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A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART.

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The public has now the opportunity to see and hear for itself that the South African deportees are no plotters against the State. Nobody, in fact, who has come in contact with them even at a distance can credit a word spoken of them by Generals Botha and Smuts. These men, accustomed to the wily petty statesmanship of Kruger, attempted—yes, and to the shame of England, succeeded in the attempt—to portray the South African Trade Union leaders as regular Catilines of conspiracy, desperadoes who would not hesitate to employ dynamite or to stir up the natives against the peaceful pastoral Government of the South African Union. But not only we and the public generally have found them to be men remarkably like our own most moderate Labour leaders, but the very Press has not been ashamed to change its charge from one of knavery to one of silliness. While they were still in South Africa or on their way to England over the seas, a good part of our Press (including the "Daily Chronicle" and the "Westminster Gazette") accepted the assurances of the South African Government that they were treasonous incendiaries whose presence in South Africa was a public danger. No sooner, however, had they arrived at Gravesend than at once they became a party of futile and ridiculous persons. It is surely impossible that our public can believe both stories. If the deportees are not the characters described by General Smuts, their deportation is a crime against the Empire; and if they are, then how comes the Press to write them down as simply fools? But this somersault of opinion is not the only one of which our degraded Press has been guilty. Not satisfied with describing the deportees on successive days as dangerous revolutionaries and farcical jackasses the very newspapers that were foremost in "killing Kruger with their mouth" are now engaged in the very opposite, namely, defending the Boer Government. Talk about pro-Boers—who are the Little Englanders, the anti-British and the pro-Boers of to-day? Why, the very same people who denounced these varieties of opinion and sacrificed tens of thousands of lives only a few years ago to make their denunciations effective! Is it conceivable that either public memory should be so short or the dishonour of the Press so complete that neither one nor the other should reflect on this strange paradox? In truth, however, we may as well give up the hope that, in our Press, civilisation will find any means of perfecting itself. On the contrary, the majority of newspapers to-day are a positive menace to intelligence, to society, and to humanity. Conducted chiefly by the scum and offal of the half-educated classes, they are without principle, brains or even common information.

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Two problems of the utmost magnitude arise out of the deportations, both of which demand almost an infinity of serious consideration. One concerns the future of the Labour movement in its relation with established Governments; the other, not less important, relates to the future of the British Empire. What, we ask, is to become either of the Labour movement or of the State itself if it be assumed that Labour and the State are in no less complete antagonism with each other than

Labour and Capitalism? It has hitherto been granted that the antagonism was confined to Labour and Capital, and that the State stood as a neutral but friendly party outside the area of the strife. But if the State is openly and avowedly to identify itself with Capital, both itself and Labour will be forced into a position disastrous to everybody and everything. For neither can conceivably give way! In the case of the conflict of Labour with Capital the hope of compromise is not vain, since Capital is as indispensable to Labour as Labour is to Capital. But supposing the State to make up its mind that the claims of Labour can never be reconciled with its own claims, the prospect of civil war is unending. It is true that General Smuts has for the moment appeared to succeed in the employment of State force against Labour claims. Nor do we deny that the same course may safely be taken against Labour to-day in practically every part of the world. But he would be wrong who concluded that what can be done by the State to-day can always be done; or that, sooner or later, if only by accident, the issue will not be reversed and the State go down instead of Labour.

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With these desperate alternatives staring them in the face, however, both our business men and publicists appear, many of them, to be doing their best to force one or the other upon us. Common sense alone would surely suggest that, since in the long run and if the planet remains habitable, the co-existence of the State and Labour must be made possible, the wise and patriotic course is to examine the conditions of compromise at once. There should be no delay in settling, or, at least, in attempting to settle, a problem which is both practical and inescapable. Yet, as we say, the mass even of those who profess to have an outlook beyond the moment appear more anxious to continue and to embitter the struggle than to look for the means of ending it. From South Africa, indeed, there has come an impulse which instead of shocking our governing classes into temporary sanity, appears to have driven them more mad than ever. Seeing with what ease General Smuts has suppressed the signs of a Labour movement in South Africa, they conclude not only that he has suppressed it altogether, but that the means employed by him are everywhere applicable. From no other cause than reaction from South Africa can have arisen, we think, the recent recrudescence of the talk in England and force against labour. Everywhere at present you can hear it; and everywhere the model cited is that of General Smuts.

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Take, for example, the meeting held last week of the Chamber of Shipping. As well as wishing in so many words that we had a Smuts in the British Cabinet, the Chamber unanimously decided to petition the Government to repeal the picketing clauses of the Trades Disputes Bill. But this, whatever its excuses, is an act of war upon Labour; and one which could only have been suggested in the moment of the South African triumph. Or, worse still, examine the article by Sir John Macdonell appearing in the current "Contemporary Review," and specifically based on the doings of South Africa. Sir John Macdonell has not hitherto ranged himself among the fanatics of Capitalism; but, on the contrary, has the reputation of a student and a statesman. He does not hesitate, however, to say that in certain nationally vital industries—transport and coal—striking must not only be declared illegal, but prevented by the force of the State. This again is equivalent to a declaration of war upon Labour, since it assumes that Labour unrest can be allowed to continue, but not the means of expressing and making effectual that unrest. But what advantage, we ask, is to come from a policy of sitting on the safety-valve? Even supposing that for a while the method is successful, the end can only be an explosion. To the extent, in fact, to which our governing classes and their advisers resolve to meet Labour with force instead of with intelligence, to the same extent they are laying up for society a terrible epoch of revolution.

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Infinitely wiser were the words we quoted from Lord Haldane last week; and infinitely wiser are the considerations advanced by Mr. Sidney Low in his Introduction to the new edition of his "Governance of England" (Unwin, 3s. 6d.). For him—a publicist in the true sense—the end of statesmanship is not how to stave off and to leave to our unfortunate successors the solution of a problem manifestly pressing upon us now; but rather to devise the steps to be taken at once to meet the problem and to prepare, at least, for its solution. There is, he says, "a rising belief that a system of industrialism, based on arduous toil for weekly wages by the majority of mankind, is as much opposed to reason and humanity as slavery itself." And more precisely: "A revolution, as comprehensive as that which ultimately abolished predial and domestic serviture, seems to be entering upon its initial stages." Mr. Sidney Low does not, like Sir John Macdonell, thereupon ask how this revolutionary movement, now in its initial stages, is to be suppressed. On the contrary, his question is how the Constitution may be made and adapted to admit of it. For neither is he, like some of his colleagues, under the illusion that, if a conflict between the rising belief and the present machinery of society is precipitated, society will prove victorious. The Constitution, he is quite aware, will break if it does not bend. We repeat that the issue for both Labour and the State is momentous. If the example of General Smuts is tolerated by the working classes of this country, be sure that it will be followed here. And as surely as it is followed here the war, often spoken of but never yet begun, of Labour upon the State, will enter upon its opening phases to the peril not of England only, but of the whole world.

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The second problem opened up by the preposterous deportations is the meaning in future to be attached to the British Empire. The menace to Labour from the action of the South African Government is, we have seen, serious enough; but for the moment the menace to the Empire is quite as serious. Except upon the supposition that a considerable part of the Press (and, above all, of the Imperialist Press) is in the pay of the enemies of England, we are completely at a loss to explain their sycophancy to Generals Botha and Smuts. Are they or are they not aware that, though nominally a labour matter, the recent affair in South Africa is through and through anti-British in character and in intention? In the last eight years no fewer than twenty thousand British workmen in South Africa have been deliberately hounded out of the country. Everywhere, we have been told by the deportees themselves, the dice against the British are loaded in favour of the Boers. Even the calling up of the Defence Force was a pro-Boer act, since preference was everywhere given to Boers who have as well been permitted to take home both their rifles and ammunition. With what far-sighted purpose, does our Press suppose? It is not, we may be sure, to carry on a British dominion under the British flag and by the light of British principles. On the contrary, it is to make South Africa a Boer colony—and it may be a Boer Republic—once again! The imminence of such a catastrophe, certain as it

would be to engender another war of annexation, is not less tragical to contemplate for its concurrence with the blind folly of the Imperialists in our midst. Those fools and maniacs, in their insensate fury with the name of Labour, and greedy to swallow the lies of a malicious and ignorant Press, imagine, no doubt, that Generals Botha and Smuts are British Imperialists like themselves. But even if they were, the Boer farmers who will shortly be in superascendancy in South Africa, are nothing of the kind. Their memory is as long as that of elephants; their sagacity and, above all, their desire for revenge, are profound and lasting. As surely as they believe they received a deadly injury when a foul war was waged against them, so surely do they hope one day to reverse its result. And now their very enemies are playing into their hands! With the connivance, with the approval, with the enthusiastic support, of the same parties and men who once bayonetted them for a less offence, they are now bayonetting out of the country any British subject who dares to exercise the common rights of subjects of the Empire. No wonder that the Boer papers are now full of suppressed rejoicings. No wonder that the "Saturday Review," the "Spectator" and similar journals are now the pets of the Boer Press. For it cannot but seem to the Boers that the Lord is on their side, since when all else has failed, their enemies have come to their help.

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We should like to ask what it is that in the opinion of our Imperialists differentiates a British dominion from a Boer colony or—for the matter of that—from a South American Republic? Is it anything but submission to common principles of law and, above all, the right of fair and open trial? Were there indeed no such common principles and practice the existence of the Empire would be a pretence; it would stand in history for the greatest political lie of all time. But there is, we know, such a principle; and to secure its practice the armies of the Empire rightly exist. Consider now, however, that the nine deported men have never been tried. They have not even been given the right of appeal. Worse than all, General Smuts has specifically said that his action in deporting them without trial was necessary because he was convinced that no law court in South Africa would convict them. What is this but tyranny? What is it but a claim on the part of the South African Government to behave exactly as if it were what it hopes and intends to become—a Boer Republic? At this moment, the same papers that are sneering and jeering at the deported men are calling upon the country to vindicate the British name in Mexico. But is it likely that a public that is taught on one day to approve of the Boer Generals when they deport British subjects without trial will on the next be open to the suggestion that General Villa must be punished for shooting an armed Englishman? It is not; and we commend the reflection to our Press. They cannot pick and choose between the British victims of oppression in any part of the world. They cannot carry their wretched local distinctions of class and caste into Imperial affairs and make fish of Mr. Benton in Mexico because he is a wealthy man, and fowl of the nine South Africans because they are poor. Imperialism, like patriotism, knows no class and is, or should be, indifferent to the distinctions of rich and poor. Wherever there is a British subject—even though he be in a British colony—there British justice must be done or the Empire falls. If the Empire is not to begin now to fall, our first duty is to return the deported men in honour to South Africa. Nothing short of their return in honour can satisfy the claim of the real Imperialist.

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At the meeting in the London Opera House on Friday evening to welcome the deported nine, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald in vain tried to obtain a hearing. He continued to speak, it is true, as if he could be heard, but the interruptions were so frequent and the noise so great that his remarks scarcely carried over the orchestra. While disposed to sympathise with those of his critics who find it hard to forgive him or to forget his many offences as a leader (not the least of which was his utter failure to defend his South African colleagues during the debate on the Address), we wish to state from our own observation that the interruptions were mainly due to the suffragettes, and, from our own reasoning, that the Labour movement has brought this fate upon itself. There is, we are prepared to admit, a close relation between the women's and the Labour movements; but it is a relation of economic enmity not of economic identity. If instead of some millions of women pushing their way into the Labour market, there to compete with and to undersell their men-folk in the only commodity they live by, as many Chinese or Indian coolies were being imported for the same purpose, we can imagine the resistance the Labour movement would put up. And if, in addition to the industrial damage, the hypothetical Chinese hordes demanded the political franchise, with the avowed object (whether practicable or not) of fixing themselves permanently in every province of industry, not a soul in the Labour movement could doubt that their economic competitors, and therefore enemies, were growing ambitious. But it is all the same, in our opinion, whether the invading hordes are Chinese or women. In effect, and while the wage-system stands, their admission into industry can only have the effect of lowering wages. What stupid folly, then, of the Labour movement to coquet and flirt with the women's movement and to encourage in the latter the illusion that their ends are the same! When the awakening comes, as come it will, each of the parties will feel fooled, and angry to the same extent. The howling down of Mr. MacDonald by the disappointed women is only the first symptom of what will shortly prove a universal phenomenon.

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Lord Selborne's speech in the Lords on Monday on the subject of purity in public life cannot be said to have taken us far towards his declared object. He is plainly labouring under almost as many fallacies as any of the anonymous persons he attacked—for it will be noted that, as usual, no names were mentioned, and, as usual, the only possible responsible persons (the three living Premiers) were excepted from a word of censure. One of his fallacies lay in attributing corruption to democracy above any other form of Government. For, in the first place, the monarchical and aristocratic governments under which England has lived were at least as corrupt as our own; and, in the second place, we have not now a democratic, but a plutocratic government. Lord Selborne himself, indeed, in another part of his speech, drew Ostrogorsky's conclusion from the facts of the Party Fund—namely, that we were being governed by an alliance of the Caucus with the Plutocracy. But that is surely to say that our government is not democratic. Again Lord Selborne remarked an incongruity in the fact that just "when those who pay most in taxes have least political power . . . wealth should have the most opportunity of secret influence." Where is the paradox in this or where even is the antithesis? Those, presumably, who pay most in taxes are able, also, whatever their nominal political power may be, to wield the greatest political power as well. Political power being a commodity like other commodities, it can be bought and sold, and naturally accompanies the longest purse.

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The worst, however, of Lord Selborne's errors was his supposition that corruption is not inevitable under the existing system. An amiable supposition it may be, but we can scarcely respect the intelligence of the statesman who makes it. Here we have a Government with two hundred million pounds annually to dispense in patronage, and, further than this, with the armed forces of the Crown at their disposal to maintain the

existing anti-natural industrial system. Is it not certain that both for their patronage and for their protection they will be courted by men who desire one or the other? Of the multitude of jobs scattered to be scrambled for by the hangers-on of the two parties it is no part of our affair to write; but the buying and selling of industrial legislation (that is, in the final resort, of the use of the Army), is plainly consequent upon the attempt to maintain by force an industrial system that could not be maintained by reason or by right. This, indeed, is our affair, since it assumes what all the world knows is true in fact, that but for the military arm of the State the profiteers would not be able to preserve their seats upon the necks of the poor for another day. But another deduction may also be drawn, and we look to the "New Witness" honestly to admit or openly to disprove it: it is that as the existing industrial system becomes more and more repugnant to the working classes, political corruption in the sense of buying legislation by secret donations will become more and more rampant. The conclusion, in fact, is almost self-evident and in any case must become evident as industrial unrest and political corruption are observed to proceed hand in hand.

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Mr. G. K. Chesterton recently remarked of the Press that it does not even write sophistry, it writes anything. Who, for example, knowing its normal anti-English bias, would have supposed that Lord Claud Hamilton's appointment of an American railway manager would have moved it to a patriotic protest. Lord Claud must surely have offended Fleet Street in some other way, for, except on Mr. Chesterton's supposition that the Press will write anything, the occasion was not provocative in comparison with the national disaster over which, we have just seen, our Press has rather rejoiced than mourned. The reason, however, accompanying Lord Claud Hamilton's decision in the matter is curious to observe: it is that though suitable men *are* to be found on his own line, *he* cannot find them. At the same time that this feeble-minded confession condemns Lord Claud Hamilton to join the Scriptural fools who profess to be able to see in the ends of the earth better than under their noses, it condemns, as Mr. Lascelles elsewhere points out, the rotten organisation of our railway system. As is always the case with unintelligent business men, the discipline of their organisation becomes so much more important than the object of the organisation that the true principles of economy are absolutely excluded in practice. What is true economy in industrial organisation? It is the placing of every individual in the exact position where his qualities and talents find their maximum room for exercise. On Lord Claud Hamilton's own admission, however, this economy is impossible on a railway line under his own directorship. The suitable men, he says, are there for any job going, but he cannot find them! No, and we will go further, and say that Napoleon could not find them either, for they are not to be discovered by their superiors—save on rare occasions—though they are invariably known by their peers. The deduction surely to be drawn is that stated by Mr. Lascelles: namely, that by their peers should appointments be made.

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The discussion in Parliament last Wednesday of the Insurance Act was marked by features now common: the evasions of both Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Bonar Law. That Mr. Ramsay MacDonald should think himself called upon to approve of the principles of an Act he knows to be both hateful to his constituency and fatal to our cause is natural. That the Welsh leopard also is unable to change his spots is in accordance with natural history. But what has Mr. Bonar Law to gain (and within hailing distance, too, of a General Election) by incurring all the odium attached to supporting a voluntary system and all the odium, likewise, of refusing explicitly to commit himself to it? We are not ourselves in favour of a voluntary Insurance Act, for the simple reason that we are not in favour of a State Insurance Act at all. Such details, in our opinion, should be left and will one day be delegated to the trade unions when they have become national guilds. On the other hand, as a breach in the existing Act, the voluntary Act would be not only welcome to us but popular with Mr. Bonar Law's party rank and file. This can scarcely be doubted by anybody who has observed the popular issues of the recent by-elections; for in every instance the amendment of the Insurance Act, if not its total abolition, was the first and only popular cry. Mr. Bonar Law's swithers on the subject will do him much more harm than good; for Mr. Lloyd George will know how to amend the Act popularly when Mr. Bonar Law has kindly driven him to do it.

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The appeal in the Lords against a confirmatory decision of the Court of Criminal Appeal in the case of a recent verdict of "Guilty—but insane" has a special interest for those who, like us, believe that crime would lose its attraction if it could be stripped of its fictitious romance. The essentials of crime are nothing but mental disease, and no more than romance is now any longer associated with lunacy ought it to be with crime. Our newspapers and novelists, however, being in the succession of the witch-finders and witch-burners of former days, are determined to justify their bloody instincts by hanging them over with the robes of romance; and thus it comes about that any poor devil of a lunatic, suffering already from untellable ills, is raised by a lunatic act, the experience of which is as strange and terrible to him as a nightmare to normal men, to an altitude of "greatness" to which he half persuades himself he is entitled. And by the apish imitation which is one of the commonest forms of lunacy he becomes at the same time an example for other demented or half-witted persons to follow. Note, if you have the mind, the constancy with which particular forms of crime run in cycles. If some poisoning case become notorious, ten to one it will be succeeded by a little epidemic of them. Is it some lunatic's act of peculiar murder that our halfpenny bloods of Fleet Street exploit for dividends—be sure that a crop of such acts will spring up, having seeded and sprouted in their appropriate soil. But let it be announced without pomp or circumstance that every crime is the act of a lunatic and will condemn a man, not to the gallows, but to a lunatic asylum—the effect on crime cannot be but to lessen it; for how much less "romantic" is the doctor than the gaoler or executioner. Two instances of the thoughtless romanticising of crime have come under our notice this week. One is below the level of the general Press; the other, by claim at any rate, is above it. Misled by poor De Quincey, a reviewer in the "Times Literary Supplement" sets out to show what a dog he can be when his own skin is safe and none of his relatives are epileptic. (By the way, De Quincey would never have got Lamb, whose sister was a "murderess," to approve of his infamous Essay!) The "Times" reviewer speaks of "the subtler charms of illustrious poisoners"—"Palmer of Rugeley, who should wear at least a triple laurel . . . and even the quite modern Seddon." "These are great names," he adds. Even allowing that Seddon was guilty—which we do not and cannot believe—the epithet "great" applied to him is offensive in literature and even more offensive to common sense. Would the "Times" speak of the "subtler charms of illustrious hydrocephaloids" or of "great hydrophobiacs? It is a dangerous and a wicked form of word-play to transfer honourable epithets to dishonourable or pitiable things. The other instance, which shall pass uncommented on, is from Mr. G. R. Sims' column of cant and worse in the "Referee": "the dramatic and romantic elements which alone make murders appetising to the intellectual reader."

Current Cant.

"Keep honour bright."—"Pall Mall Gazette."

"We owe nothing, least of all to ourselves."—AUSTIN HARRISON.

"Mr. Masefield has a Juvenalian touch of cynicism."—"Daily Citizen."

"Fighting chance for wife's love."—"Daily Mirror."

"Annuitants live longest."—"Christian World" ADVERTISEMENT.

"How to use the telephone."—"Evening News."

"How to read books."—W. TEIGNMOUTH SHORE in "T.P.'s Weekly."

"Being 'sacked' never hurts anyone."—C. F. HIGHAM.

"There is only one man and woman in every thousand who likes work."—Mr. HIGHAM.

"The basic guarantee of liberty is force."—GENERAL SMUTS.

"If readers do not want me, I do not want them."—MARIE CORELLI.

"Mr. Lloyd George cruelly tortured the unhappy Mr. Bonar Law."—"The Star."

"In Mr. H. G. Wells' 'Ann Veronica,' Mr. Herrick's 'Together,' and other pictures of the 'restless sex,' we get the Superwoman in embryo. . . ."—HELEN SARD HUGHES in the "North American Review."

"The church is to-day one of the most powerful and active bodies that ever lived in God's Kingdom."—The BISHOP OF LONDON.

"Is Mr. Balfour a Christian?"—"Young Man."

"It is imperative, if you wish to write with any freshness at all, that you should utterly ruin your digestion."—H. G. WELLS.

"London is no showy hussy: her charm is rather that of the woman well out of girlhood who has kept her looks because she has kept her heart."—"The Times."

"We must change our standards: we must be decadent: decadence is the search for new countries along untravelled paths: it is the essence of progress."—EDITOR "New Oxford Review."

"Most working-class mothers do not know how to feed and care for their babies."—MRS. KENDAL.

"Mr. Gordon Selfridge in discussing the charm of business as a high art. . . ."—"Daily Express."

"Mr. Trask points out that the West of America is very responsive to art, and the patrons of art are very well equipped to make generous purchases. The interest in this phase of the forthcoming exhibition (the Panama Pacific International Exhibition of San Francisco, 1915), is shown by the fact that 25,000 members of the women's clubs in California are studying art in order to be better able to appreciate the rare paintings and sculpture which will be shown."—"The American Register."

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

IN those circles where foreign affairs are discussed, more attention is still naturally being paid to the murder of Mr. Benton than to anything else. The reasons for this will no doubt be obvious to every reader of the newspapers; but there is one reason to which I should like to draw particular attention. It may be recalled that "General" Villa's defence was that Mr. Benton had tried to shoot him, and that, after an ordinary trial by court-martial, Mr. Benton had been convicted and shot. This explanation was not accepted by Downing Street, though I have not seen a statement to that effect in the papers. What it is strange enough to have to chronicle is the fact that the American Government made a show of agreeing to at least the plausibility of the explanation, and requested the Foreign Office here to suspend judgment until a full inquiry had been made.

