

THE NEW AGE

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART.

No. 1124] NEW SERIES. Vol. XIV. No. 21. THURSDAY, MAR. 26, 1914. [Registered at G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] SIXPENCE.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
NOTES OF THE WEEK	641
CURRENT CANT	645
FOREIGN AFFAIRS. By S. Verdad	645
THE PASSING OF THE HOME RULE CONTROVERSY. By L. G. Redmond Howard	647
A REDMOND FOR ULSTER. By J. P. Wards	648
THE FABIAN INSURANCE REPORT. By Margaret Douglas	649
GUILDS AND VERSATILITY. By Arthur J. Penty	650
EDUCATION FOR THE WORKERS.—II. By Rowland Kenney	652
TOWARDS THE PLAY WAY.—VI. By H. Caldwell Cook	653
ON SWIFTNESS. By Walter Sickert	655
LOUISE DE LA VALLIÈRE. By Beatrice Hastings	656

	PAGE
HELAS! A DRAWING. By R. Ihlee	657
READERS AND WRITERS. By R. H. C. and E. A. B.	658
PRESENT-DAY CRITICISM	660
THE LONDON GROUP. By T. E. Hulme	661
VIEWS AND REVIEWS. By A. E. R.	662
REVIEWS	663
PASTICHE. By Arthur Hood, Rathmell Wilson	664
ART. By Anthony M. Ludovici	665
DRAMA. By John Francis Hope	666
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR from Press-cutter, N. A. Larsen, A Postal Worker, E. J. Dixon, Marmaduke Pickthall, R. Cox, Simplicis- simus, W. H. Crook, Frances H. Low, E. H. Visiak, Arthur F. Thorn, Harold B. Harrison	667
MR. HUGH WALPOLE. By Tom Titt	672

All communications relative to THE NEW AGE should be addressed to THE NEW AGE, 38, Cursitor Street, E.C.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

IN recent issues of THE NEW AGE we have laid unusual emphasis on certain elementary aspects of English nationality and English law; and if confirmation of what we said were necessary we should appeal, with every certainty that our appeal would be recognised and understood, to the results of the elections just held in South Africa. Those results have been so remarkable that even the most anti-Labour newspapers have been forced to take cognisance of them; and they provide a complete refutation of General Botha's belief that all classes in South Africa are ready to support him in the stand he has taken up concerning the workmen.

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In the first place, the elections for the Transvaal Provincial Council—the members of which are chosen by precisely the same constituencies, and on the same register, as the members of the South African Union Parliament—resulted in the return of twenty-three Labour members out of forty-five, giving the Labourites a clear majority over all the other parties combined. On the former Council, it should be mentioned by way of comparison, Labour held only two seats. This gigantic victory was never expected by the Government or by the so-called “Opposition.” A Labour gain or two here and there was the utmost the governing classes were prepared to allow; and no one, not even the Labour leaders themselves, suspected for a single instant that an exasperated public had turned against the Government to such an extent. There were, however, reasons for this remarkable decision, which we can consider more fully when, in the second place, we have referred to an even more striking electoral result, viz., Liesbeek.

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Liesbeek is one of the suburban constituencies of Greater Capetown; and it is, as the “Daily Telegraph”

correspondent informs us, inhabited chiefly by middle-class and upper-middle-class families: the coloured vote, according to the same authority, counts for little or nothing, and there are very few working-class families in the constituency. This constituency, at the end of last week, chose a representative, not for the Provincial Council, but the Parliament of the South African Union. On the assumption that dog does not eat dog, we may depend upon the newspaper just mentioned to make out as good a case for the mineowners and their supporters as possible; yet even the “Telegraph” admits that this seat, “always a Unionist stronghold,” has now passed into the hands of Labour by a staggeringly large majority; by a vote the utter decisiveness of which cannot be questioned. Mr. Maginnis, the Labour candidate, polled 1,298 votes; Mr. Eddy, the official Unionist, 474; and Mr. Brydone, the Independent Unionist, 337. It is significant that after the declaration of the poll the crowds sang “Rule Britannia”; not, however, with its customary jingoistic interpretation, but with the feeling that the “white ideal,” which had been imperilled by the action of the Boer Government, had been rehabilitated. There is only one comment to make on this result; but it is very important. The middle-classes voted for Mr. Maginnis, not so much because he represented the workmen in the constituency, for there were none to represent; but because the Labour Party in South Africa represents at present everything that is truly English, all that is based on our national traditions. If our Opposition at Westminster had the sense of a well-trained parrot, they would take note of this result and everything it involves.

