful weapon the working-classes can employ. It is, in our opinion, a discovery in proletarian economy of as great a value as the discovery of gunpowder in mediæval society. By this weapon, rightly fashioned, rarely used, but always used to an intelligent and far-reaching purpose (for it would be criminal to employ it merely to raise wages), the wage-earners, we believe, may one day achieve economic emancipation. But the example of Belgium has proved that the general strike may be equally efficacious in the political sphere. The “New Statesman,” after much beating about the bush, has come to the same conclusion. “The general strike,” it says, “is the natural rejoinder to any attempt on the part of the State to go back on democracy.” It is, indeed, more even than that: it is the sole weapon, after opinion has failed, that democracy can employ against a modern and machine-equipped oligarchy. Whether we shall be compelled to employ it against the House of Commons in England, or whether, when the need arises, the nation will have the spirit to employ it, are questions that nobody can answer. The signs, for the present, are ominous, both of the approaching need and of the failure to respond.

Diana.

HAIL Diana! Men of Freedom,
In the zenith of thine hour;
Stern Idea, knelt before thee,
Saw in thee their maiden dower.

Hail, Diana! They were mortal;
Thou art their eternal good,
Haunting now memorial forests
With thine own immortal brood.

We, Diana, bow before thee,
Virgin of the Heart of Man!
The unconquered, unforgetting
Remnant of thine ancient clan.

Roam again with thy bright arrows
Through an unbelieving world,
Huntress of the flying evil!
To the heart thy darts are hurled.

Ah, be gracious! We had lost thee
In the tumult of our day,
In the arid plains of warfare,
On the dusty, full highway.

Yet again the forests call us!
Yet again the dew is sweet!
We have seen thee, rathe Diana,
Spirit of the flying feet.

ROEN.

Current Cant.

(China please note.)

"The Sermon on the Mount is not intended for the world at large."—REV. EVERARD DIGBY.

"The supposed materialism of a soulless age is very generally ascribed by those who believe in it to the shrivelling influence of the accumulation of wealth. . . . Faith is neither dead nor dying, and religious feeling is not weaker but stronger. . . . Idealism triumphs still."—*"Daily Express."*

"England has had such a high ideal hitherto, and has done so much to civilise the world. It is imperative, therefore, that every possible effort should be made to stem the horrible stream of Socialism which is flowing all over the country."—JULIA, MARCHIONESS OF TWEEDDALE.

"Once more the King is coming into the closest touch with the toiling masses of his subjects, and receiving a welcome such as only the trusted Sovereign of a free people can hope to enjoy."—*"Pall Mall Gazette."*

"In Royal eyes, as well as those of all right-thinking people, everything that tends to raise the standard of health, comfort, and intelligence in the busy centres of national industry is not less important than the quality or quantity of the saleable output."—*"The Standard."*

"The crown is the one feature of our Government which, by its permanence and aloofness from the passions, shams, and deceits of Party life commands not only respect but affection. Without the Crown our system of Government would lose its appeal to the deepest sentiments in the human breast; it would lose all glamour of poetry and sentiment, and would become a thing prosaic, debased, and dull. . . ."—*"Morning Post."*

"How many hours a week should an engaged couple spend in the company of each other?"—*"Daily Mirror."*

"What the modern woman wants is, as yet, too subtle a thing to be put into words."—HOLBROOK JACKSON.

"With another Education Bill in near prospect, nothing could have been more timely than the speeches made by Cardinal Bourne and the Archbishop of Liverpool."—*"The Tablet."*

"Despite all that has been done in technical education, the curriculum is still far too literary."—*"Cardiff Times."*

"The West End of London has been cleansed in a very remarkable manner during the last few years, much to the satisfaction of retail traders, especially those whose shops are in Regent Street."—*"The World."*

"Then, as the tall figure of Mr. F. E. Smith rises to its full height, and those half-sleepy eyes take in comprehensively the benches before them, you can sense the feeling out of the mental atmosphere—that measuring of brain against brain. . . . The words come slowly at first, but soon a stream—a carefully directed stream—of words is pouring out from the mobile lips. He is a darling of the gods, and may yet attain—perhaps within a decade—the leadership of his party, and ultimately—who knows?—the highest position open to an Englishman—with his hand upon the helm of State itself."—*"London Life."*

"To-morrow Christian Churches throughout the world will unite in responding to the call for prayer issued a few days ago by the Chinese Government."—*"The Globe."*

CURRENT CHRISTIAN.

"I have very little sympathy for the modern cry against capital."—REV. DR. LEN. G. BROUGHTEN.

CURRENT COMMERCIALISM.

"Mr. William Le Queux has recently entered into an agreement with Mr. John Long to specially write for him several novels."—*"T.P.'s Weekly."*

"Letters to sick children, specially written, 2s. 6d. each; or two a week during illness, 4s.—STELLA."—Advt. in *"T.P.'s Weekly."*

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

It is almost always a pity for a dramatic incident to be spoilt by a mere fact. But there have been plenty of dramatic incidents throughout the Balkan war, and if I throw cold water on one that was not at all dramatic I may perhaps be forgiven. The short and sharp truth, then: Scutari was not captured in the sense that Adrianople was captured. There was no wild rush with the bayonet, no flinging of overcoats on barbed-wire entanglements, no desperate hand-to-hand fighting. It is not merely that Essad Pasha stipulated that his troops should be allowed to march out with the honours of war, taking with them several of their lighter guns; in addition, up to April 26 he and his men had not even left the town, although a squadron or two of Montenegrin troops had made a formal entry. The reason was that things looked serious. The townspeople threatened riots, pillage, and massacre, and it was thought advisable that the original Turkish garrison should remain for a few days longer in the positions which, in earlier stages of the war, they had so well defended. And, besides, Essad wanted his men and guns to justify his claims to Albania, an "arrangement" with the Montenegrins having been made.

In fact, Scutari would still be holding out, despite the arrangement with King Nicholas, if definite instructions for its surrender had not been conveyed in cipher by the Turkish Government to Essad Pasha through the staff of the Montenegrin General Vukotitch. It was clear enough that the town was lost to Turkey whatever happened; whether it went to Montenegro or to Albania, the Porte could not expect to retain possession. But its surrender has had the effect hopefully looked forward to by Mahmud Shefket Pasha, that is, it has placed the Powers in a very awkward situation from which, at the time I write, they have not the least notion how they are going to extricate themselves. Austria waived Djakova in return for Russia's waiving Scutari; everyone agreed that Scutari should become Albanian. It has now been surrendered to King Nicholas, who has announced that he proposes to take up his residence there and to make Scutari his official capital. Austrian public opinion is correspondingly exasperated; for thousands of reservists have been under arms for several weeks, and trade has suffered enormously.

Although the Montenegrins did not, in the end, succeed in taking Scutari, there is no doubt that the fighting has been heavy and the bravery displayed on both sides remarkable. Out of their field army of less than 50,000 men the Montenegrins have lost 15,000 in killed alone, and probably every Montenegrin man living can show a wound. In such circumstances, it is little wonder that King Nicholas and his ministers should refuse monetary compensation for Scutari and show unwillingness to listen to offers of territorial compensation. They had all set their hearts on Scutari, and now they have Scutari; and they have not lost any time in entrenching themselves on Tarabosh.

The whole question is: If King Nicholas refuses to evacuate, who shall turn him out? Admiral Burney definitely refused to land 1,500 or 2,000 men from the international fleet, for, as he pointed out truly enough, if such a small force tried to march on Scutari (even, to use the official Austrian expression, "as a symbol") the 30,000 remaining Montenegrin troops would, in their present frame of mind, soon make short work of them. The blockade of the small strip of Montenegrin coast, the seizure of the King's yacht, humourously described as the Montenegrin navy, the presence of foreign warships in the Adriatic, these are irritating features; but not of themselves sufficient to drive King Nicholas from Scutari. It seems clear that some more efficacious steps will have to be taken.

As I write, the view of the diplomatic world is this. It is suggested—the suggestion came from Vienna in the first place—that nothing should be done for a week or so. By then it is hoped that King Nicholas may see

that he cannot possibly be allowed to retain Scutari; his Ministers and soldiers may have cooled down a little, and both Government and people may be more ready to listen to an offer of territorial compensation in the neighbourhood of Lake Scutari, supplemented by a loan of £1,200,000. True, these terms have been sharply rejected already; but time, it is urged, will have some effect on the impetuous mountaineers.

No doubt a loan of more than a million sterling, plus territorial compensation, would be of great benefit to Montenegro and would be a sufficient justification for the war. But we are not dealing with a nation where money counts for a great deal, but with a nation which is more ideally democratic than any imagined by Professor Hobhouse. The King and his humblest subjects have been looking forward to the possession of Scutari since they have had intelligence enough to look forward to anything. Nothing else interests them. They threaten to fight, and they sincerely mean to fight, before they are turned out.

We must not forget that intriguing is going on in Servia with the aim of forcing, or inducing King Nicholas to fall in with the Austrian view, the result being, the plotters think, to discredit the King and his family, compel his abdication, and make Montenegro a province of Servia. This plan, semi-official denials notwithstanding, is in favour at the Belgrade Court; but it certainly does not meet with the approval of the Servian people, or of the political parties generally. As Austria is supporting the intrigue, however, I feel it necessary to mention it.

The remedy? It is not yet too late for Austria to climb down gracefully and with dignity. A word from Vienna to the effect that, in view of the Montenegrin heroism, the Government had decided to waive its claim to the incorporation of Scutari in Albania, would bring about an excellent feeling not merely in the Balkan States, but in Russia, and, what is of even greater importance to the Austrian Government, in those Slav provinces which form part of the Dual Monarchy. This plan is favoured, not indeed in diplomatic circles, which are the last to realise the influence of human emotions that govern the actions of men, but in all other "circles" worth talking about. France has privately stated, through M. Cambon at the last two Ambassadors' meetings, that she will not take part in a demonstration against King Nicholas except under great compulsion. The public opinion of England, in so far as the average Englishman has been able to spare a moment from the numerous recent cup matches to take an interest in the affair at all, is in favour of Montenegro. This is so well realised in the Cabinet that Sir Edward Grey, who, as Foreign Minister, naturally took part in the meetings of the Ambassadors here, has been supplanted recently by Mr. Asquith. The change is significant. Sir Edward Grey is an unemotional diplomatist, and his view is that the original arrangement should be carried out: Montenegro should be compelled to bow to the wishes of the Powers, etc., etc. Mr. Asquith, thinking more about French and English public opinion, does not share the ideas of his Foreign Minister on this point.

As Mr. Chesterton says, we should now speak of Krupption and not of corruption. The phrase is a happy one, though it is hardly likely to be very effective. The best way to combat Krupps is to subsidise Schneiders. No doubt we all remember the story of the Spanish gun contract, which was awarded to the French firm, and the wild Press campaign undertaken by the Krupp trust to prove that the French guns were hardly worth even their price as old metal. Krupps themselves admit that they pay away certain gratuities; and that is no doubt reprehensible. The point is that, whether Messrs. Krupp bribe or not, the German army will go on increasing, so that they might as well save their money—always assuming that they bribe for the mere purpose of securing more orders from Germany, which is not the case.

Economic Independence.

The Point of View.

By Frances H. Low.

It was a most satisfactory meeting. Lady McGuffey, the chief speaker, her "Chair," and her devoted Secretary, an elderly-ish young woman whom Lady McGuffey's overpowering personality somewhat crushed, to say nothing of the crowd of fashionable ladies in velvets and sables, and so forth, were unanimous on this point. It was a wonderful meeting, and Lady McGuffey's handling of that "interesting" subject "Economic Independence for Women" was simply splendid. The audience were almost entirely ladies—there were one or two male suffragettes who were always included in the "ladies"—and there was Professor Jumble, the great economic expert and, so his dear men friends say, the biggest snob in London. Lady McGuffey, as every reader of the "Daily Mail" knows, is the "creator" of the famous "Declaration of Rights for Women," the piece de resistance of which is that as "Woman" is the "more conscientious" sex, the "more thrifty" sex, the "more right-minded" sex, in a word the nobler sex, the proposal is that *She* and not a mere male, should be henceforth the "Head of the Household." The important point is that with this headship goes the control of the moneybags. The husband will be given a weekly, a small weekly, allowance. Unfortunately not even Lady McGuffey's own particular brand of Suffragettism has accepted this slightly topsy-turvy programme. It is the one cross in the life of Lady McGuffey. She is a large rosy-faced person. Having all her life been either an actual heiress or a prospective one, she has always been surrounded by flatterers and admirers, and her "lines" having always laid in the most delightful and agreeable places, having in addition to vast wealth, a splendid social position and, through her uncle, political power; having married her two young daughters to the eldest sons of Cabinet Ministers, and 'placed' her four young sons and sons-in-law in Parliament; having, in short, every mortal thing that can make a woman's sojourn here on earth an immense success, and knowing nothing of the conditions and lives under which go per cent. of humanity sweats, endures, exists, and goes out, Lady McGuffey has kindly and condescendingly constituted herself the Generalissimo, Mentor in Chief, Deus-ex-machina, and so forth of her suffering sisters, the struggle-for-lifers. Between them and herself, her ladyship is in the habit of saying at meetings such as this, there is the twin bond of sympathy—the sympathy of womanhood, indescribable in Lady McGuffey's handling of that word—and the sympathy created by "both being workers." "I claim to be a worker," she is saying, and she is referring in her muddled mind to the fact that she has the habit, the pernicious habit of acting as "Chair" on those nights in the week when she is not acting as principal orator. "It is intensely gratifying," she says, "to look round upon this assemblage of workers and know that from Lady Victoria Toodles, whose 'noble endeavour' in the judging of poodles"—as each of the sable-clad ladies has some sort of "dog" in her muff or handbag, a sympathetic murmur is heard, whether from dogs or owners I know not, but it appears to encourage her ladyship, for with gathering fervour she adds—"down to my little typist friend over there (which was no actual typist honoured by her ladyship's acquaintance but a mere figure of speech) all are impelled, I may say [panting] towards one end, or rather two, The Vote and the Cheque book (loud applause). So long as woman has no vote and no cheque book (shame) or, equally degrading, a few shillings doled out to her by some man, very likely her husband, so long will she be that creeping, crawling thing, a woman in economic subjection. (Shame). You may well say 'shame.' And yet there have been genera-

tions of women who took up this grovelling door-mat attitude and were apparently delighted to do so. (Lady McGuffey paused for the roar of laughter that always followed this brilliant example of her wit.)

"Now there are three ways in which a woman can secure a cheque-book. By inheritance—the most dignified method of all, if I may be allowed to say so (as Lady McGuffey has inherited half a million from her grandfather she is an authority). Then you may be a 'parasite' and get it from your husband; and finally there is the grand and noble and modern method of going into the world, standing shoulder to shoulder with man, fighting him if need be (great laughter), and winning your own cheque-book (deafening applause). ALL THE WOMEN WHO WENT BEFORE WERE PARASITES.

"I mentioned the word 'parasite.' You, my dear friends, not having lived in early Victorian days (great amusement) have probably never met the interesting creature, now, thank Heaven, nearly extinct. A 'parasite' did not mind having her money given out to her by Man—her father or brother, or even worse, her husband." (Lady McGuffey waited, complacently beaming, for the roar or rather piping of laughter which came from the female throats. . . .)

At the moment when her ladyship was taking up the thread of her discourse, a "Voice," a sarcastic voice, was heard to say, "Why should it be noble and divine to take money from a dead man, father or husband, and degrading and shameful to take money from a living one?" Every head was turned in the direction of the "voice," which apparently proceeded from some one of a group of shabby women, clearly by their tired, jaded faces, *real* workers, belonging, it was perfectly obvious, to a different class of "worker" than that containing fashionable ladies wearing costly furs. The girl who had spoken had too pale and thin a face to entitle her to good looks, but she had magnificent deeply brown eyes, and there was something in her face and that of her two companions lacking from the comfortable women round her.

Lady McGuffey's "Chair" rose in great wrath. For her part, she could not see the point of the interrupter's remark. (Loud hear, hears.) She was sure she represented the sentiment of that meeting when she expressed her yearning to know something more of the "parasite."