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The layman may be excused for not at once challenging this attitude of Mr. W. J. Bryan; but the Government which he represents should have known better than to make the suggestion that Villa might be in the right. Not merely the legal, but the actual position of affairs is perfectly plain; and, let it be remembered, even if the legal state of things were not upheld by the actual state of things, a friendly Power is supposed to take the legal aspect of the case first into consideration. President Huerta, a general in the Mexican army, has been the constitutional head of the Mexican Republic for just over a year. A few months ago a portion of the army in the north, under General Carranza, revolted against the President and endeavoured to depose him by force of arms. They did not succeed in doing so, and at present bodies of troops under commanders loyal to General Huerta are putting down the rebellion. Their efforts are being hampered by the very unconstitutional and internationally illegal action of the United States of America, who, at the instigation of certain capitalistic interests opposed to General Huerta, has undertaken to help the rebels with arms and ammunition. It is believed that with General Huerta out of the way and General Carranza, or some nominee of General Carranza's, in his place, more attention will be paid to American interests than is being paid to them by President Huerta. In no sense, however, are the Carranzistas a recognised army; they have established no recognised form of government; and, from the standpoint of international law, any decrees they may choose to promulgate are null and void, and any "executions" which they may carry out are not executions under military courts-martial, but simply murders.

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General Villa, who admits that he was the means of having Mr. Benton shot, has never been a regular soldier and has no right to the title of "General" at all. He is simply one of the innumerable brigands who flourish in the thinly-populated northern provinces of Mexico. His "courts" are mock courts; his "sentences" have no more international recognition than the "sentences" still passed from time to time by Russian Anarchist bodies on the Tsar and other reigning sovereigns. To suggest for a moment that such a man as this had even the ghost of a right to hold a court-martial was not merely a grave error of judgment on the part of the American Secretary of State; it was an insult to the British Government.

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That the Americans should ask Villa for permission to send a small detachment to examine the body of Mr. Benton is humiliating enough; but such a proceeding is made necessary by their recognition—not official, however—of General Carranza. If the Washington Government acknowledged that Villa was nothing more nor less than a fugitive from justice who deserved to have

a militia regiment or two sent after him to call him to account for his escapades on American soil, it would have to acknowledge at the same time that Carranza himself was utterly in the wrong from the standpoint of international law, and that it was therefore all the graver offence for the Americans to help him by allowing him to obtain arms and ammunition from across the Texan border.

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I have laid stress on the legal position of affairs because in this instance it happens that the actual position of affairs corresponds with it, which it does not always do. The Americans, however, cannot be permitted to save themselves by saying that General Huerta has no power, is hardly able to maintain himself in the Presidential Chair, and so on. They have been spreading such reports, it is true; but these reports are contradicted by the cables of the correspondents of various English and Continental newspapers, as well as by letters from friends of mine on the spot. Far from having made Huerta's position impossible, the scattered country which is at present being ravaged by General Carranza's bands in the sacred name of liberty contains barely two million inhabitants, only a small proportion of whom, of course, are willing to acknowledge his authority. "General" Villa exercises authority nowhere. President Huerta, on the other hand, has the support of the much more compact central and southern states of Mexico, with their twelve million inhabitants and their vast wealth—a wealth with which the yield of the relatively barren north cannot be compared. The attempts of the American Government to drive President Huerta from the seat of power by endeavours to cripple him financially, by supporting his enemies, by working up a lying Press campaign against him both in the United States and in Europe, have so far failed; and if only the people of Mexico had to be taken into consideration in this matter Huerta would undoubtedly remain where he is.

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Unfortunately, the people of Mexico, if the American Government can manage to attain its ends, will not be allowed to have their own way. The financial interests in God Almighty's Free United States have made up their minds that Huerta is their enemy, and that he must go. They are sparing no effort to make him go; but the details of their action would hardly be credited if I wrote them down in ink. No support that can be given to General Carranza is too costly, no sums that can be spent in bribery can be too high, if only they have the effect of ridding Mexico of Huerta. That Mexico is still an independent country, that the President is entitled to the ordinary courtesies of international intercourse, that even American jurists have condemned the policy adopted by the Government towards such men as Carranza and Villa, that President Wilson's plans were from the first futile, and are now criminally foolish and provocative: all these things do not count. George Washington may turn in his grave; the injured shade of Alexander Hamilton may haunt the magnificent official buildings at Washington; the memory of Daniel Webster and his famous "Seventh of March" speech may be drowned in standard oil: but what does it matter so long as American capitalists can get their concessions?

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I should perhaps add that the Wilson policy of watching and waiting and doing nothing has had one marked effect in South America: it has greatly detracted from the prestige of the United States and emboldened the southern nations. Whereas formerly Brazil, Argentina, Peru, and Chile, to mention only the more important countries, hesitated to oppose the wishes of the United States, they now perceive the weakness of the American position, and may be trusted to act accordingly in future. This is a factor which Mr. Bryan's advisers forgot to consider when they urged him to support them in counselling President Wilson (as I presume) to substitute "Mexico" for the ninth word in Matthew xxvi, 41.

Military Notes.

By Romney.

IT is said of Talleyrand that in a cynical epigram he once thanked God on behalf of the ruling classes because men did not know with how little wisdom they were governed. If any of our journalists still believe in the Almighty's existence, they would do well to thank Him in their prayers because men do not know with how little knowledge they are informed. Especially should such spiritual labour be recommended to those who are employed on the "Daily Mail"; and if there was one day more than another upon which it would have been fitting for its performance, that day was Thursday, February 19th last, when the darkness of the ordinary man on military matters was rendered appreciably murkier by the effusions of one Percy, an Earl, writing under the title, "What could they do for Themselves?" It need scarcely be said that Earl Percy refers to the Territorials. There seems to be a journalistic convention to the effect that any rubbish which has to be written should be written about the Territorial Force, and of that alone we have ceased to complain: for those who have volunteered to die for their country if necessary may well endure being made a washpot for her, and there are other subjects which might be chosen for that office with greater harm to the State. But when the "Mail," in the lightness of its heart, goes on to describe Earl Percy as a "very distinguished military critic," they have gone a little too far, and it is time to protest.

* * *

I am aware that little else is to be expected from the "Mail." Turn to page 5 of the same issue and you will find that Count This has shot the Countess This and Count That in the castle of somewhere or other near Posen, in Bohemia. A staff which imagines Posen to be in Bohemia may as well go the whole hog and imagine Earl Percy to be a distinguished military critic, and (for all I know) Lord Murray of Elibank and Lord Chief Justice Isaacs to be punctiliously honourable men. But when I see the stupid neglect with which THE NEW AGE, and similar honest and brilliant journals are treated by public and press; when I see all around me men of experience in military matters of European reputation, and of undoubted literary power, seeking in vain to place their articles, and greeted, when they do, with scorn and derision—when, as I say, I see these things, and see at the same time a silly young idiot without knowledge, without experience, without intuition, without a decent elementary acquaintance with the outlines of the controversy he engages in, without so much as average literary power, greeted in public as a "very distinguished military critic," then I do feel my gorge rise and it is time to stop it. Idiocy has gone too far.

* * *

Earl Percy's critical capacity is shown by his choice of authorities. He finds it necessary to his argument to prove that the 250,000 men of the Territorial Force are insufficient to defend these islands in the absence of the Expeditionary Force—a reasonable contention and one capable of being supported by many reasonable arguments, if our "very distinguished military critic" only knew them. Unfortunately he does not. We are, therefore, not surprised when he informs us that of this 250,000, 210,000 will be required for "garrisons, depots, and the defence of Ireland," and, advancing from strength to strength, arrives at the extraordinary conclusion that we shall thus be left to face the German invasion of 90,000 with a numerically inferior as well as worse trained force. We are not rendered the more respectful when the simple warrior produces his authority for this ridiculous estimate. Earl Percy relies for his military ideas upon the Royal Commission on the Militia and Volunteers! Not upon Cohn, not upon Bounals, not upon Foch, not upon Von der Goltz, not upon Henderson, not upon Maude; not even upon that

mysterious entity who assails an indifferent public beneath the pseudonym of Lord Roberts; but upon the Royal Commission upon the Militia and the Volunteers! Earl Percy thus encroaches upon the prerogative of the Deity, who is stated in Corinthians to have rejected the wise and the learned and the powerful and to have chosen the foolish and the utterly despised of this world. There is hope for the Marconi Commission yet. "Happy, happy vision! Foolish, foolish dream!"

* * *

It is cruel to dispel his illusions. Truth, however, compels us to point out that even if 210,000 troops were required for the duties in question (which is more than doubtful), they would not thereby be ruled out of the game, and that our unequalled railway system (of which better critics than Earl Percy seem never to have heard), enables us to concentrate all and any of them at any point in time to meet any raid that Germany is likely to launch upon us. Strategy may compel me to disperse a great part of my army in brigades through my coast defences. It does not, however, compel me to keep them there when it has become obvious that the decision lies somewhere else.

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The superficial character of Earl Percy's knowledge is nowhere better shown than in his treatment of the question of the supply of Regular officers. The Territorial Army, he tells us, "is commonly supposed to be superior to the old Volunteers, because it is normally organised in divisions and brigades with their Staffs and the required complement of cavalry and artillery." Percy, of course, knows better. The Regular officers who lend reality to this "nominal" organisation are to withdraw upon the outbreak of war because without them the Expeditionary Force is under-officered, and would go to pieces, poor thing, as soon as it left these shores. I wonder whether Earl Percy would care to employ his leisure in working out the proportion of Regular officers per 100 men in the British and in any Continental army and in seeing how they compare with one another? If so, and if his arithmetic is correcter than his information, he will discover that, thanks to the single company system, we have been able to retain a larger proportion of officers than any foreign power, and that however well we are off in that respect, there is no need for worry, since everybody else is worse.

* * *

Again, when lower down he avers that it would be impossible to embody the Territorials in an emergency short of actual invasion, because it was found impossible to embody the Volunteers, he reveals an appalling ignorance of the root difference between the forces. The Volunteers were composed of men of all ages, many married, the majority drawn from the ranks of commerce and skilled labour, which cannot be depleted suddenly without disorganising the economic machine. The Territorials, like the old Militia, are largely drawn from unskilled labour and are, on the average, too young to be missed. The Territorial Force could be embodied to-morrow without any further result than an average improvement in the economic conditions of its members. Such exemptions as it was necessary to grant could be filled up immediately from time-expired Regulars and Territorials and National Reservists, who would not have to be organised and officered separately, as Earl Percy vainly supposed, but who would be absorbed in the existing cadres.

* * *

Night falls and I have no time for more. The Territorial scheme has defects enough. Some of them may very well prove vital. Those who know the conditions and point them out are rendering a service to the State. But neither the State nor anybody else is served by turning on ex-subalterns of the Brigade of Guards to write second-rate articles, composed at second hand from the effusions of the National Service League and the Duke of Bedford, themselves writing without theoretical or practical knowledge of the situation.

The Fate of Turkey and Islam.

By Ali Fahmy Mohamed.

VI.

Anglophobia in Egypt.

THOSE of us who were Anglophobes took every opportunity to create misunderstanding between England and Turkey. The "Daily Telegraph," even on the opening of the Ottoman Chamber, when the Young Turks were friendly to England, denounced them, and accused them of an "evil spirit" of Pan-Islamism. But we who were longing for the return of German influence had not to wait long for an opportunity; for Kiamel Pasha suddenly resigned and went to spend the winter in Egypt. Accounts differ, however, as to the real cause of his first resignation; some attribute it to the Committee's desire to return to old German co-operation; others relate it to purely domestic affairs, and say that he strove to break the power of the Committee by a coup d'état, but that his Cromwellian tactics were futile. Be the real cause what it may, his downfall marked the start of the recent political opposition to Turkey by the English Press, which considered the affair a German triumph. The opponents of Kiamel Pasha, on one hand, accused him of selling the Ottoman Provinces for round sums of money; and said that by doing so he had disgraced the Ottoman honour and Ottoman military renown.

For my own part, as a journalist, I greeted Kiamel Pasha, on the very day of his arrival, with an Open Letter in "Misr-el-Fatat," in which I accused him of all sorts of political blunders. The letter was written in such a way that it made a sensation in Cairo, and was summarised by the "Egyptian Gazette." Two days later I saw the mighty Kiamel Pasha in the Grand Continental, where I found him chatting with Sh. Rasheed Riza, editor of "Al-Manar," and Daoud eff. Barakat, editor of "Al-Ahram." His first words to me, after the usual greetings, were that he thought "Misr-el-Fatat" was published in Alexandria, and that he asked for me there. They were chatting on the progress of the Arabic language, of the use of which he declared himself a friend and a supporter. Later His Highness looked at me for a while, and began to read my Open Letter, which I had posted to him as a press-cutting. While reading the letter he began to murmur, saying, "It is not right; this is not true." This first audience was in Arabic; and I began to ask him to explain what was not true and what was not right. But he still declined to say any more; and the two other guests looked at me as though I was too insistent. But, for my own part, I could not be satisfied with merely, "It is not right; this is not true." At last I asked, "Is it not right in spelling or in print?"

It was then, and not till then, that His Highness looked so eagerly at me, while my friends showed some uneasiness. He then began to refute my statements one by one, saying that it was not true that he intended to sell Egypt to England in return for a loan, nor did he make any suggestion to hand Egypt finally to England; on the contrary, he insisted strongly on the Sultan's approving the Drummond-Wolffe-Mokhtar protocol as to the settlement of the Egyptian Question, but the Sultan, influenced by France and Russia, declined to listen to his advice. Moreover, that I should wait and see full details published in his memoirs. Hearing this, I departed with the other two men, who began to reproach me for my audacity; and the news soon spread in cafés and other places that "Ali Fahmy desires Kiamel Pasha to be proof-corrector in "Misr el-Fatat." It was stated that the incident was reported to H.H. the Khedive that evening, who was said to have laughed very heartily.

After that, His Highness used to grant me the honour of seeing him often when he visited Cairo, and suggested to me to go to Constantinople when he might return to power. I remember that when the late Sh. Ali Yousif, editor of "Al-Moayyad," and Egypt's chief

intriguer, asked three times to see him he was refused permission each time, for Kiamel Pasha had some knowledge of his notoriety; but it is sad to reflect that this man, with some magic, got his way, saw Kiamel Pasha, and became his chief supporter in Egypt—a fact which had an important bearing on the recent grave misfortunes of Turkey. For the intrigues that were fostered by the followers of Kiamel were designed and initiated in full co-operation with Sh. Ali Yousif, who was a bitter opponent of the Committee of Union and Progress for reasons I will relate.

H.H. the Khedive, as vassal of the Sultan, was understood to have been fulfilling His Majesty's commands by persecuting the Young Turks, who used to fly into Egypt during the Hamidian Régime. Lord Cromer often used to offer them shelter and protection. When the Khedive paid his annual visit to Constantinople, in 1908, the Young Turks, who were then in power, received His Highness very coldly. Then arose a misunderstanding between the Committee and the Khedivial Court. Sh. Ali Yousif, editor of "Al-Moayyad," in addition to his paper being the mouthpiece of the Maieh (Court), was in favour of the Mabin (the Sultan's Court) from whom he received so many favours, and decorations. He was also the personal friend of Eggat Pasha Al-Abid, the second Chamberlain, and the man who exercised paramount influence over the Sultan. At that time, too, there had been established in Egypt what was called the Entente Regime, between the Khedivial Court and the British Agency, which, in its turn, logically became hostile to the Young Turks, who brought about the downfall of Kiamel Pasha. Therefore, every intrigue against the Young Turk régime was looked upon not with indifference, but was assisted with moral and even material encouragement and support; so Cairo became the headquarters of intrigues of all sorts.

When the ex-Sultan saw this split in the ranks of his opponents, and realised their weakness, he determined to recover his lost authority, abolish the Constitution, and annihilate the Young Turks. His agents-provocateurs were spread throughout the Empire, more especially in the provinces inhabited by Muslims; and they gave the ignorant people to understand that the new rulers were mere infidels who had no faith in Mohamedanism, and that the Sultan, the Commander of the faithful, needed the support of "true believers" against the gang that usurped his power. A serious riot took place in Adana (of Asia Minor), a district inhabited chiefly by Armenians, who were nearly exterminated. The masses of Muslims were given to understand that it was such "infidels" who were supporting the new usurpers of power, while the real motive of the wicked promoters of the propaganda was to force the hands of the Powers to intervene in that Armenian Massacre. The Committee, who could not by that time organise their rank and file, seemed, for the moment, to have vanished into thin air; panic spread throughout the provinces, and chaos and even anarchy reigned in Constantinople itself; where money was lavishly spent on the garrison that was loyal to the Committee, and the soldiers were shooting their officers, the Young Turks, in the streets of Stamboul.

Of their would-be victims was Mahmud Bey Mokhtor, their chief commander, as head of the 1st Army Corps. A handful of those furious and mutinous soldiers besieged his house, and determined they would not go away unless they had his head. With the help of his wife, Princess Nimat Hanem, the young and talented general escaped from the roof into a neighbouring house of an Englishman, and from thence by boat to Salonica. Meanwhile his wife was assuring the wild soldiers that her husband was not indoors, until at last she boldly went straight amongst them, tore open her clothes, and, with her bosom uncovered, said to them: "If you do not believe me, then thrust your swords into my breast." The soldiers, seeing this spectacle and hearing these touching words, felt ashamed and dispersed quietly. Swiftly and promptly the two Army Corps of Salonica and Adrianople hurried to Constantinople, to quench the mutiny of the garrison that was used as a tool to ruin the Constitutional Régime and the Young Turks. The swiftness, energy and activity displayed by Shewket Pasha and his staff in their march to the capital were much admired by many German, French, and other generals; and the mutiny was suppressed, almost bloodlessly. The "National Assembly," composed of many members of the two Chambers, most of the old and experienced men of the State and army, met in San Stefano and issued a manifesto (sanctioned by the Fetwa of Sheikh ul Islam) declaring Sultan Abdul Hamid deposed.

What is Wrong with our Railway Directors?

IN the wide publicity given by the Press to recent declarations of Lord Claud Hamilton whilst announcing the appointment of a new general manager, many will have been deceived into a belief that the Great Eastern and other railways are almost entirely directed, guided and controlled by their respective boards of directors. To the uninitiated, however, the statements themselves should reveal the exact contrary, which is that the directors exercise only a minor function in relation to the working of railways as a whole. I am not speaking here of what the functions of railway directors ought to be, but simply of what they have become.

Too great a portion of their time is devoted to financial, Parliamentary, legal, and social activities for them ever, without drastic self-revision of their conceptions of duty, to exercise that benevolent and wise supervision which is associated, in the minds of a large section of the public, with these exalted positions.

Lord Claud has certainly been at it, to the great profit of the copy-seeking press, but he has said only a little of which he could have said had he really let himself go. He might, in fact, have said something like this:—

"Now, gentlemen, as you have all been acquainted with the amount of the year's unearned increment due to you from your holdings in the Great Eastern Railway, I should like you to stay a few minutes longer, a few minutes only, gentlemen, whilst I make some brief remarks upon the management of the railway system in which you all take the keenest (financial) interest. I, along with the other worthy gentlemen forming your board of management, have recently passed through a most trying ordeal, and one which I am glad to say occurs only at infrequent periods. I refer to the necessity, which has been absolutely thrust upon us, of appointing a general manager of this highly progressive concern, without having available the advice of our subordinate officials.

"It will doubtless be within the knowledge of those shareholders who occasionally travel over our line, and also of some of those who have not done so, but have grasped the significance of certain occasional references at these annual meetings, that the general method of haulage in operation hitherto, and, in fact, for quite a long time past, has been by steam power adapted in the form of the locomotive.

"We are, however, rapidly approaching an interesting and critical period of our history, a period of great change. I refer, gentlemen, to the fact that we shall shortly have to consider practically the conversion of the suburban section of our line to electric traction.

"With that judicious foresight which is a feature of all the deliberations of your board we have thought it wise to prepare ourselves against any necessity for attending evening classes upon the highly technical subject of electric equipment and haulage. We have, however, discussed the best and cheapest means of arranging to relegate the duty to others of less eclectic but more electrical experience and learning. (Hem.)

"In the first instance we had thought of opening an

entirely new water-tight section in the shape of an electricity department, but we found this would carry with it serious objections on the score of expense, involving, as it would, the appointment of a large number of practical men and officials, whose qualifications we should be entirely incompetent to judge, in consequence of the complete absence of any experience on our part.

"To be sure we could, as an alternative, have formed a new department by drafting a number of officials and men from the many existing departments, and sending them to night schools to be technically trained; but we were hampered here by the circumstance that every department is already judiciously under-staffed, and consequently we could not by that suggestion avoid some considerable expense in filling the places vacated.

"In considering the whole question we had also to take into account the appointment of an official to the vacant position of general manager. All things considered, I think you will agree that we have come to a highly satisfactory solution of a very difficult problem—the problem of how to get a highly desirable something for nothing.

"After great wrestlings of conscience, not the least fatiguing of which involved the entire subjugation of our well-known patriotic feelings, we came to the conclusion that by going to America we might find an official of proved technical knowledge of the kind required who would also have enough acquaintance with the general working of railways as would not leave him in the hands of his subordinates in regard to such matters.

"Thus, at no additional cost whatever, we should be able to secure the special experience required for supervising our new departure and yet retain the services of highly-trained officials to assist with the orthodox duties of general manager amongst them, so far as they are peculiarly English.

"I am glad to say, gentlemen, that our efforts have been entirely successful, and I have every confidence in adding that our new general manager will receive the loyal assistance of all our staff, as they will be entirely dependent upon his goodwill for any slight advancement that may fall their way, as a reward for their lifelong devotion to our interests.

"In conclusion, I should like to remark that the worry attendant upon the making of this appointment has been so great that I am convinced more than ever of the wisdom of the policy I have always followed of leaving the selection of subordinate officials to the officers above them. My function is thus simply to ratify recommendations with an eye always to efficient economical administration, the only exceptions being those instances where I have taken an accidental fancy to anyone and given promotion regardless of qualifications. That, however, can only be done to a limited extent, as I regret to say my experiments have not made me enamoured of my own judgment in this phase of my numerous activities.

"If I may claim your further indulgence for one minute I should like here to protest against the dearth of first-rate men coming to the front for even the minor appointments on our railways. In these days of education there must be as many able young men in the ranks of the railways as ever there were. Then why do they not come forward? I do not know them, and am compelled therefore to assume that there are none; yet I am sure there are as many as ever there were. Why, I repeat, do they not come forward?