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For, it may be asked at once, why did not the middle-class people who live in Liesbeek vote for the Unionist or the Independent Unionist? The answer is that during the debates on the Indemnity Bill and the new anti-Trades Union measure introduced by General Smuts the official Opposition steadily refrained from criticising the Government or causing it the slightest inconvenience. There are men with English names, and presumably with English habits also, among the Opposition; and undoubtedly the Conservative Press here gave the

country to understand that these men were the only people representing England, and everything that English civilisation means, among a crowd of Boers and a sprinkling of—well, Anarchists, Socialists, or any other offensive epithet you may care to hurl at Mr. Creswell and his followers. But the Labour difficulty arose; the voice of the Jew was heard in the land, and its commands were obeyed as effectively by the Opposition as by the Government benchers. And is there no parallel to that in our own politics? We all know that if a capitalist like Lord Cowdray says, "I am Sir Oracle," even the mongrels on the Opposition side of the House refrain from barking. We have certainly no wish to emulate Scottish ministers; but again and again we would lay emphasis on what they call "the lesson." Labour is supreme in the Transvaal; Labour has added another member to the South African Parliament at a by-election. What are the prospects for the Government, and for the Opposition, at the next general elections, which are to be held in a few months? There is no need to stress that point further. Every voter in South Africa to whom English civilisation means anything has risen in revolt against the deportations without trial, against the brutality of the capitalist class, against the Government that supports that class, and against the miserable and cowardly Opposition, which, as we must judge from its actions, is in the pocket of the Government, and consequently of the aliens who exploit Englishmen in the Rand mines, on the railways, and everywhere an opportunity presents itself.

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We realise, nevertheless, that the Labour Party in South Africa would not be thus supported if it had not shown a better appreciation of its political position than the mugwumps who misrepresent Labour at Westminster, and the Artful Dodger who leads them. Before the Labour members were compelled to allow the Indemnity Bill to pass through the South African Parliament, they fought it tooth and nail, line by line, for twenty-six hours. The Government did not attempt to answer their criticisms; for they were unanswerable. General Smuts made cynical admissions; and his serried rows of backvelders awoke from their slumbers at the word of command and defeated the Labour amendments one after another. The answer to this attitude on the part of the Government may be found in the election results published at the end of last week. When one series of Provincial Council elections results in a solid Labour majority, and when an admittedly strong Unionist constituency neglects both the Opposition and the Independent Unionist candidates to return a Labour member with a majority over the other two combined, the results of the Government's anti-English policy may well be said to justify Mr. Creswell and his, as yet, small band of supporters in Parliament. Nor are the South African Labour elements so soft-headed that they are likely to adopt Mr. Will Dyson's jocular pictorial suggestion that they should invite Mr. Ramsay MacDonald to lead them. Besides, the conditions in South Africa demand men; and jellyfish, we gather, are not encouraged by any political group. When we remember what the present Labour conditions in South Africa are, and that the railwaymen there recently struck for status rather than for higher wages merely, we are bound to look forward with every hope to the realisation, sooner or later, of our policy of National Guilds. For the Guilds, as we have always maintained, are as much an elementary principle of the English social organisation as a fair and speedy trial is an elementary principle of English law.

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We cannot pass away from this topic without one further remark. No one will pretend that so large a number of Cape Town electors voted blindly and out of sheer rage for the Labour candidate. If they had merely been irritated by the attitude of the Opposition,