Her ladyship, greatly amused:

"Well, she was very 'great' at 'clinging,' otherwise throttling, the male who 'supported' her. Why he should support her, because she had entered into matrimonial arrangements with him history does not tell us. What were her other wonderful achievements, to which she devoted her life?—Why, preparing a tasty little supper for the pampered being who went to the city seeking 'adventure' every day, whilst jealously shutting her up in the four walls of the 'Home.' Is it any wonder that her most illuminating conversation turned on darling baby's first teeth; nor was it her second, and so on. Contrast that intellectual, stimulating conversation, dear friends, with the splendid wide, swelling tide of talk which we women are proud to range over to-day. . . ." A feminine Voice (younger, fresher, with a timbre that suggested Ireland): "It is a misfortune you are not drowned in it." (Sh-shs in shocked tones from all over the room.) "Contrast that stunted creature with her 'baby's first tooth' talk and interests and the woman of to-day as splendidly, grandly independent as the man is. 'I ask no quarter,' is her cry, 'no favour.' Give me but equal opportunity, a fair field and justice! Banish for ever your exploded myth of 'chivalry.' And then see to what heights I rise! Of soils and dust and kicks I take no more account than you do, my good man. Here I am doing the work of the world, and you shall not drive me back to the stupid, dull, dreary existence within 'four walls.' I declare when I think of that wonderful feature of our own day, THE BACHELOR WOMAN (deafening cheers, and with exquisite appropriateness one Suffragette sings, "For she's a jolly

good fellow," etc., sternly suppressed by "Chair"), when I see her going home after her honoured labours with that glorious badge of her freedom, her cunning little latch-key; when I contemplate the thousands and thousands of these bachelor girls—clerks, teachers, doctors, artists—taking their share in the grand work of the world, standing alone, needing no man to prop them up, I declare I cannot contain my joy, my admiration and I must say my envy. Were I but forty years younger, there would be no more stout bachelor girl (sarcastic laughter from shabby corner)—I mean stouthearted—than myself!" Wild, uncontrolled applause. "Chair" nows calls on Professor Jumble, the great authority, to say a few words. On his way to the platform, to his great anger, Professor Jumble is button-holed by a woman, neither young nor fair nor well dressed—and this class of woman's "emancipation" fails to interest Professor Jumble.

"Well," he says impatiently.

"Professor Jumble," says the elder of the three shabby women, speaking with emotion, "I hope you at least will have the courage to speak the truth about the subsidised woman, the rich woman who takes the bread out of our mouths, the married woman——"

"Tut-tut; this is very ill chosen, madam. You are introducing extraneous matters," Professor Jumble says testily, proceeding without more ado to the platform, where he indulged in the usual "gush" about "the women" and "their advancement."

As Professor Jumble's remarks don't interest us, we will follow our three shabby women home to the elder one's lodgings in Gray's Inn Road. As they passed through a little waiting-room, two elegant, radiant young ladies, impatiently waiting for someone, asked:

"Is this old meeting over?" and then, one charmingly pretty, said, "We are waiting for my mother, Lady McGuffey, do you know if she will soon drag herself away from these stuffy old fogies?"

A grim smile was on the face of the woman who had asked Lady McGuffey the bold question about "inheritance" from a dead father. "Isn't it strange," she said to her companion. "Here is Lady McGuffey envying the woman wage-earner. Yet she takes good care that her own young daughters are not thrown on to the world to 'fight men.' She gives them the ordinary, delightful life of society girls."

"Old hypocrite," said the third girl, the one with the Irish brogue, a still pretty young creature with soft eyes, red-brown hair, and a complexion that did not exhibit the ravages of the worry, anxiety, sleepless nights and so forth, so plainly visible upon her companion's face.

"She ought to be boiled in oil," she added vindictively, for being unsophisticated she still considered nothing of so great importance as the truth.

They were crossing the crowded Charing Cross Road; for a moment there was silence. Then the elder of the three, a woman of perhaps forty, with a finely cut and most sad face, said:—

"No, Jenny, I don't think she's a hypocrite, only densely stupid and ignorant."

"Apparently," said the girl with the sombre tragic eyes, sharply, "the principal qualifications for instructing others in what is wholly misleading and mischievous are the twin ones of ignorance and stupidity. May we come in for a moment, Mary? I'll have to take my stuff down to Fleet Street. What are you doing, Jenny?"

"I'll come in too, if I may."

"Yes, do," said the elder in a slightly embarrassed way, "only I've no fire, and I don't believe a bit to eat. However, we can have a cup of tea."

They wearily ascended the countless grey and extremely dirty stone steps leading to Mary's little flat of two tiny rooms at the top. It was a bitterly cold night. Mary inserted her key.

"Behold the exquisite, the entrancing joy of the bachelor woman as she inserts her own key in her own lock," cried Jenny mockingly.

Mary (drily), "To find no fire, her flat like an ice-

chamber, to be dead weary, and before she can have a spark of warmth or a drop of tea, she—she must find her matches, boil her kettle, if her frozen fingers can touch a stove. Isn't it a joyous and glorious return home, dear girls?"

The little sitting room was not only chilly, but had that desolate look that every woman who lives alone well knows.

Miss Jenny had not been long enough a wage-earner to be habitually depressed. She exclaimed merrily:—

"I am 'economically independent' to the extent of 5s. I'll go, and like Billy Pitt after Seringapatam, buy some tarts. You girls get on with the kettle."

Tony of the tragic eyes—a journalist who had experienced the exquisite joy of latchkey since she was seventeen, knew after thirteen years of grim struggle, a side of life of which, perhaps fortunately, comfortable Lady McGuffey knew nothing. She stood for a moment still and motionless. The dreariness, the loneliness, the constant struggle to keep a roof over her head and gain bread, the haunting terror of illness, never very far from the penniless woman wage-earner, rose before her in an eternal vista. Sleep, work, food, these constituted the main business of her life and that of countless others. She shivered. Looking up she noticed that a beautiful grandfather's clock had disappeared, likewise a fine edition of Ruskin.

"Heard of anything?" she said suddenly.

"No," was the elder's reply, "nor ever shall. Tony, whilst Jen is gone I've a fancy for giving you the facts. You may be able to do some good and stem this horrible, appalling struggle-for-life by us women. Put it down." She walked restlessly about the room. "Say that though a girl can make a pound a week at twenty easily, she ought not to be thus early thrust on the world. It means as a rule employment by a man—a strange man who pays one wages, absolutely conditions one's life, and at a week's or month's notice can fling one on to the scrap-heap.

"There is no 'equality' between man and woman.

"What does such a woman as Lady McGuffey know of the humble, obscure, self-dependent woman who works side by side with a man, and so soon as her first vigorous youth is passed must appeal to and claim a man's chivalry.

"An exploded myth! Why, it is as real and potent and divine a fact as life itself, though the Feminists have done their best to kill it. These women! (the speaker's voice, how it shook with the passion of intense emotion!) they come from their well-to-do homes, and sit at their smart clubs, and debate with one another upon the delights of economic independence.

"And they know no more of our lives than the Czar of Russia. And they paint this lonely, harassed life with woman's holiest instincts suppressed, as ideal, 'to be envied.'

"Let Lady McGuffey try and picture to herself the very ordinary, I was going to say inevitable situation, of health failing, and any woman who leads this harassing life for fifteen years must fail in some way. I know any specialist will confirm me. Her eyes go wrong. She does 'art work' for a precarious £2 a week, and has too much strained them. Or the slight deafness with which she begun has increased owing to the strain of miscellaneous reporting and during the hand-to-mouth life led by scores of journalists (owing to the enormous over-supply of well-off women to a great extent) many and many a guinea that ought to have gone for food has gone to the doctor, though I will bear my testimony to the disinterested and generous and noble goodness of most doctors to real wage-earning women. Over and over again specialists have treated me and declined to take a penny. But they do not understand when they say you must rest a few weeks the doom it sounds to the wage-earner. When your malady is sufficiently bad you do rest. You are informed a substitute teacher or clerk can be obtained at your expense. Even more likely if the breakdown occurs twice you are given your congé. I would Lady McGuffey could for once be brought face to face

with life's tragedy by a transformation into the forty year old woman clerk given a month's notice and salary. Offer to be re-engaged; otherwise cheaper clerks needed. Or the new head mistress is a smart young person who 'doesn't believe' in assistant teachers over thirty. The teacher of forty is 'shelved.' The forty year old clerk out of work!

"Tony, do you know what it is to be ailing and in arrears with rent for your furnished room? Your landlady comes up. 'I hope, Miss, you will settle up, and if you are going to be ill I must give you notice. I haven't time to nurse myself, let alone my lodgers.' You settle up and go. Perhaps you still have another £5 of the £100 you had laboriously saved. It stands between you and the depths. You go without food that day though you treat yourself to a cup of tea.

"You answer advertisements. Gradually after repeated experience, you know you never will get work in an office again, though you may be a skilled clerk. Who wants the woman of forty? You hang on—you get a little 'literary' work—or you go as a housekeeper-help, when you possibly break down again, not having been used to hard manual work, and being also ailing to start with. You see into the future. What a future! Perhaps two or three dear friends still come and cheer you up. Are you to go on working till you drop? Yes, unless you have the supreme good fortune to meet a man who will comfort and protect you and work for you, and may be even love you."

How shockingly "parasitical"! But as Lady McGuffey remarked what an amazing number of women working are marrying at a somewhat mature age—35, 40, and even later. If this real grim struggle-for-life is so alluring, will she tell me why every woman over 35 would thankfully escape from it! Does Lady McGuffey know *one* woman who from the age of 17 till death releases her, absolutely supports herself, pays for shelter, bread, clothes, care in sickness and old age. Or are her friends, as "Punch" said, in some noble and impressive line on "Breadwinners and Breadsnatchers," playing at work?

"Is not the most awful thing in our modern life that well-to-do women are 'squeezing out' their penniless bread-hungry sisters?"

The speaker's face quivered with a dreadful look. Jenny had entered silently. Her frightened face caused Mary to say harshly, "Oh, forgive me, Jenny. Thank Heaven there's every hope you will be a 'parasite.' Don't you worry about me——" Her restless, nervous air suddenly vanished and she said dreamily,

"Who knows how soon it will be rest and peace?"

"Why," asked Jenny eagerly, for she did not really know the other's circumstances. "Have you something nice in prospect?"

"Come," said Mary evasively with a strange, strange smile, "what *could* be nicer in prospect and reality than scrumptious buns?"

THE DILEMMA.

THE parson with a glib and oily drawl
Was wheedling God to leave him fit to crawl.
He whined the Litany with abject pride,
And in his wake the righteous puked and cried.
But suddenly, enthroned upon some perch,
A bird began to warble in the church.
Above the tuneless roundelay of wails
It trilled its crystal rhapsody of scales.
Flitting from beam to beam, it chirped and sang,
And with its notes the dusty rafters rang.
The dirge grew flat before this flawless air
Like a faint taper in the noontide glare.
When the blithe caroller intoned its lay,
My doubts of God began to fade away.
But when I viewed the grovellers on the floor,
My doubts of God assailed me yet the more!

P. SELVER.

Three Classes of Women.

By J. M. Kennedy.

CAPITAL has decided that Labour shall become cheaper, and in consequence women have been ruthlessly driven into industry. In this domain advantage has been taken of their sex to pay them less than men, with the result that men's wages have declined; firstly, because the women are in competition with them, and secondly because there is now more competition among men themselves, as the incursion of women into industry has thrown so many men out of work. This aspect of the question of women in industry has already been dealt with by the writer of Notes of the Week (see particularly THE NEW AGE of August 22 and 29, 1912), and it is therefore superfluous for me to go into the specific causes and consequences of this influx of a non-industrial sex into industry.

But there is another side to the question. Whether capital works methodically towards certain ends or relies upon chance conditions to bring those ends about, does not greatly matter for the moment. It is clear that the necessary amount of "freedom" which had to be given to working-class women to enable them to leave the home for the workshop has reacted on many more women than those merely who go into factories. Even before the industrial influx we had become accustomed to seeing women in certain positions for which they appeared to be adequately fitted—as headmistresses of schools, for example, as schoolteachers, governesses, and the like. These posts presupposed a certain amount of learning and a gift of imparting it; and it seems to me, as an impartial observer, that neither the advocates nor the opponents of women's suffrage have paid sufficient attention to the movement as it has existed for years in the higher classes of English society and among the best-educated women of the upper middle classes.

There are certain phenomena which we know vaguely as "modern conditions," and not even a Napoleon can control them. They are brought about by a series of steps in every phase of the social organisation; and it is not always possible—it is, indeed, rare—for even a close observer to follow them, to decide whether they are leading, to know whether they are tending towards improvement or degeneration. The capitalist system of our time has affected every class in the community in this subtle way; and phenomena which at first sight appear to have nothing to do with capital and its problems can usually, in the end, be traced to it. The Married Women's Property Act was as logical a development of the capitalist spirit embodied in the Reform Bill of 1832 as was the rise of the Labour Party or the development—and decline—of the Fabian Society. If a sociologist had to trace the history of capitalism in nineteenth-century England by a study of etiquette and nothing else, he could do so, I dare swear, by pointing out how the sight of ladies going about unescorted was first witnessed with astonishment and scandal, then with mere disapproval and toleration, and finally with indifference. Each step of this kind in the "emancipation" of woman corresponded to a further step in the firm and ever firmer establishment of capitalism and the capitalistic system, a further decline of the civilisation based upon agriculture. Did not joy shine in the sightless eyes of Plutus, did not Demeter weep, when the first Englishwoman rode, from choice, in a hansom without a male champion?

We should ourselves be as blind as the god if we did not realise that proportionately as many women are entering the higher callings from choice as are entering the lower callings from necessity. The thousands of factory girls are balanced at the other end of the social scale by a few hundred women with legal degrees who may not, on account of their sex, practise in the courts; by others who, despite their brilliance at examinations,

may not enter the Church or become university coaches. Between these two important groups—I do not profess to speak more than approximately and generally, being well aware of the exceptions—there are the women, either married or hoping to be, belonging to the middle classes. It is the first two classes, especially the university women (again I speak generally) who are determined to have a vote; it is the average middle-class woman, and the elderly women of the lower-middle or working classes, who are indifferent or hostile to the agitation, though even among them the movement is, I believe, fast spreading.

The justification for the agitation among the women in industry and the women, so to speak, "in culture," can hardly be talked away or flatly denied by the anti-suffragists (nor has THE NEW AGE ever attempted to deny it), though a vote is, in the present state of economics and politics, about the very last means a political scientist would recommend for improving the economical condition of any class or sex. But there is the question of status as well as of economics; and, if the working-class women insist on a vote in order to safeguard their economic condition, the higher-class women are insisting on a vote in order to safeguard their status—many of the latter women, of course, are in the fortunate position of being able to disregard purely economic questions so far as they themselves are concerned.

To the average English man—"public opinion"—it seems a trifling matter that a few female barristers should not be allowed to practise their profession, though with his characteristic lack of logic he approves, and does not merely tolerate, lady doctors. But a mutiny may arise from the biting of a cartridge; and, as the great majority of Englishmen still worship the fetish of politics, we need not be surprised if educated women, like so many educated men who might be expected to know better, appeal for a vote as a means of improving their cultural status. Their plea that political equality would direct general attention to, and help to enforce, their cultural equality—which, where it is deserved, is admitted, though at present only within a narrow circle—is at least ingenious, and has male precedents.

It is not a question of contrasting the cultural work of the two sexes, of balancing Miss Jane Harrison against Professor Gilbert Murray, Miss Evelyn Underhill against Professor Rhys-Davids, Miss Margaret Douglas against Mr. Sidney Webb, and of saying that what women can do in certain branches of science or research men can do at least as well and in most cases better. If the three women I have just mentioned were typical, no Parliament could prevent the enfranchisement of a very large body of women to-morrow. All such balancing and contrasting will never alter the fact that those "modern conditions" about the origin of which—capitalism—we know relatively so much, and about the subtle spread of which we know relatively so little, have definitely placed two large bodies of women, one influential in mere numbers, the other influential in learning and wealth, in positions where they have responsibility without power. The working men of this country, as has often been pointed out in THE NEW AGE, are in exactly the same condition. The difference between them is that the workmen, from causes with which NEW AGE contributors have already dealt, have become hopelessly apathetic, and their resistance to objectionable laws goes no further than curses in a public-house—they hear bishops and employers talk glibly about the "Duties of Labour" without raising a finger in protest. The women, on the other hand, not having been tamed by three or four generations of industrialism, actually do struggle for power plus responsibility, and bring to their struggle a vast amount of vitality, energy, and initiative, which, if it had been applied in the Labour movement, would have established Guild-Socialism years ago.