"With these few words, gentlemen, I will now conclude my remarks and prepare my reply to the hearty vote of thanks which, as usual, will be shortly proposed."

I have sketched elsewhere the system of promotion on our English railways, which, good as it is, has its defects both as to system and method of applying it.

Briefly, an aspirant to higher place is dependent upon his immediate superior for recommendation, and it is to the interest of all officials that they should select good men to the departments under them. The more and the better work their subordinates do, the less apparently efficient work they are called upon to produce themselves.

If ever the water-tight compartments in which directors are confined should fortunately spring a leak, and the directors systematically cultivate the acquaintance of the units of the large staffs for whose welfare they are morally responsible, they will soon discover that if promotion be offered to a district official, let us say, that official can readily recommend an efficient successor. On the other hand, he would entirely fail if asked to nominate from beneath him a likely person to take a position *above* himself, except on those occasions when he could put forward a favoured relative. His judgment may be almost infallible of the comparative merits of those below; but their potential qualities he cannot be relied upon to assess, because his own qualifications for a higher place assume disproportionate dimensions. Then, again, it is not unknown for officials to stand upon their subordinates to such an extent as would imperil their equilibrium should the support be removed.

There is not so much difference between most of the departments of the railway services as to prevent it being postulated that anyone who *rapidly* acquits himself in a specially efficient manner in one department may safely be relied upon to do the same over and over again in other departments.

Here it is that directors and general managers could effectively step in, and, without disregarding the opinions of responsible officials, expedite the promotion of young men who have proved themselves, so that the largest possible variety of experience may fall to them without their actually having to fill every single grade in order to reach the highest places before they are too old or indifferent.

Should a foreman recommend a man for promotion to foreman whom the station-master or station-agent deems unfit, the latter would ruthlessly substitute his own selection; but this does not obtain in the higher grades, because the directors and high officials do not make themselves personally acquainted with all the eligible subordinates, and are therefore unable to compare the various units.

Numbers of officers seldom or never see a director in the ordinary course of business, and they never will until the directors make it their province to devote some small part of their time to visiting stations and offices at unexpected times and without entourage. It is a simple enough matter for a director to find out whether a man has a sufficient grasp of and knows the significance of his duties, provided the director will speak with him apart from and not through the medium of, or in the presence of, the man's superiors.

The reason why young men do not *come* forward is that they *must* not. It would be contrary to etiquette! And those who do it without special invitation are not often the best type.

If directors and officials throughout were to act upon the suggestions I have made they would come to realise in a very short experience an important fact and turn it to profit.

They would find that every good railwayman is well known, and can be unerringly located. They are known to *their own colleagues;* and those colleagues are the ones to decide upon their promotion.

But this would mean the entire reversal of the present system of promotion, the subversion of all traditions, the acceptance of a principle hitherto unknown. Democracy in business! But democracy is more intelligent in business than in politics.

Yet the principle is not quite unknown. Lord Claud Hamilton was elected chairman of the Great Eastern board by his peers, was he not? And this means, then, that if the principle is right, Lord Claud must be taken as the best of his class when he was elected?

That I am not prepared to contest.

HENRY LASCELLES.

The Superfluous Women's Suffrage Week.

By Alfred E. Randall.

THE "Daily Herald" recently provided me with much amusement; it devoted a certain amount of its space, during a period of ten days, to the publication of letters and articles dealing with the subject of women's suffrage. It will be remembered that THE NEW AGE published just three years ago a special supplement on this subject; and it will be observed that the "Daily Herald" is not really very much behind the times. Indeed, in one respect, the "Daily Herald" is very much more advanced than THE NEW AGE was. In our supplement, all parties to the dispute were represented, a fact which proves the existence of what women call our "sex bias." In the "Daily Herald" there was no "sex bias," and no controversy; Canon Scott Holland, on the second day of this journalistic camp-meeting, declared that "the women's case has surely by this time been proved." It has not; but we cannot expect a clergyman to be aware of that fact. This assumption of the point at issue was made by practically all the writers; and it enabled them to pretend that the Government was the only obstacle in the way of women's enfranchisement, and to concentrate on ways and means of obtaining the suffrage in 1914. "Concentrate" is not quite the word; for a more disorderly (in every sense of the word), set of suggestions, I have never read. Mrs. Anne Cobden-Sanderson told us that the vote could be obtained in 1914, if the men would "strike" for it; Miss Sylvia Pankhurst told us that if working women, "upheld by their husbands," of course, proclaimed a "no vote, no rent" strike, the vote would be won in 1914. Miss Nina Boyle said that "a form of militancy must be devised stern enough and far-reaching enough to hold up something essential." Mrs. Cavendish-Bentinck said that the House of Commons had to prove that it had not a double standard of honour; that individual members had to prove that they do not forget their pledges and principles; that the electors had to prove that "constitutional methods" have not been a waste of time; in fact, that everybody had to prove a negative of some kind. What did seem to emerge from the welter of suggestion was that men (95 per cent. of whom are suffering from sexual disease, according to the Suffragists) must, as Mr. George Lansbury put it, "help women to win out." Mr. Ben Tillett and Mr. Robert Williams were dragged in to say: "She's somebody's mother, boys, you know"; and therefore ought to have the vote. In the midst of all this entreaty of men, denunciation of the Press (Mr. Laurence Housman moaned: "Week after week we see sensational £40,000 fires or £50,000 fires, which once would have filled whole columns, squeezed into quite modest paragraphs"), and threatening of the Government, came the news that the W.S.P.U. had split for the third time in its history, Miss Christa-Bellona Pankhurst retaining, as she has always retained, the command of the least formidable section of the "militants." At the end of it all appeared an article by Mr. Joseph Clayton, appealing for unity among Suffragists, and the supersession of "leaders."

It is not my intention to deal in detail with the communications of the various writers; one cannot argue with a wet squib. But I want to emphasise one or two facts that bear very hardly on this organised insanity that is called the woman's movement. Miss Cicely Hamilton (described in the "Daily Herald" as "actress and author," and therefore of both sexes) declared that "it behoves us not only to look beyond next session, but to make for ourselves, as women, such a place in our national life that our national institutions of the future—whatever they may turn out to be—will inevitably mould themselves round us." That is a quite legitimate aim for a woman; but any man who agreed with it, or attempted to further it in any way, ought to be dressed in skirts for the remainder of his life. It means that women will have their own way in everything, that, as Mr. Belfort Bax declares, "it is not a question of the man tackling the woman, or any number of women; it is the question of the whole force of the State tackling the man in favour of the woman." What I wish to emphasise at the moment is this, that the present agitation is directly due to the fact that women have had their own way in the past to a considerable extent; and that any further extension of their privileges in this respect can only intensify the trouble, and tend towards the gradual extinction of the man.

Sir Almroth Wright has referred to "the difficult physiological conditions in which woman is placed by the excess of the female over the male population, and by her diminished chances of marriage." This excess is no new factor in our social life; it has been apparent at every census from 1801 to 1911; and to make my argument clear, I append the figures.

	Total Population.	Female Excess.	Percentage of female excess to total population.
1801	8,892,536	383,066	4.3
1811	10,164,256	417,046	4.1
1821	12,000,236	299,598	2.4
1831	13,896,797	354,405	2.5
1841	15,914,148	358,976	2.2
1851	17,927,609	365,159	2.03
1861	20,066,224	513,706	2.5
1871	22,712,266	594,398	2.6
1881	25,974,439	794,635	3.05
1891	29,002,525	896,723	3.09
1901	32,527,843	1,070,617	3.29
1911	36,070,492	1,179,276	3.26

The first thing that is apparent is, that if the proportion of 1801 had been maintained, we should have had in 1911 about 1,500,000 surplus women, instead of 1,180,000, in round numbers. But we have to remember the quite exceptional circumstances of the beginning of the nineteenth century. From 1793 to 1815, we spent in wars the sum of £831,446,449; and although I cannot find what these wars cost us in men, there is no doubt that the number must have been considerable, and, I think, sufficient to explain the extraordinary proportion of surplus women in the population. In spite of Mary Wollstonecraft, the woman's movement was not powerful during this period; indeed, when we remember that, as Mr. Grant Robertson says in his "England under the Hanoverians," "after 1802, Great Britain fought for bare existence; any and every internal evil, any and every sacrifice was preferable in the national mind to the surrender of the right to exist as free people," we can understand why Mary Wollstonecraft could not compete with the menace of Napoleon.

But it will be observed that the percentage of surplus women reached its lowest in 1851, and from that date onwards there has been a steady rise. The rise coincides with a differentiation between the sexes in law; Mr. Bax calls the Divorce Law of 1857 a "landmark in the matter of female privilege before the law." The 'sixties were remarkable for the agitation that preceded John Stuart Mill's demand for women's suffrage. Mill had all the heresies; he believed in the "economic man," in Neo-Malthusianism, in Proportional Representation, and the emancipation of women. The indubitable fact about Neo-Malthusianism is that it enables women to choose whether they will or not be mothers; and the evidence of Mrs. Besant is conclusive on the point that numbers of them were determined not to be mothers. Another factor to be remembered is the higher education of women. We can see quite plainly that the increase in the proportion of surplus women coincides with the increasing determination of women to have their own way.

The effect of this "success" on the constitution of the population may be seen if we tabulate the proportion of male to female births, the general birth-rate, and the marriage-rate, side by side with the percentage of female excess.

	Percentage of female excess.	Birth-rate.	Male births to 1,000 female.	Marriage-rate.
1841-50	2.03	32.6	1049	16.1
1851-60	2.5	34.1	1046	16.9
1861-70	2.6	35.2	1042	16.6
1871-80	3.05	35.4	1038	16.2
1881-90	3.09	32.4	1037	14.9
1891-1900	3.29	29.9	1036	15.6
1901-1910	3.26	27.2	1038	15.5

The most startling of these figures are those relating to the proportion of male to female births. Since the decline of the birth-rate (that is, since Neo-Malthusianism became popular), the proportion has been below the 1,040 mark; the extreme range of the sex-proportions at birth has been from 1,054 in 1843-4 to 1,032 in 1898 per 1,000 female births. Whatever may be the cause of this increasing femininity, it is quite clear that letting women have their own way in everything does not diminish it. The decline in the marriage-rate is no less remarkable a commentary on the real nature of woman's efforts for the improvement of status.

These figures should suffice to make the issue clear. If the institutions of the future are to be moulded round women, as Miss Cicely Hamilton declares, it seems likely that we shall go on piling up the surplus of women. Indeed, the only gratifying feature of this table is to be seen in the bottom row of figures. The "militant" movement began in the decade 1901-10, and its effects are seen in a diminished marriage-rate, a diminished percentage of surplus women, and a very welcome increase in the proportion of male births. The "militancy" to which men do not succumb will probably help to restore the balance of population. There is nothing in these figures to justify any surrender, chivalrous or cowardly, to the demands of the women; the motto for men must be "Resist" if they do not want to be submerged. For the simple fact about women is that they do not need the tender care that men bestow upon them; they have a natural advantage over men, a fact which is demonstrated by the figures given by the Registrar-General in his report for 1911. At all ages, except from five to fifteen, the mortality of males is greater than that of females; and this excessive mortality of males is increasing. The Registrar-General says: "The standardised mortality of males in 1911 exceeded that of females by 15 per cent. Table 6 shows that this excess, which has been gradually increasing since registration began, was never so great in any previous year. Up to 1860 or so, the excess was only about six per cent., but for the last fifteen years, it has averaged about 14 per cent. Since 1841-5, the first quinquennium in the table, the standardised mortality of females has fallen by 33.8 per cent., while the fall in that of males has been only 28.2 per cent."

So, when Mr. Pethick Lawrence tells us that "woman is to-day the 'bottom dog' of our civilisation," we can retort that, even so, the position is all in her favour. "Poorer than the poorest man is the poorest woman. Worse than the worst sweating of men is the worst sweating of women. If the working man goes hungry the working man's wife goes hungrier. If the working man suffers from bad housing, the working woman, who spends her whole day in the house, suffers far more." So he goes on piling up the agony; but the fact remains that if all this is bad for the woman, it is far worse for the man. Man made the country, and woman made the town; and everything hits the man in the town more hardly. The standardised mortality from phthisis, for example, in rural districts in 1911, was 841 per million males and 818 per million females. In London, it was 1,677 to 969; in County Boroughs it was 1,499 to 1,048; in Other Urban Districts, it was 1,042 to 826. The extraordinary growth of towns in England during the nineteenth century (Mr. Chiozza Money says that if we count as urban population the inhabitants of all towns containing 2,000 and upwards, we should find it amount to over 80 per cent. of the whole) has increased the natural advantage of the women over men; and the reasonable conclusion is that it is no man's business to assist in the establishment of female dominance in this country.

But there is no doubt that woman is, as Mr. Pethick Lawrence describes her, the bottom dog of our civilisation. We are an industrial people (more's the pity), and woman's industrial value, except as blackleg, is very small. Mr. Flux has prepared a table, based upon the figures relating to industries employing five and a half million persons, which shows clearly the relative value of women in industry. I quote it here from Mr. Bassett's book, "British Commerce."

Average net output per head.	Males per cent of all employed.	Female per cent. of all employed.	Horse-power of engines at factories per 100 employed in all establishments
Under £50	31.9	68.1	21
£50 and under £75	40.0	60.0	50
75 ,, ,, 100	72.4	27.6	97
100 ,, ,, 125	90.2	9.8	100
125 ,, ,, 150	98.0	2.0	266
150 ,, ,, 175	64.0	36.0	81
175 ,, ,, 200	92.0	8.0	215
200 and over	98.6	1.4	793

If woman occupies the lower levels of wage-earning, she also occupies the lower levels of average value of product; and taking all industry for her province will not alter that fact. This table does not show that woman is worse paid, but that her labour is less valuable; and the problem that the Feminist has to face is this: Let women have their own way, and their number increases, marriage declines, and the surplus women take all industry as their province. In industry, the value of their labour is much less than that of men. The increasing feminisation of industry, then, can only mean a decline in the value of the national production, which will re-act on the population by still further increasing the disparity in numbers between the sexes, for men succumb where women survive. Does even the Feminist contemplate with equanimity a civilisation in which women largely outnumber the men, to which women will contribute only the less skilled and valuable forms of labour? With this query, I leave the subject for the present.

The Fabian Report on the "Control of Industry."

By Arthur J. Penty.

ON February 14 the "New Statesman" published a special supplement on Co-operative Production and Profit sharing, being a draft of the first report of the committee of the Fabian Research Department on "The Control of Industry," and written for them by Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb.

That the Fabian Society should have thought it necessary to prepare a report on this all-important issue is one of the signs of the times. It testifies to the fact that the Fabian Society is feeling itself a little uncomfortable in these days, and fears its theories are losing their hold on the workers. But it also testifies to the fact that Fabianism is Fabianism still, for like everything Fabian it seeks to secure acquiescence in the worst features of the present system by confusing the issue. The truth is, Fabianism misses the heart and soul of the thing every time, and we may safely predict that before long the report on the control of industry will prove itself moribund, as dead as the Minority Report.

The failure, then, of this report is due to the fact that the society fails to see the social problem as a whole. Its immediate cause of failure arises from the fact that the terms of reference of the committee were on too narrow a basis. In a recent article in THE NEW AGE "Romney" pointed out that "the biggest fool of a foolish time is the specialist. You cannot shut off the things of this world into water-tight compartments, labelling one 'Religion' and the other 'Philosophy,' and the third 'Soldiering,' and the fourth 'Art,' and so on. To understand any one department one must acquire at any rate a working knowledge of all. The man who confines himself to one subject forces himself into

a groove, and grooves lead inevitably to error." It is the failure to grasp this fact which is the fundamental error of Fabianism. For you cannot separate the social problem into considerations of "Poverty," Poor Law, Housing, Control of Industry, Insurance, Woman's Suffrage, Capitalism, and so forth without falling into colossal error, for in so doing you ignore those larger creative and destructive forces which shape the destinies of nations.

When we consider this general principle in its relationship to such a question as the control of industry, it may be said that it would have been wise if the Fabian Committee, instead of spending so much valuable time in the collection of data, had made efforts to get to the bottom of the present industrial unrest. One would have thought that the experience of the Socialist movement during the last few years would have taught the Fabian Society one lesson at least: the impossibility of imposing upon the people a system of social organisation which leaves human nature out of account. But this experience seems to have been wasted on them, and one can only say of them what Heine said of the Bourbons when they returned to Paris, that they had learnt nothing and forgotten nothing.

Hitherto the Fabian idea was that industry should be controlled by the consumer. The rise of Syndicalism and the success of the Guild Socialist propaganda at last convinced them that Collectivism would not succeed in the way it had hitherto been presented. By degrees it dawned upon the wiseacres of the Society, who imagine that they lead the modern world, that the producers would not submit to their proposals. Accordingly a learned report has been prepared whose aim is to adjust the Collectivist idea to what the Fabian imagines to be the new political and industrial situation. But, of course, like everything Fabian, it misses the mark. They have failed to divine all that is behind the demand of the producer for the control of industry, and that their most cherished fundamental principles are called in question.

The right of the producer is merely a symbol of industrial unrest, and what is the cause of this widespread unrest? Does it arise from the fact that there is a burning desire on the part of the mass of the workers actually to manage industry? I think not. I am quite prepared to believe that the majority are indifferent about this issue. What they are not indifferent about is the intolerable conditions under which they are obliged to work. They resent "speeding up" as an insult to human dignity. They resent being controlled by cads. For speeding up involves the control of industry by cads. They are beginning to realise that the growth of machine production is inimical to their interests. They realise the hopeless position in which the young and the aged are finding themselves. They resent the ruthless exploitation of boy labour. While behind it all they feel the increasing instability of industrial conditions, and the difficulty of wages keeping pace with rising prices. These are some of the causes of industrial unrest, and it is because the Fabian Committee fail entirely to realise them that their report on the control of industry is so much waste paper.

Of course, I quite understand why the Fabian Committee have chosen to evade these problems. They have no solution for them. Nor is there any prospect of them ever having one so long as they fail to understand the part which machine production is playing in the growth of the social problem. Their fear of raising this issue is the secret of their impotence. For having evaded reality in one department of life, they are driven to evade it in others. Take the question of boy labour about which Mr. and Mrs. Webb discoursed so learnedly in the Minority Report. Why are all their proposals for dealing with it worse than useless but because they funked this question of machinery.

In the report they recognised that in the ranks of the unemployed were many who had once been skilled workers, but had fallen into the ranks of unskilled labour by reason of the spread of machine production. They recognised that the ranks of skilled labour were overcrowded, and yet they proposed to remedy the problem of boy labour by the promotion of technical education, that is, by teaching boys knowledge of trades for skill in which they admit there is no demand. Can futility go further? Why cannot they boldly face the facts of machine production instead of trying to hide the truth from themselves? If the money which they have spent upon this inquiry into the "Control of Industry" had been spent in investigating the effects of machine production upon social conditions it would have been money well spent, and they might have earned our respect as social investigators. But when they ran up against the problem as they did in the Minority Report, and then deliberately shut their eyes to it, one can admire their discretion, but not their valour. "Light, more Light," says the "New Statesman," has always been the motto of the Fabian Society. But when facts are disclosed which threaten the Fabian basis they shrug their shoulders and let sleeping dogs die.

Just as the growth of machine production is responsible for the boy-labour problem, so again it is to be held responsible for that aspect of latter-day industrial slavery which we have come to know as "speeding up." It is a strange comment on machinery that whereas it promised to increase our leisure it is having the opposite effect of increasing the pace at which men have to work. For it is the pressure to compete which has followed the growth of machinery which is responsible for "speeding up." It would appear that the Fabian Research Committee approve of "speeding up." It is not inconsistent with Fabian theory. For if it be true that the evolution of industry which is taking place is from a lower to a higher plane of perfection, then it follows logically that the phenomenon which accompanies such a transition is justifiable. And I can see no escape from this dilemma for such as accept the Fabian position. Anyway, reading between the lines of the report, the evidence appears to point almost conclusively to the fact that the workers are to be cozened into the acceptance of a scheme of industrial organisation which involves "speeding up." The report rejects the self-governing workshop of Associations of Producers as the future basis of industrial organisation because of the difficulty of getting adequate workshop discipline, and so far as I can read what is meant by this is that the workers object to "speeding up." Criticising the Nelson Self-Help Manufacturing Society, the report says in respect to the comparative low output of the society, that "in private factories failure to produce the average is followed by dismissal. In this society the workers, feeling assured that no such course will be followed, work easily, pay no regard to the possibility of a division of profits if greater effort were put forth, regard themselves as having a job for life, and take their work in a very leisurely fashion." Hence preference is given in the report to Co-operative Productive Societies which have become attached as subordinate adjuncts to Co-operative Societies of Consumers. These societies, we are told, are not subject to the special drawbacks of Associations of Producers, inasmuch as the Co-operative Societies of Consumers furnish all the capital required and supply a committee of management who do not work in the workshops they govern, and thus the manager finds in the committee the support needed for the maintenance of discipline. Or, in other words, the workers in Co-operative Productive Societies are "speeded-up" and bullied in the same way as in private factories. If this is not what is meant, then a fuller explanation is necessary.

I do not know whether the Fabian Society think that such a model of industrial organisation is going to arouse the enthusiasm of the workers. If they do they are more optimistic than I am. Exploitation of the people by the people for the people has no appeal for me, and if that is all we can offer to the workers, then I say let us give up the game of social reform. Slavery pure and simple is preferable to slavery disguised as liberty.

Frankly confessed, bad as are the recommendations of this report, I can see no alternative from the Fabian point of view. If the only way for the workers to obtain control of industry is to enter into competition with capitalism, then they will have no option but to resort to the same intolerable methods which have enabled the capitalist to establish his monopoly. We must select our Labour Leaders from among the biggest cads in the community, submit humbly to them, and then we shall make headway. But we shall not succeed because the capitalist system itself will break up in the meantime. What reason is there to suppose that the present industrial tendencies will continue indefinitely? Ever since quantitative machine production was introduced we have only been able to keep going by dumping our surpluses in foreign markets. But there is a limit to this kind of thing. One by one the countries which were our customers have become our competitors, and so we are driven farther and farther afield for new markets. What will happen when there are no new markets left to exploit? Surely economic collapse must speedily follow. This is the first great fact about modern industry, and to ignore it is to fail to see the problem in its proper perspective, and therefore to fail in our efforts to inaugurate the new social order. Ignore it, and the little schemes which we may devise for securing this or that advantage for the workers will come to nought. They will be swept away by the overwhelming force of this torrent.