they could have voted with a safe conscience for the Independent Unionist; but they did not. They rallied to the Labour candidate because the Labour candidate represented what, to their minds, was English: in other words, they neglected class distinctions for what was national. Banker, merchant, lawyer, small capitalist, clerk, craftsman: they have actually voted for a working man! And, in the language of Burke, we claim this as the judgment of the people; the judgment of great multitudes acting together, under the discipline of nature—nature here meaning some place wherein men are so situated that reason may be best cultivated, and where it most predominates. This, we maintain, and we know that all who have studied our ancient guild system will agree with us, is the "natural state" of English society: it is the alien, capitalist influences which, to quote Burke again, have "broken up this beautiful order, this array of truth and nature, as well as of habit and prejudice." Where the "natural habitat" of alien capitalists is, we do not profess to be able to say. But we do say that when such men worm themselves into a supreme position in the midst of Englishmen, they—and the system they spread among renegade Englishmen—the Cowdrays, the Joiceys, the Furnesses, the Levers, the Cadburys, the Frys, and the Eppses—are responsible for an amount of crime, misery, degradation, and want which no one but a capitalist can contemplate unmoved.

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The weak state of mind produced by plutocratic influences is not, we observe, confined to out-and-out capitalists and their hirelings. Last Thursday a vote was taken in our Upper House on Lord Willoughby de Broke's Bill to make military service compulsory on the wealthy classes and optional for the working classes. If military service, said Lord Willoughby de Broke in effect, is a burden, let us be the first to take it upon our shoulders, and let it be compulsory on us to do so; but, if it is a privilege, then let us take it upon ourselves and make it optional for the remaining classes to join us if they wish. We need hardly add that this suggestion, sound enough in itself, was rejected by 53 votes to 34; though we do not think that this represents the proper proportion of parvenu peers with no sense of responsibility and the few remaining peers who think they owe something to their fellow-men. The supporters of the Bill laid some stress on the necessity for the wealthier classes taking the lead in social service; but this suggestion was scouted by a peer who, so far as we know, does not belong to the capitalists, Lord Lucas. The principle that the rich should serve the poor, said Lord Lucas, was first preached about nineteen centuries ago, since when it had fallen into comparative disuse until it was sought to be revived by the noble lord in that Bill. "In trying by this Bill to make the rich serve the poor the noble lord was endeavouring to do something that had never yet been achieved by any country, civilised or savage; by any nation, eastern or western; by any form of government, constitutional or despotic, by any kind of religion, Christian or pagan."

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There are short histories of the world which Lord Lucas, in a leisure moment, might be advised to consult. No doubt his secretary would look up the relevant passages for him. He might also remember that the principle of noblesse oblige does not call upon merely rich men to help the poor; it calls upon men of influence and authority, such as peers, to set an example in character and conduct to the other classes, and to lead the other classes when a lead is required. It is too much the habit of rich people nowadays to think that they can satisfy the public conscience, and their own, by paying a few shillings more of super-tax, or a few pounds more of death duties, than the average man. We ourselves do not regard money as of any consequence; and it is not enough for us if one of the Cadburys, for example, shall escape condemnation merely because he can fling the public a gold coin or two by

way of an extra tip. We must have more than that. If a duke can show his fellow peers that the wage-system is a curse to mankind and should be abolished, he shall for our part gladly take all the death duties which pass from the Willses and the Devonports to the Exchequer in the course of a century—if he wants them—but if a duke supports capitalism because he thinks it is in his interest to do so, or because he thinks the poor should be "kept down," then he shall not escape our censure even if he contributes enough to the Exchequer to pay off the National Debt.

* * *

The truth is, and Lord Lucas must have overlooked it only by crass ignorance or carelessness, that no aristocracy in the world has ever survived for a generation unless it helped the lower classes or castes every day in the year and every hour of the day; and aristocracies were not necessarily wealthy. In fact, genuine aristocracies have, on the whole, been poor. The Brahmins, for example, and the class immediately below them, the Rajputs, were seldom so wealthy as the richer third caste in ancient India, the vaishyas or traders. They did not value wealth, and they did not despise it; for the simple reason that wealth did not enter into their calculations. They held such a position of spiritual and moral authority that the richest vaishya would have given all his chances of absorption into the infinite in exchange for the presence of a Brahmin at his dinner-table. Similarly, to skip a few thousand years, the modern German aristocrat is not nearly so wealthy as the modern German trader. Yet the enormously rich families of Ballin, Rathenau, Thyssen, and so on, though they may be received by the Kaiser unofficially, as they frequently are, cannot attend Court functions, because all their wealth does not enable them to belong to the aristocratic order—an order which has, in its time, looked after the lower classes of Germans, and still does so where the plutocrats have not undermined its influence and driven families by the thousand across the Atlantic. More than that: so pronounced is the instinctive distrust with which the nobles regard the tradesmen—for even the best of trades degrade to some extent those who participate in them—that not even the meanest army lieutenant with a "von" to his name can be induced to brighten a plutocratic tea-party by his presence, though, if he wished, the purse-strings of the head of the house would be placed in his hands to untie. That is setting an example; that is carrying out one of the principles of noblesse oblige! Now, now can Lord Lucas understand why some aristocracies have preserved their dignity, their influence, and their power, and why some have not? Under no French king, we imagine, would it have been possible for a Joicey to have been ennobled; but we still warrant that Lord Lucas would not despise an invitation to shoot on Lord Joicey's estates—somewhere on top of those three-shift mines of his. Reciprocal service has always characterised the aristocracy and the classes below it; and when our own aristocrats were able to take an intelligent interest in crafts and to help their craftsmen, they had no cause to grumble because they were not supported. It was the English aristocracy that first suspended the old social order; and it is for the aristocracy, if there is one, to attempt to renew it.