What advantage might or might not accrue to the three classes of women I have referred to, if they had votes, is a subject which we may investigate later.

"China Sunday!"

By Lionel de Fonseca.

THE "Daily Mail" on April 24 offered its readers the following curious information:

The Archbishop of Canterbury's reply, "*We will*," to the Chinese Republic's request for prayers for the success of the new Government and peace to the country, was followed yesterday by the circulation by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel of a special prayer embodying China's appeal for use in all churches next Sunday:—

We beseech Thee, O Lord, to have mercy upon China, and to receive the prayers offered in behalf of its people.

That it may please Thee to bless the National Assembly of China now in Session in Peking, and the Government which has been established in China, so that all things may be ordered to promote Thy glory: That it may please Thee to guide those who are to elect a President to make a choice well pleasing in Thy sight, and to grant wisdom, righteousness, and protection to him who is chosen that he may carry out Thy will: That it may please Thee to grant to China under its new Constitution that it may go forward in the paths of justice and righteousness and peace, and that the difficulties that delay its recognition may, if it be Thy blessed will, speedily be overcome.

"The Free Churches and the Salvation Army," the "Daily Mail" adds, "will join in the movement."

This last seems to be more in the nature of a threat than a promise. It reminds one of the story of the man who before praying asked the Lord to help and guide him in making up his mind as to what he should pray for, "because, O Lord, when once I have made up my mind, you know what I am."

It is to be feared, however, that the Free Churches and the Salvation Army have not shown a similar discretion before deciding to pray. Their assent to the prayer reported in the "Daily Mail" seems to have been given rather rashly, for, to say the least of it, the prayer is hardly respectful to the Almighty.

In the first place, the supplicants are guilty of misrepresentation of fact. China has not appealed for the prayers of English Christians—if China had done so, China must be in a very bad way indeed. The appeal came from a political party in China, which does not represent China any more than the Labour Party represents England. There is a further slight on the Omniscience of the Almighty in the invocation of a blessing on "the National Assembly of China now in Session in Peking." The supplicants are apparently anxious to prevent any misunderstanding on the part of the Almighty, lest His blessing should by chance light on the Manchus in their retirement.

The third clause in the prayer is by far the most disrespectful. "That it may please Thee to guide those who are to elect a president to make a choice well pleasing in Thy sight."

Considering that Yuam-shi-Kai has already installed himself in the Presidential Palace, it certainly looks as though the supplicants were trying in this instance to force the hand of the Almighty.

The petition on behalf of China can hardly be called a humble one. It invokes God's mercy on China—but attempts to strain and sift the quality of His mercy so that it may fall on Yuam-shi-Kai's following. The general insolence of its tone is not lessened by Lord William Cecil's comment on the matter (telegraphed to the editor of the "Daily Mail") :—"I am deeply impressed but not altogether surprised at the request of China for our prayers."

The remark certainly raises a smile, as does also the Archbishop of Canterbury's reply to "China's" appeal: "We will." The Archbishop of Canterbury and Lord William Cecil are apparently well assured of their position as intermediaries between China and the Almighty. Lord William Cecil is impressed but not surprised by the appeal, and the Archbishop assures China that the appeal will be forwarded to the proper

quarters, and the determined form of his assurance contains a hint as to how it will be received. Well may China hope that she will be blessed!

But, alas, the rest of Lord William Cecil's message to the "Daily Mail" causes one to doubt. "Beauty," said St. Augustine, "is the splendour of truth." In vain do we look in Lord William's message for any hint of confidence that the truth of Christianity will prevail in China by its own splendour. Instead, Lord William is anxious "that the present opening in China may be taken full advantage of by educating the future leaders of China in the principles of Christianity." Is the spirit of Christianity then wandering over the world seeking whom it may devour? And does the spirit of truth lie in wait for an "opening" where it may creep in insidiously?

Lord William Cecil hopes that "we shall give to China a Christian university where enlightened teachers can show the way in Western knowledge."

I have before me a "History of Philosophy," by Frederick Denison Maurice, at one time "Professor of Casuistry and Modern Philosophy in the University of Cambridge." In it there occurs the following curious passage:—

"There is a passage in which one of the disciples of Khoung-fou-tseu declares that the doctrine of his master consists simply in having rectitude of heart, and in loving our neighbour as ourselves. M. Pauthier apologises for giving this form to his translation, but says he could find no other so accurate. Till some greater scholar contradicts him, we are bound to accept his statement. If he supposes that those who believe that those words proceeded from higher lips will be scandalised by it, we think he mistakes the matter altogether. Those who attach the most awful significance to the utterances of these lips, and to the Person from whom they fell, will be the least disposed to look upon him as the propounder of great maxims, and not rather as the giver of new life—will be the least likely to grudge a Chinese teacher any glimpses which may have been vouchsafed to him of what the true regenerator of humanity should effect for it."

Surely the teachers of the West are enlightened—and generous!

Lord William Cecil's remarkable manifesto concludes with the words: "China must be led by the Chinese." Quite so. God save the King!

America: Chances and Remedies.

By Ezra Pound.

I.

WHEN I say that I believe in the imminence of an American Renaissance, I do not by any means intend this as a peculiar tribute to the intelligence of the American people. I have no wish to join the phalanx of "professionally tactful visitors," tactful at so much "per thou."

"Renaissance" is not *le mot juste*, but it has come by usage to mean almost any sort of awakening. "Risvegliamento" would be the better term if one must stick to Italian.

You may say that "The Awakening," if it comes at all, will move from the centre outwards, and that "the centre is in Europe," and there is much to be said on this side of the question.

On the other hand, if one will study the *cinque cento* minutely, one will perhaps conclude that the earlier renaissance had two things requisite, one, indiscriminate enthusiasm; two, a propaganda. I mean that and just that. There was behind the awakening a body of men, determined, patient, bound together informally by kindred ambitions, from which they knew that they personally could reap but little.

That awakening was the result and resolution of many forces; the usual catalogue: the fall of Constantinople, Columbus' discovery, the shaping up of Europe into larger political units, the invention of printing and the intellectual movements.

All through the Middle Ages there had been propaganda after propaganda for "the restoration of the Empire" and the "restoration of learning," and these came to little because of the tedium of reproducing books.

The intellectual impulse is in itself more complex than is usually reckoned. There was the legal and Latin impulse with Valla as perhaps its foremost representative, there was the Greek influence which is two-fold, there was the Greek ideal as one finds it in the Odyssey, roughly "humanism," and there was the impulse of the later Greek mystic writers, the neoplatonic, centring in the Florentine Academy, and fostered by the naïve and charming Filino. And there was the polyglot influx from Pico Mirandola. And one may still further separate the scientific impulse, and name in this connection Leonardo.

And all this took a good deal of time and required a deal of obscure and patient endeavour. A number of men, like Browning's "Grammarians,"

"settled *Hoti's* business—let it be!—

Properly based *Oun*—

Gave us the doctrine of the enclitic *De*,"

et cetera, and it is doubtful if every one of them felt that he was living in portentous times. And we do not know that they all went about shouting, "*nascitur ordo.*"

If you have in mind the efflorescence, you will mistake me, you will say: "An epic in Portugal, a Pleiade in France, Drama in Spain and England, blue stockings and painters in Holland." There is nothing planned and concerted in these things. But if you consider Italy where the whole brew was concocted you will be able to find out at least this, namely, that the Italian scholars and enthusiasts were early and always in more or less intimate touch—hostile or otherwise—with their contemporaries, and that poems two lines long in Latin quantity went swiftly from one end of the peninsula to the other.

In Latin, and even in Greek, these men spread their praise and their malice. They even squabbled amongst themselves and plotted the modern world. Valla, when he praises Nicholas V, honouring him rather for his parts than for his tenure of the Papal keys, mentions his brilliant conversation, based on a memory well stored; his keen opinion. But the list of subjects of this conversation is the thing of note: the humanities, history, speaking, grammatica (that would be of Latin), philosophy, poetry, and even metrics, superstitions, theology and civil and canon law.

Is it conceivable that one could converse profitably upon a similar list of topics with any living sovereign or prime minister? William II and Mr. Roosevelt would doubtless try to cover the allotment—substituting economics for "omnis juris" (which I have given as civil and canon law), but it is doubtful if their opinions on most of the topics would be of great interest to an expert.

Valla mentions poetry not because he is himself a poet; he wrote the best prose of his day, and no man ever wrote better. There was apparently no jealousy between the arts, nor did the writer of unmeasured lines find it necessary to revile writing in measured.

I mention the foregoing facts not as parts of a syllogism but as symptomatic of the time and illustrative. Credo:

First (and this is not my own formulation): The arts come into prominence and there is what is called an "age of art" when men of a certain catholicity of intelligence come into power. The great protector of the arts is rare as the great artist, or more so.

Second: The awakening comes when men decide that certain lines need no longer be stuck to . . . whether these be actual forgeries like the Bonation of Constantine which Valla himself exposed, or whether they are the unwritten fallacies of general credence. The arts are, when they are healthy, succinct.

A work of art need not contain any statement of a political or of a social or of a philosophical conviction, but it nearly always implies one.

The force of a work of art is this, namely, that the artist presents his case, as fully or as minutely as he may choose. You may agree or disagree, but you cannot refute him. He is not to be drawn into argument or weakened by quibbling. If his art is bad you can throw him out of court on grounds of his very technique. Whether he be "idealist" or "realist," whether he sing or paint or carve, visible actualities as they appear, or the invisible dream, bad technique is "bearing false witness."

The strength of the arts is this. Their statement is a statement of motor forces. Argument begets but argument and reflective reason if stated only as reflective reason begets either a state of argumentativeness or a desire for further information wherewith to refute the man who opposes your own comforting prejudice to the effect that you and your sort are right.

For instance, you can wrangle with any statement about the relationship of Christianity (one undefinable term) with Socialism (another undefinable term). But with Sabatté's painting, "*Mort du premier Socialiste*," you cannot argue.

The artistic statement of a man is not his statement of the detached and theoretic part of himself, but of his will and of his emotions. As touching "art for art's sake": the oak does not grow for the purpose or with the intention of being built into ships and tables, yet a wise nation will take care to preserve its forests. It is the oak's business to grow good oak.

As to working efficiency, there have been many martyrs for religion and few for philosophy. A religion is the artistic statement of a philosophy, hence its motive power. It is dangerous as any moving force is dangerous. A formula, unless it is "stated in art," is in swift peril of becoming what the weeklies call an "empty shibboleth," and all parties will interpret it as they like and use it to catch the mob.

The artist is free. The true artist is the champion of free speech from the beginning. "The artist is free," that is to say, he must be free, either by circumstance or by heroism. He must either have nothing to gain that he counts gain or that he would count recompense for lost integrity, or he must have nothing to lose, and in this latter case his days are belike short and his labour is apt to be fitful. Even Dante and Villon had the salt bread of patrons, one when he had lost name and his city, the other isolated by his disgrace from any part in the world's affairs; although with Villon's throat one would not perhaps have noticed the salt much.

But the point towards which I strive through all this vagueness is that at no time was there such machinery for the circulation of printed expression—and all this machinery favours a sham. It favours either a false expression or a careless expression or else it favours a thing which is no expression at all. It favours stuff cooked up to suit some editorial palate. And even if a man be strong enough to overcome all these things his rare utterance will be for a time pushed aside by the continuous outpourings of fellows who having spent little or no pains and energy upon the work itself have abundant time for hawking it about.

I say "rare utterance" advisedly, for the number of man's real passions and convictions has a limit, and the true expression is not a thing done off-hand, but the thing of secondary intensity can flow out with scarce intermittance. In what manner shall we proceed?

Antoine Béchamp and the Microsymas.*

By Dr. Herbert Snow.

BÉCHAMP was the contemporary and rival of Pasteur, whose reputation has not only eclipsed but has entirely occluded that of the former. He accuses Pasteur of plagiarising his investigations and of stealing his ideas, while assiduously intriguing to prevent his recognition as a discoverer. The accusation is plausible, and even probable. But whatever our verdict on it, and our opinions of Pasteur's career, there can be no question that his opponent was an indefatigable and brilliant searcher after scientific truth; that the volume before us is eminently interesting and profoundly suggestive. Dr. Montague Levenson, late of New York, now of Nice, has laid the medical and scientific world under a very considerable debt of gratitude by calling attention in this excellent translation to the labours of an unduly depreciated and now almost forgotten scientist—who yet accomplished in his time some most valuable work.

Béchamp and Pasteur arose while spontaneous generation was an all but universal article of belief, and the former would appear to have relinquished his faith in it several years before the latter. Vestiges of the opinion still linger among us; but, as a rule, it has vanished for all who deal in science. In those years, however, it only dawned gradually upon the biologists that every form of life as here known to us proceeds from some previously living germ, or cell, and that no evolution of dead matter into beings alive ever takes place under the conditions with which we are acquainted. "Omne visum e vivo" became an axiom of science. In place of the belief that such phenomena as those of fermentation and putrefaction were due to inherent causes, and that the living creatures then found so copiously swarming in the medium had somehow been generated from its constituent elements, men learnt that the process was due to agencies introduced from without, and that every microscopic organism had sprung from a parent previously passed in—mostly from the air.

It was then realised that the lower layers of our atmosphere are thickly charged with infinitely minute organisms and their spores—"microbes," "germs," "bacteria"—which also pervade the purest water not artificially deprived of them; and which, by the billion, lie on or are perpetually being brought in contact with every animal or plant. The motes of the sunbeam temporarily reveal the unseen world of life—though not all the specks therein are living—which surrounds us. The coagulation of milk, the fermentation of wine, the decay of an animal or vegetable body were found to be invariably due to the action of these germs. Béchamp, Pasteur, and others proved that ordinarily, when the air conveying them was completely exuded, no fermentive change or putrefaction took place.

But while Pasteur ascribed such phenomena to microbes, Béchamp referred them to what he called "microsymas," which he said gave birth to the microbe. He wrote, however, in the infancy of bacteriology, and before discussing his theories, it may be well to indicate the present state of our knowledge, especially in respect of the relations between micro-organisms and the human body, in which they are asserted to cause disease. The fact is unverified, though in numerous maladies such organisms are undoubtedly present. We do not know their precise function.

It was not, however, recognised in Béchamp's day that innumerable microbes, of species very varied, swarm always by the billion in the mucus secreted by the healthy lining membrane of nose, mouth, digestive canal, etc. (Many of these are reputed "pathological," such as the tubercle and diphtheria bacilli); that the

smallest of these—the cocci—habitually penetrate this membrane and gain access to the blood-current: that they are thus carried to all the internal organs—though manifestly their presence is only under conditions of disease. Each of these different species "breeds true." Each can be easily differentiated from all the rest. Although attempts have been made that a so-called "pathological" microbe can be functionally changed into a non-pathological, harmless one and vice versa, no one now claims that a *spirillum* may change into *lepto-thrix*, *streptococcus* into *staphylococcus*, a micrococcus into a bacillus. The kinds are and remain always morphologically distinct.

Béchamp proclaimed that he had discovered the "units of all life," imperishable, existing unchanged throughout the geological ages of the past, living now in our bodies, in all plants and animals—never to die until the earth itself perishes, sunless, cold, and bare of vegetation. These were infinitely tiny spherical granules he termed "microsymas." Virchow had regarded the cell as the vital unit of life; other observers, at the head of whom was Pasteur, were gradually formulating the conclusion that the innumerable species of bacteria above referred to are the natural agents of death—as of decomposition in all its forms. Béchamp flatly contradicted both these opinions. The microsymas, he loudly and emphatically proclaimed, were only the foundation on which the cell itself was built; when it died they evolved into bacteria, which in turn perished, leaving them still alive—immortal. He says here: "The microsyma is at the beginning and at the end of every living organisation. It is the fundamental anatomical element whereby the cellules (cells), the tissues, the organs, the whole of an organism are constituted living" (p. 355).

Truly this were a magnificent and stupendous conception, if it could only be proved scientifically, or could even be rendered probable to the non-scientific intellect. Béchamp first discovered these marvellous microcosms in the chalk of Sens, which he found to "invert" a watery solution of cane-sugar. That is to say, it produces a fermentive alteration, after which the plane of polarisation is deviated to the left—instead of to the right, as heretofore. This chemical change in composition was not induced by the prepared carbonate of lime—i.e., chalk which had been chemically treated so as to kill its included spores or germs.