I insist upon the recognition of the fundamental position, that the modern industrialism cannot possibly endure, because it is essential to the practical formulation of any scheme for the reorganisation of society. It makes all the difference in the world to us whether we believe society may be reformed on its existing basis or whether a catastrophic fate awaits modern industry. I have criticised the Fabian Society rather severely, but we must acknowledge our indebtedness to them for one thing. They have proved conclusively by the impotence of their schemes that reform is impossible within existing society. In these circumstances two lines of policy are open to us. They are not antagonistic, but complementary, to each other, and will be pursued by men according to their individual temperaments. One of these is the system of National Guilds as enunciated in these columns. That policy is the one of direct action; to concentrate all our energies upon the central evil of modern society—capitalism—and to seek its overthrow. It is the method of reform from without and must be the basis of any popular movement. The other is the method of reform from within, and will be more limited in its appeal. Recognising that every social order has its roots in the heart and mind of the people, it will seek to undermine the power of capitalism by undermining its intellectual and moral sanction. Realising that the instability of modern industrial conditions is but the reflection of the instability of our tastes, our thoughts and our morals, it will attempt to give stability to these by exalting standards of thought, of taste, and morals. It will be thus that we shall be enabled to approach the problem of social reconstruction with a clean slate and build up the new social order from its very basis in primary essentials. One result of this policy will be that we shall inevitably be led to favour those forms of social organisation which obtained in the past, and which have arisen spontaneously everywhere wherever men were free to co-operate. In other words, we shall come to appreciate the significance of the Guild and Village Commune as social and industrial institutions, and the importance of small organisations and local industry to the development of a communal life. And these institutions we shall tentatively accept in their original form as the form which the experience of ages found the most serviceable to mankind. And though we may realise that so long as capitalism holds sway it will be impossible to establish them in our midst, we shall not on that account dismiss them as obsolete institutions of no account, but will exalt them as the ideal to which we must one day attain.

Towards the Play Way.

By H. Caldwell Cook.

III.

WHY this everlasting slavery to books? We are frightened of initiative and cling to what we fancy is established. But it is only established because we cling to it. It is not knowledge we store in books, it is ourselves we bury; for we do not use our book as an encouragement, a test, or a diversion; we make it the very prop and mainstay of our lives. And yet those very books that make their mark, the ones we admire, are those which break new ground and not the ones that glean behind a long-ingathered harvest. And still we are fearful of stepping out ourselves without handbooks, guide-books, text-books. Many a man will not write even a course of lectures without consulting as many volumes as he can reach, giving as much to search and research as he does to his own thinking. And the poor child's life in school is all books. We adults for all our whole-hearted belief in printed wisdom would not tolerate day after day the literary confinement we put upon these little disbelievers. But each generation in its turn so orders the affairs of its successor that revolt rather than recognition becomes more and more the sign of manhood. The grown youth no longer dons the *toga virilis,* he throws off his jacket to fight against the rule of his elders.

Can we not rid ourselves of the tyranny of print even for a little while? To subordinate books to a more active conduct of life, whether in the region of original thought or in the busy traffic of men and things is to put no slur upon the mighty bookmen that have been. The best of them used or made books, and did not let them use or make him. No one appreciates either Milton or Shakespeare who does not agree that Shakespeare was greater than Milton; and he was so simply because Shakespeare included all Milton, and something more. And where are your historians, from the makers of earliest epic down to the latest biographer, apart from the life they witness? For the fabric of their chronicle is wrought of the deeds of men, so that however noble the record they make, or the prophecy either, life itself and not its recital is still the stuff of their say. Moreover there are many who feel that the more intense is the glow of romance and the more ideal the portraiture, only by so much the more near comes that showing forth to the real figure of life, quick and working. But because doing comes before saying, or, coming after, is greater nevertheless, I do not deny the poet the highest place in the hierarchy of men of power; but I put him first as a maker, a creator, which supposes things still to be, and not as a recorder, a mere repository of a gleaning past.

The world goes on, and the life of each individual with it, not in telling what has been done, nor in saying what yet remains to do, but in the present doing of present deeds. Let the reader squirm if he will because I labour the obvious; I will writhe, too, because for all our knowledge we do not act on it; power runs to waste and the water overflows the wheel it will not turn. A moment's thought, a pause to recall old faded realisations, will tell you at once what is lacking. It is the will to do. We do not feel what we know; that is, we have not the will to translate power into deeds. Interest must be the starting point in all we do, or we shall not do well.

The best expression of one's thought is the use of the right words in their fullest sense. This unfolding of the latent philosophy in words is the characteristic method of Allen Upward, who is a past master in the art. I can make no clearer exposition of my thesis than may be found in the true reading of the terms here in use. Interest is "what matters," the one thing needful. You may call it "interessence," if you will; that is, the being at the very heart of the matter. Once

there you have only to do as interest bids. The operation of interest is Play. To do anything with interest, to get at the heart of the matter and live there active—that is Play. You need not ask how we are to come by this interest, for it is the heart's desire we are born with. There is no truth but the old truth: interest is only what your hand finds to do, and play is but doing it with your might.

Having opened this discourse it must be my endeavour to proceed with it in orderly fashion, not merely throwing out disconnected thoughts, for it is no part of the Play Way to say that work shall not be done properly. There is a mischief in me cries out that to do a thing properly is to do it in your own way. But that clever little devil shall be suppressed until the discussion filters through to the correspondence columns. The breathing-space of this short paragraph gives me the opportunity to warn the reader that no logical sequence is necessarily to be looked for in these papers. But the subjects will be found to hang together as several applications of the same principle. School-teaching is my concern, though I am neither parent nor official inspector and can claim no greater authority than that of a teacher. Education may be a science, as everything else may be, but, knowing teaching to be an art, I beg to move that in the minds of all teachers the words "psycho-physiological pedagogy" be deleted and "the Play Way" inserted in their stead.

Consider what pedagogy is doing for the child. This elfish little being with itching fingers and restless feet, full of curiosity and a desire to investigate; this quaint embodiment of wonder, this ache of instinctive longing, is taught to read before he can word his questions intelligibly, is given information on subjects which have no interest for him, while yet his real wants remain unsatisfied; is set to pore upon the thrice-diluted opinions of others rather than allowed to try anything for himself. He is bound over to letters in defiance of the spirit, and of that play-call of nature which alone speaks with authority and not as the scribes.

Why this everlasting slavery to books? The defenders of the old regime protest that there is much virtue in your book. Certainly it is the storehouse of wisdom, and treasures up the achievement of old time. But to what end? Is there not virtue also in your boy? I say the boy shall master the book; but not if he is bound a slave to it. Where is the boy to find the real experience of his life if not in his own doing and thinking? You give him moulds for his brick-making, and overseers, and models and straw. For one boy who has gained any knowledge at school through the experience of his own senses, five hundred—nay, five thousand—have been deluded with the shadow of knowledge cast in the form of someone else's opinion. That one lad is generally "a lazy, good-for-nothing scoundrel." Another time I should like to take up the discussion of the scholar's mental content. How much of the learning he possesses is of any value at all as his own; and how far does he merely exist in handing on the conclusions of other men as he has taken them over entire? I fear that many a famous scholar is no better than a shop full of ready-made goods.

The mildewy condition of our schools is mainly owing to the teachers' unthinking compliance with a rotten tradition. The defence of those who *have* given thought to the matter of book learning amounts to no more than this: "The individual child cannot try over again for himself all the experience of the ages, and therefore he must study the record of the past." But this study, to have any value, must persuade the child to live over again, briefly in his imagination, the ages gone by; and my simple contention is that the child be allowed to express his imaginings in the manner that most appeals to him, the way that is most natural. Anybody but a fool knows that this will be the Play Way, with the high thoughts and noble endeavour of that super-reality which is make-believe. But there are many people not generally recognised for the fools they are, who do not see that Play is a ship that will carry any cargo; land-lubbers for whom boats are merely pleasure-steamers. Have you no joy in ships? It is not for me now to sing of ships, but I know all boys are sea-folk, flood-farers the Norsemen said; and then there is merchandise, and piracy. . . . You must allow me dots if we are to keep to the point. Be the weather calm or stormy there will be cruises, and there may as well be a pilot aboard who knows the waters.

> Be it wind, be it weet, be it hail, be it sleet,
> Our ship must sail the faem.

It is a pity if any figure is laboured, but I cannot but ask:—

> O, where will I get a skeely skipper
> To sail this new ship o' mine?

It comes in the end to this: Why should we stop a game now going on in order to dictate the rules of another which we do not intend shall ever be played? Why call in Robin Hood and the Redskins and the Pirate Captain from the playground to read of Luther, or even of Cœur de Lion?

"But we have pretty pictures in our books."

"Ah, yes, so we have. And here is a man wielding a sword just like the one you made me leave in the lobby. Please may I go and fetch it?"

"No, you may not."

"But, please sir——"

"Get on with your work."

Old habits of mind are not easily broken. You are convinced, are you not? that school is a place of learning to which a boy must come in order that he may learn. But it is not so in truth. The boy is first. Again, you have told your pupils very often, have you not?—"You must remember that you come here to work." Quite apart from the mean way in which the whole question is thus settled without reference to the wishes of the one most concerned, this point of view is entirely wrong. What the Greeks called σχολή, and the Romans *ludus*, can only be expressed in English by the word *play*.

Once you realise that the teacher only exists for the learner, once you believe that the soul of any other being entrusted to your care is greater than the furniture of your own mind, once this belief in you reaches the level of a *faith*, then, believe me, the mountain of your learning and self-sufficiency is easily removed and brought to the feet of the prophet.

Tesserae.

By Beatrice Hastings.

So well-read a woman as Mrs. J. R. Green makes a long-winded mystery of femality. Throughout literature are one hundred thousand comments which should have indicated to Mrs. Green that the mystery of femality is a mystery only to us women. Even average men, who, having no talent for language, cannot utter their understanding of women, do act on the universal knowledge of femality. The Law is fairly accurately based on this knowledge; and women hastily tampering with Law seem to me more likely to injure us than to gain for us in the least particular. The so-called mystery is that women are moved by their feelings and not by their intellect. Obviously, feelings cannot serve very well in a world ruled by intellect. The Law allows for this in its dealings with women—though not sufficiently!

Mrs. Green, who declares that women are "anarchists of the deepest dye, sceptical and lawless," asks with unserviceable sentimentality—"What if woman is but a witness, a herald it may be, of another system lying on the ultimate marge and confines of space and time." I reply that woman is no herald, but she is both a witness and a relic of a phase of evolution ages since transcended by the intellect of man—a phase when emotion, the movement of the solar plexus, was the only guide and the seat of judgment. Animals, mixed

crowds and women are still moved from the solar plexus. Women who observe themselves know that a sudden contraction or expansion of this plexus is their personal guide to conduct. Women depend on feeling for judging any situation; but it is a very modern supposition that their feelings must be right! Feeling is by no means a safe guide. An animal often bolts from nothing dangerous and sometimes falls into a pit. A crowd is swayed by feeling—and its excesses are often such as may not decently be described. And the feelings of women as often make them behave so that they seem beyond civilisation—"anarchists, sceptical and lawless." A modern catch-phrase is that we women have a long way to make up. We have, even to get so far as men now are: and they, too, even they, may advance. But what seems not to be understood is that we have to develop the organ of intellect, an ideal scarcely to be measured in point of time: memorising and repeating the mere encyclopædia of men's intellectual discoveries will not do in place of an organ of intellect; even an animal can memorise and repeat. No doubt whatever, that the process of evolution in intellect is through control of the emotions! If this control is prompted by mere ambitious pride, however, you may achieve something rather more devilish than human. The truth of intellect is morality, which flies away from personal ambition, for morality concerns the whole race. The best men check their actions according to morality which they have apprehended through the intellect. Women are anarchists and lawless simply for lack of intellect. We should do well to obey men in the meekest of manners for, say, ten thousand years, practising control of emotion, sewing our megrims into "long white seams" and perpetually reminding ourselves that we are possibly of only absolutely passive account in the creation; in any case, we shall not acquire intellect by raging about it. Yet it is a ghastly moment when a woman realises the wilderness between passive memory and creative intellect; then, there is no refuge from rage save in Fact.

* * *

I was reading Mrs. Archibald Colquhoun's book, "The Vocation of Woman," in which I should say there is not a single unborrowed notion; and what struck me was her tone of irremediable mental abjection. She uses phrases so mean that one would welcome ribaldry in their place. Her genteel mutterings, her knowing style, give me the same sort of repulsion as I had once while, as a very young girl, I heard a fair-haired, rose-cheeked young lady say to a sister of mine who had refused a proposal of marriage, "Oh, you're too sentimental for this world!" It seemed to me that this person, who always appeared to be as rigorously clean as Monkey Brand, really did not wash! Mrs. Colquhoun, among other discourtesies, writes of marriage that "most of us are neither too fine nor too sensitive to make shift with the second best." I feel that she really does not wash. I feel that I might conceivably write for the "Daily Mail," smoke before my helpless grandmother, or make love for money, but never find expression for a sentiment so deplorably servile.

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If, to-day, I were reading for the first time "The Story of an African Farm" I think I should notice its fallacious construction. The heroine, Lyndall, is not placed against a man clearly superior to herself. Her rich, discursive and handsome lover is a puppet labelled Man of the World. He has no sign of temperament. But I doubt whether this self-conscious little woman might have recognised a superior though she saw him. The wonderful Waldo, the youth of genius, seems to have passed with little recognition. It was miserably feeble of his author to kill him. He should have been shown in some moment demonstrating his genius and inspiring Lyndall's imagination to sweeten his existence rather than embitter her own with vain ambitions. Indeed this figure of Lyndall represents little more than a vision of luxurious independence which her powers were too erratic ever to achieve.

It seems that some complain of me because while I call myself a minor poet of the first class, I do not admit the claims of the Georgians who style each other creative poets, and say that they are not even good minor poets. Some further declare that I thus contradict my own expressed opinions regarding the place of women in the arts.

So you might conclude that I had denied women any place whatsoever in the arts, and not merely admitted ours to be an inferior place. It would be superfluous, if not ridiculous, for me to reiterate my own claim; but I may point out that it is no such great thing to say that it need annoy these "creative" poets of our day, who disdain to learn even of poets who are the glory of England, but deriding these, declare that they themselves will make a brand-new poetical heaven and earth. And, in fact, thus they begin quite differently from the major artists whose honour it was to profess their ancestry. Of the ranting crowd our own Spenser published this: "in regard whereof I scorn and spue out the rakehell rout of ragged rhymers (for so themselves use to hunt the letter) which, without learning boast, without judgment jangle, without reason, rage and foam, as if some instinct of poetical spirit had newly ravished them above the meanness of common capacity." And such absurd conceit has, until very lately, characterised most of those known as the Georgians. If I had not read in out-of-the-way chronicles, I should have supposed the mutual flatteries of modern young men to have been impossible of parallel. THE NEW AGE has shown so many instances of these monstrous flatteries that I need not quote any here. These men seem to be ignorant that their supposed novelties have formerly been "discovered" by ambitious dullards, who, with the writing itch, would make merit of their uncouth tongues, deaf ears and empty brains; that every age produces its versifiers of this order who are sometimes welcomed by their contemporaries but never tolerated by succeeding generations, each of which naturally prefers its own specimens.

* * *

One should never display mental fatigue and damage except in extremity, as the knights displayed physical damage by stretching themselves indifferently on the death-bed. Modern busy-ness is thoroughly vulgarising in this respect of inducing boastfulness regarding one's slight and temporary wounds. People take no care against exhibiting themselves as perpetually fagged and lacking leisure; but this is to acknowledge oneself inferior to one's mere labour, an egotist with undertakings beyond one's talents; and it may not be true!

Genius, however, cannot find tasks sufficiently exertive of its powers. Genius hates to be seen at work because of the humorous consciousness that the apparent display of great labour is something of a lie. The mechanical part of intellectual production seems inevitably a solemn and pretentious spectacle: for ideas are pure gift and no way to be earned.

I like those clever men who are never too busy to be at leisure for somebody else, and whose own work appears to be done in odd hours; they have a disengaged ear for everyone's tale of success or depression, and if, through spending of hours with divers of their fellow-men, they need to work their own machine at top speed for a while—why this is the very delight of a powerful brain. I regard it as a great piece of fortune to have been trained under THE NEW AGE, where all possibly avoidable exhibition of the process of work is considered shameful. Not that I was not tolerably virtuous to begin with! But once or twice and in my extreme youth, I displayed any concern for my precious time. The tendency of modern life is to exaggerate such feebleness. I think that the reward of this practice of good manners is that one preserves the artist's indifference to the fate of finished and published work, the labour thereof being kept in its proper subordinate

aspect, and the pleasure of thinking and inventing being undisturbed by the proud wails of the impertinent and slavish little personal ego that does so love to show its stripes.

The Island.

PART 1.

"And many wonder why you roam
On the discomfortable sea,
Who all good things of hearth and home
Possess e'en abundantly:
This manor girt with fruitful lands.
It is a thing none understands.

"And Lady Lyon often hath,
As one in jest, inquired of me,
Wherefore you choose the sea-rough path,
Where is never a lovely fair ladyè."

But my brother answered slow and stern:
"You're but a boy; yet you shall learn.
Upon a lonesome and barren cay
Was a Holy Father cast away.
It was a wicked buccaneer
Marooned him there, with gibe and jeer.
Says, 'Go, Holy Father, fast and pray;
You shall have leisure for many a day!'

"The Father raised his eyes to heaven
As he stood on the bleached sea sands,
And prayed that we might be forgiven,
Lifting his frail-white hands—"

"What say'st thou, brother? Was it by thee?
Art *thou* a pirate?"—"Yea!
And I must sail most speedily
Unto that Carib cay.
There's virtue in the sainted air,
And precious odours of holy prayer:
Well may my soul be shriven;
When the Holy Father's life was spent,
His winged soul pierced the firmament,
And rent the cope of Heaven."

PART 2.

When he was gone the years lagged on;
But never he returned.
And no word came: still in a flame
Of loneliness I burned;
To the Carib Sea most yearningly
The eyes of my spirit turned.

And, in a vision of the night,
I saw, as through a lens of light,
A little, lone ship deep embayed,
A shining shore, and one that prayed.

O brother mine, our souls affine
Breathe with one breath:
Thy soul, as mine, is heavy
Unto death. . . .

Brother, thou art shriven!
Thy sin is forgiven!
O sainted air!
O incense wafted hither!
Give me to fare,
Speed me, O lead me thither!

PART 3.

Long was my quest in the lone Carib Sea;
For ever a spirit constrainèd me:
That spirit, I ween, which savèd me,
Whenas, at midnight, while I slept,
Unto my cabin those mutineers crept,
Whose cloudy faces o'er their grim,
Dark-gleaming blades I saw in dream,
And somewhat more discerned, though dim,
As 'twere a shadow vast and grand,
A shadow and a shadowy hand,
Which, on a sudden, overcast
These doomed, and through their spirits passed;
So that, with glassy eyeballs crazed,
Rigid they stood, with bare blades raised.

With bristling beard, with jaws fast locked,
Each falling body, a dreadful space,
Sagged heavy with death, and sagging rocked
Down flat upon its face.

* * *

I woke; I rose: I nothing feared.
The ship sailed smooth; yet no man steered.
The decks as bone gleamed cold.
But o'er the poop, in the big sail's droop,
'Twas black as black mould.

And all night long the shadow lay
On the lofty poop, round the big lateen.
When the moon was sunk and the stars grew grey,
On the sea astern, as an oily black tarn,
Was that prodigious shadow seen.

The moon was sunk; the stars grew wan:
Smoothly gliding, the ship sailed on.
The many-jewelled dawnlight shone.
The dawnlight streaked o'er a shadowy land
As jewels on a beckoning hand.

The ship sailed on, nor let nor stay,
And opened the mouth of a deep, sandy bay.
By the sloping shore a little ship lay,
Her sail in rags, a ruined bark.
A figure there knelt. Its clothes hung dark;
Its face upraised. Its claspèd hands
Were whiter than the bleached sea-sands.

PART 4.

There fell a wonder on the sea;
But who will hearken unto me?
A child's pure eyes are full of sight;
But men are grown to hate the light:
They go into the shadowy dens,
And film their souls with webs of sense;
With ghostly cowls they cloak the sun:
They'd have me in derision.

There fell a wonder while I did stand
Beside the kneeling skeleton.
The sun beat brazen on the sand;
The seashells in a dazzle shone.
But I stood stricken numb and old:
An icy scalpel of despair
Laid the nerves of my spirit bare.
The flaming sun sank dead and dim,
Waned to the snuff in its socket-rim.

Then, on a sudden, the bleached sea-sand,
The wreck, the kneeling skeleton,
Turned misty wan; the spectral land
Transparently, in rhythmic, slow
Waverings, began to glow.
But o'er the sea, strange stillness fell,
And darkness rapt with mystery
Of Presences invisible;
Whose traces in the quiv'ring gloom
Made glint and gleam as fragrant bloom
Of colours strange, ineffable.
Then, through the phantom walls of night,
Day flashed; there shone a realm of light,
Effulgent, celestial light of light:
Dazzled, in ecstasy and awe,
My soul's sight failed, and failing saw
A glory within a glory veiled,
Inscrutable.

The vision passed. The benison
Endures until the night be gone,
And on the verge again I stand
Of heaven's lost, and new found land.

E. H. VISIAK.

MODERN DRAWINGS—10
EDITED BY WALTER SICKERT

RECONCILIATION. By Walter Sickert.

Readers and Writers.

THOUGH the Germans sometimes turn out very fat books on very thin subjects, they also manage now and then to achieve a certain equilibrium between the inner and outer qualities of a volume. Occasionally it even happens that the subject is fatter than the volume, and such a phenomenon must inevitably accompany a treatise on "Weltliteratur." To condense the record of all writing of all ages of all nations into a single volume is an undertaking which, together with the pursuit of elusive particles and the building of indexes, has become peculiarly German. The nearest approach to it that I know in England is the series published by Blackwood's under the general title, "Periods of European Literature." But this confines itself to European literature, is the joint work of several scholars, and is in several volumes. A German listens to tribal chants in Africa, has a look in at the Mexicans and the elementary scribble of the Malays, does it all himself, and sometimes squeezes it into one volume. And I dare swear that he performs the task with more accuracy than Professor Saintsbury in his "Later Nineteenth Century," with which the series in question was wound up. I cannot stop now to lecture the Professor, but I must gnash my teeth at one of his minor enormities. In three lines he mentions five Polish names and four of them are wrong.