* * *

The more we read about Ulster the more we regret that Mr. Asquith did not take advantage of the crisis, when it first became evident, to put forward a federal solution of the whole question. The Imperial Conference and the Committee of Imperial Defence are two new bodies which arose in response to a definite demand; they form the nucleus, together with a reformed House of Lords, of a Central Federal Government for the whole British Empire; and the definite organisation and regulation of the subsidiary governments is only a matter of time. We do not, of course, agree that under the Home Rule Bill Ulster is being penalised and imposed upon, as so many Unionists are trying to

make out; but, even if we admit that a plausible case can be put forward on behalf of Ulster, we may take it as certain that no such case could have been put forward if Mr. Asquith had laid his federal cards on the table. For Ulster, let it be noted, insists upon being left within the Empire; and, we are given to understand, even if a General Election should again go in favour of the Liberals and give the Unionists a good excuse for standing aside (which, at the moment, is what they very much want to do) Ulster would still resist "separation." The situation, as it now exists, is undoubtedly difficult; but a statesman could have turned the very difficulties of the situation to his advantage. The first sign of resistance in Ulster should have been the signal for a series of political reforms based on federalism; and in the face of federal proposals Ulster's resistance and the alleged necessity for it would have vanished.

* * *

In the meantime, we think it is above all important that the authority of our actual Central Government should be upheld, though we fully realise that the upholding of it puts the Cabinet in a difficult position—a difficult position from which, let us repeat, a federal solution of the question would still extricate them—and which is due, in the first place, to their own stupidity. More than four months ago a member of the Cabinet told the writer of these Notes that any officer who refused to serve against Ulster would be invited to resign. More than four months ago, in other words, trouble with the army was apprehended—and not provided against. We think that the resistance shown by a few officers, though we should be the last to defend it on military grounds, will be a lucky enough accident if it postpones actual fighting for a few days in order that Mr. Asquith may have time to come to a decision. The employment of armed troops against our fellow-subjects would, in our opinion, be approved of by the country only in the knowledge that all other means of upholding authority had failed; and the average voter does not yet know that all other means have failed. He will, likely enough, accuse Mr. Asquith of not having taken steps months ago against the Ulster leaders. Whatever the consultations of the Government and the Opposition may have been, they appear to the public to have been remarkably haphazard, slow, and insincere. Insincerity, indeed, has characterised the present Government more than once and has always characterised the Opposition in connection with this Ulster business. When insincere people meet insincere people the result can be predicted with minute accuracy; and if Ulster is really sincere and determined the electors of this country will want to know why the Government could not have ascertained the facts last autumn, or even sooner. Did the Cabinet, one wonders, rely upon P. W. W.? Or, worse still, did they rely upon the tautological and verbose predictions of a man whom the British Isles have disgraced themselves by treating as a serious and authoritative politician, Mr. T. P. O'Connor?