The microsymas, as already stated, pervade all Nature, and are described as specially abundant in the lower regions of the atmosphere—being the still living relics of all past ages. Every organ, every tissue of the animal body is charged with them; every plant has its own. So far as can be gathered from Béchamp's description, all are alike in shape, but some appear to be smaller than others. In function, however, the varieties are infinite. The microsymas of the blood vary in function even with the particular place or region—to say nothing of the organ or tissue—they momentarily occupy. Thus the microsymas of the liver not only differ functionally from those of the lung, but those extracted by an incision from the foot, from those in the blood of the hand.

Here is Béchamp's description of "the moist, fibrinous microsymas" of the blood (p. 128): "The minuteness of these humid microsymas, swollen with water, is extreme. Under the microscope"—(surely a most indefinite and unsatisfactory phrase, especially in a matter of such extreme scientific importance)—"they appear to be spherical in form, animated with the Brownian movements, the diameter whereof hardly attains 0.0005 mm. (half a thousandth of a millimetre). Their quantity is very small."

At p. 338 we find the account of an experiment which consisted in burying a kitten for seven years between two beds of pure carbonate of lime. "Every part of the body, except some fragments of bone, had disappeared. The carbonate of lime was perfectly white, so complete had been the work of destruction. Under the microscope nothing was to be seen in the upper layers of the carbonate except microscopic crystals of

* "The Blood, and its Third Anatomical Element." By Antoine Béchamp, formerly Professor in the Medical Faculty of Montpellier. Translated by Dr. Montague R. Levenson. (Messrs. John Ouseley, Ltd., London, 1912.)

aragonite of this carbonate; but in the beds adjacent to the place, and underneath where the kitten had been, and beneath, there were crowds of *glittering motile microsymas, such as are to be seen in the chalk of Sens, etc.*" (Mine the italics—H. S.)

The microsymas "enjoy also the stupendous duration of the geological epochs from the time the microsymian rocks have been formed down to the present time. And this duration means for us that the microsymas have been constituted *physiologically imperishable*. And this last statement must convince us that the microsymas are *organised living beings of a class apart, without analogue.*" (Italics in the original.)

The microsymas of the ovum, when all goes smoothly and they are amid the normal conditions they are intended to meet with, evolve into the various organs or tissues of the body. But when those normal conditions are not complied with, they—or, at least, a certain number of them—turn into the bacteria with which we are familiar. The experiments believed to prove this and the theory in general were mostly undertaken in collaboration with Prof. Estor, who is described as dying prematurely of grief at its contumelious rejection by the Academy of Medicine.

The most interesting work before us seeks to apply the "Microsymian Theory" in explanation of the nature of the blood, and particularly in reference to the somewhat puzzling problem of its coagulation. It represents the blood to be in reality "a flowing tissue," not a liquid. The corpuscles, red and colourless, do not float in a liquid, as is commonly thought, and as our senses indicate, but are mingled with an enormous mass of invisible microsymas—the mixture behaving precisely as a fluid would do, while under the normal conditions. They are each clad in an albuminous envelope, and nearly fill the blood-vessels, but not quite. Between them is a very small quantity of intercellular fluid. These microsymas, in their albuminous shells, constitute the "molecular microsymian granulations"—the "third anatomical element"—of the blood.

Directly the natural conditions of blood-life cease, and the blood is withdrawn by an incision from the vessels, these molecular granulations begin to adhere to each other very rigidly. By this adhesion the clot is formed, and the process of coagulation is so rapid that the corpuscles are caught within its meshes before they have time to sink to the bottom, as by their weight they otherwise would do. Then we have a second stage. The albuminous envelope of the granulation becomes condensed and shrinks. So the clot shrinks en masse, and expels the intercellular liquor. Finally, in the third stage, the corpuscles are crushed by the contracting clot, and the red yield their pollination to the serum without. There is no such thing as fibrin *per se*. "Fibrin is not a proximate principle, but a false membrane of microsymas."

There is much in this ingenious explanation of a difficult and hitherto by no means satisfactorily solved problem, which seems to indicate—at any rate, to the present writer—that it is worthy of far closer examination and consideration than it would appear to have received. He would, in particular, urge that it should be investigated quite apart from the somewhat fantastic theory of the never-dying microsymas with which it is here associated. A detailed account of the many experiments described in proof cannot be given here, but they render the book well worthy of attentive perusal. The chapters which contain these details, and which also exhibit the various views held by the scientists of the era, are in the highest degree instructive and suggestive.

But on the general microsymian theory at large he is compelled to deliver a verdict, at the best, of "not proven," and this for the reasons following:

(1) The description of the microsymas quoted above is extremely vague and indefinite. It would apply to specks of any finely-divided powder, such as gamboge; to spores, pollen, fat-globules, micrococci, etc., etc. No criterion is given whereby we can distinguish a microsymba, when we see one under the microscope, from

the legion of cognate bodies or particles. We cannot scientifically discuss these, or the theory built upon their supposed existence, without proof of their position as distinct entities.

So far as can be judged from the present volume, Béchamp was not an expert with the microscope, his references to which are always incomplete and unsatisfactory. This may account for much in his unsuccessful career.

(2) Microsymbas are said to become evolved into bacteria when the natural conditions of their existence cease. There is no evidence of this in the work, although "vibrionian evolution" is so constantly referred to as an established fact. The great diversity of the species of micro-organisms which pass under this generic title, and the absence of any indication that one species can be transmuted into another, would appear to oppose it with a direct negative. Neither is there evidence that a microsymba can become a cell.

(3) The imperishability of the microsymba, and its persistence alive throughout the ages of geological time, seem altogether inconsistent with the statement at p. 360, that "it is very sensitive to variation of temperature"; that "the geological microsymbas act regularly only at temperatures near 40 degrees to 42 degrees C. (104 degrees to 107 degrees F.)." Or with the demonstration at p. 132, that the fibrinous microsymbas "lose by degrees their energy"—are practically dead after ten years. At p. 122 those of the chalk would appear to be killed by a temperature of 200 degrees C. (392 degrees F.); those of fibrin by 100 degrees C. (212 degrees F.).

(4) A perhaps minor reason for incredulity would lie in the description of the microsymbas as "living beings"; i.e., creatures dependent for existence upon nutrition. We are asked to believe in their existence through millions of years under conditions which would often render nutrition impossible throughout lengthy periods.

Apart from his collaborator Estor, Béchamp does not appear to have secured the adhesion to his views of any contemporary French savant, and his views were flouted altogether by the Academy of Medicine. We find here many diatribes against Pasteur, whose machinations he regarded as the source of his failure to secure recognition or even attention.

However this may be, Pasteur dealt with micro-organisms definitely described and figured; Béchamp with bodies described as living creatures, but indefinite and vague to the last degree. Where we look for a rigidly accurate form or figure, we find only an indistinct shadow. To give it substance, we have to draw upon the imagination. That is the essential point of difference.

Hence, we medical Anti-Vivisectionists, who have learnt to appreciate the deplorable charlatanism which so conspicuously defaced the latter years of Pasteur, and has ever since exercised such a disastrous influence upon Medicine and the Medical Art—must, I think, specially beware a somewhat natural temptation. Realising what Pasteur latterly was, we are apt unduly to exalt Béchamp, his life-long opponent. While recognising at their full value the laborious researches of the latter, we should take heed not to place him on a higher scientific pedestal than a judicial analysis of these researches would fairly warrant—still less follow him into cloudy realms of unverified assertion incompatible with the requirements of Science worthily so called.

THE BRITISH MULE.

From sunny lands they've brought him,
From many a sparkling stream;
The Carmelites have bought him,
Who was a poet's dream.

His wings are bruised and broken,
A running sore his back;
The brutes his fate have spoken:
Pegasus bears a pack!

MORGAN TUD.

Grand Passions.

A Proper Tale.

By Beatrice Hastings.

FOR the sake of brevity inquire not how the son of Amhat came to be an eunuch. The tale goes back for many generations. One would have to know all about Ikho the First, who spat knives as fast as Boput spat lies, and what is the use of learning all this? Suffice that the son of Amhat, whose name was Prillo, was an eunuch. To make up for it, Prillo ate; and he had the most refined palate in the world. He was the gourmet who grilled things by the sun. Everybody *knew* about him, of course, but nobody informed him because of Amhat's sovereign decree with its disagreeable penalties. To find yourself turned into a four-legged bench for the convenience of passers-by is a punishment below all dignity in Amhat's country. So nobody broke the decree; and Prillo grew up innocent as a charming fat babe, and at eighteen years knew not of any heaven outside his sun-grilled tit-bits. Every day at noon he set out for the desert with a retinue of courtiers carrying silver grills and golden plates, and the whole caravan gleamed with monarchical umbrellas like roses and tulips upside down. Half a mile from a certain vast rock, which was the hottest spot on the Continent, the caravan was used to halt and go to sleep while Prillo, the salamander, climbed to the top of the rock and cooked his dinner. The world lay on the other side of the burning rock. Prillo had often gazed thither from his eyes that could gaze anywhere in reason. Remember that he was only eighteen and do not marvel when you hear that one noon he set off across the desert to see the world. The courtiers awaked and waited and sang the customary culinary lyrics which were precisely like love-songs—but Prillo was nowhere to be found, and what happened to the courtiers when Amhat held the mourning orgies is too sad for this story.

Behold Prillo, gay as ignorance of love and money might make him, catching up with a caravan that looked from a distance like nothing but a purple cloud. Actually it was all sweet ladies on camels and, in a desert, even you would have found them beautiful. They halted suddenly, and waited for the royal and glittering-robed Prillo, shading their eyes with their gloved hands and struck mute, or almost mute, at the sight of a glorious, be-gemmed youth scudding over the molten sand like a god. Useless for the escort to urge flight from the *Devil*; the ladies had not seen the Devil, and were not to be moved on.

The Queen (of course this was no common affair of a caravan!) waved her damsels to the rear and retired to a tent to feast with Prillo. Her Majesty, Florisade, retired to feast with Prillo. What a banquet was spread! Where was ever before seen a caravan so immortally choice in dainties? There were hams in glasses, tongues in tins, asparagus in bottles, haricots verts, harengs et sardines, best mixed biscuits, horse-radish and tomato sauce. Yet of the two banqueters, 'twould be rash to say which sighed with the lesser appetite. Prillo, the god-fed, lay like a smitten cherub, his head that had never known lap harder than soft cheese resting desperately upon the travel-stiff ankles of Queen Florisade, these being the farthest part of her from the tinned tongue; and presently, when she could bear the position no longer, and so gently swivelled upon her axis, the adorable, and one may as well pronounce it deeply adored, head came unresistingly to her calves, and not very long after a little higher still. Florisade had seen Love in many situations, and had

never been too much moved; but even the most composed queen in the world may meet with her Adonis. Florisade had met with hers! Witting well that the worst of scandals would shortly jeopardise her very life, she sat like Patience on a thin silk mat waiting for the leaf-cheeked Prillo to become audacious.

Still he lay sighing, sighing, stretching wild hands against the haricot verts, pressing his lovely complexion to crumples, overwhelmed and saying something about the ham. Florisade had an inspiration. She pursed her lips, reached for the ham and held on a silver fork a tiny morsel of the sustaining piglet. With a suffocated cry Prillo flung himself upon her breast, clasping her as she had never dreamed mortal man might clasp, crushing her form in such grips of passion as she had only heard of, and hiding his face in her wildly throbbing bosom as if he never meant to emerge again. He cried, sobbed, beseeched her in tones to move a saint. Every instant Florisade believed herself to have broken down and yielded the jewel of her honour. She did not know where she was! The world went black, white, scarlet, purple, gold, green and an amazing pink. She was whirled about, dashed, squeezed, and thrust on the point of the flowery sword of Passion to heights like the Himalayas, depths like black Erebus, through oceans blazing and on fiery winds, up to the very clouds and flaming stars. It all stilled down and she lay in a vice-like grip, almost incapable even of wondering whether Prillo had indeed died in the tempest or were only sleeping the empurpled slumber after golden moments. When the attendants came in to remove the feast, they beheld what she might not hide, the senseless Prillo wreathed in gigantic coils about her royal and recumbent form. After this, Florisade resolved to lose the world for Love. Whisperingly, she bade the menials leave the tent instantly. Then she set to work, and with a mighty effort wriggled out of Prillo's embrace. She kissed him, cuddled him, poured water upon his silken brow, smacked his palms and pinched his fingers until at length, prodigiously, Prillo sat up.

"Dear," said Florisade, "we are losing precious moments. Let us fly."

"Cruel one! I am nearly dead!" replied Prillo. "How couldst thou be so insensitive? To offer me ham when I was already overcome!"

"It was *bête* of me, darling, but I didn't really know what I was doing."

"Thy glances promised me the food of gods for always. Ham!"

"I shall be yours, my own life, always, always. Forget my stupidity!"

"The Sun himself was my cook, my food lay on a silver grill and a golden dish waited for the repast, delightful and thrice purified. Ham!"

"You are the most original, and poetical, and mystical of sweet lovers, my delicate one! But let us not risk our future happiness. Men will kill us if we remain here. Let us fly. I will just pack up a few of these things—not the ham, dearest, so unpleasant to memory, but the tongue and perhaps the sardines." So saying, Florisade, with that practical wisdom which is the truest token of woman's passion, turned to put the things together.

* * * * *

Prillo could never make one detail of his story quite clear to Amhat and the new courtiers. For the thousandth time, he recounted: "Then, when the Sun had poured thrice his usual gift upon the silver grill, and the butter of many clarifications boiled upon the surface of the honied cake, goddesses snatched me from the Rock and bore me to celestial regions. There I fed hourly upon ineffable delights until sense could contain the rapture no more. O Father and my Friends, ask me not why I am arrived thus hungry. No doubt the chemicals of such adventures subtly metamorphose." But, of course, this was not the real explanation!

Letters from Italy.

XII.—CAVA—CORPO DI CAVA—PAESTUM.

“When daffodils begin to peer—
With hey, the doxy over the dale—
Why, then comes in the sweet o’ the year,
And the red blood reigns in the winter’s pale!”

VERA primavera at last! The pear-trees are blossoming in the gardens, and already (March 7) the hawthorn boughs are scattering their white flowers across their dark, thorny twigs. The pink almond flowers—those frail daring things—have been out for weeks, but until now I did not feel that “spring is here.” I could get up a real “spring-poet” ecstasy over Cava; now am I for the numbers Petrarch flowed in. Flowed? Yea, verily, and drowned his own wits.

“The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,
With hey, the sweet birds, Oh, how they sing!”

But they don’t sing here, because accursed I-talians go forth with guns, ram-rods, powder, bullets, game-bags, pricklers, gillys, dogs, and the like, to pursue “lo sport.” With infinite care they select a tree which they feel is frequented by their “prey,” and when a hen sparrow or a tom-tit or a warbler perches thereon, they fire a volley. . . . viva lo sport! Mind you, it were a grievous waste of good powder and shot to fire at the birds flying. In Italy we are economic; we waste not our cartridges. And I know not if we slay male thrushes—suppose we only wounded one! Horror! Consider the risk of engaging, single-handed, in combat with one of those fierce, carnivorous birds, infuriated by wounds! And then a hen sparrow or blackbird is so much more succulent! It is true that there are plagues of insects later on in the year—perhaps the birds might have eaten them, but—viva lo sport! We must be Inglese. Do not they praise sport?

“When daisies pied and violets blue,
And lady-smocks, all silver-white,
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue
Do paint the meadows with delight.” . . .

I haven’t the least idea what “lady-smocks” and “cuckoo-buds” are like—I take it that the latter are buttercups. But there are the most splendid daisies in the sparse woods near Cava; if I were Wordsworth—which thank heaven I’m not—I would filthily besmudge this page with an “Ode to a Dyspeptic Daisy, or Virtue Rewarded”—or something like that. As it is, I merely note the fact that the “silver shields with the golden boss” (or whatever the phrase is), are remarkably large and handsome. If I did not feel the weight of years upon me I would make daisy-chains, like little girls in England.