* * *

This is not the way a German goes to work. And I would here like to state that although Goethe first brought the formula "Weltliteratur" into general use, the thing itself is really much older. A certain Daniel George Morhof seems to have set the ball rolling with his "Polyhistor," begun in 1688, and completed by one Johann Heinrich Muhle in 1692. It is a thoroughgoing compilation of the good old sort, in which things are not done by halves. Whether it deals with geography or theology or poetry, a book's a book for a' that, and in it goes with a clanking retinue of dates and names. The more Latin, too, the better. German literature is fobbed off with the miserly dole of nine pages.

* * *

Since Morhof's time these things in Germany have moved. If I attempted here to chronicle their progress I should become a dangerous rival of Morhof himself. Of more recent names I will mention only those of the pugnacious Johannes Scherr, whose first edition appeared in 1851; Gustave Karpeles, whose three volumes, published in 1891, once delayed me a whole morning in front of a bookstall at Frankfort; and the incomplete but overwhelming pile of the Jesuit priest, Alexander Baumgartner, who certainly did not stick at trifles. Otto Hauser's two-volumed work has previously been glanced at in these notes, while finally in this very year comes the book which sent me out on this little survey.

* * *

It is by Paul Wiegler, bears the title, "Geschichte der Weltliteratur," and is published by Ullstein and Co. at the price of 6 marks. I cannot hope to explain how they produce a large octavo volume of just on 500 pages, with numerous illustrations, at such a sum. Presumably they expect to find a wide sale, but it would be illuminating to watch some London publisher try the experiment, all the same. I hear the voice of a carper muttering something which sounds like "compilation." A very just and natural comment, and one which I also was prepared to apply when I made for home with Herr Wiegler's book under a protesting arm. It is anticipated in the preface by the author himself, and in his defence he quotes a critic who says, "There are compilations and compilations." His aim is to present ". . . neither one of those handbooks that fix annoying labels of praise or blame upon the world's literature, nor a scientific compendium in which information can be obtained about the love songs of the Annamites or the farces of the Congo niggers," but to depict "the preliminary Oriental history of the European literary area, its change of aspect from nation to nation, its expansion in the 19th century. . . ."

* *

Even so, a big undertaking, especially as China and Japan are included. Yet by the judicious insertion of smaller type for more detailed passages and by the exercise of a critical judgment which speaks as it listeth and not as X dictates or Y prompts, the task has been got through. Herr Wiegler is generally accurate (of this, more later), sometimes refreshingly bluff, and always well-informed. He even mentions the Ransome-Douglas lawsuit and H. G. Wells' "Marriage." These things may not be "world-literature," strictly speaking, but the fact that they have been observed shows that their chronicler has a wide range.

* *

Herr Wiegler's individual outlook is shown in his treatment of various sacrosanct scribes, especially among the English contingent. He recognises the symptoms of dotage, for example, with more skill than many critics, who, perhaps, have more reason to be on the look-out for it. Speaking of Mr. Shaw, he says: "With 'Getting Married,' . . . 'Newspaper Cuttings,' the revue about suffragettes and army reform, and 'Misalliance' . . . begins the incoherence whose triumph is 'Fanny's First Play.' Granville Barker gives 'scenes . . . in a jerky dialogue, that runs counter to rule.' Hall Caine deals in 'colportage,' Marie Corelli is 'a Eugene Sue in a governess's frock,' Sarah Grand is 'a chattering manufacturess,' Wilde's ideas 'crackle about like glittering bluff,' his dramas are 'copies from Sardou, by a virtuoso who gratifies while he mocks at the instincts of the crowd.' Stephen Phillips and Comyns Carr have 'turned Goethe's "Faust" into a piece of banality.'" Again, he speaks of Charles van Leberghe as the inspiring source of ". . . the feeble art of Maeterlinck, who, when he in his turn changes his style, finds compensation in a Neo-Christianity with quotations from Seneca and Marcus Aurelius. . ." Melchior Lengyel is "the author of the pseudo-Japanese sensation 'Typhoon.'" And so on, with other idols.

* * *

In a work of this nature there are bound to be defects and errors. A certain coefficient of fallibility must be allowed for. A few curious mistakes have crept into the chapters on English literature. This, for instance, is a strange saying; "'Lacrymae Musarum,' an elegy on his (i.e., Tennyson's) death was written by his disciple, William Watson, to whom Gladstone promised a pension, and who later was affected by mental disturbance. . ." Richard Le Gallienne is described as a "Browningian." Something seems to have gone wrong here. John Davidson and Laurence Binyon are mentioned in one breath. And Gray's business is not settled by remarking that " . . . he composed a lament for Robert Walpole's favourite cat which was drowned in a basin of gold-fish, and the 'Elegy in a Country Churchyard.'" He did rather more than this.

* * *

Turning to remoter topics, I miss the name of Bezruc, although Brezina, Sova and Machar are all mentioned. It is bad arithmetic to say that Vrchlicky died at the age of *eighty*; sixty would be nearer the mark. The literature of the Ukraine seems to have escaped notice altogether, except for half a dozen lines on Taras Shevtchenko, wedged in among a number of Russian poets. The reader would easily overlook the fact that Shevtchenko employed a language which is not Russian, and that a modern Ukrainian literature exists. Certainly the name of Ivan Franko, a Vrchlicky of the Ukraine, should have been recorded. Then, by the time that Herr Wiegler reaches Servian literature, he is somewhat scant of breath. Of the Servian writers whom he omits, Svetislav Stefanovitch, a lyric poet of charm and a capable translator from Tennyson, Swinburne and Wilde, has a claim to inclusion.

* * *

However, these are but sun-spots. They fade completely before the treatment of the Early Indian epics,

the sections on the Shah-Nameh, on Dante, on Stendhal, on Rabelais, on E. A. Poe, on Sören Kierkegaard, and a dozen other great names picked at random. These are, after all, the essentials of the matter. I have spoken of the illustrations, which are generally interesting and well-chosen. The following seem particularly good: "A page from Saadi's Rose Garden," Machiavelli, Lope de Vega, J. J. Rousseau, the seven portrait sketches of Voltaire, "Entr'acte in the Comédie Française," Zola, and Ibsen. But the small and depressing portrait of Milton might have been omitted without loss, and nobody is likely to be edified by a photograph of d'Annunzio looking like a barber in his Sunday best, although it is characteristic enough, no doubt.

* * *

Much as I admire and appreciate the work of Herr Wiegler and some of his predecessors, I do not look for the same kind of thing in England. It is true that on the literary map of Europe there are still too many patches where, following the custom of the old cartographers, we should have to inscribe: *Hic leones sunt.* If the fauna of these places is to be fixed beyond guess work, it will have to be done in England by other means. For a German critic can range over all literature because he has it close at hand. Not merely are the translations of foreign writers much more numerous than in England, but they are much more accessible. An excellent German rendering of Swinburne's "Atalanta in Calydon" may be had for threepence; the "Ballad of Reading Gaol" exists in two different and quite respectable translations at 20 pf. each (apart from two or three other and more expensive versions). These are only isolated examples, which might be increased indefinitely —above all, where foreign fiction is concerned. Here, for instance, are two neat volumes of the "Wiesbadener Volksbücher," with stories by W. W. Jacobs. One, containing two, costs 10 pf., the other with three costs 15 pf. (just about twopence). There are good introductions to each of them, and the translating has been most carefully done. (The jargon of the night-watchman and his mates has been neatly and appropriately turned into Platt-Deutsch.) This is, roughly speaking, the kind of thing that is wanted in England: interesting foreign writers in small but characteristic selections, carefully translated and sold at a low price. Most of the few translations that do appear in England are simply beyond the reach of the voracious reader. Schnitzler at six shillings and Hauptmann at several more are not for the likes of him. And I see that Mr. Heinemann has just published a book by the contemporary Dutch novelist, L. Couperus. Can that be had for a few pence? Hardly.

* * *

Under these conditions we must rely for our knowledge of foreign literature on the scattered and precarious efforts of a few enthusiasts, who, by natural bent, and a complete indifference to indifference, have explored some unfamiliar literary region. Somebody, for instance, ought to continue Mr. Edmund Gosse's "Northern Studies," which might have gone further and fared considerably better. I vainly look for competent criticism of modern Russian writers, and any criticism whatever of the newer literature of Hungary. The modern Greeks, the Roumanians, and the Finns have not let their ink evaporate during the last thirty years or so. Who will capably audit their books for us? Doubtless it will be done in good time. We are just beginning to know Multatuli, and he has been dead only these twenty-seven years. . . .

* * *

It is true that some hardy pioneers are toiling along the road that I have sketched out. There is Mr. Edward Storer, for one. Barely a few months since he was prattling away in "T.P.'s Weekly" most engagingly on the subject of d'Annunzio. And quite recently he was holding forth in the "Academy" on "The Art of Arthur Schnitzler." Now it is clear that if anybody in England is to write about Schnitzler (I having had my say on the affair), Mr. Edward Storer is that person. He has all the qualifications for the job—a close and erudite knowledge of German, and a mind of infinite dimensions. And Mr. Storer comes admirably up to expectations. He coos pleasant little nothings into our discreet ears; his fresh and boyish fancy frolics around and prods us knowingly in the ribs. Mr. Storer thoroughly understands Schnitzler, and we thoroughly understand Mr. Storer; so all is well. But, stay a moment. Was not the title of Mr. Storer's thesis, "The *Art* of Arthur Schnitzler"? No doubt some careless printer went and lost a column or two of the galley proofs. And those precious slips must have contained Mr. Storer's analysis of Schnitzler's prose style. For I assume that Mr. Storer, with his knowledge of German, cannot have failed to mark its chief points. He must have caught the delicate modulations of it, and revelled in the subtle undertones that lurk in almost every word. He must have had delight in Schnitzler's mastery over that elusive thing which the Germans call "Stimmung"—a word for which the English "mood" is but a lean equivalent. And having grasped all these interesting topics, he naturally discussed them somewhere in an article on "The Art of Arthur Schnitzler." For they are the art of Arthur Schnitzler, or, at any rate, the larger share of it. But either my copy of the "Academy" was incomplete, or the printer has played Mr. Storer a nasty trick—I searched and searched and searched, but returned empty-handed. Really, I must protest against this shabby treatment of Mr. Storer, which has caused me excessive disappointment.

* * *

Dr. Otto Bucht, a correspondent in Stockholm, has forwarded me a cutting from the "Svenska Dagbladet," with some details about Strindberg's literary remains. They seem to be as varied as his published works, and show once more, what I long ago emphasised in these notes, that Strindberg dabbled in all manner of subjects. Apart from unfinished and roughly sketched-out dramas (including a "Doctor Faustus"), there are such surprising items as "A Hebrew Primer and Grammar for Beginners," "A Swedish Dictionary, A, B, C, D, E, F," "Homer," "The Secrets of the Mother-tongue." Why, for all we know, Mr. Shaw may be compiling a guide to the Greek accents or a collection of exercises on long tots. (Mr. Wells has already presented us with a text-book on zoology, and on tin soldiers.)

* * *

Strindberg's library is to be transferred to the Nordisk Museum in Stockholm, where a room has been specially arranged for the purpose. By a strange piece of unrehearsed irony, Strindberg refers to this building in a set of verses entitled "Singers." The allusion, which is not altogether respectful, occurs in the following passage:—

"Singers!
How long will you terrify babies
With bogies bolstered in worm-eaten tatters?
Gather up the rusty armour and weapons,
And send them off for a final display
To the Nordisk Museum!"

However, the Swedish authorities can well afford to overlook the slight, for Strindberg's library is a valuable one, and includes works in Hebrew, Greek, Latin and Chinese. In speaking about his library, Strindberg once remarked: "My books are spoilt, for I always make notes in the margin." These notes, as the "Svenska Dagbladet" observes, will form valuable sources of information for those engaged on Strindberg researches in the future. My correspondent also mentions, on the authority of Strindberg's son-in-law, that a large pile of theoretical speculations on music was discovered among his papers.

P. SELVER.

The Day's Work in Albania.

By Anthony Bradford.

I HAD a feeling as I waited on the quay at Antivari that our journey's end would not be reached without trouble. All about were piled the hundred and one things which go in war-time to make up a field hospital, and the "Prince Mena," which had been lent to take us up the Boyana, was still idly at anchor in the bay. Late the night before two formidable Montenegrins, in soldiers' uniforms, had warned us to be ready early in the morning. They turned out to be the captain and mate, and, with the Moslem pilot and crew of Albanians, made up the ship's company. The vessel had originally been a schooner, but some wave of Turkish progress had installed a very indifferent oil-engine aboard before her capture by the Montenegrins, and now, with her masts stripped, bulwarks battered and dingy, and her deck splintered by shells, she masqueraded as a motor-boat.

At last she moved alongside, and Arturo suddenly appeared from amongst the baggage and climbed on board, with his roll of drawing paper, to seek some place where he could remain inconspicuous to suffer in seclusion the terrors of the sea passage. Arturo belonged to the countless company of unpopular Italian correspondents and artists compelled to stay in Antivari by an unsympathetic government. Many were his shifts to get to the front, and he seemed convinced now that his only hope was with me. I had discouraged him, but here he was on board. He was not successful in his search for a quiet resting place; all the corners he favoured seemed to be wanted for cargo. Once, indeed, he was almost smothered by the crew piling rolls of Inglesi blankets in on top of him. I heard his muffled objections and repeated declarations that he was an Inglesi, and insisted on his disinterment, explaining to the captain that among other things Arturo represented an English illustrated paper. This saved him for the time being. He had been sitting in some Roman café when ordered to the war to sketch, and he had set out on the spot. A pair of leather gaiters supplied the only baggage he considered essential, and these repaid his confidence, too, because now after some months of use they remained the only intact parts of his clothing, all the rest, especially his boots, being in a deplorable state. Not that Arturo worried about them. Far from it. He sang the songs of his country, and sketched beautiful and fanciful episodes of war which his paper published with enthusiasm.

The passage was not rough, but unluckily the oil engine refused to work when well out to sea, and so it was very late and we were very hungry when we anchored off Dulcigno. There had been a great simplicity about the food in the "Prince Mena." On her previous voyage up the Boyana she had carried a cargo of fat pork, given to the Montenegrin Army by the Queen of Italy, and a good deal of this had been retained by the Albanian bandit who acted as cook, and formed the basis of all the dishes he produced. Primitive was his method of preparing it. Cut up into little squares, dusted with cayenne, and served uncooked on a tin dish, it formed a simple diet, and if one swallowed it quickly it seemed to serve. The Montenegrin captain esteemed it a delicacy. Arturo praised it from patriotic motives.

I hoped to fare better at Dulcigno, and so sought out Mirko's hotel. But Mirko, accepting me after much argument, and then only because I was of the race of Gladstone, would have nothing of Arturo. Mirko must have been eighty if a day, and was still a strong and formidable landlord. He had been a great warrior, and had earned a reputation for sanguinary encounters with the Turks and anybody else who argued with him, and also for having called a Montenegrin Prince or General of great ferocity a cow's tail—the most dreadful epithet that can be hurled at one's head in this country. He had survived to run an hotel, and his severity and independence no doubt were assumed to withdraw attention from the fact of his engaging in any other trade but that of a warrior. In a country of dirt and untidiness the house was kept splendidly clean, and all the meals were punctual and the quantities exact. One cup of coffee, and one only, could be had with breakfast, and an awful fate awaited anybody who spilt anything on the tablecloth. For not showing sufficient concern at some such accident, a Russian Ambassador had been thrown out of a window, and I know it to be a fact that an Italian journalist—some confrère of Arturo's—had been turned out of the house in the middle of a meal for spitting on the floor.

My fellow guests were an English correspondent, who appreciated Mirko, and a pair of American tourists who did not, and who had, in the strange manner peculiar to their kind, drifted to this spot. He was not the landlord they were used to, and he objected to the lady talking so much, but I think the real trouble was her habit of being late for meals. The husband had experienced some rebuffs in schooling Mirko into the ways of a fashionable valet.

I evaded all the pitfalls and embarked the next morning with Arturo, who seemed to have had some dreadful experiences in a waterside café at a very small cost. The "Prince Mena" toiled all day along the coast. A melancholy Montenegrin soldier had joined the ship at Dulcigno, and seemed anything but glad to be going to the front. He wore the ordinary khaki uniform with cloth gaiters and baggy trousers and shoes with cow-hide soles and string tops. "If I only had your English boots, M. le docteur," he said to me in French, "I should be happy." Standing about trenches in icy water in his shoes must have been discouraging even to one of a nation cursed with great optimism. During the afternoon we entered the Boyana, running very swiftly because of the rain, and here, of course, our progress was slow indeed. But even a knot an hour tells in time, and by evening we were up the river about a mile and anchored in mid stream off St. Nikola—St. Nikola, where we had a cowshed full of wounded. The church building, quite a comfortable affair, had been asked for, but to put the wounded in there was an unthinkable proposition to the orthodox priest. He became very angry at being pressed, and was supported by the local commandment. And so seventy-five wounded soldiers were put into the cowshed, and it was not until some poor fellows died who had been shot through the head, and the priest demanded wine and candles from us in order to perform the last services, that we got our own back in the discussion.

I learned at St. Nikola that we and all our equipment, with which we had intended to form a field hospital at Retchi, farther up the river, were wanted at once at St. Giovanni di Medua, to which place a Montenegrin division had suddenly moved at some risk and loss of life on hearing that the Servians were coming through the mountains from Monastir. A small steamer, the "Drin," had been provided to take us down the coast, and there she was in the mid-stream ahead of the "Prince Mena," with no sign of life aboard. We discovered the engineer-captain in the camp, and by the next day we had transferred all our baggage and were ready to start. Not so the engineer. He said the sea was not tranquil. It seemed like a glass to us, but to him no doubt it was standing on end, for the native spirit is very plentiful and potent. Nothing would shift him. When the sea became tranquil the engine refused to work. The commandant, like all Montenegrin officers, had but little authority, and would not use what he had, because, he said, was not the engineer the only one in the country who understood this particular engine?

There was nothing else to do but to ride across to St. Giovanni di Medua and stir up the General. After hours of talk I got a pony, and only one, much to Arturo's disgust, as he insisted on coming with me, or rather those left behind refused to have him. So we crossed the river in a large black Albanian canoe, and I

started out on a small pony and a large Turkish saddle with no girth, followed by a Montenegrin soldier and Arturo on foot carrying his roll of paper. The track led along the sea beach with a high range of hills on the left, and so I trotted along, soon leaving a disconsolate but very articulate Arturo behind. The sun had come out, the sky and the Adriatic rivalled each other in colour, and the mountains formed a fine background. Though things had not gone well, and it was somewhat difficult keeping the Turkish saddle in its place without a girth, yet I could not have wished for a better setting for myself as a Medical Don Quixote going to tilt against the official mills at Medua.

Then from the hills on the left some Turks or Albanians, or, perhaps, some Montenegrins, with a peculiar sense of humour, began firing in my direction. I had got so used to Montenegrins firing off their rifles on every occasion, from the departure of a train to the arrival of the daily diligence, that for some moments the fact did not disturb me. But a bullet singing near and plopping into the sand brought me up at once, and on several more coming my way I at once lost interest in other things. All sorts of protective schemes rushed through my mind. Should I get off and seek cover by making a hole in the sand, or walk on the safe side of the pony, or lie down in the sea, or just ride along? The feeling uppermost in my mind was rage at anyone potting at me, and this feeling carried me along out of range, and when I looked back to see what had become of Arturo and his escort, they had vanished. I never saw Arturo again until weeks afterwards, and I am sure that his experiences received dramatic treatment by his art. He did explain to me at great length what had happened, but like all of Arturo's exciting tales, they were poured into uncomprehending ears.

St. Giovanni di Medua was reached at last in the dusk, and the Servian Army came in at the same time to Alessio near by, and a weary army it looked after its perilous march over the mountains. Yet they were an army, everything shipshape and Bristol fashion, and the officers most charming of men. Essentially efficient they looked, and they had performed one of the finest feats of the war—the passage from Monastir through to the Adriatic. One discovered in conversation that this soldiering was but a side line with them—that they were advocates, architects, bankers, and poets (mind you) in private life—yet here distinctively soldiers—worn out may be, and very starved looking, but the real thing.

I had my own troubles to attend to, and confirming a report I had heard earlier in the day that there were some Greek gunboats in the bay, I met a smart looking Greek officer in some sort of naval uniform and asked him whether he had a steam pinnace he could lend me to pull our small steamer round to Medua. He said "Yes," and had I "mangéd." I said "No." Well, he said, come aboard and "mangér." I accepted at once, as there was no hope of getting any food or help ashore, the Montenegrins' general having left Medua for the day. So off on the bay I went with the Greek captain; but alas! I soon found that he was but the captain of a passenger steamer lent to the Montenegrins, and had no steam pinnace, but an inveterate habit of saying "yes" to all questions in English. Anyway, I went down below to the cabin and sat down to the table, laid for two, and attended by a tired-looking steward. On the table there were two plates, and on one plate a small piece of bread, two olives and two thin rings of sausage. The captain was served with soup, which he ate somewhat noisily, half-way through again asking me whether I had "mangéd." I again said I had not. "Ah, well," he said and grunted, and finished his soup. He next devoured two chops, and I turned to and ate the small piece of bread, the two olives, and the two thin rings of sausage. Nothing else was forthcoming, and though pressed to have some Greek coffee, which I was given to understand was infinitely superior to Turkish, and the offer of which I accepted, none came. We did not seem to understand each other that captain and I.

Altogether there seemed nothing doing at St. Giovanni di Medua. It had started to rain again. The half dozen houses which formed the port were full of tired officers searching for food which did not exist; the mud outside was full of weary soldiers, and there was nothing to drink. So finding a steamer leaving for Antivari that night, I proceeded back there and eventually stirred the Governor of Bar up to the point of threatening to shoot my engineer if he did not go at once to Medua. This he did the next day, and so I passed on to another variety of trouble.

The Real Tango.

An Argentine Fact and a London Legend.

"THE Tango: a Will-o'-the-wisp hunt throughout London for the space of six fugitive months; a period in which our population thrilled and moved sympathetically (from the hip upwards) to the rumour of an unexplained dance set to a weird, outlandish music; said to proceed from the Argentine Republic. . . ." Thus should the Society phase just passed be entered into the "Encyclopædia Britannica." A mystery expressed in mystery. A mystery never fully unshrouded and thus enshrouded for ever. Newspapers will mercifully file away the fact that our Queen, the Pope and the Kaiser, all three, affrighted, tried to forbid something that never transpired—banned an abortion!

Now a vast silence vibrating to the curious rhythm and the Tango is gone before it had come. No birth—no funeral, but a stimulation at large, slowly subsiding, dying away, leaving the Ball hostess and the dancing guest seekers "after something that there was in no satisfying measure, or not at all."