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We are not dissatisfied to find that the Government still expresses its determination to go on; for, as we have said, we believe that the authority of the Central Government must be upheld. But we are profoundly dissatisfied that Mr. Lloyd George, the most insincere and hypocritical figure in English politics, should have been the latest person chosen by the Cabinet to sharpen his tongue like a serpent so that he might, at Huddersfield, convey the views of the King's advisers to the people of England. Mr. Lloyd George, with a soft heart and hard words for capitalists, and with honeyed lips and a heart as hard as the nether millstone for workmen, takes his front of brass to a provincial platform; and, instead of expounding a statesmanlike solution of a problem in political science, he declaims against the "Tories" in favour of Liberalism, adding "On behalf of the British Government"—as if that were a mere incidental—"They mean to confront this defiance of popular liberties with the most resolute and unwaver-

ing determination." It is true that Mr. Lloyd George afterwards spoke about the Parliament Act in much the same way as we wrote about it in these columns a week or two ago. That is not now the point. The question of immediate urgency is the employment of troops in Ulster; and the Chancellor of the Exchequer could not deal with this simple question without ranting about "popular liberties."

* * *

It encroaches on our patience, we own, when we find Mr. Lloyd George talking in this ignoble strain, and when he does so he cannot be criticised too severely. We shall never overlook the fact that it was he who, on two great occasions, apart from innumerable smaller ones, did all in his power to crush and strangle not only our "popular liberties," but the spirit among Englishmen which gave rise to those very liberties. If Mr. Lloyd George had been allowed by the railwaymen of this country to succeed in his diabolical endeavour to establish Conciliation Boards in 1907, the path would have been smoothed for the methods of official persecution to which the workmen in many other countries have to submit—to compulsory arbitration, for example, which has brought about such bitterness in New Zealand; to State interference in strikes, which has exasperated the workmen in Australia; to Labour colonies, and so forth. It was not the fault of Mr. Lloyd George that these things were not introduced here. Again, to take the second instance we have in mind, Mr. Lloyd George's Insurance Act of 1911-13 has already had the effect of placing some thirteen millions of our fellow-citizens in a condition of modified slavery, which will become actual slavery if we cannot yet manage to erase this blotch on English law from the Statute Book it disgraces. Yet the Chancellor of the Exchequer, this plague with which the Lord in his omniscient wisdom has smitten the people, this fanatic, speaking a degraded barbaric dialect as his mother-tongue, this obsequious pick-thank of the capitalists: this, forsooth, is the alien who shall stand up before an audience of the Englishmen whom he has tried to turn into the cringing sycophants of the rich and speak to them about "popular liberties"! In the course of some little reading in history and literature, we have come across not a few extraordinary and almost incredible examples of what, we hope, we may be permitted to designate by the plain term of damned impudence; but we confess that the exploits of Gil Blas and "Peregrine Pickle" seem to be, when compared with some exploits of Mr. Lloyd George's, merely the indiscretions of thoughtless amateurs; and Perkin Warbeck's bland claims to the throne of England were just as worthy of serious consideration as Mr. Lloyd George's claim to be the defender of the liberties of England. We write with none the less feeling for knowing beforehand that our smiling Chancellor has so hardened his skin as almost to be insensible even to the word of God.

* * *

Although our main quarrel with Mr. Lloyd George is, naturally, his Insurance Act, this is not our only quarrel with him. It has always been a characteristic of his that he has been unable to adapt his oratorical style to the dignity of the office he holds; and in consequence he has taught the public never to look to him for an orderly and sane opinion. It has almost become an established article of English politics that the Prime Minister shall be succeeded by the Chancellor of the Exchequer; and it is, accordingly, not enough that Mr. Lloyd George, when on the stump, shall be able to "draw" a half-baked audience, ready to listen to his cheap jokes and witticisms but unable to realise what is due from the man whose power and influence in the Cabinet and the country should be second only to the power and influence of the Premier. The reader will look in vain through Mr. Lloyd George's speeches for a sound political principle; for a phrase that will stand wear and tear and is not gimcrack; for any indication that the speaker is familiar with English manners, customs,

traditions and habits of thought. Compare the speeches of Burke, let us say, with the speeches of the present Chancellor of the Exchequer, and what a difference; or, rather, what an interminable series of differences! The former was not merely a great orator, but a great political creative thinker as well; the latter is a pantaloon politician who has achieved his object when he raises a laugh, not when he has thought out some helpful principle and explained it so lucidly that his fellows can share and understand it with him. A statesman, in short, is capable, when necessary, of making party speeches; but his outlook is never restricted by the outlook of his party. Mr. Lloyd George's outlook, on the other hand, is narrower even than the average outlook of his party; and he has never yet risen to a great statesmanlike occasion. As he more than any other politician—more, even, than Mr. F. E. Smith—is responsible for the introduction of pantaloon politics, it is only just that the fact should be pointed out with himself as an example.