“And violets blue”—yes, there are violets in the woods, some quite blue and some less so. And there are “*νιολέτι τ’ ἀνεμώνη, καὶ νάρκισσος ὑγρὸς.*” The anemones are very beautiful, some white and some blue—the blue ones larger and more exotic looking than the others. And then the most fragrant little narcissi grow somewhere near—I can’t discover where. The village children bring handfuls of them to you, and proffer them for soldi. Little beasts! I wish I knew where the narcissi grow. And still I have not exhausted my catalogue of spring flowers, for the blue periwinkle grows wild with the violets, and the primroses—just like those in Surrey—lie about the sapling-roots and upon the moss. “Prim-roses”; spring roses? I’m no philologist; perhaps the “prim” means “primavera” and not “curtailed as to wan-

tonness.” I know they are not in the least like roses—but still, *que voulez-vous?* Moreover, in Cava I found blue thyme and a few grape-hyacinths and one red cyclamen—the first I had ever seen. It pleased me, for the thing is Hellenic, is in Meleager’s garland, if I am not wrong.

“All Love’s blossoms, and all cry
‘Ladies, if not plucked we die.’”

(I trust I have not misquoted our good Fletcher too badly.)

Corpo di Cava is a sort of hill-village near Cava; I walked up on a day when Tramontane blew horribly; Eurus and Notus were nothing to him, and Aeolus himself would have been a poor counter-blast. Still, it was pleasant enough, and I was oddly reminded of Dulverton by Corpo di Cava. Of course, the Somerset hills were mist-crowned mountains, and I looked into a valley which would have made Jan Ridd gasp. But the resemblance was there right enough, even to the little stream hopping down the hill-side and over the grey stone boulders. And I will say thus much for Dulverton—its inhabitants are distinctly more agreeable than those of Cava, though its scenery in comparison is as Clapham Common to Exmoor.

Since I took the excursion from here I may as well speak of Pæstum and the Greek temples. Pæstum is about 25 miles south of Cava, in a rather fever-stricken spot. Those who know Addington Symonds will have pre-arranged notions of the place. I am happy to inform them that Mr. Symonds’ somewhat Asiatic rhetoric has coloured the temples a little more gorgeously than they appear. That is not meant to depreciate them. On the contrary, I solemnly declare that I consider them the most beautiful pieces of architecture I have seen in Italy, or, indeed, anywhere else.

There was bright sunlight and no wind when I got to the old Greek town. From the modern railway station a minute’s walk brings you to the large stone gateway, built by the colonists from Sybaris 600 years before that deplorable affair at Bethlehem. Professor someone or other has excavated the agora, and at this very time men are engaged in clearing the lower parts of a temple, which I think is called that of Eirene. It seems a doubtful sort of thing to me, because the Greeks never fooled with abstract deities like that. The three other temples are called Demeter’s, Poseidon’s, and the “Basilica”—which is very stupid, because the Greeks did not have basilicas. In fact, the archaeologists seem hopelessly floored by the immaterial questions they spend their lives in solving incorrectly—which I leave them to do. What delighted me was the austere beauty of these pre-Periclean Greek things—that kind of beauty one never finds to-day in any of the arts. I should need to write for hours even to hint at any great feeling for the temples. They are so simple, they look so easy to build, that one almost forgets that they were symbols of a unique culture—that the word “Sybarite” has come to mean with us a luxurious, delicate way of living. And as I walked through the pronaos of the Temple of Poseidon, and made a kind of prayer, Greek fashion, to the God, I knew how very foolish and trite our “civilisation” is, and that the few who care for beautiful things will not look for them in the twentieth century. What part have we in this loveliness. *We* have built Balham and Manchester and the new Law Courts as our memorials—and here stand these perfect creations, abandoned and silent, with all the life that created them lost, but still such a delicate rebuke to our vulgarity. The casual looker-on, who sees the American tourist bolting his lunch on the temple stairs, would find in it a sad sign of the “survival of the vulgarist.” I was hurt by it; but, before I left, I turned back once more to the deserted pillars, and found in their quiet superiority and augustness an answer to my doubts. The vulgarian has not yet triumphed entirely. “Sunt igitur Musæ, neque amanti tardus Apollo.”

RICHARD ALDINGTON.

Views and Reviews.*

MR. STRATFORD'S two ponderous volumes make us wonder what is the purpose of history. Is it simply to inform us of what happened, and who did it? Is it to make manifest the inception and development of a principle? Is it to teach us the worship of ancestors; or is it to show us the development of the character of a people, to show us the expression in action of one or another of the qualities that pertain to a nation? It need hardly be said that none of these questions is answered by Mr. Stratford. He does not even define the word "patriotism," which alone could make his re-statement of English history justifiable; he is content to adopt an attitude, a Byronic attitude:

Must we but weep o'er days more blest?
Must we but blush? Our fathers bled.
Earth! render back from out thy breast
A remnant of our Spartan dead!
Of the three hundred grant but three,
To make a new Thermopylæ!

"Thus sung, or would, or could, or should have sung," as Byron phrased it, Mr. Stratford in these volumes; for he is fierce in his denunciation of what he calls materialism, he is enthusiastic in his praise of what he calls idealism, and he ransacks English history and literature of personages on whom to lavish his hearty love and loathing. Although, as I have said, he does not define the word patriotism, some definition is implicit in the mere process of writing; and Mr. Stratford, by his sympathies and antipathies has revealed his own conception of patriotism. He quotes again and again the words of the Bastard in "King John," approving them as a standard expression of patriotism:

This England never did, nor never shall,
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound itself.
Now these, her princes, are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: Nought shall make us rue,
If England to herself do rest but true.

Magnificent brag, fit for an epilogue! But it must never be forgotten that this is the language of crisis; if it becomes common, not the Bastard but ancient Pistol, is the typical English character. When the issue is refined to that of "Death or Glory," it need not be doubted that most men would risk their lives for any cause whatsoever. It is so easy to conquer or die; there is in most of us that "something desperate, which let your wisdom fear," of which Hamlet spoke; but the expression of it in action is not necessarily a proof of patriotism. The perfection of law and order to which we have attained gives little scope for it; even in international affairs, matters are so seldom brought to "the dread arbitrament of war," and, when they are, so few people are allowed the debauchery of passion that is called the joy of battle, that nations, as such, are practically incapable of this romantic patriotism.

If nations are incapable of patriotism, it follows logically that patriots are comparatively few in number, that they are not so much members as makers of nations, that they are not nationals but individuals; and history becomes, as Carlyle said it was, the biography of great men. That is what Mr. Stratford has made of it. He has written a commentary on English history to praise or blame individuals for their fervour or lukewarmness in the cause of England's greatness. But what is England's greatness? Is it England's brag

—that brag that found its expression in the Englishman's remark that "if the United States did not mend her manners, England would go over and give her a good thrashing"; and met its retort in the Yankee's query: "What! agin?" Is it the Englishman's freedom, the freedom to sing, "Britons never shall be slaves"?

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
We will not think of themes like these!
It made Anacreon's song divine:
He served—but served Polycrates—
A tyrant; but our masters then
Were still, at least, our countrymen.

But tyranny is not the less inimical to patriotism because it is native; and Mr. Stratford's patriotism means no more than that some men have put a gripe on England that no foreign nation has been able to remove, and that, therefore, we ought to sing: "Cheer, boys, cheer," to the memory of these men.

But when England has become a cant word for politicians, and patriotism the excuse for much intolerant rant of journalists and demagogues, the Englishman finds it impossible to accept Mr. Stratford's easy creed of idealism. If Mr. Stratford's denunciation of some modern movements means anything, it means that only a dead man can be a patriot. But if we accept Mr. Stratford's canon, and judge by intentions, not by results (idealistically, not materialistically, as he would say), quite a good case can be made out for modern men and women. Who can doubt the whole-souled devotion of the suffragists, for example? Everybody knows that the vote will not do what they think it will, but that they are the stuff of which martyrs are made, no one can deny. If it is to the credit of any of his heroes that they were willing to die for their cause, surely the women suffragists are as noble as many heroes that they were willing to die for their cause, the power; and it is difficult to see why Mr. Stratford does not admire them.

What Mr. Stratford has to say of Socialism, or of the relations of capital and labour, is valueless. A people suffering from poverty simply cannot afford the luxury of romantic patriotism; a materialistic argument, and therefore abominable, but characteristically English. "Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori," Mr. Stratford quotes with approval; but living for one's country ought also to be "dulce et decorum." We have drifted to a state when, as even Mr. Stratford shows, Parliament or the Monarchy is no longer in touch with the will of the people; and we are therefore abandoned to a tyranny. If it is always to be assumed that the glory of England is safe in the hands of those in power, we need not read histories of patriotism. If we are to believe that nations have a soul, then we ought not to be so high and mighty as to forget that the first petition of the Lord's Prayer was: "Give us this day our daily bread." We find, if we think it out, that materialism is the basis of idealism—that the condition of the expression of the soul is the existence of the body, and that there can be no renascence of national feeling, no harmony with tradition, no response to the fine appeal of enthusiasm, while the whole energy of the mass of people is devoted to the elementary process of getting a living. But, as Emerson said, the English are "heavy fellows. Their drowsy minds need to be flogged by war and trade and politics and persecution. They cannot well read a principle, except by the light of faggots and of burning towns." Perhaps to "lie at the proud foot of a conqueror" might be the best means of appealing to the patriotism of the English; it is certain that nothing but a national crisis will call forth that heroic spirit in action and letters which wins the admiration of Mr. Stratford.

A. E. R.

* "The History of English Patriotism." By Esmé Wingfield-Stratford. (Lane. 2 vols. 25s. net.)

Pastiche.

FREE RHYTHM.

Being Realistic Reflections Therein by a Certain Minor Poet.

Fresh from the arms of my mistress
I hastened across Trafalgar Square.
I will not describe it, for Henley has done it
Better than I can.
Besides, no fountains were volleying golden glaze,
Because the hour was eleven-thirty
P.M.
I hastened because the last train home
Leaves Charing Cross at eleven-forty
P.M.
In my overcoat pocket I carried
Two bananas, the "Evening News,"
And a threepenny packet of "Kopros" cigarettes.
I heeded but little the chattering rabble
That scurried out of theatres.
They seemed to me worms,
Mere crawling invertebrates,
While I,
I, in the manner of Horace,
Was butting the stars with my forehead.
I took no stock of the women's shoulders,
But rather indulged in meditations,
Philosophical, highly original, vastly profound,
As follows:—
"These have been at a pasteboard show, a flimsy
mummery;
They have gazed on the antics of puppets jerked willy
nilly.
They have seen in the flesh (and many in little else)
The bearers of mighty names, fetishes of the nuts,
Whose lineaments are blazoned on postcards,
And smirk from the pages of sixpenny peep-shows.
But I am fresh from the arms of my mistress.
To-night
I have played a part in the drama of life.
Reinhardt perchance would have frowned at the scenery,
And Granville Barker at the production.
But as I remarked before
I am fresh from the arms of my mistress.
To-night
I have played a part in the drama of life.
Etcetera, etcetera."
When I had reasoned thus far,
There came a lull in the flow of the syllogisms,
And I was assailed by doubts,
And misgivings were creeping along my
Spine.
And a voice from somewhere within me said
Gibingly:—
"You do err, for you know not the modern drama,
The flourishing modern English drama,
So coherent that now they can publish
The book of the words for eighteenthence.
You do err to suppose
That these gauzily draped bebies of British matrons
And the minions who feed them
Are any the less sagacious than you.
Rather the contrary.
For they to-night
Saw others acting the fool.
And you—
You have been acting the fool yourself!"

I lit a "Kopros" cigarette,
And pondered so deeply upon the matter
That I forgot the "Evening News"
And neglected the two bananas
In my overcoat pocket.
But in the train
I wrote this goodly farrago
For the delight of the world at large.

P. SELVER.

AN OFFICE INTERLUDE.

(A Stage-direction in one act, with apologies to no one but the reader.)

SCENE.—A perfectly commonplace solicitor's office, with which I have no acquaintance, and shall therefore proceed to describe in detail. Outside—for the description of a place entails the description of its surroundings within anything up to a radius of ten miles—a solitary cabman is spitting thoughtfully, apparently with the object of hitting a small piece of paper lying about five yards away. His precision denotes long practice. He may either

happen to be the only tenant of a regular cab-stand, or he may be waiting for a fare who has gone into one of the dingy houses opposite, or possibly into one of the equally dingy ones on the same side. The ground floors are mostly used for shops or offices, and the upper ones for offices or shops. There are also bedrooms and parlours with jingling glass and coloured paper ornaments. Dingy dimity curtains drawn half way across the higher windows effectively darken the rooms without securing a decent privacy for their inhabitants. At several of these, wash-stands or looking-glasses are visible, and in one case an unkempt woman is putting finishing touches to a remarkably incomplete and belated toilet. Tired-looking female typists, with worn clothes and too much cheap jewellery, sit at tables besides others, eagerly staring into the street in the hope that some weak-faced clerk passing by may smile or wink up at them, and so infuse the only romance they know into the drab monotony of their lives. The road rejoices in the singularly inappropriate title of Cedar Grove; it leads into Elm Avenue, at right angles to which is Sycamore Lane, neither of which differ from it in any respect except that they substitute grimy suburban residences for grimy offices and shops. The day is neither particularly hot nor particularly cold, and the street is littered with no exceptional amount of garbage. A decaying cabbage-stalk lies not far from the cabman, to which he transfers his attention, having attained a mechanical perfection with regard to the bit of paper. I should have mentioned that his mother was a dipso-maniac; that he comes from Birmingham; and that he once had a cousin who was, and may be still, a plumber in Kilkenny.

In a passage outside the office the office-boy is sleeping across three battered cane chairs, as is his daily custom from 10 a.m. to 1 p.m., and 2 p.m. to 4 p.m. Inside, Henry Smith is also sleeping in an arm-chair with his feet on the table (centre). The table is covered with papers which have obviously been scribbled on at random, and scattered under the pretence that they are of a business character. A roll-top desk (L), the pigeon-holes being stuffed with similar papers, two wooden chairs (centre R), a photograph of a commonplace young woman with a fringe, and a row of telephone receivers, extending completely round the room, and making a kind of frieze pattern, complete the furniture. From the pocket of Henry Smith a coloured comic paper protrudes its flaring facetiousness. He is a most commonplace young man—indeed, only by the hereditary training of many generations could he have attained such outstanding mediocrity—rather corpulent from excess of sleep, and his great-uncle had been very fond of Homer. The photograph is of his wife, and he has a brother-in-law called William; but it was not for the sake of that relationship that he married. The telephones have been put up one by one each month since he was admitted to the Rolls. He has no clients to ring up or to be rung up by, and candid friends tell him that the installation of so many was extravagant. Candid friends are people who regard all their acquaintances as akin to those natty little ornaments of the street provided by a kindly Corporation as an asylum for destitute banana-peel, etc., a sort of rubbish receptacle into which to shovel any unpalatable truths they have about them. The only difference is that the Corporation articles are never used. He, however, has no qualms about the telephones, as he feels he has a right to the amusement of having someone in at least once a month, and to the hope that he may some day get some conversation with someone by one of his lines getting wrongly hitched on at the Exchange. This hope has not yet been realised. He has long ago given up playing pitch-and-toss with the office boy, because the latter could beat him too easily for his pocket to stand the strain, and sitting at the table with a wet towel round his head, studying an air of business pre-occupation, because it gave him neuralgia. A telephone-bell rings insistently. He jumps up, and after some difficulty locates the right receiver. A voice asks, "Is that 0032x?" He replies, "I don't know; wait a minute." He looks up a list of his numbers. "No!" The bell rings again, and he replaces the telephone, and returns to sleep in the arm-chair. Nothing else of importance happens, except that the cabman spits rather more profusely, his objective now being his horse's hoof.

F. S. THOMAS.

The "Nation" has the following note in its front page: "The editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him."

Does not this seem to require an additional sentence to this effect: "but he will take care of the stamps"?

G.

Music and Musicians.

By John Playford.

Two interesting works were heard in London quite recently, labelled "First Performance in England." One was Wolf-Ferrari's "La Vita Nuova," and the other Ernest Fanelli's "Tableaux Symphoniques." Habitues of Covent Garden know the name of the former as the composer of two very brilliant operas—"The Secret of Suzanne" and "The Jewels of the Madonna"—which have had quite considerable success during the last two or three seasons at the Royal Opera; the name of the latter is only known to those who had read in the newspapers the pretty story of his "romantic discovery" by Monsieur Gabriel Pierné in Paris. Both works were interesting as much for what they did not as for what they did achieve of their composers' intentions.