The real tango, for which we have hunted in vain from ball-room to ball-room, from footlights to restaurant, from music hall to night club, obeying a flaring writing-on-the wall all over London, failed to embark from the Argentine—as every Argentino, and here and there an Englishman, knows. Sprung up over a century ago in the Pampas, a translation of it has taken a hundred years to reach Paris; a year later, as usual, it came to London in curious script, which proved to be—and remains—Greek. The better known America has once more come to our rescue and covered our confusion with its ever-green rag-time.

. . . . . .

The real tango was danced last night, will be danced to-night, and to-morrow night, in the Argentine, not in the ball-room in Buenos Aires or the salita of the provinciano, but in the outlying lands, where it first sprang into being—in the plains of the Gobernaciones spreading from the Atlantic to the foot of the Cordilleras that rise suddenly like a cliff over the unbroken sea of pampa, shutting out Chili as with a snow-capped wall. There in its habitat the puesto, pueblo and fiesta de fin de esquila, the tango is being danced at one or the other, or all three, nightly, sharing honours with the pericón, gato, relaciones, zapateo, and, not infrequently farthest west, the cueca, which has tripped across from the Andes—dances equally curious and beautiful which have not been even rumoured in London.

To-night the Gaucho, who has never troubled himself about the corte or tijeras, is riding leagues to surpass himself in the real tango. His exquisite steed, with white-silver trappings, neighs like a war-horse scenting agua florida and ceremony—no rounding of cattle to-night! He is saddled with the recao pa'l baile; the stirrups are heavier, the spurs are not the ordinary ones. He gallops proudly, churning foam with the silver bit, raising the pale dust of the Calléjón, quivers over the Tapera, and shies con corte at the laguna; the Lechuzón, rising as usual from nowhere, makes him bound wide. We are very proud to-night, but he is

also a mestizo alazán and cannot help himself. The moon shines on silver reins and head-piece and upon whip and belt and silver-handled facón knife: for if his master is a lady-killer by repute he can also kill his man when necessary. The rider is Silvano Gomez. Sylvan, indeed, and beautiful: the cow-boy god Pan of the Pampas. In his face is the bronze of those first races of the plains—Inca possibly—and the finely chiselled features of the later Spaniard. Under the black leaf of his chambergo his eyes smoulder, and his teeth, whiter than pearl, show in the moonlight. They bite his lower lip and he spurs his horse's gallop. At whatever hour he may arrive will not be considered late for Silvano, but though he knows himself to be without worthy rival there are always pretenders to that title.

There is no special ball dress in which the tango is danced at the Baile to which he rides. It is the prettily printed muslin frock, full at the hips—a swaying dress. Black hair smoothly parted over a Madonna's brow ends in a gloriously long plait—the trenza—tied with a bow. The ladies thus dressed sit in rows along one side of the room with downcast eyes, talking to one another, never by any chance looking over at their prospective partners. The caked-mud floor has been sprinkled and swept and is still freshly mottled, brown and black. Candiles—great tallow candles thick as those unconsecrated tapers in Spain—are ranged round the walls, giving a pale, wavering light. An old Teguelche Indian goes round during the evening snuffing them, returning always to his squatting, watching attitude in the dimmest corner. In an opposite one sit the guitars and accordions, tuning and scaling in preparation. At the fireplace, over a cauldron of boiling fat, officiates Dona Tiburcia, wrinkled as a dried fig, dipping in and ladling out into a sieve the golden-fried crescent-shaped empanadas, which are eaten hot as they come. She also keeps refilling the máte-cup as it returns to her on its trip round the room. What she does not know about bringing children into the world is not worth knowing and she has danced the tango herself with no less a Caudillo than Juan Moreira, who had killed as many men as she has seen come into the world. She could tell you about Juan Cuello, too, who was neither so bad nor so good!

The dancers to-night have already performed the gato and pericón, the milonga and the gato-polkeado, and while the girls, once more in rigorous row together, are still fanning themselves, the orchestra breaks into that unmistakable, irresistible measure which holds all the fire of the day, all the melancholy of the murmurous pampa night, and the monotonous cadence of the whispering pajanales—the most spontaneous thing in music—born from the soil. It is the tango—played as it can never be played away from there—insinuating, sinuous, insisting. The men come forward from the shadows in the doorway and approach the bench of serried girls, who all lower their eyes pleased, flattered as though there were not more men than enough to go twice round. The men in unison all take out silk handkerchiefs from left-breast pockets, transferring them to their right hand, where it shall act as a glove to spare the washable dress. His left hand holds her right, at the palm and wrist, which is held flat-open spirally. (One wonders how came this Burmese and Egyptian gesture to the New World.) The orchestra harks back, taking up the opening refrain and the figures, tightly interlocked, begin to move, oscillate, gliding forward, turning as on a pivot—the floor itself would seem to move!—the movement is all in the hips, the feet obeying. They dance inspired (without set rules or counted steps) interpreting the music. She ever swooning, he ever following, arresting her fall. There is the rapture of the faint about her supple body; her eyelids are lowered, weighted with the dream in which she moves. He is whispering, poring over her smilingly conscious, half sleeping face. The waking wind of the eternal pampa surges in the music and the figures hurry like eddying leaves, or turn and bend over like the plume-grass.

Silvano Gomez, arrived out of the night that is echoed in the guitars, is following them with his gaze. His face is impenetrable; he would seem to single out no figure in particular, but she is there and his eye is carefully upon her. Her swoon now is not more than discreetly languorous, she has noticed him watching her and is already dancing with him by proxy—the next and the next she will dance with him! Her partner has also become aware and adroitly relaxes a too intimate hold of her. She is Manuelita Morales, the belle of the pago, the only daughter of Don Mateo and Dona Clemencia. Don Mateo owns a hundred head of cattle, a thousand sheep, and a growing chacra three leagues off.

Silvano sidles his way round the room to where the orchestra sits and says a word or two to the guitars. After a short preamble the music comes to a full stop, to burst afresh, a second later, into another tango, more exquisite and of richer rhapsody—El Deseado! Silvano takes Manuelita straight from the arms of her partner, and they move out upon the floor by themselves.

It is marvellous even there how they dance! Her pink skirt sways in ecstasy with his black chiripá. She blanches and flushes like a rose, almost swooning away; his eyes are fixed on hers, which are now downcast, now welling up like water flowers shaken with desire of the sun. A feeling of uneasiness takes hold of the company. Instinctively other couples take the floor revolving round the central pair—to screen them if possible. Dios porfiado! what is not going to happen to-night! Dona Clemencia is crying softly, a comadre holds her hand, patting it. With Silvano she knows Manuelita will be the happiest and most miserable of women. El destino! Don Mateo sucks his máte—drained dry—feverishly, several times. He, too, knows it would be useless to interfere: it is the will of God All-powerful!

Silvano is whispering darkly to Manuelita. The tango is insistent. His rancho is a very lonely one; it would be unbearable without her to-night—vamos, Chinita? She weakens in assent like a flower drugged with sun. It is the cloying rapture, not the pain, of its kisses. There is commotion suddenly—the tango is suspended midway in a leit motif—the couple have vanished into the night. The mother wails in Don Mateo's arms while he smothers a philosophic oath with face hidden in her shawl. Y que se va hacer, vieja, he repeats, la volunta' de Dios!

Upon that exquisite madly-galloping horse is a double burden: Silvano rides like a malón, she behind, sideways, on bare-back, holding on with her arm round his waist. They ride like the wind, the racing horse picking his way delicately over the tapera flies down the callejon, past the laguna, neighing with head well in the air—neighing for home, which he already sees risen on the flat horizon, darkly sleeping beside its polished palenque. The Rancho!—furnished as yet with a sheep skin for couch, a cow's skull for only chair, guitar, kettle and máte cup, and, outside, the bench under the melancholy ombú which casts its grateful shade in summer over the wide land of the vidalita and the tango!

. . . . . .

Ten years ago I returned from the Argentine bringing with me a roll of the choicest tangos. The rag-time had only just then begun to grapple with the cake-walk. My tango's début over here, even before Debussy began to be mispronounced and misinterpreted, was obviously premature. Thus the Tango para Maria and El Chingolo sifted gradually to the bottom of the music-stool to which I had presented them. They have worked their way up to the top, and out upon the piano, during the last six months. They are now slowly, irretrievably percolating back. Ten years ago in the Pampas I had the privilege likewise of seeing Englishmen, in breeches and leggings, trying to enter into the spirit of the tango, and I remember I considered them as unhappy—if not quite so desolés—as the Englishmen lately attempting the tango in London.

SEBASTIAN SORRELL.

Views and Reviews.

As Horatio said to Hamlet: "There's no offence, my lord." A cat may look at a king; surely Mr. Wells may look at a bigger thing. Besides, he was asked to do so; he tells us so at the very beginning of the book.*

The telephone bell rings with the petulant persistence that marks a trunk call, and I go in from some ineffectual gymnastics on the lawn to deal with the irruption. There is the usual trouble in connecting up, minute voices in Folkestone and Dover and London call to one another and are submerged by buzzings and dronings. Then in elfin tones the real message comes through: "Blériot has crossed the Channel. . . An article . . . about what it means."

Observe that the message was spoken in elfin, not editorial, tones; it was a "call" in a sense additional to that understood by the telephone operator. Mr. Wells was prompted to his observation by Heaven and Hell, by Edison and Harmsworth. "Blériot has crossed the Channel." Alas, poor Atlas! What does it mean? "Cluck, cluck, cluck; another egg laid;" and Mr. Wells has produced another volume of essays.

But as Hamlet said to Horatio: "Yes, by Saint Patrick, but there is, Horatio, and much offence too." The world is not right; the trained eye of Mr. Wells can see that "the time is out of joint." Oh, curséd spite, that ever he was born to set it right! What does the crossing of the Channel by Blériot mean? It means an article in a daily paper, which is reproduced as the first chapter of this book, in which such astonishingly abstruse questions as "Is the Navy *bright*?" and: "Are we an awakening people?" are asked. The answer to the first question is in the negative; our "leviathans of the deep" are painted a dull grey colour, and, according to the descriptive reporters, look sullen. Are we an awakening people? Yes; once a day. Besides, our sailor-king, when he possessed the lesser dignity of Prince of Lloyd-Georgia, told us to wake up; Mr. Wells mentions the fact. It follows, therefore, that we are an awakening people.

But Mr. Wells is not a mere journalist; his articles are not for a day, but for all time. He has made them of "such large discourse, looking before, and after," that, if I may use a simile that should please a B.Sc., they possess valency. Collect them from the waste-paper baskets of the Press, put them together, and they grab at each other according to some unknown law, and fall into a definite scheme. Thus:—

An Englishman Looks At The World
Blériot arrives and sets him thinking. (1)
He flies, (2)
And deduces certain consequences of cheap travel. (3)
He considers the King, and speculates on the New Epoch; (4)
He thinks Imperially, (5)
And then, coming to details, about Labour, (6)
Socialism, (7)
And Modern Warfare, (8)
He discourses on the Modern Novel, (9)
And the Public Library; (10)
Criticises Chesterton, Belloc, (11)
And Sir Thomas More, (12)
And deals with the London Traffic Problem as a Socialist should. (13)
He doubts the existence of Sociology, (14)
Discusses Divorce, (15)
Schoolmasters, (16)
Motherhood, (17)
Doctors, (18)
And Specialisation; (19)
Questions if there is a People, (20)
And diagnoses the Political Disease of our Times, (21)
He then speculates upon the future of the American Population, (22)
Considers a possible set-back to civilisation, (23)
The Ideal Citizen, (24)
The still undeveloped possibilities of Science, (25) and
— in the broadest spirit—
The Human Adventure. (26)

We have only to consider the dates of these articles to see how very economical the inspiration of Mr. Wells is. These articles were not written in the order that now seems to be their natural order; and the fact proves that Mr. Wells' mind does not run to waste. For example, the first article, in which Mr. Wells asked: "Are we an awakening people?" was written in July, 1909. By August 5, 1912, Mr. Wells was sufficiently awake to take his first flight in an aeroplane, and that article appears second in the book. The third article was written in December, 1910; the fourth, in June, 1911; the fifth, I suppose, was never published before, for it has no date; the sixth was published in May, 1912; and so on. No matter when or what he writes, nothing is irrelevant, nothing is waste. Mr. Wells is naturally a profound synthetic thinker, with a faculty of induction that marks him as being superior to the mere journalist. There is no doubt about it; Mr. Wells is a credit to South Kensington.

It follows, therefore, that if Mr. Wells says a thing three times, it must be true. This is the third time that he has said that Proportional Representation is the cure for Labour Unrest; the first time was in the "Daily Mail" in 1912; the second time was in the re-publication of that symposium; the third time is in this publication of that series of articles. Mr. Wells has, of course, re-published his protest against the description of Proportional Representation as his "remedy"; but as he has said it three times, has not prescribed any additional remedy, and in the twenty-first chapter of this book prescribes it again a fourth time, we must believe that all that is necessary to the pacification of Labour is Proportional Representation. This faithful reliance on the positive asseverations of our only synthetic thinker is justified by the fact that what Mr. Wells foresees actually comes to pass. For example, in his articles on the Labour Unrest, he said: "If we, who have at least some experience of affairs, who own property, manage businesses, and discuss and influence public organisation, if we are not prepared to undertake this work of discipline and adaptation for ourselves, then a time is not far distant when insurrectionary leaders calling themselves Socialists or Syndicalists, or what not, men with none of our experience, little of our knowledge, and far less hope of success, will take that task out of our hands." In this volume, a note is appended to this passage: "Larkinism comes to endorse me since this was written." Why, he's just like "Old Moore's Almanac," and, of course, he must be right about the proper remedy for Labour Unrest.

Facts of this nature compel us to give due consideration to everything that Mr. Wells says; like the Ghost in "Hamlet," he "could a tale unfold, whose lightest word would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood," etc. So when Mr. Wells, in this republication of his essays that appeared in "The Great State," says: "I am flatly antagonistic to the conceptions of 'Guild Socialism' which have arisen recently out of the impact of Mr. Penty and Syndicalism upon the uneasy intelligence of Mr. Orage"; we are obliged to admit that Guild Socialism has received its death sentence. We cannot survive the antagonism of a man who began looking at the world in 1909, as a consequence of the first crossing of the Channel in an aeroplane. There is no need for Mr. Wells to give any reasons, and he does not; there is no need for him to show that he knows what Guild Socialism is, and he does not; the world is his, and he looks at it; he says: "Go," and he goeth; "Come," and he cometh.

I speak from beyond the grave. Mr. Wells has probably never read the articles on the Guilds; he has been so busy looking at the world that he has seen nothing in it. For a man to say that he is antagonistic to the idea of the Guilds because he believed in the "necessity of versatility" is to reveal himself as a ridiculous person; one might as well be antagonistic to the motion of the earth for the same reason. Versatility is not necessary to man in a state of society, and, even if it were, it would not be prohibited by the Guilds. The Guilds are

* "An Englishman Looks at the World." By H. G. Wells. (Cassell's. 6s. net.)

not based on the principle of "one man, one trade," any more than they are based on the principle of the large factory. The Guilds are primarily economic organisations; their purpose is the securing to the workman the value of his product, the provision of a competent national service, and the elevation of the whole community to a state of active citizenship. The large factory may be abolished, and the unit of production be the small workshop fitted with a dynamo, as not only Mr. Penty but Kropotkin desired, and still the necessity of Guild organisation will remain. The workers of this country may be as versatile as Mr. Wells desires, as Thoreau was; he learned how to do a thing, and then never did it again; but if they are to have the only freedom possible in society, the freedom to do what they can, the Guild organisation is necessary. The "necessity of versatility" is not an indictment of the National Guilds System; it is an indictment of human nature; and it has no more relevance to National Guilds than Mr. Wells has to the whole scheme of creation. A. E. R.

Pastiche

MODERN REVIEWING.

MR. THOMAS SECCOMBE IN THE "NEW WITNESS."

I, T. S., yours truly, have often felt that Shakespeare himself never entirely realised the promise of "Midsummer Night's Dream." What's that, NEW AGE? You ask what he could have done by way of showing that he did entirely realise the promise of "Midsummer Night's Dream," except write the play exactly as it is. Don't interrupt! I, T. S., have often felt what I said I felt. Was ever play so young-eyed after 320 years of vigorous life? Now, there's a really po-etical sentence, quite befitting the play. Perhaps in another 300 years even the professional critics (I merely state my private and idiosyncratic views—haw!—for an honorarium) will recognise that there is something of immortality about the "Dream." Dear old Dream! Of course, the professional critics do doubt its immortality, Walkeley, Baughan, and every man jack of 'em. Among the first sprightly runnings of Shakespeare's genius (now they can't call that a cliché, pest take them!), first sprightly runnings (all out of me own head, every word of it!), there is little that surpasses the beauty of the "Dream." The playwright (Will) had enough of Mr. Crummles about him to write up the parts to fit his company, Starveling for the thin man, Bottom for the fat, and so on, and so on. The most contriving kind of genius was needed to bear all these little postulates in mind. Shakespeare contrived to have the needful in '94. Efflorescence, floreal, floral, fairy, woodland, moonlight, haunting, and poetic beauty!! What is surprising, very surprising considering, is the balanced harmony of the whole effect. Oh, don't ask me why it is surprising! Why shouldn't it be as well as not? *I am* surprised that Shakespeare wrote this, the first of his unmistakable works of genius. The fairies utter distilled poetry! They oscillate admirableh between Realiteh and the Insubstantialiteh of a Dream that Ehvapar-ates with tha Dawn! Theseus enters; and these rare images, these beautiful hallucinations, fade right away. Dreams bodied forth by the lunatic, the lover, and the poet (if they call that cliché—haw!—I shall have 'em on the hip, for it's Shakespeare!), that's what they are. But hold! After the grown-ups have departed, nasty gweat big gonups, the fairies enter warbling their white magic. They *are* fairies after all!

To translate the beauty of poetry into beautiful action is very hard. A ten-hour shift in a coal-mine is nothing to it. Shakespeare presumably had his own scheme, and I expect it was the best. Yes, assuming he had a scheme, I really do expect it was the best. Everything about the theatre was so alive in Great Eliza's day, when Will wrote the "Dream." Had Barker communicated any of his particular designs to the Swan of Avon, we can, I can, imagine only one response, and that a *pettish* one: "Oh, I say, what rot! Gilded fairies! Oh, I say, what rot!" I really must write a Dialogue between Will and Barker. I seem to have the manner of Will to a T. I hate Barker, and am only going to praise him where he will be indifferent, and in case some of my readers may like him. So here goes. The fairies quiver and dance adorably. The clowns are excellent, gave the cachet to the performance! Miss Cowie is a natural Shakespearean actress. Miss Lillah McCarthy is not a sympathetic interpreter of Shakespeare. She played the quarrel scene, I thought, with very little *entrain*. It seems a pity to have disdained the lovely music of Mendelssohn for native productions, a queer scruple, having regard to the *abnormally* exotic gilded fairies. However, one must not leave an impression of spite, so let me say that, since it is better to be played than not played, no doubt Shakespeare would have covered his objections to Barker's notions with an affable "Oh, nothing; go on, tell me more!" Yes, I must do that Dialogue! R. A. F.

A BALLADE OF SUNDAY CONCERTS.

How I rejoice to see this worthy throng
  Agog to bask in music's wizard spell,
To drown the cares of workaday in song,
  To hear Miss Beta imitate a bell;
  They *do* say, that to warble really well,
She smears her larynx with a dab of lard.
  That's doubtful; *this* is certain, sad to tell—
The shilling seats are villainously hard.

Some music is so very rich and strong
  That it would lure an oyster from its shell;
And some there is that, like a dinner-gong,
  Gladdens the heart and makes the bosom swell.
  There's some would make an ailing haddock well,
And some by which its raptures would be marred.
  Through every sort I heard this solemn knell—
The shilling seats are villainously hard.

I wish that overture weren't quite so long—
  You give each note an inch—it takes an ell.
I wish that Dvorák wasn't printed wrong;
  I wish that fellow Gamma wouldn't yell
  As if he had some cat's-meat there to sell.
He's one from whom all concerts should be barred.
  And here's another plaint I cannot quell—
The shilling seats are villainously hard.

ENVOI.

Prince, I was weary when the curtain fell,
  And certain parts of me were grossly scarred.
This is a grief no music can repel—
  The shilling seats are villainously hard.

P. SELVER.

"TO THOSE WHO SNEER."

I that have cozened with the highest cloud
And delved the regions nethermost of earth,
Had stars for playmates, tumbled with the wind,
Skimmed nebulous planets, plunged chaotic seas;
I that have joined with fairies in their games
And spun chorambic numbers on the green,
Trod spectre-haunted caves with fearful step,
In giant forests made my lonely way;
I that have stood complacent and serene
Whilst seas of matter swept before my eyes,
And astral harmonies with cosmic rhyme
Have sung the spirit of the Universe:
Shall mundane kingdoms and their small affairs,
Shall turmoil of the flesh and petty woes
That cowards and weaklings babble in their sleep,
Break on my musings? Shall the cries of pain
That rise in ghastly anthems to the skies
And shriek for pity to a leaden vault?
Shall Vulcan's straining and the gaping earth
With rended cities smouldering on the edge
And heapèd corpses of a million men
That knew not that they lived?

On gilded temples and on carvèd stone,
Your name is blazoned in steel characters:
As Egypt's Pharaohs with their pyramids,
So have you reared your monuments on high.

When every star has ceased to give us light,
And Earth is hurled into Eternity,
What will avail the kingdoms of the past
And palaces upreared on stones of blood?
What will avail the clang of sword to sword
And empires tottering on the brink of Hell?

For that with labour and with mental pain
I have sought Truth in her bright Citadel,
Still shall my spirit ever upward strive.
My monuments are builded in the air;
My songs are echoed in the whispering winds;
My books are writ upon the waters cool;
Yet shall I live—or all life be a lie.

ANDRE B.

Mesopotamia-Cézanne.

By Walter Sickert.

CHATTO and Windus have just brought out at five shillings a book of absorbing interest, by Mr. Clive Bell, entitled "Art." No one who reads it will, I am sure, find the brief and somewhat comprehensive title either arrogant or misleading. It contains some of the profoundest, truest and most courageous considerations stated with connected and well-supported conviction. The book is not only racy and readable, but—rarest of all things on this subject—it is comprehensible. The book may be described as an endeavour to disengage, in the consideration of painting, that something, apart from representation, which makes of one canvas a work of art, and of another a still-born record of facts. Briefly summarised Mr. Bell suggests that this something is the creation of significant form.