"La Vita Nuova" is a comparatively early work—some ten or twelve years old—yet in that short period, as far removed in style from its composer's present development as "Rienzi" is from "Parsifal." Its performance by the London Choral Society, under the unimaginative directorship of Mr. Arthur Fagge, was distressingly mediocre—one hardly expects anything else from that amiably enterprising organisation. Yet the Society is hardly to blame; for, truth to tell, the work is composed in the traditional manner of the Anglican anthem—nice, well-bred, tonic-and-dominant harmonies, respectable "half-closes" and "full closes" and "feminine endings"—"the essential Dykes," as someone has charmingly said, "slumbering in the bosom of every Italian." The London Choral Society was in its element; so, apparently, was Mr. Arthur Fagge, whose firm repudiation of anything approaching a tempo rubato was superbly heroic. Only one thing in the music struck me as being worthy of repetition—an intermezzo for piano—an otherwise unjustifiable intrusion in the orchestra—two harps, and strings pizzicato. It was called "Dance of the Angels" or something of that sort. It was deliciously secular and as remote from the spirit of Dante's text as possible.

The other work, the "Tableaux Symphoniques," was well worth hearing. We all know the story of Fanelli's modesty, his employment for many years as an obscure music copyist, his providential meeting with Monsieur Pierné who saw in a sample of his penmanship the full score of an unperformed composition of his own written thirty years before, how that popular and very sympathetic director took Fanelli to his bosom at once, and how all Paris raved about the rescued artist for nine days. Fanelli, Debussy: Greaves, Whistler—that is the rough analogy. (I plead an amateur knowledge of painting, but intelligent artists to whom I have explained the musical side say that my analogy is pretty fair.)

My opinion is that Fanelli, whose "Tableaux" is intrinsically very much better than better composed works of the academic schools, knew that he was only a very good second-rater, and submitted to the inevitable. Otherwise is it likely that he would have been contented to lie low for more than half his artistic lifetime without suggesting to anybody that he had anticipated Debussy before Debussy knew how to use a razor—if ever he did use one? Either Fanelli has been more than usually wise and sensitive or he has been a prodigious fool, and I am inclined to think he has been more than usually wise and sensitive. There can be no sort of doubt that the "Tableaux Symphoniques" forms a very significant milestone in the march of orchestral technique. The "Daily Mail" sneered, rather cheaply I thought, at the "picturesque"-ness of the work on the ground that certain Russians of the St. Petersburg School were doing the same thing in 1883. I doubt if criticism can reach a lower level than that. The subject of the tone-pictures was "Thebes"—a triptych illustrating some episode in the time of the Pharaohs. Fanelli was a second-rater in his de-

scription of these scenes, which lack drama and climax and any deep human interest. His skill—and it was very considerable—lay in suggesting movement and colour and that thing we are obliged, in music, to call atmosphere.

He needed no lessons in suggesting such things. He found them out for himself—St. Peterburg or no St. Petersburg. Debussy was a stripling when this work was written, with no greater achievement to his name than some raw exercises in composition and that blue-ribbon of the Conservatoire student—the Grand Prix de Rome—still a year off. With all due respect to the intelligence of Carmelite House, poor Ernest Fanelli was writing harmonies in '83 that are only fashionable now, and were not employed by any Russian composer of that period whose music had ever been performed outside his own workshop.

The performance of the Colonne Orchestra under Monsieur Pierné was, one must suppose, sympathetic. I do not much like their playing, although it is admirable in some ways. Their brass, I think, is not improved by the inclusion of two cornets; they have a good hautbois and a good principal flute, but the Lamoureux give a better technical performance of (for instance) the Pastoral Symphony than the Colonne do of "L'Après midi d'un Faune." Their best quality, and one that, in the hands of a conductor of Monsieur Pierné's type may become fatal, is their highly developed sense of rhythm. This was astonishing, but the less meticulously drilled players in our own orchestras often succeed, nevertheless, in giving a performance that has the qualities of spontaneity and freedom which are so satisfying to the soul. Still, the more brilliant Frenchmen occasionally give one more illuminating pictures of the composers whose works they are playing at the moment, and I have, after a lurid performance of the "Carnival Romain," a vivid memory of the splendid and revolutionary Berlioz hanging on by his toes to the tradition of Weber, and bowing cordially meanwhile to Rossini like an accomplished acrobat on a trapeze.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

OMNIPOTENT PROLETARIAT.

Sir,—The letter of Mr. Felix Elderly is too incoherently sarcastic to be dealt with as a whole. I will therefore reply to a few remarks of his which have some connection with "international partnership."

My views in regard to the voting power of the proletariat are different from his interpretation—"the impossibility of the proletariat ever having an effective voting power." That is the Anarchistic and Syndicalistic view. Small as the working man's vote is, it is large enough to make the proletariat a political force in the country, if every working man's vote were cast for labour. The proletariat could at least hold the balance of power in national and municipal politics, and by playing off one party against the other could wrest from them such social reforms as would improve labour conditions. With a significant political party, the proletariat would have a better chance in its struggle with capital everywhere, especially in the United States, where an anti-Labour judge can cripple a strike by the issue of injunctions and the arrest of the strike leaders; but a pro-Labour judge could help the strike to be won. The behaviour of the police towards strikers would be quite different if Labour had an independent political voice. The above is obvious to all except Anarchists, Syndicalists, and Labour fakers (to use an American epithet).

My message to the Socialist and semi-Socialist parties of the world is that the political and physical power of the proletariat can never be strong enough to nationalise the means of production and distribution against the combined resistance of the propertied classes. If they will learn this great lesson, their power for making the world better will be greatly increased.

The theory of "international partnership" does not mean the chopping off of the solitary monopoly-capitalist's head; that is the Socialists' theory. They hope that, after monopoly will have extinguished all competition and will become concentrated under a solitary head, they will come with the weapon of the proletariat's vote, or the barricade, and chop that head off.

My theory is to spare that head, and to make it understand the fact that it, together with the trunk (proletariat) could so manage to live together that most of the evils from which the whole body is now suffering would be cured.

Mr. Felix Elderly quotes your remark in your issue of April 17 that international partnership promises us a future of "monotony, dullness, dreariness, and hopelessness." Assuming for argument's sake that that truly describes the future, still we must bear in mind this vital point—that for at least 75 per cent. of mankind life at present is not only monotonous, dull, dreary, and hopeless, but in addition to that they suffer from poverty, want, and, worst of all, dread of want, hard toil, unemployment, worry, anxiety, and a terrible struggle for existence. A state of society free from the characteristics which I have described would to the majority of mankind hardly appear as monotonous and dull.

Your correspondent reminds us of the difficult task there is before us, viz., to convert thirty millions like himself before the millennium can be realised. As far as the realisation of all kinds of Socialism is concerned, that might be true, but not so with regard to "international partnership." I do not undertake to convert the thirty millions, because not on them will depend the realisation of my theory. Every "ism" which seeks its realisation through the conversion of the masses is doomed to failure. I have shown in one of my articles in THE NEW AGE that to convert the masses to new ideas is physically and psychologically impossible. Only a few are naturally endowed with the power to discard ideas wherein they were born and to imbibe new ones by the mere process of reasoning. The masses are merely led or driven by the few, even in so-called democratic countries. When new ideas do penetrate the masses, it is not by a process of reasoning, but by changed conditions and surroundings. The changed conditions must therefore be brought about by the few. Hence "international partnership" does not rely on the thirty millions. If I succeed in proving to the leaders of industry that by the trustification of all national industries and their amalgamation into international joint-stock companies they can make all civilised countries one country; that by this process they not only will abolish military wars, and save for the benefit of all the wealth now expended on destruction, but will also abolish commercial wars; that all the labour now expended on the selling of goods could then be utilised for the production of goods; that, as a result of the above, millions of healthy and intelligent people now employed in commerce, finance, and many other non-productive branches could be put on real productive work, and consequently the quantity of wealth would be increased to such a great extent that the owners of the means of production would be able without any loss to themselves to provide the producing classes with enough of the means of life to enable them to live in comfort and security, whilst their own position would be changed from a class of warring, struggling, scheming capitalists to a state of security and retirement; when I can succeed in proving that to the leaders of the industry, to the principal statesmen, and to the honest leaders of the working classes, then my cause will be won without the conversion of the masses.

Mr. Elderly may laugh at me, so will others, because every new idea must pass that stage. But economic evolution and common sense are on my side. My voice is as yet a voice in the wilderness, but time will do what my voice is too weak to do. To THE NEW AGE and to "Concord" belongs the honour of giving me a hearing. I hope to live to see the day when those papers will receive the thanks of all true and honest social reformers for being the first to give publicity to the simplest and withal the most effective plan for turning the present hell into a comparative paradise. JOSEPH FINN.

CAPITALIST PRODUCTION.

Sir,—Your contributor "Rifleman" says in his article "The Nemesis of Capitalist Production": "Air, water, etc., have immense abstract value, but have no exchange value, because for obvious reasons they are not subject to exchange." If "Rifleman" really believes this—and I admit he has on his side many economic professors—I should like to ask him whether pure air and water are not elements in the make up of the exchange value of desirable houses at Bexhill-on-Sea or the Cornish coast.

H. W. LOVETT.

THE INSURANCE ACT.

Sir,—Will you allow me, as a constant reader and profound admirer of the NEW AGE, to express my thanks to your contributor, Mr. Charles Brookfarmer, for his delightful account, in last week's issue, of the recent meeting of Insurance Tax-Resisters at the Caxton Hall—carefully ignored by the capitalist Press?

As one also present, I can testify to the enthusiastic spirit of the crowd, especially the working class element.

It is fervently to be hoped that this robust spirit is going to begin to animate the mass of male workers generally, and make *men* of them. As a whole, they have so far accepted this damnable servile Act like abject cowards, and one is tempted just to curse them as such, and tell them that the ranker the "benefits" they get, the better. As a matter of fact, it is a *mercy* that the Act has proved such an absolute fraud, and that the catch-penny doctors are providing such an inadequate and degrading service, the only pity being that a certain proportion of these despicable blacklegs and vow-breakers are making a jolly good thing out of the dirty business. Had the Act worked decently, and the ticketed serfs, called "insured persons," enjoyed a goodly share of State charity (paid for by themselves), the chances of the cursed measure becoming a settled institution would be assured. As it is, there is still hope that discomfort and ridicule may succeed where logic and persuasion failed, and the working class be taught wisdom before it is too late. We may yet live to thank the Panel scabs, swollen-headed Commissioners, and the rest of George's hacks. In the meantime, all honour, praise, and help to Miss Margaret Douglas, and those with her, for the splendid work they are doing for those who hate slavery, and are not wanting in plain British pluck. Furthermore, let us thank Heaven we are blessed with the NEW AGE!

NOEL HASLEWOOD.

"THE NEW AGE" AND THE PRESS.

Sir,—Your readers do not need to be told that there were many references to the NEW AGE in the press of last week; but I think they should be informed that the only daily that did not report your evidence before the Marconi Committee was the "Daily Herald." Doubtless, this also you anticipated from a fellow-Socialist journal; but did Mr. G. K. Chesterton, I wonder, who recently gave the "Herald" credit for perfect fairness? In all my experience of the press I recollect many things as pointedly mean but none meaner. The rebel journal now rebels against the simplest duty of a newspaper—the reporting of news. The "Westminster Gazette" made a pretty slip which reveals, however, a bad conscience. You referred to the corruption of the nation by Mr. Lloyd George's offer of ninepence for fourpence. Our sea-green reported this as "knighthoods for fortunes." Who's bringing charges against the honour of politicians now? I have looked in vain in the "New Statesman" for a recognition of the existence of the NEW AGE; but beyond part of your title no mention of your journal has appeared. The "New Statesman," in short, is very like the old politician, only a little duller. By the way, this craze for "New" is surely recent: the "New Witness," the "New Statesman," and, shortly, the "New Free-woman." Can you not say: "Behold, the NEW AGE maketh all things new?" Mr. Wells, in the "New Witness," makes you some amends, however, for the impotent and conscious silence of the "New Statesman." One of their best writers, he says, "is almost good enough for the NEW AGE"; and he concludes his comments on the first issue thus: "Ideas! There is not so much as the tenth of an *Orange* in the whole enterprise." Who'd have thought it! Who'd have thought Mr. Wells would have thought it! You never know your friends until they find their enemies. "Bernard Lintot," in "T. P.'s Weekly," lucubrated last week on the fate of threepenny weeklies. This one had gone, that was going, and the NEW AGE would have gone if only it had not stayed. Very sad, I can assure you. I nearly wept at your unapproaching fate. "The NEW AGE," continued the undertaker, "exists for the purpose of allowing a group of clever young men to set the rest of the world right on all conceivable subjects. . . . They have convinced their readers of the fact that it is possible to know everything about everything except one's self." No tears, Danton. One's self is not worth knowing. You and I and your readers are probably long past the age when our ego demanded constant attention like a puling infant. When "Bernard Lintot" was a child he doubtless spoke as a child; but now that he has become a journalist he has resumed childish things.

PRESS-CUTTER.

THE LATEST FORM OF PURITANICAL BRUTALITY.

Sir,—Isn't the whole of England growing perfectly sick at the sight of the brutality of the Puritans? When Cromwell had an irresistible army at his back, it was, perhaps, excusable that England should have looked on helplessly at his atrocities in Dunbar, Drogheda, Wexford, and the like. But now that there is no brow-beating army behind the filthy spinsters of both sexes who helped to agitate for the new "White Slave Traffic" Bill, how can we regard the atrocities perpetrated under the sanction of this Bill with equanimity?

It is sickening, nauseating, maddening! I never have considered and never will consider England as a humane country. (If the reader would like my reasons for this statement, I can give them.) But I imagined that there was at least some limit to her stupidity. This flogging of men apprehended under the new Bill is not only thoroughly brutal—it is profoundly stupid.

Mr. Allan James Lawrie, at London Sessions, on April 17, sanctimoniously pronounced the following stupid words in sentencing a prisoner:—"This offence—the living on the earnings of a woman—is as bad a one as can be imagined."

Let Mr. Allan James Lawrie simply administer the law like a man, without making any additional remarks upon it. The law is inane enough in all conscience; but if it is going to be embroidered and embellished by every intelligent English lawyer who has to deliver sentence in accordance with it, it will sink to such a depth of imbecility that the very ushers in court will begin to see through it.

Now take these words of Mr. Allan James Lawrie and examine them.

First of all, living on the earnings of a woman is apparently no crime, for some of the wealthiest and most influential caterers and drapers of London do that. And in regard to the caterers, the beauty and attraction of the women comes into the reckoning just as prominently as it does into the other less savoury trade. For tables are thronged daily by the same men, wherever an attractive girl is to be found, and even indifferent food will be overlooked when an angel of beauty hands it to you. Besides, has anybody ever troubled to enquire what those repeated lunches at the same table often lead to?

So much, then, for the cant of "living on the earnings of a woman." But now let me suggest something. Let me suggest that all those women and unmarried spinsters who believe that the recent White Slave Bill was proper and correct—let me suggest that they picture themselves in the position of the girls whose lot they so tenderly commiserate. When by a violent mental effort they have done this, let them imagine themselves alone in cold, ruthless, and unfeeling London, without a single protector to whom they can turn! This is not precisely an age in which the mercenary spirit is dead or moribund. What would happen, then, if they decided that they must have a protector of some sort, even to guard them against the frequent but inevitable accidents encountered in plying their trade? To whom could they turn? Nobody does anything for nothing nowadays. They could but turn to him, then, who, with the true modern mercenary spirit, would demand a small emolument for undertaking to protect them in times of peril. Peril! What peril? Need I explain? There is plenty of peril in the old profession.

Well, then, they must have a protector of some sort. I do not call the duties of such a man "dignified" or "decent" or "noble"; but that they are necessary and indispensable, nobody with the brain of two or even three hens could doubt for an instant. Nor will any such person, thus generously endowed, doubt for one moment that some of the men ready to undertake these duties will occasionally be men who will take advantage of their position and prove the black sheep of their exalted flock.

Very well; admitting that some will be oppressive and some will be criminal, we are, nevertheless, forced to take the bad with the good, if we regard their employers' position (as I do) as an even greater evil when unprotected than when protected.

So the question resolves itself into this: is the present age one in which prostitution is necessary or unnecessary? When that question is satisfactorily answered, we can begin discussing the surface legislation which will deal with the details of the question; but until that question is satisfactorily answered, it is sheer brutality and stupidity to punish with cruelty a portion of the community who are performing a necessary part of a necessary profession. It is as if we regarded capital punishment with so much loathing that, in order to salve

our consciences, we flogged the hangman every time he executed one of our criminals for us.

If we tolerate hanging at all, we must tolerate the hangman. If we tolerate prostitution, and refuse to face the problem of providing any substitute for it, it is the most dangerous form of crass stupidity to flog those who form part of its inevitable machinery, however rotten this may be. Ask the girls! The fact that thousands still have and keep their paid protectors shows how stupid and futile the Bill actually is. And the only thing that would make me condone this savage crime against these unfortunate men would be that one ascribed it to England's incredible stupidity rather than to her innate cowardice and brutality.

ANTHONY M. LUDOVICI.

* * *

Sir,—Is it not a thousand pities that Sir Almroth Wright should be married? It seems to me that Mrs. Hastings is marked out, by nature, taste, and creed, for his true mate. How cordially he would despise Woman in her, and how splendidly she would justify him! Mrs. Hastings—who has my profound pity, not only for believing herself born into such wholesale inferiority, but for feeling herself impelled to act up to that belief—appears to base her mean opinion of women on women's mean opinion of her literary lucubrations. It has not yet dawned on her that poetry—or prose—is not necessarily fine because male persons admire it, or say they admire it. And if the specimen you published last week is a good sample of her style, the admiration of some men and the reprobation of most women are very happily accounted for. As Mrs. Hastings (I judge by inference) is in her own opinion that "freak of nature," a "culturable woman," will she explain to me the difference between a *métier* and a trade? She declares motherhood to be "a *métier* with Orientals and some Germans, a trade with Americans and Frenchwomen," a distinction which (I happen to have been brought up in France) I find some difficulty in grasping. Dimly groping, I wonder whether the super-culture of the Freak of Nature has confused *métier* and *culte*; but I trust she will not, in her "endeavour to reach me" from the immense heights on which she inhales her superiority to all other things feminine, expose herself to the danger of "confusing her taste"—I leave to her the task of confusing our minds with an elucidation of that mystery. I will only entreat her not to confuse terms, as it might leave the impression on the ignorant female mind that Mrs. Hastings is not really a freak after all.

C. NINA BOYLE.

Sir,—When Mrs. Beatrice Hastings is at her best—that is to say, when she is not replying to illogical letters from irate females—she writes the truth. Personally I should have felt even more in accord with her if she had omitted the reference to her own experiences as "a gifted woman." Apart from this feminine touch (may she forgive me!), her letter of April 17 is vigorous and true in the main. The nauseous flood of printed matter set flowing by women over the white slave bogey is the immediate proof of the lack of sane, logical, and temperate judgment in women as a sex. It is the cloud, no bigger than a man's hand, that proves in the very moment of their clamour for increased responsibilities how little fit they are to receive them. Printed pages—I cannot call them books—like those of Miss Elizabeth Robins, those entitled "The Light Bearers," and all the rest that novelise this dreary subject, display hysterical sentimentality with ludicrously overdrawn characters. Women demand to stand on the same level as men, but only in theory. Once it comes to practical treatment, wailings and up-braidings issue forth. In a much placarded play, lately acted at seaside towns, a "sweet young" heroine pleads as her excuse for submitting to the purchased embraces of a rich man that she was "so poor, so cold, so hungry." What pathos! Of course, all the sympathy was on her side at once! But let a young man be summoned to trial for robbing a wealthy citizen, and what would judge and jury say if he pleaded that "he was so poor, so cold, so hungry"? The immediate cry would be: "That is no excuse; there is always the workhouse; no one need starve in England." Apply the same remedy to more than two-thirds of the class for whose sake we have reverted to barbarous punishments, and how the ecstatic indignation of these moral-mongers would drop and the sentimentalist writhe! I am not an admirer or advocate for workhouse systems in any way. I merely use the argument to point out that women desire, not the same position as men, but one even more full of privileges, and immune from consequences, than they have ever held.

The influence of women upon literature has proved itself to be wholly bad. There can never have been any period in which so enormous a mass of vulgarity, folly, and utter rubbish was issued from the printing presses since women as a class, and not as gifted exceptions, took to writing. The evil is that which will permeate all questions if women on the whole, and not in cases of exceptional talents, are given the guiding reins. Prejudice, cruelty, and excitement are the main characteristics of women in the mass. History proves it again and again. A few colleges are not going to alter these characteristics in a term of thirty or forty years, or a hundred or more. What is rooted in their physical structure, education can only moderate, never eradicate. What a pity it is that we cannot give Ireland over to women altogether, let all the humorous, brave, quarrelsome Paddies come into England, and leave the Emerald Isle to be home-ruled by women for women, and for women only! Even then, I suppose, the native wit of the uneducated Irishwoman would save the situation; this sensitive quickness of the feminine mind that the modern feminist first exalted, and now ignores in the furious claim to qualities non-existent in women.

ARTHUR HOOD.

Sir,—I have no intention of replying to Mrs. Hastings' personalities to myself, or her sneers at her own sex; neither calls for serious attention. I would merely remind her of George Meredith's well-known dictum: "What a woman thinks of women is a test of her nature."

K. B.

[Mrs. Hastings replies: Miss Boyle's assumption that misuse of a foreign word stamps one as unculturable is a dreadful illustration of the average woman's notion of culture. If I knew all the languages in the world, I might still be truly unculturable. Knowing even my own imperfectly, I might still be capable of culture. Culture has to do with taste and perception, I think—the kind of taste, for instance, which would not be plaguery about an attempted bon mot. I used the word *métier* as we English use it, to express something near "one's calling" or "vocation." *Dieu me pardonnera; c'est son métier!* I should be quite pleased, and so would everyone else, to find an exact English exchange for "*métier*," which we leave usually untranslated. "Trade" will not do at all. "Culte" is no help, either. And why drag in Sir Almroth Wright? Why do these advanced women who are going to purify humanity invariably suggest marriage as a last insult for one? I don't suppose that Sir Almroth's lady is very despised as a wife. She has not, at least, pilloried her husband after the manner of several militant wives. When Miss Boyle concludes that I despise women merely because they do not read my poems, she concludes at once too much and too little.

I may certainly deny Mr. Hood's charge of femininity in my claiming a gift. My reply would be based on the declarations of masculine poets whose self-assertion as far exceeds mine as my performance comes short of theirs. "A monument more enduring than brass," said Shakespeare of his work. "Throughout all ages shall I survive in fame," said Ovid. Keats felt that he would be, after his death, "among the English poets." I have never heard that modesty is a virtue with poets. I wrote as a poet. But let Mr. Hood and me not bicker about the matter. For my part, I will willingly leave my claims to posterity.

I see that "K.B." has run back to fling a stone, while pretending not to be doing anything! I remind her that she began the personalities. I noticed her "well-known" quotation from Meredith in a recent issue of the "Daily Herald," which I always look at to see whether the suffragettes have yet found out Mr. Will Dyson and broken his windows. His cartoons are an awful indictment of modern women—wolfish, whorish, and malignant. I defy any true artist to deceive himself about the "rise" of women. As for Meredith—what a woman thinks of him is a fair test of her intelligence. Upon his bosom repose tearfully, smilingly the Great Misunderstood.]

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ENGLAND AND THE ENGLISH.

Sir,—I think that in claiming the hospitality of a serious journal one should state a point of view as cogently as one can, and leave it at that to the general judgment. In reading "A. E. R.'s" letter only in one direction does it seem to me that I can pertinently add to what I have tried to say.

Your contributor accuses me in effect of drawing a gloomy picture of what Blake calls "this mundane shell," and then sailing away optimistically into the empyrean.

As I hold the honest pessimist in vastly more respect than the facile optimist, I should like, I will not say to defend a consistency I do not greatly value, but to clear my character as an optimist. The crux perhaps lies here. "A. E. R." thinks the race is decadent, I believe it is only tired. At the risk—which I challenge—of being dubbed sentimentalist by the chilly hierarchs of the goddess of Reason, I will even say I believe the English people are a bit heart-weary, perhaps the most devitalising complaint by which a man or a race, organically sound, can be affected. It is a question of economics, as your correspondent would say, who quoted wisely and wrote—"fudge." Certainly, the man has paid full price for loss of instinct whose mind suggests to him that children, boy or girl, should be taken from the mothers that have borne them.

It may seem an odd claim to make on behalf of a people that has been labelled "a nation of shopkeepers," but I maintain the truth to be that the English are not at heart a commercially-minded people. I can say with entire honesty that I have in my life met few Englishmen of any class who were tradesmen at heart, to whom, that is, money-making was an end rather than an uncongenial means. If the Englishman loves money-making so much, why is it that his ruling passion to-day is to escape from it at the earliest possible day and hour? One does not gather that the artists and craftsmen, who made our cathedrals and parish churches a glory in the land, hurried through their congenial toil that they might found mushroom villa cities, and cease betimes from anything worth calling living. The Yankee, so he tells us—and the claim wears the look of truth—loves money-making for its own sake. It is not so with the English. One finds as mere money-making becomes more and more the work-a-day aim of our civilisation, the real English of every class slipping away to the lands where the lure and promise of a freer, fuller life beckons to them. Just as for two hundred years the most enterprising blood of Norseman and Teuton was enriching for the making of England and the English, "this sceptre isle . . . set in the silver sea," so now they are boarding the big steam galleys for the English lands beyond the unknown seas. The ruling English are mostly now in the Empire's silent service at the ends of the earth, and the Alien, visibly or invisibly, rules at home.

The energy of a fighting race has gone into the creation of industry, but the heart of the English has gone out of a game that threatens to destroy all that for them makes life worth living. The countrymen of Shakespeare, heirs of a freedom won, not for themselves alone but for all men, were not born to be content as the serfs of cunning money-jugglers. Nor will they be. The English brain works slowly, but it has the organic quality. He begins to see through the blinding murk of his grey, nigh God-forsaken cities the ugly features of the god for whose uplifting the dear land of his fathers is being turned into a spiritual shambles: whose Juggernaut car is being driven over the bodies and souls of him and his children. The drivers one knows are mostly good Democrats. The Englishman makes a poor democrat, but he loves reality. If there be no other way, he may yet insist on a real democracy of the shambles, ere he gives up all that his fathers won. The English may be as sheep in their heroic, law-abiding acceptance of ills that are personal and appear inevitable, but, once aware of conscious killing injustice, the grey wolf of his ancestral fighting blood may awake to startle the smug butcher-shepherds who guard the flock. The effect haply may be humorous as well as grim, and none will laugh more heartily than the Englishman, who, showing his teeth, finds he was being ridden by a spectre whose power ruled by the Money-god vanishes when the touch of understanding discloses the loveless Underworld which is his kingdom.

The unthinking, or dividend-thinking, will say the spectre menaces from a different quarter—the growing power of Labour threatens the security alike of citizen and of State. Is it so? The NEW AGE, I hold, has proved to conviction that so long as Labour is not a true capitalist profit-sharer, but essentially a raw material of industry, nothing can prevent its inevitable enslavement. Labour must either individually or corporately possess as an equal. There is no other solution. The former road was barred long ago. The corporate road alone remains as a way of escape. The difficulties doubtless are great. If they are insuperable, then doubtless "A. E. R." is right, and Nature cares nothing for the race. Yet, surely, the truer faith is that Nature's care for the type, for the race, is expressed in the heart and in the life-work of every man and woman who cares enough to learn her lessons. What more should we ask of her?

Your contributor confronts the inspired prophet of a sunrise that scarcely yet has "flattered the mountain-tops with sovereign eye" with the tired idealist of a twilight afternoon. He asks further: What is the use of quoting poetry? I will tell him. It is because we have reached a pass in human affairs, in our national life, in which the wisest philosophy unaided will not help us. The most cogent appeal to reason and enlightened self-interest will not lift us as a people out of the slough of materialism in which we are fast; if unaccompanied by the magical appeal of the poet, the prophet, and the dreamer to that vision without which the people perish. Blake has told us that the tyranny of this mundane shell "ceases where the lark mounts." Man may master the winds, but if the human spirit has forgotten how to soar, his fate will still be that of the man with the muck-rake.

Not until the Song-maker comes along, bard and herald of the great days that yet shall be, minstrel of a people made one again, will the daystar rise of a new "Merrie England."

May I, Sir, before ending this screed, make a double apology—for its length and for a misquotation of which I was guilty in a previous letter. Perhaps you will allow me to give the whole of the passage I had in mind. It occurs in Dr. Greville MacDonald's "Sanity of William Blake," a study instinct with an interpretative inspiration, true spiritual kin to Blake's own genius.

"Then upon these convictions that the child is father of the man, Blake builds his life-long glory of faith, that the man is father of his country and must save it. For this is the secret of his mighty work, *Jerusalem*, the spiritual England; this is the inspiration of her maternal weeping over the chaining of her sons. He sees everywhere the triumph of idolatry over worship, the letter of the law over the spirit, money over flesh and blood, reason over imagination. And like all true prophecy, his words are not for his own age only, but make appeal to the men of every generation. Prophecy, indeed, is the appeal of the eternal to the people of time."

CHARLES CECIL.

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FEMINISM.

Sir,—Your correspondent, "Sec.," guilelessly re-opens the problem arising from the numerical preponderance of women over men, and asks what is to be done with the superfluous women. A problem, however, is not soluble because it can be stated; and this particular problem will probably require a generation or two to solve. In the meantime, the following alternatives appear to present themselves: (a) Women can renew their exploitation of men and make it more effectual (there are plenty of unmarried men, would-be indulgent fathers, brothers, etc.); (b) they can enter wage-industry; (c) they can develop industries and occupations peculiar to their genius, and, consequently, their monopoly.

Concerning (a), it is well known, amongst men, that women on an average are becoming less clever at "wheedling" than they used to be. Wheedling has been given a bad name by selfish eunuchs with the consequence that women are ashamed of it, and have ceased to cultivate it. A further consequence is that while two out of every three women are silently wishing for a man and doing nothing to get one and complaining of their neglect, the third woman—who has retained her feminine instincts—has more men at her command than she can employ. A million unmarried men is a problem, it is true; but that a million men remain unmarried is a disgrace to women.

(b) The invasion of the wage-market by women will have the effect, as you have pointed out, of lowering men's wages by competition, with the further result of reducing the incentive of men to marry. But that, I confess, appears to me to be only the temporary effect of the new movement. The later effect, I believe, would be to force men out of the inferior offices of industry into the superior—where fewer will be employed than now, but at higher wages. The population in those comparatively remote times would consist of a considerable preponderance of women over men, but with the men in a relatively superior status. In short, the "dirty" work of civilisation would be done by women, while men would, by their superior skill and fewer numbers, command a choice of the best jobs in the market. How do women like the prospect?

(c) It is ridiculous to assert that women have no outlet even at this moment for their work outside of wage-industry. There is not a village where a competent "sempstress" might not to-day find a comfortable livelihood as her own mistress. On every hand you hear complaints that women—young women especially—are scarcely worth employing in domestic work, in the arts,

that is, peculiar hitherto to their sex. A competent woman, in fact, is one of the rarest of phenomena, and always worth her generous maintenance, and sure of it whenever she appears. As housekeepers, nurses, companions, landladies, sempstresses, jam and wine-makers, and a score of such things, thousands of women are actually in demand without response. Let them set themselves to equal (they will never surpass) our great-aunts who "mothered" a district and spread home about a radius of a mile—and lived in happiness by doing so. In short, let superfluous women cease to be superfluous.

T. MARCHANT.

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WORKING WOMEN AND THE VOTE.

Sir,—It is not for me to deplore the admission, or, rather boast, of Mr. Edgar J. Lansbury, that of his family of eleven, no two agree about anything. If anybody, Mr. Lansbury, père, should make some reply to that, in private if not in public. The point is that the father of Mrs. Thurtle is agitating for a vote for a daughter who declares it will be useless to her. Mr. Edgar Lansbury may say, if he likes, that Mrs. Thurtle is a Syndicalist, and so dismiss her; but her objection to the value of a vote to women remains valid, even when she adds that a vote is useless to men as well. The discussion of the value of political action *per se*, is, in fact, imperative; or would be if the unity of the Lansbury family were equal to its diversity. Mr. Edgar Lansbury admits that such a discussion would be interesting, and possibly edifying. Surely, it would be more! If the family of eleven were agreed upon the conclusion, its weight would be increased by their unanimity on it. As things are, each member of the family, as I picture the scene, is busily engaged in discrediting the views of the rest. A barrel without hoops will not carry much liquor.