Particularly happy is the place he assigns to colour. I doubt if this place has ever been more justly assigned in words than on pages 236 and 237. "Colour becomes significant only when it has been made subservient to form." And so on. The analogies drawn from literature by a consideration of content and form in great poetry are suggestive. Whole movements are touched off with a lightness that must seem flippant to the ignorant. The justice of these summaries only proves Mr. Bell to be "Subtilissimus brevitatis artifex." Witness the treatment of the Pre-Raphaelites, and the few lines on Whistler and the phrase "imposed design" as applied to Whistler.

Nor is the value of the book as an illuminant to thought on painting, henceforth impossible to ignore, sensibly lowered by the fact that it is written round a movement which is no movement, or that the prophet has got hold of the wrong end of the wrong Messiah. I can see poor Cézanne's face at a "Cubist" exhibition! Never was a serious artist more shamelessly exploited than was Cézanne when his respectable name was made to cover the impudent theories of Matisse and Picasso, who, talented themselves, have invented an academic formula which is the salvation of all arrivistes without talent. I can see the bewilderment of Cézanne's poor ghost if he could meet the countless officials and smart ladies who have swallowed him whole, theophagists of undeterred digestion. Most of them, as ill-luck will have it, give a Hamburg turn to their admiration by pronouncing "Cézanne" as if it rhymed with "Kahn." So did the "belles, dear boy," and "the swells, dear boy," of the 'eighties, whom we succeeded in vaccinating with a knowledge of the existence of Monsieur Degas, invariably write and pronounce him "Dégas." Converts are proverbially somewhat amateurish in their gestures of devotion.

I am not in any way disheartened when I find a brilliant critic and philosopher come down "wallop" when he touches concrete instances. Mr. Bell does not build his philosophy, like Lombroso, on tablifications of concrete instances. When we find Lombroso deducing immense and far-reaching laws on genius from tables in which Henner, and others still less consequent, stand for examples of genius in painting, we are inclined to suspect that Lombroso is perhaps only a high-class and extremely entertaining Mr. Gribble. Mr. Bell's philosophy is to true, so lucid, and so intuitive that it seems in no way to depend on the concrete propaganda that he gaily tacks on to it.

We like him the better for it. It is only human that, standing in the midst of it as he does, he should see the "Cubist" movement as more important and more permanent than it is. Mr. Fry's irruption at the Grafton Galleries with his band of Cubist "wraughters," striking terror into Sir William and Sir Philip, is too recent for Mr. Bell not to have a tenderness for the larks—Di magni! What larks! and how many!—of which he is one of the wittiest parts!

But the Cézanne question must be faced seriously. Now to us, born—in parts—of the Impressionist movement, Cézanne has always been a dear, a venerated and beloved uncle. We have known him all our lives. I who speak to you am filled with suppressed pages, respectful and *attendri* pages on what is beautiful in Cézanne's painting, and lovely and admirable in his life. But when Dr. Kenealy-Bell "asserts without fear of contradiction" that Cézanne is Sir Roger Charles Doughty Tichborne we must really begin to examine the evidence!

"Cheer up, Sir Roger," the old song ran:

> Cheer up, Sir Roger, you are a jolly brick!
> For if you ain't Sir Roger, you are Old Nick!

Hear Mr. Bell:

"Cézanne is one of the greatest colourists that ever lived."

"We feel towards a picture by Cézanne or Masaccio or Giotto. . . ."

"Cézanne is the type of the perfect artist." He is *the* archetype of the imperfect artist.

"What the future will owe to Cézanne we cannot guess."

"Cézanne is the Christopher Columbus of a new continent of form."

Form! Great heavens! The reader asks himself in presence of such statements whether it is the writer or himself who is what my friend Hubby calls "roofy." Aristides was ostracised because the Athenians were tired of hearing him called "the Just." But at least it appears that he was just. Suppose him a shifty, self-pitying person who had paltered with the public thing entrusted to him, who had not even the character to stand by his own apologies, there would have been no need for ostracism. He would have ostracised himself. The difficulties that a painter must always experience in dealing with the Cézanne cult are the very real beauty of the tiny percentage of Cézanne's successes, and the immense respect and sympathy inspired by Cézanne's character and industry. To criticise him is, morally, almost like criticising an artist without arms who has aroused the very proper sympathy and patronage of royalty. Artists with arms can take care of themselves, even without the patronage of royalty. And one of the functions proper to royalty is that of a public Sister of Mercy, who shall allot the prizes of encouragement so lamentably forgotten by destiny. The holders of the real prizes are in no way troubled by these graceful acts of prerogative.

The posthumous Cézanne-boom raises questions of more general interest. Owing to skilful operations by the international holders of picture-stock, Cézannes have succeeded in setting the Spree, if not the Seine, on fire. The keen eyes of speculation are now set on John Bull's pocket. It is the story of the Emperor's new clothes over again. "If you are really intelligent," runs the *mot d'ordre,* "you will see that Cézanne is the greatest draughtsman that ever was." It was a bold bluff, for he is perhaps the worst.

I am not suggesting, I may here say, that the critics who differ from me in this are the accomplices of the people who are holding Cézanne stock, I am suggesting that they are the innocent dupes of an atmosphere which has been created, more than anyone suspects, firstly, by speculative interests, and, secondly, by the fact that all the self-advertisers and all the incompetents among students have rallied joyously to the banner of Cézanne, and made of his reputation a "*convoi d'opposition*" as was exquisitely said of the funeral of General Lamarque. "We needn't draw any more, thank God!" Mr. Fry thinks nothing of accomplishment. How comfortable!" "Handicap us in a race? Compare us? You can't. We defy you! We're not horses any longer. We are hippogryphs." I admit that a hippogryph withdraws himself safely outside the range of criticism as applied hitherto to horses. He places himself *hors concours,* indeed.

Cézanne, less than anyone, achieved significant form. What is the first gift needed to achieve significant

form? A sense of àplomb. I remember Degas once pointing out to me how Monet always got his masses d'àplomb intuitively. "*Sacré Monet,*" he cried with playful envy. All great draughtsmen have had this powerful sense of àplomb, Keene, Charles Jacques, Karel du Jardin, Rowlandson, and hosts of others. Cézanne was utterly incapable of getting two eyes to tally, or a figure to sit or stand without lurching. I admit he was looking for something else, for certain relations of colour. But the great painters get their objects d'àplomb, and get finer, richer and more varied relations of colour than Cézanne ever attained. My grandfather, Johannes Sickert, who was a painter and lithographer, used to end every letter to his son with this admonition, "*Male gut und schnell.*" And he was right. Owing to the tragic slowness of Cézanne's procedure, he was practically limited to grey effects, a fault that I pointed out in the practice of Bastien Lepage, due to the same cause, twenty years ago. The often quoted saying of Cézanne's that he wished to make of Impressionism something durable like the art of the Museums, has been quoted too often. I know he wanted to. But while he only wanted to, and tried to, countless others before and after him not only wanted to do so, but did it, and will do it when Cézanne is only remembered as a curious and pathetic by-product of the Impressionist group, and when Cubism has gone as lightly as it has come.

Quel che vien de tinche tanche,
Se ne va de ninche nanche.

I doubt if the critics of a decade even look at the work that their little fashions consider to have been ruled out. Ten years ago salvation was not to be found outside the New English Art Club. With its "centres" of Mr. Sargent's less important, and Mr. von Glehn's more important commissions, it was supposed to differ in kind from the Royal Academy, and to constitute a "movement." The Royal Academy still remains the critic's bugbear, and Sir Edward Poynter is cast, ex officio, for the rôle of Beelzebub. I wonder if Mr. Fry and Mr. Bell have really ever had a drawing by Sir Edward Poynter in their hands since they left Cambridge. They will not suspect me of academic prejudice. Would they be surprised to hear that I believe that the painters of the future are much more likely to turn for guidance to the excellent Ingres tradition that lingers in Sir Edward's painting, and that I consider his drawings to belong to the rapidly diminishing category of real drawings? It is absurd that I should have to insist on this.

Monsieur Degas said to me in 1885 a thing I have never forgotten, a thing of the highest historical interest. He said, "I always urged my contemporaries to look for interest and inspiration to the development and study of drawing. But they would not listen. They thought the road to salvation lay by the way of colour." In the acceptance of this essential faith I believe that Mr. Bell will agree with me.

Music and Musicians.

By John Playford.

Stanford, Holbrooke, and Others.

In the midst of all the gyrations of "Parsifal" at Covent Garden, and heavy discussions as to the changes of cast in that pathetic work, it was a relief to turn to the delightful programme of music offered by the Royal Philharmonic Society on Thursday evening. All consideration of the question of moving scenery, or whether Mr. Coates is in the direct line of succession to Hans Richter, becomes of no account when one thinks of what has been heard in the Queen's Hall. Sir Charles Villiers Stanford's fourth Irish Rhapsody was played for the first time, even the old-fashioned "Ein Heldenleben" of Richard Strauss, conducted by Mr. Mengelberg, having to allow it pride of place. And what a work of art it is! All the passion of an idealist is to be found in that wonderful score, and one is doubtful whether Sir Charles has ever reached such an ecstatic height; even the calmest of critics must admit that the distinguished Cambridge professor has surpassed his own glorious record. The "Te Deum," the "Songs of the Fleet," the "Cushendall" cycle, "Father O'Flynn," "Shamus O'Brien," "Much Ado About Nothing," and the various compositions on Novello's list—all these are as nothing when compared to the new work.

* * *

The present political situation as regards Irish affairs has clearly made a strong appeal to the imagination of Sir Charles, who is nothing if he is not Irish. Has he not edited for the Irish Literary Society the entire Petrie Collection of old Irish melodies with the cryptic notes made by the famour antiquary and amateur? Has he not restored "Moore's Melodies," that historic relique of an art-loving age? Has he not, in his "Trottin' to the Fair" (in which, if I remember aright, his collaborateur was Mr. Alfred Perceval Graves), given to his countrymen a song worthy to rank with the English "Sumer is icumen in"? What more natural, then, than he should turn to Moore, the national bard and by a long-chalk the greatest poet and philosopher of his day and generation? Byron, of course, most impatient of egotists, had forgotten Moore's enormous prestige when he exclaimed—when Moore had been praising some bit of scenery—"Damn it, Tom, don't be poetical." Byron didn't know. But Moore comes into his own again, and those immortal lines—

"Land of Song," said the warrior Bard,
"Though all the world betray thee,
One sword at least thy rights shall guard,
One faithful harp shall praise thee!"

serve as a motto for the new Rhapsody. The precise literal connection between the sentiment of Moore's ballad and the "Loyalist" population of Ulster is not made quite clear, for the name of the Minstrel Boy, or of the war to which he had gone, or of the father whose sword he had girded on, or of the foeman whose chain "could not bring his proud soul under," are not mentioned in the original text—which is a pity, for one is not quite certain whether he, the militant musician, was a pro-Boer or not.

* * *

I feel, too, that the composer has not been very happy in his choice of Lough Neagh as the locale of his soliloquy; the Ulster Club in Belfast would have been, perhaps, a wiser. (The sub-title of the work is "The Fisherman of Lough Neagh and What He Saw," and it is an open secret that Sir Charles wishes it to be understood that this masterpiece may be regarded as a kind of political tract.) Lough Neagh, which has the distinction of being the largest lake in the British Islands, is traditionally subversive of discipline —maritime and social; it has a naughty reputation. On its shores lives an unruly and mixed population; even in Protestant Antrim there was a battle fought in 1798 which is still talked about in Toome and Randalstown and Templepatrick and Antrim town itself. Those were the days when warfaring people carried pikes. In Tyrone, too, there were some extravagantly-minded natives of the name of O'Neill, who gave Elizabeth a lot of trouble and took considerable pains to defend their own property—pains which their descendants to this day think it worth while, curiously enough, to remember. "Dark and true and tender is the North" is the legend the composer has inscribed as a tail-piece to the score, but it is a North that to the student offers some little difficulty of localising, and I fear it is not to be found in the maps published by Stanfords of Long Acre. Sir Edward Carsons knows, perhaps. For he knows the Ulster Club better probably than he knows Lough Neagh.

The quality of the music undoubtedly shows the composer, as I have said, at more than his best. The selection of melodies is governed by the highest academic taste, a taste that will not descend to the vulgar versions of the unlettered peasant. The authentic Leipzig " note " is sounded at the very beginning, when through a mystical atmosphere of fiddles playing tremolo one hears the first tune. The treatment of this tune is worthy of Carl Reinecke in his palmiest days; so also is the vigorous, shuffling, quick-march tune which follows, in which the necessary touch of hysteria is supplied by a liberal use of side-drums and the ardent piccolo. Next we have a "broad" melody in the good, honest English style, and then a scrap of a march in the manner of a citizen army and panoplied in all the glory of a Mendelssohn technique. Hereafter the composition becomes less definite in idea, winding its way—no doubt purposely—through a maze of vague emotions, finally reaching a point of climax suggestive of the best after-dinner speeches of our own day. Undoubtedly such a work as this deserves to live. Didactic art is by no means dead, and although the same composer's "Ode to Discord" rather failed to stem the tide of modernity, that is no reason why this little gem of poetry and imagination should not be allowed to occupy the place in contemporary art it so truly deserves. Stainer and Bell publish a miniature score in fac-simile at, I think, half a crown.

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After Stanford, Mr. Josef Holbrooke. That enterprising and genial artist began the thirteenth year of his Subscription Concerts at the Arts Centre, Mortimer Street, last Friday evening. Mr. Holbrooke's high spirits are a joy to the jaded concert-goer, the élan of his literary style an immeasurable delight. The notes printed in his latest programme are a triumph of intellect, sense, grammar, and good taste; nothing quite like them can be found in any concert series that I am acquainted with. I am keeping Friday's programme among the things I care for most in this world. Mr. Holbrooke, most unselfish of artists, has a nose for British music, and the stuff one heard at this latest concert confirms one in the belief that there is a good deal of vitality in the younger composers of our generation. It is not, perhaps, quite the kind of vitality one would wish for oneself, but the energy is undoubtedly there. So what matters it that the little pianoforte pieces of Mr. Edward Mitchell and Mr. Frederick Kitchenir and Mr. Holbrooke's own Clarinet Quintet and Pianoforte Quartet (Opus 21) have no creative qualities? Energy is the thing.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

SOUTH AFRICA.

Sir,—On the question of South Africa, allow me to call your attention to an item of news. I refer to the report that General Smuts intends to move for the appointment of a Select Committee to inquire into the source of Creswell's information re the illegal burning of evidence. Put more bluntly, and in the light of Smuts' preceding remarks, this Committee's duty will simply be to convict Creswell as a spy, and, then good-bye Creswell——. "So fare all who oppose the Government," will be the solemn warning of Smuts to the public at large.

An analogous case might be made in this country, if the Liberal Government declared the whole Marconi transaction "of international importance and 'proceeded against' all those giving evidence at the inquiry, as spies betraying State secrets."

To English ears this move sounds like a positive access of cunning on the part of the Botha Government, but to anyone knowing the elements composing the situation, it was only to be expected. Indeed, I can assure you, this "counter attack" is a recognised method of defence amongst the Jew capitalists, and, as you may imagine, the semi-civilised Dutch Government would see nothing but a slim move in it. They are much too crude to scent the danger of tampering with constitutional rights.

If this prosecution of Creswell is pushed to its vindictive finish, the effect on the labour question as it concerns the Empire and the world in general, will, I think, be peculiar. If they add this enormity to their lot, and, as it must be, in defiance of the remonstrance of the Liberal Government, they will at one stroke put themselves outside the category of civilised Governments and outside any co-operative share in the Empire as a whole. They will range up alongside such mongrel Republics as are to be found in Central America, and will constitute a case of another order than that of Capital versus Labour.

In judging the position, one must remember that very many of the Dutch of South Africa have black blood in their veins, Kaffir mainly, but a lot of Malay, too.

Strictly speaking, they are a half-caste race, and as such ought never have been allowed opportunity to rule white men.

The Jews resident in South Africa are for the most part of Continental extraction, bred in an atmosphere of persecution and injustice, which makes it impossible for them to grasp the idea of "man's rights" prevailing in our Western countries.

With these two combined, you have a composition infinitely more akin to a Central American Republic than to a British Colony, and one further which would breed revolution as naturally as a Chinaman breeds lice. Indeed, nothing is clearer at the present moment than that if the English Government withdraws entirely from South African affairs, there will be a revolution in that country within five years at the outside; but it will have passed beyond the problems of "Capital and Labour," and will merely be "The internal dissensions of a barbarous half-breed State. P. M. M.

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ART AND SOCIETY.

Sir,—I write with reference to Mr. Penty's recent articles. It seems that the objection, I believe a sound one, to any collective scheme is the old question of dealing with minorities. In the Arts and Crafts it assumes tragic importance, because in these spheres, though appearing paradoxical, it is unquestionable that the minority must be of more weight than the majority for the good of the whole—for great artists are great in relation to their scarcity. But I cannot believe that Art would disappear entirely from the modern world "if anything is done which alters the economic position of the wealthy class."

With regard to the ignorance of the building trades—is this insurmountable? The knowledge of the Arts in the Middle Ages was, surely, but the worker's knowledge of his trade traditions learnt in the workshop. Is it not almost certain that traditions of good work will arise even amongst the Building Trades—when security, comfort and leisure enable a man to take pride in his work? And were there Architects in the Middle Ages?—or did each craftsman add his quota to the general design? Building grew, and continues to grow, more and more complex. Somewhere about the Renaissance the professional Architect appeared and proceeded to modify the craftsman's plans. In Victorian times the engineer stepped in to modify the Architect's plans, and, in the future, isn't it possible that the various trades and crafts will have once more to take intelligent control each of its own department? HAYDN R. MACKEY.

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MILITARY NOTES.

Sir,—I do not wish to involve "Romney" in a controversy for which he has neither "time nor space," nor, apparently, liking; but I should like to point out that I did *not* take exception to criticism on any subject from parsnips to Anti-Semitism, but I did call into question the desirability of the expression of mere personal prejudice and predilection unbacked by any reasoned contention whatsoever. The distinction is huge and is the crux of the whole question of Anti-Semitism. A. C. L.

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DENSHAWAI—AND AFTER.

Sir,—Mr. Marmaduke Pickthall's statement concerning the Denshawaï affair will come as a surprise to all those interested in Egyptian affairs. No doubt, his statements are taken from a well-informed source; but granting that the attack on the British officers was something like a preconcerted plan, it was the main duty of the British Government to punish the initiators and not the villagers. It was the extraordinary haste of the Special Tribunal that made that extraordinary severity possible, and most Egyptians are agreed that had the affair been left to Lord Cromer's discretion (without the direct appeal of Mr.

Findlay to the Foreign Office) the calamity would have been much lightened. It was only natural that the mass of Egyptians should, under the circumstances, sympathise with the "Commander of the Faithful" in the Akaba incident, as it was equally natural that they should have resented the Denshawai affair. But what have the British Government done? Instead of punishing their *real* opponents, who, as Mr. Marmaduke Pickthall says, used the unfortunate villagers as their cat's paw, they bowed to them, and Lord Cromer suddenly retired. It was their duty to justify their attitude by publishing such statements as given by Mr. Pickthall, but they remained indifferent. But let me point out that there is not a single Egyptian—even among the most extreme elements—who really believes that Egypt could, herself, drive the English out of Egypt, by any means. When, therefore, the extremist Nationalist addressed a telegram of protest to the Foreign Office to evacuate the country, it was because England has repeatedly pledged herself to do so, of her own accord, and more especially because the word "evacuation" is the motto of the Nationalist Party. Egypt has clearly seen that all those who were honest, and, at least, comparatively disinterested, have either been persecuted or disgraced, while every selfish or corruptible element has been allowed, nay, encouraged to devastate the country, and abuse both the citizens and the law, without the slightest attempt on the part of the Anglo-Egyptian authorities to check those indigenous elements. But it seems that we are surely drawing towards a candid compromise, for while Mr. Marmaduke Pickthall states that: "It was known in Egypt that English Liberal Governments demand Nationalist movements"; Farid Bey, the Leader of the Nationalist Party says: "In the month of July, 1908, the Khedive went to London, and took that Minister (Boutrus Pasha) with him. There they met Sir E. Gorst at the house of Sir E. Grey, and it *was at these interviews that the policy of persecuting the Nationalist Party was decided upon.*" England must be assured that it was this belief that brought about all the recent troubles in Egypt, and began with the murder of the late Boutrus Pasha, who, it was believed, was the *inventor* of that policy. It was necessary for the British Government to dismiss this belief from the minds of the Nationalists when Farid Bey wrote his two famous articles in October, 1908, "What People Say," in which he frankly declared that England aimed at the destruction of Egypt, through the Khedivial Court. Such was the basis of the sham experiment in self-government, and while the native authorities were mercilessly persecuting anybody that dared raise any objection to their doings and undoings, Sir E. Gorst seems to have had a passion for anything called Nationalist. The real offenders or scoundrels were thus let loose. England must rest assured that the past few years have put back the capacity of the Egyptians for self-government by at least fifty years! It was the main duty of England to pick up the disinterested elements, even like Farid Bey and others, and allow a reasonable compromise instead of allowing the country to fall into social and moral blunders.

ALI FAHMY MOHAMED.

* * *

Sir,—I was rather interested to see that someone had at last come forward to palliate the atrocity at Denshawai, which led to Lord Cromer's recall, and has had other momentous consequences in Egypt. But Mr. Marmaduke Pickthall's account of the matter, the sources of which he does not state, is a complete travesty of the facts. Imagination is, no doubt, a useful aid in the writing of fiction, but an unhappy element in the painting of history. When Mr. Bernard Shaw and I drafted the petition on behalf of the Denshawai prisoners, we accepted the facts of the official documents, checked by the account of the trial given in "The Egyptian Gazette." The petition correctly summarises the events of this grave incident, and the document was considered by the many eminent signatories who had acquainted themselves with the circumstances; none of those persons objected to the story as summarised in the petition.

Upon Lord Kitchener's rule in Egypt, one need only say that it contains every feature of failure which has pursued that wretched man throughout his career. He is one of the biggest frauds now running the Empire and ruining it. He has had conspiracy on conspiracy hatched against him, and he has only been able to keep up a semblance of contentment by suppressing every critical newspaper and deporting every native critic to some oasis, in the hope that they will die of some vile fever. It is a criminal policy, but the sort of thing to be expected from the man whose chief victories have been over the dead bones of the Mahdi and the wounded Soudanese at Omdurman.

The moral condition of Cairo is simply terrible; no such deterioration of morals, I suppose, has been seen in the world, in such a space of time, since Nero ruled in Rome. The responsibility of Lord Kitchener here is peculiar and personal; it is questionable whether British rule will recover from this cancer, so valuable to Mahommedan agitators, unless he is removed in a very short time, as I understand he will be. C. H. NORMAN.

* * *

THE "DAILY HERALD."

Sir,—Your publication of Mr. George Lansbury's manifesto to the "Daily Herald" League, giving his explanation of my "resignation" of the editorship of the "Daily Herald," obliges me to ask you again for space in THE NEW AGE, seeing that Mr. Lansbury has denied me access to the readers of the paper of which he is now editor.

In the first place, I must point out that Mr. Lansbury has not replied to my previous statement, published in THE NEW AGE of December 18. Possibly he has not seen it, but my account of what happened has not been specifically contradicted.

Mr. Lansbury now says, "The fundamental question at issue between him and myself was that of office management—the purely business side of the paper." Now, either that is untrue, or Mr. Lansbury had not the honesty to say it when I pressed him for reasons why I should resign. Moreover, when later Mr. Lansbury was arraigned before the staff, just those particular matters were mentioned that I have reported concerning the tone of the paper, and no point was made about "the business side of the paper."

It is quite true that on occasions Mr. Lansbury and I had differed on points of office management, matters too trivial to go into here. All I need remark is that I had been, I believe, a newspaper man longer than Mr. Lansbury had been a timber merchant, and thought I knew—and, indeed, was paid for knowing—more than a layman about my own craft. It is also true that once or twice I said I would resign rather than do things of which I disapproved. But more often the boot was on the other leg, with the implied loss of the £200 a week subsidy held *in terrorem* over me should Mr. Lansbury carry out his repeated threat to resign.

Paragraph No. 2 in Mr. Lansbury's manifesto both amazes me, and, as an old colleague—who, whatever differences of opinion we had, respected Mr. Lansbury—distresses me most painfully. To use the mildest term, I must describe it as one series of inventions by a defective memory.

Mr. Lansbury says I "preferred" to call my being forced out of the editorship "a resignation." That is not true. I refused to resign, and Mr. Lansbury, by his casting vote appointed himself editor in my place. But afterwards I tore up the Minute I had made of that decision, and, as a "graceful concession," I recorded that I had resigned. Mr. Meynell actually, and gratefully, remarked, "You have made our task much easier."

Mr. Lansbury's statement that I asked that no reference to the matter should be made in the paper, is not true. Before he had even formally appointed himself editor he had declared that he would allow no discussion in the "Daily Herald." It was Mr. Meynell, not myself, who was the authority on "general journalistic practice."

Mr. Lansbury next refers to "some friends of Mr. Lapworth's," who "introduced into the paper an advertisement referring to him as the 'late editor'"; and evidently leaves it to his readers' imagination how the two shady characters whose names he could not recall—[James Larkin and Will Dyson had appended their signatures as joint secretaries of a complimentary dinner given to me by the staff]—secretly "introduced" the notice into the paper while the staff were all away!

Mr. Lansbury is at some pains to repeat the words "final interview," as if the question of my dislodgment had been a prolonged one. Whereas this—a special meeting of the company called by Mr. Lansbury—was the only occasion upon which the issue was raised. Neither was I given notice that such an issue would be raised, and to my astonishment, Mr. Lansbury blandly confessed that he and Mr. Meynell had spent two hours together at his house on the previous day—(Sunday, too)—and had fixed up the manner of their *coup d'état*!

Mr. Lansbury says he suggested a shorthand writer should be present to take a verbatim report. That also is untrue. I would have welcomed such a suggestion, because I knew I was on sure ground. It had often been

emphasised that the subsidy was put up absolutely without any conditions as to the policy of the paper. I stood for the jealous maintenance of that position, but for some time the editorial department had been suffering from a growing interference on the part of Mr. Lansbury and Mr. Meynell—(quite on their own account, and not authorised by the donors of the money, I firmly believe) —which was causing resentment and discontent among the staff.

In paragraph No. 3 Mr. Lansbury goes out of his way to refute a rumour that I had been bribed to leave the country, and to make a cowardly reference to me as a man "who feels that it is necessary to leave the country." That Mr. Lansbury could be capable of such a low-down suggestion comes as a shock.

So completely had the conspirators prepared their plot, that immediately I conceded my "resignation," the question of compensation was broached. I'm afraid I said some bitter things about the indecent haste. I had suddenly been deprived of the work that I most cared for, and yet I was expected, without turning a hair, to come immediately to the question of terms. I refused to discuss the matter, and said I must leave all that to Mr. Lansbury and Mr. Meynell. But I did incidentally remark that I should get work abroad "as I felt I could not see a 'Daily Herald' that was not my 'Daily Herald.'" This casual sentimental remark of mine was subsequently taken advantage of, and financial pressure was brought to bear upon me to go abroad at once. The pressure failed.

How far Mr. Lansbury was a party to, or was even cognisant of this pressure, of course, I cannot say—(I presume he has seen copies of the letters written to me just after he sailed for America)—but the most charitable view of this I can take is that it was crass stupidity. However, so strongly do I feel about it, that unless there is a retractation or qualification as public as Mr. Lansbury's remark, I must refuse, whatever else is said, to have any further private or public dealings with one I have worked alongside for so long.

I do not propose to traverse Mr. Lansbury's discussion of the control of the paper. I will just reproduce in juxtaposition the following two sentences which he has written in the same paragraph :—

> "There is a weekly loss on the paper, and the friends who make up about 85 per cent. *deliberately forego control in order to emphasise their conviction that money should have no control in a paper like ours that really stands for the people.*"
>
> "*We have not been able to raise the necessary amount of money through the League to give the League control.*"

Further comment on that is unnecessary. But it should interest enormously the Leaguers who thought the "Daily Herald" was their own.

Mr. Lansbury has signed the manifesto on behalf of the "Management Committee," but he does not say that this Committee has no more authority in the paper than the Shetland Isles branch of the League, that it has never met formally as a "Management" Committee since the death of the old company, and that the members were as ignorant of Mr. Lansbury's coming *coup d'état* as I was myself. I am amazed, therefore, that Mr. Harben, at any rate, punctilious as I know him to be on points of honour, should have allowed this manifesto to go out with his endorsement.

This, then, is the only explanation I can give of Mr. Lansbury's undemocratic abuse of the power accidentally placed in his hands by the control of a money supply : On more than one occasion I was obliged to state in precise language to the chairman of the company that I objected to the "Daily Herald" being turned into a "Lansbury paper." Indeed, it was often referred to as "Mr. Lansbury's paper." That was neither a good thing for the movement, nor for the paper; and, certainly, if only his ego had allowed him to realise it, it was not good for Mr. Lansbury. However absorbingly interesting to himself was the state of his own soul, of his own feelings, of his own career, I held, as editor, that it was only of minor interest to the readers of the "Daily Herald"; and Mr. Lansbury's long public experience should have developed in him enough tact to avoid having this specifically pointed out to him.

A good many of us, rightly or wrongly, had the feeling that the rebel movement, the class movement, was sweeping beyond Mr. Lansbury, and that he was chagrined by realising it. Inevitably, our paper, which we had endeavoured to make a mirror and expression of working-class development, was becoming intensely industrial; and possibly a few people felt a draught. At any rate, their doubtful enthusiasm over Dublin, and over Larkin's and Haywood's teachings, whether they admit it or not, was distinctly discouraging to the editorial staff.

Finally, as possibly enlightening evidence further to my previous statement of what we talked about at the "final interview," I must report a remark which Mr. Lansbury had previously made to me, but now repeated with vehemence : "People are saying that you—[referring to "Daily Herald" attacks on public persons]—have about gobbled up everybody, and *I'm* not going to be gobbled up."

And so I was forced to abdicate, because, as Mr. Meynell put it with sweetly becoming embarrassment, "we want the paper to represent Mr. Lansbury's ideas."

CHARLES LAPWORTH.

* * *

"HARLEY STREET."

Sir,—I would commend to gentlemen like "A. B. B.," whose letter appeared in your issue of February 19, a little study of the history of the medical profession. It would teach them that the profession adopts nothing new until the scandal of neglect compels inquiry, which is then suspiciously and grudgingly made.

Some time ago, Mr. Walter Whitehead, F.R.C.S., himself a distinguished surgeon, and a past President of the British Medical Association, had this to say :—

"I am convinced that the attitude adopted by the medical world towards the methods of manipulative surgery (he was referring to Mr. Barker) is only adding another regrettable page to those chapters in its history which it recalls with profound shame. Blinded by professional prejudice, the medical world has stolidly opposed nearly every innovation and discovery which has been submitted to it."

Thus, Harvey was denounced as a circulator or quack, Bodington, who advised the open-air treatment of consumption, was ridiculed, Villemin's theory that phthisis is a contagious disease was laughed at, Pasteur was scouted, Lister was scoffed at, the laryngoscope was sneered at as a "toy," the early ovariotomists were told by the doctors that they should be prosecuted, electricity was regarded with suspicion, massage was condemned!

Mr. Whitehead further tells us that lithotomy was introduced by a layman; the first Cæsarian section was performed by one who held no diploma; Cinchona was introduced to Europe by priests, and ether was first employed by a non-professional man. All blacklegs?

"A. B. B." should recognise that there is a Ring in medicine as in most other things. It is not well in the public interest to boycott such work as Mr. Barker's at the Ring's instigation. Its originality is vouched for by great surgeons like Mr. Whitehead and Mr. George Garrad. Its efficiency is evidenced by the statements of countless patients, among whom I gratefully rank myself.

C. WOOLF.

* * *

Sir,—Reading through the letters in this controversy with a careful mind, I have come to the conclusion that none of my opponents have realised the importance of Mr. Barker's work. Let me, therefore, explicitate. In a word, he may be described at his best as a super-masseur. As such, he certainly is a genius among the masseurs. As such, he undoubtedly has much to teach them.

In a flaming moment of generosity I suggested that Mr. Barker should qualify as a medical man. Many a perfected masseur has been advised to extend his studies and to enter medicine. But if Mr. Barker is far too busy to do so, why, O why, has he never determined on entering his own union? Is it because he is not good enough in skill, training, or character to get in? Certainly not. It is simply because he is "a whiteleg," i.e., having money he can afford a huge house in Park Lane, where, at his pleasure, he can under-cut or over-cut his poorer fellow-masseurs as the exigencies of professional advertisement may dictate.

Now, I maintain that Mr. Barker should be invited to join the union of professional masseurs. If he is far too busy to waste his time in trying to gain their certificate, I would suggest that the Grand Council of the Incorporated Society of Trained Masseurs (or whatever they call themselves) should be authorised to admit him to full if honorary membership on the report of a committee of his peers on his skill alone. Why? Why! think, Sir, of the all-glorious future. Who among men can, would dare, predict the triumphs of super-masseurity? A New Name. A New School. A New Science. Already there is Myology, Osteology, Anthrology. Why not Mr. Barker with his MY-OSTEO-ARTHROLOGY? Why not the NEO-MY-OSTEO-ARTHROLOGISTS? Why not ENN-NE-FINK? I palpitate for a reply. H. F. S.

Sir,—The correspondence now being carried on in your columns as to the adequacy of Mr. H. A. Barker's methods of treatment draws me, as a practitioner of thirty years' standing, and fully and legally "qualified" for that period, to tell you that I have by coincidence been brought into contact with Mr. Barker on various occasions, and that I have been on each of them so struck with the success of his treatment that I feel that he should not only be permitted but requested to demonstrate his work at the larger London hospitals for the benefit of the surgeons as well as of the students in attendance there. Apart from my cases of coincidence, I know many who have derived the greatest benefit from his treatment, and none who have not. Whether he has or has not passed legal examinations is surely a matter of small importance where the well-being of humanity is concerned. I support him strongly from personal observation and experience, and I sincerely wish that others of my profession could lay aside professional jealousy and do likewise.

"PUBLIC SCHOOL MEDICAL OFFICER."

* * *

THE INADEQUACY OF IBSEN.

Sir,—I do not think many readers of THE NEW AGE will let Mr. St. John Ervine's article on "The Inadequacy of Ibsen" pass without a protest. I think he is unfortunate in calling "The Wild Duck" a propagandist play, and in saying that it has aged. It happens to be the first of Ibsen's plays in which he left propaganda alone. The Woman's Rights of "The Doll's House," the Eugenics of "Ghosts," the Democratic Shortcomings of "The Enemy of the People," leave us cold nowadays; but the action of ideals forced upon common people, who have no use for them, as shown in "The Wild Duck," the danger of the lack of ideals, however commonplace, with their power to make life endurable, as shown in "Hedda Gabler," the effect of the coming of old age and of the uprising of the younger generation as shown in "The Master Builder," the over-sexed woman's disastrous influence over the man she marries as shown in "Little Eyolf," and the discussion of the artist's right to use and destroy others in pursuit of his art, these are themes which will interest humanity as long as humanity lasts.

Mr. Ervine mentions Captain Oates' heroic death in the Antarctic. This was a deed of which many men would have been capable given the exceptional circumstances. That is, it is not dramatic but it is melodramatic, for a melodramatic hero goes from one exceptional circumstance to another, and behaves heroically in them all. This is the sort of thing that fails to move us on the stage. It is not drama. But when we come to a play like "Hamlet," a study of human weakness, with its gusts of passionate energy; it is not any great theme which Mr. Ervine finds in it that grips us, it is Shakespeare holding up the mirror to each of us, and our seeing there the share we have with Hamlet and all humanity in the tragedy of being unable to make up one's mind.

It is simply this perpetual doubt that makes Hamlet's tragedy, and if he had not felt the poison of Laertes' weapon in his blood and his approaching death, he would never have summoned sufficient resolution to have killed the king. Claudius would have died in his bed, and, Hamlet succeeding to the throne, would have spent his life in regretting the many opportunities he had missed of avenging his father. It is the portrayal of the weakness of Hamlet and his lack of heroics that make the play interesting to us, and it is the same quality in Ibsen's later plays which will make them stand beside Shakespeare's.

Lastly, the pistol incident of which Mr. Ervine complains. The reproving of a child for meddling with things on the sideboard must have been a more common incident, even in Shakespeare's days, than the arranging of duels with envenomed rapiers and the providing of cups of poison. If the first incident creaks, the second positively groans. I never see Hamlet without feeling that Shakespeare is preparing for a death or two when Claudius makes these suggestions to Laertes. How Mr. Ervine avoids a similar premonition, I should be glad to know?

A. G. C.

* * *

Sir,—Mr. St. John Ervine has imitated Mr. Shaw's style so sedulously that a reader can scarcely tell the difference between them, except in such semi-original articles by Mr. Ervine as attempt to attack Mr. Shaw: then, certainly, he uses a style which Mr. Shaw would be saved by his intellect from using on any subject. Consider this as a thesis offered by Mr. Ervine: Ibsen is neither a great genius nor a dirty ruffian, because he does not move this generation to undiscerning adulation or undiscerning rage. There is what a fluffy-head sets down when he is trying to be particularly impressive.

"When all men think as one man thinks, how can the latter continue to be unique?" The inference is that permanent uniqueness in thought is a state desired by genius! Very characteristic of a little hole-and-corner playwright to suppose that ideas are assets only before they become common! Shakespeare, according to Mr. Ervine, is a man of genius because of his quality of permanent uniqueness—this *proved* (God help us!) from the ground that we cannot tell from his plays what his social and political opinions were. It sounds like an argument from "Votes for Women," hypothetical, and fallacious in conclusion, even granted the hypothesis. Even if it were granted that we cannot tell, etc., etc., this would not establish any uniqueness in Shakespeare. We cannot tell what the opinions of a Civil Service clerk are from his writings. Mr. Ervine, attempting variations on the theme, "Art for Art's Sake," only exhibits his incompetence even to use his instrument of language as well as a common journalist. Not a single paragraph in his article is clearly written. If he would study syntax, he might become less of a wind-bag.

"Shakespeare will ever remain universal . . . because he kept his belief to himself." Mr. Ervine's turgidity hides the structure of this absurd sentence—but this is what he has written. Shakespeare will ever remain universal . . . because of something we do not know about him! Alack! for rigmarole.

Amidst bogs full of clichés, Mr. Ervine develops his theory of tragedy. It is the theory of the Strong School. He exults in tragedy. Tragedy is something not to awaken horror or pity, but to brace the heart and brighten the eye! He quotes the self-sacrifice of Captain Oates. But this is to admit nothing as tragic, but what makes us admire. Mr. Ervine and his school must be careful not to make this notion common; at present they are the unique possessors. Captain Oates' act would have now our admiration even had he been rescued. His death must fill all but armchair heroes with horror and pity. I try to imagine even Mr. Ervine standing over the starved man with neither horror nor pity for his fate, but only brightly and bracedly! Mr. Ervine is a thoughtless writer. He realises nothing. He sees as a playwright with an eye for "curtains" and a hand for the pulse of matinées. Life evidently has avoided him. And so he discourses of the wonder and beauty and well-oiled machinery of "Hamlet," and is all stagey words, whatever he says. Perhaps for some such reason as I would willingly see Mr. Ervine's funeral, Shakespeare despatched the wordy bore Polonius.

T. K. L.

* * *

DEMOCRACY AND MR. COX.

Sir,—Mr. Cox seems to take exception to my use of the expression, "essential differences," in my art notes of February 12. What I said was this: "First and foremost, there is the instinctive modern detestation of recognising essential, constitutional differences between one man and another." Here, in this sentence, there is surely a hint as to what I mean precisely by essential, for I was careful to interject "constitutional." Has Mr. Cox never seen the word essential used to denote that which pertains to intrinsic nature? If I may distinguish first genera and then species by means of those features which are "essential" to each, may I not with equal propriety distinguish sub-species? On this principle may I not distinguish man from man—not merely in the sense of Paulness and Peterness (which, as Mr. Cox admits, is so obvious that even the democrat can see it), but in the sense of intrinsic quality, superior or inferior inheritance, superior or inferior endowment? Of course I may. The gross differences "essential" to genera (pertaining to their intrinsic nature) become the less gross differences "essential" to species (pertaining to their intrinsic nature), and so on until we reach the subtle differences essential to sub-species (pertaining to their intrinsic nature).

ANTHONY M. LUDOVICI.

* * *

SWIFT.

Sir,—I have just been reading, in your issue of February 25, an article on Irish affairs, page 521. Therein is reference to Dean Swift (of St. Patrick's), a "famous" personage. But by a *very* strange oversight the Christian name of that ecclesiastic is printed Benjamin, instead of the correct name, Jonathan!

E. E. KELLY.

AN ENGLISH TRADITION.

Sir,—Since it was past 8.30 o'clock when I was walking down to the office I was surprised to meet two gangs of youths from the neighbouring engineering works. The lads showed a fair amount of excitement, and the gangs had not then developed much corporate intention. The crowds were raggled and irresolute. I stopped at the second crowd and asked a boy of the cause.

"Pancake Tuesday."

"But I thought you didn't come out before 12 o'clock."

"If we go in they won't let us out."

I had a feeling half of pity for the boys. Some of them would pay dearly for their holiday. For some years the Masters' Federation had tried to stamp out the apprentices' Shrove Tuesday half-holiday. It had been forbidden. In spite of this the lads had run out at 12 o'clock. Punishments, such as all-round postponement of the yearly rise in wages, had been inflicted, without result. The punishments had been increased in severity. Elder apprentices were discharged, and all federated shops closed in their faces. This sometimes meant the wasting of all the years of apprenticeship. I thought the masters were succeeding, yet here it was afresh.

The apprentices' half-holiday on Shrove Tuesday is a very old custom. Its origin I do not know, but the boys are unconsciously upholding tradition—the tradition of their craft. The masters are trying to destroy it. Do they know it is against tradition they fight? Or is it ignorance? An attempt to curb the lads' spirits.

When I went into the town for lunch traffic was held up for the students' procession from the University. Headed by police they walked in fanciful costume to the pantomime, where, doubtless, they did their best to make the show more absurd than usual. As I passed through town again late in the evening the students were still keeping up their revels. I thought of the apprentices.

H. M.

* * *

POETRY AND LAW.

Dear Sir,—A few days after reading an article on "Romance in London," which appeared in the "Daily News," I happened to read in a book by the well-known Italian philosopher and critic, Giovanni Papini, a clever study, "called "The Law against Poets." If I may, I should like to quote a few passages which, I think, would interest your reviewers of poetry. The study purports to be a dialogue between the author and a benevolent M.P., who thinks he has found the solution by which to produce good poetry, in a Bill which I translate.

Art. I. For a period of fifty years after the passing of this Bill, the printing, publication, diffusion and sale of every kind of work in verse, without exception, shall be rigorously prohibited.

Art. II. This prohibition also applies to all works of the kind published in periodicals.

Art. III. The infringement of this law will make the person liable, whether author, printer, publisher, buyer or seller to a penalty varying from one to three years' imprisonment, according to the gravity of the case.

Art. IV. The above-mentioned offender may be liable also to a fine varying from £200 to £2,000, which, in the case of repeated offence, may be increased to £4,000.

Art. V. The public sale of poems, whether in MSS. or type-written, will be prohibited and punished.

Art. VI. Under the head of poetry will be included also those compositions which, while written in prose, present, to the judgment of specially-appointed critics, all the characteristics and tendencies of poetry proper.

Art. VII. It is rigorously prohibited to import works of poetry published in the Italian language and printed outside the kingdom.

Art. VIII. Public or private readings of poetry, whether free or otherwise, are also prohibited.

The justification of this ingenious Bill is scarcely less so: "By this Bill, *real* poetry will be encouraged. For, to be just, only every ten or fifteen years does a volume of verse appear containing some poetry destined to remain, for some time to come, at least, in the history of literature. As you see, therefore, by my Bill only four or five good books would be sacrificed, not even that, for they wouldn't really be lost, because if there is real poetry in the man, those poems would still be written, and the only harm they would incur would be delay in publication for ten years or so. I, therefore, prevent thousands of men from debasing and sullying divine and pure poesy with thousands upon thousands of worthless and vile imitations. Instead of which I save these malefactors from the expenses of printing, the severity of criticism, and, in many cases, from tardy and even posthumous remorse. I do not prevent real poets following their inspiration, I only oblige them to meditate more carefully, and engender thereby, that spirit, which, as they themselves confess, is necessary to proper polishing, together with the disdain of dangerous and hurried approval, and the elevation of the spirit in the silences of solitude. . . . First of all, poetry is written by very few, and for few. It need not become a public matter, and the printer should have no part in it. I want poets to return to the more sacred traditions of their art. Poetry is made to be spoken, not to be glanced at coldly. Poetry is also music, and must needs be sung, and be supported by voice and mime."

The above points are sufficiently interesting in themselves without any further comment, and throw some valuable light upon the recent revival of poetry which has taken place in England.

ARUNDEL DEL RE.

MR. CLEMENT K. SHORTER.

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