H. T. SCOTT.

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A WOMEN'S COUNCIL.

Sir,—Suggestions to constitute Women's Councils have several times lately appeared in your columns.

Let me mention that Women's Councils already exist, and are even international, yet are evidently largely unknown.

The Canadian Women's Council is fairly prominent, and the effects are worth observing. The women work faithfully, and in important lines such as protection of the defenceless and for sanitation. And there is much less of that contempt for women which is so characteristic of Englishmen. Yet results are that men, where their help is necessary, are apt to disregard the recommendations of women councillors; that men shirk nearly all works of justice and progress, allowing these to devolve upon women; and that women, not being in touch with men, are sometimes as unwise in advising one-sided legislation as men are in legislating without women being represented in their councils.

The pleas for justice and mercy put forth by the Council of Women in the following instructive case, in Ontario, were squashed by male fanaticism:—An Italian (Napolitano), having left his wife and sold the furniture, went back to see if he could not sell his wife's favours, she being still legally his property. She refused to support him in this way, whereupon he assaulted and wounded her so savagely that her injuries kept her for weeks in hospital. He was sentenced to three years in Kingston Penitentiary, but was let out after a week in gaol, and was soon again threatening his wife. He declared he would kill her after his afternoon sleep if she again refused to earn money for him in the way he bade her. Appeal for legal protection was evidently useless, and, moreover, her English was imperfect. She rejected the idea of suicide, as a prospective mother naturally does. In these desperate straits, she took the axe and killed her would-be murderer with a blow. For this she was sentenced to be hanged, no extenuating circumstances being mentioned; and the jury went on to the case of an Italian man who had murdered another by night, and they recommended him to mercy, though his only plea was that he had killed the wrong man by mistake.

But even in Ontario, a woman nearing maternity cannot be hanged, and the sentence was commuted to life imprisonment. Mrs. Napolitano's baby was taken from her at six weeks, and died for lack of suitable food; and she is permanently cut off from her four children, who were found to be well cared-for and well-trained. Men refuse to help because, in their opinion, the hard-working and loving mother is "a bad woman." The Minister of Justice neglected to return any reply, in spite of his promise to a deputation from the Women's Council.

No explanation was obtained why an evidently dan-

gerous convict, as Napolitano was, was let out in a week after being sentenced to three years.

Fanaticism, however, is not a male monopoly; and Ontario women, unassisted by the voices of men, have been led by sex prejudice. While in England, the two women's journals, "Votes for Women," and "The Common Cause," both expressly repudiated the lash, and English women, with the exception of a few fanatics, have never advocated it, Canadian women councillors have definitely favoured such retrograde legislation as whipping for male procurers, though it is fair to say that no woman has ever gloated over this punishment as did Roosevelt lately in the "Outlook," and as several British M.P.s have done.

If both sexes were in council together, one-sided legislation would be checked. For instance, a great deal of light might be thrown on the question whether the "age of consent" should be raised to 18, if men as well as women would give their attention to it.

What is the citadel which men have hitherto so jealously defended against women? It surely is the man's right, as he considers it, to have a sex-slave and a cook-slave all to himself. But the first does not prove very satisfactory, and the economic waste of the second, involving fifty kitchens where one would suffice, must bring its abolition. A domestic revolution is certainly ahead of us. Yet a bigger fact is that women are continually gaining more and more power over the destinies of the race, and, at the same time, more cohesion among themselves. Council or no council, what influence, apart from coercion, do men at present exert over women? Already women, more than men, decide as to the rate of increase of human beings; they already aspire to controlling the quality as well as the quantity of children; and it seems not only possible, but even probable, that future knowledge will enable them to regulate the numerical proportion of the sexes. Just now one would rejoice to see women in general possessed of more influence than they might avoid oppression; but one would gladly think of the women arbiters of the future as influenced by the wisest heads, and the wisest are found among men as well as women.

Does your advice, Sir (of August 23), that "a social reforming woman is the greatest impediment to social reform," or that of January 23, "let women form a women's social league for the advancement of women's interests," help us to promote channels of influence whereby those who have most power may be inspired by those who have most wisdom? DORA FOSTER.

THE PERSE PLAYERS.

Sir,—The appreciative review of Perse Playbooks No. 3 in "Present-Day Criticism" for the last two weeks shows several misconceptions which I should like to clear away. Your reviewer says: "The interested reader will find a detailed description of the Perse School in Mr. Caldwell Cook's article." Alas! that joyous description is of an ideal secondary school, the Play School Republic of the future, I hope; but it does not exist yet. The Perse School at present consists of one building, containing hall and classrooms, with a small gravel playground in front, and we are getting rather cramped. A mile away are two large boarding-houses and the playing-field. However, as soon as the money we seek is forthcoming, the Play School Republic shall be set on foot at once.

The other points are smaller. The senior boys have not departed very widely from the original ballad story in "The Wraggle-Taggle Gypsies." The versions vary greatly. The one they used is to be found in Sharp's "English Folk Songs for Schools." I confess myself rather puzzled to find the point of your reviewer's discourse upon the schoolboy genius. "The worst thing that can happen to him is to be discovered early" is quite inapplicable to the method I am working on, the chief principle of which is to leave the boys to their own devices as much as possible, save for encouragement and the necessary minimum of guidance and control.

To praise the concealment of the system which develops these published plays and poems is a salutary judgment on the vagueness of my introductions, which are written for the express purpose of explaining the methods to teachers. Of course, it is chiefly a policy of "leave them alone and they'll come home," but I shall be more explicit in future.

Your reviewer's welcome of "The Wraggle-Taggle Gypsies" alleviates somewhat the discouragement we have felt in the senior "playwrighting." But his small praise of "Baldr's Death" and "Freyr's Wooing" is very surprising. I am convinced that the Norse Mythology is the best quarry for the themes of the plays, because thence we dig out nothing finished; all is rough

or but crudely shaped, and it leaves the boys their work still to do. The stories lack their detail, and the god-like persons are huge vague beings whose characters have still to be wrought into something life-like. Mediæval romance is crowded with ready-made detail; moreover, the motives of the action in those complex stories are mostly such as boys of twelve cannot appreciate, or they lead to a kind of Tennysonian sentiment. But they know and heartily appreciate the simpler passions and deed-thoughts of the early gods; and the divine attributes are useful distinguishing marks among characters who start merely as names.

The most cogent reason of all for continuing is that, as each boy has become for himself the god or goddess he represents, and is making his part fit him day by day, to change to other themes would be to uproot a grove of healthy trees to plant a bed of exotic flowers.

But the book of words can give but a slight idea of these boyish games in life and poetry. The most important, interesting, and lively part of the whole sequence is the gradual building up of the fabric by means of a combination in play of a brisk make-believe action, a continuous music of lovely words well spoken, and a collection of bright costumes and useful properties; next to this in importance is the performance of such a play, which must be seen to be believed; least important of all is the published book, which the boys themselves rarely trouble to read.

The use of the word "governors" in reference to those responsible for the teaching is unfortunate. The governors of a school are something very distinct from the teaching staff. They receive the fees and regulate the expenditure; but only one or two have ever visited the school to see its methods. "We hope now to try and enlist their interest," Dr. Rouse says, "and our hope is especially strong in the case of Mr. A. C. Benson, a governor of the school and a well-known writer on educational subjects, whom we hope to surprise by showing him many of his own dreams long realised. The most surprising thing, however, is the complete indifference of the University of Cambridge to a process of improvement which has been carried out under their eyes for nearly twelve years."

H. CALDWELL COOK

(Master of the Perse Players).

* * *

ON CARICATURE.

Sir,—I am inclined to supplement your note on caricature by the remark of Nietzsche to somebody who complained of rough criticism: "Don't pretend to be so frail." The price we pay for celebrity is to endure, I will not say the truths, but the frankness, of strangers. In private life we demand, rightly, personal consideration; life would be intolerable, in fact, if our circle of acquaintances treated us as the public treats us. But when once we leave the sheltered circle of our private life, we ought to expect a different treatment, and to be satisfied if it is frank without being positively unfriendly. After all, that is what the world for each one of us is for: to allow us to see ourselves at every disadvantage, and without the glamour of personal familiarity. In a country like England, however, where the middle-classes are only just emerging from home life into public life, the reception they meet is chilling, and, in their opinion, rude. The upper classes have long since got over their public stage-fright and their resentment against the hisses of the gallery and the deadly silence of the pit. They take caricature, abuse, invective, opprobrious epithets, and all the rest of the material of hearty criticism as their due almost; and certainly without crying shame upon the public for it. The working classes, similarly, have long since added a muscle to their skin. To hear a gang of navvies "chaffing" one of their number is to receive a liberal education in public manners. The middle-classes, alone, have not as yet learned to be licked into shape with consenting gratitude. They cry out at a stranger who remarks on them as if he owed them the respect of a friend. But being upon the public stage they will learn in time to accept the methods of public judgment; and of these caricatures will assuredly be one in England as it is now abroad where the middle-classes are more acclimatised to public life.

It would be interesting, by the way, to know if any of "Tomtitt's" subjects have protested against his treatment of them. I have met several of the originals without learning that they bore him any ill-will, and notably two of those whom he has drawn with almost savage criticism. As I am one of them I take this opportunity of thanking him for the pains he took to make me appear as detestable as my enemies say I am.

A VICTIM.

"THE PRETENDERS."

Sir,—An unfinished discussion dissatisfies me, and I beg one word more with Mr. Hope; after that, though he slay me, yet will I be silent.

The issue is now clear; we disagree as to Ibsen's chief purpose in writing "The Pretenders." I think Skule is the significant character, and that Hakon is—in Mr. Hope's words—"the merest mechanical hero of melodrama," and secondary to Skule. Mr. Hope contends that the "dramatic fact" of Hakon's continuous victory reveals Ibsen's philosophical purpose. I am content to disagree with your critic, but I would like him to agree with himself; I therefore ask him: (1) How, if Ibsen wished to demonstrate the supremacy of Hakon's will, can the play be called a *refutation* of the doctrine of the will? (2) If the play be called "Christian in its assumptions and demonstrations" do these words apply to the victorious affirmation of the will by Hakon or the renunciation of the will by Skule?

Mr. Hope is not entitled to turn the tables on me regarding Stirner; I was aware that he was in the line of conscious egoists, and that he immediately preceded Ibsen. But if "The Pretenders" was intended to refute Stirner, why not say so, without mentioning Nietzsche? and at the end of it all we learn that Ibsen was refuting neither, but confirming both! WILLIAM L. HARE.

[John Francis Hope replies: Mr. Hare is still flat-catching, and I am glad to hear the last of him. Whether he understands Ibsen or not, is a moot point; but he certainly does not understand me, and will not make the effort to do so. The play is a refutation of the doctrine of will, because Hakon is, *ex hypothesi*, not an agent but an instrument. He is God's child on earth, and so long as he does nothing against God's will, he cannot fail. Mr. Hare has probably forgotten (for controversial purposes) the end of the third act, when Hakon explains the disaster that has befallen him (I mean Skule's proclamation of himself as King of Norway) by reference to his inconsiderate treatment of his wife and mother. "My mother!" he exclaims, "Sitting like a dog outside her son's door! And I ask why God has stricken me!" Again, he says: "Margrete—my mother—I have sorely sinned; I have barred my heart against you two, who are so rich in love." When Dagfinn enters with the news: "My lord, the worst has befallen." Hakon, cuddling two women at once, replies: "I know it; but there is nought to fear. If there be two kings in Norway, there is but one in Heaven—and he will set all straight." I contend that such passages as that define Hakon Hakonson as a Christian, and I contend that his triumph over Skule at the end of the play is a Christian demonstration. Ibsen is saying: "Trust in God, and the gates of Hell shall not prevail against you." I never said that Ibsen "wished to demonstrate the supremacy of Hakon's will"; my contention is that Ibsen meant Hakon to be regarded as one who does the will of God, and Skule as the upstart from Hell who can only slink into Heaven by repentance. Nicholas and Skule are the embodiments of will in the play; Nicholas is identified with Satan, and Skule throughout the play is classed as a rebel who will go to the last extreme of impiety to obtain his ends. Our sympathies are prejudiced against Nicholas and Skule, the embodiments of the will, and in favour of Hakon; and the dilemma that Mr. Hare offers me is really Ibsen's. He wished to write a refutation of the doctrine of the will; and could only do so by creating Hakon, who is practically pure Will. If Mr. Hare will read "Emperor and Galilean," he will discover that Ibsen draws a distinction between personal will, or egoism, and the world-will; and to be in harmony with the world-will is to be all-powerful, and, at the same time, altruistic. Julian, at the crucial moment, could not will; and his cry: "O, Galilean, thou hast conquered," may be interpreted in various ways, but it cannot be denied that it implies that Ibsen regarded Christ as an interpreter of the world-will. Skule, at the crucial moment of tampering with the mysteries, is similarly stricken with a paralysis of will, aboulia, as the specialists call it; and the play is really a commentary on the phrase: "How frail and weak a thing is man."

I have already said that I mentioned Nietzsche only because he was contemporary with Ibsen. Mr. Hare retorted that "there was no doctrine of the will to refute, even by anticipation." A silly phrase, for his own argument was that "The Pretenders" was written before Nietzsche had published a line. I mentioned Stirner in reply to this to show that the doctrine of the will was not without an exponent just before "The Pretenders" was written, and now I am told that "if 'The Pretenders' was intended to refute Stirner, why not say so without mentioning Nietzsche?" My contention is that it was written not to refute Stirner or Nietzsche, but the doctrine of the will of which both were exponents, that doctrine of the will which Mr. Hare said did not exist to be refuted, even by anticipation; and I mentioned Nietzsche rather than Stirner because he is, in my opinion, more "familiar, accessible, and emphatic," as I said. Mr. Hare has shown me clearly that he does not debate to get at the truth, or to enlarge the comprehension of himself and his readers, but to score little debating points. He has failed to do so, but he has forced me to a most laborious and unnecessary explanation; for which I can only apologise to your readers. Mr. Hare's promise to be silent is the only gratifying feature of this controversy.]

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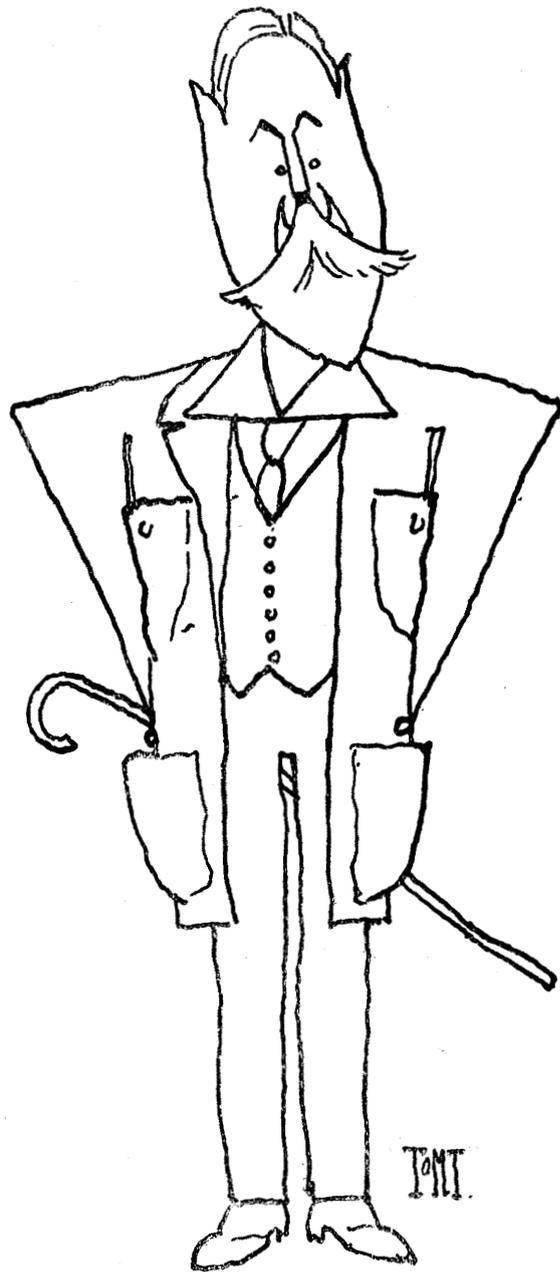
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