* * *

Leeds has been seized with a brilliant idea. The Special Committee of its Corporation has decided, as a result of the recent Labour troubles there, to appoint a "Commercial Manager" to control the labour employed by the Municipality. The plan is not novel; for several big American department stores adopted the principle years ago—i.e., that one man in the establishment should make himself responsible for employing, dealing with, and discharging all the labour used—and the results thus achieved were not such as to commend themselves, after years of experiment, to the heads of those establishments. Such a manager, in our view, is in a position not unlike that of a Commissioner for Native Affairs; and he is usually characterised by all the haughtiness, ignorance of humanity, stiff-neckedness, and adherence to red-tape that distinguish the worst specimens of such officials.

* * *

Knowing the recent history of Leeds, we regard the appointment of a certain Mr. Hamilton, who appears to be designated for the post, as a declaration of war on Labour; an attempt on the part of an inefficient Corporation to shift the responsibility for dealing with the workers on to the shoulders of a human machine. The control of its own workmen thus passes out of the hands of the Corporation into those of an entirely different party; and Mr. Hamilton cannot be blamed in the least if he asks for powers in proportion to his responsibility. The experiment will certainly fail if for no other reason than that workmen, at times of crisis, refuse to deal with foremen, by whatever name or title foremen may be called; but insist on coming, through their accredited leaders, into close contact with the board of management or the proprietors.

* * *

If the members of the Corporation had been genuinely desirous of making fair terms with their workpeople, they would, as we have often advised, have entered into direct negotiations with the secretaries of the various trade unions concerned; and they could, if they had wished to take the first step towards a system of National Guilds, have made the trade unions responsible for the efficiency and work of the men belonging to them. This would have been a real attempt to solve the local problem of labour unrest. We do not forget that, thanks to the Insurance Act, many well-established unions are now in the habit of handing their "vacant books" over to the Labour Exchanges, and that if the Corporation had applied to the local Labour Exchange complete arrangements satisfactory to the city could have been made. But we know perfectly well that the use of Labour Exchanges is resented by the workers almost as much as the Insurance Act itself, and we are not surprised that only the direst need induces a skilled workman to turn to them for assistance. This is a statement to be taken to heart; and not only by the members of the Leeds Corporation.

Current Cant

"Imagination."—Selfridge Advertisement.

"I am an author of several sorts."—ARNOLD BENNETT.

"The Prime Minister is clearly correct in refusing to discuss further details."—"Daily Chronicle."

"The genius of Mr. Selfridge."—"Daily Mail."

"Our Socialist rulers."—ARNOLD WHITE.

"The greatest minds contribute to 'The Times.'"—"The Times."

"Without the vote we have no power."—BEATRICE MACLEOD CAREY.

"The arch-adventurer of our times is Mr. H. G. Wells."—"The Nation."

"'The Star.' Bigger and brighter than ever. Take it home to your wife."—Advertisement in "News and Leader."

"The Press is fully alive to its loss of political power."—GEORGE R. SIMS.

"All our opportunities come up from the Sunday-school."—"The International Bazaar."

"In view of the grave importance of the present political situation, 'The Times' will be reduced in price to a penny."—The Press Association.

"If Mrs. Lloyd George shot an editor."—"Daily Sketch."

"The King has a host of admirers among Press photographers."—"Daily Mirror."

"Money-making may be a form of asceticism."—THE DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S.

"The uncompromising commercial honesty of London is the most astonishing thing I know."—A South African in the "Daily Mail."

"As the acknowledged leader of a Socialist intrigue, Lloyd George would be splendidly in his element."—"Daily Express."

"The Socialists . . . exceedingly busy . . . reduce our great Empire to mere chaos."—OLD MOORE.

"The 'Morning Post' . . . built up on great traditions . . . living organism, with an identity distinct from that of the human instruments by which its existence is carried on . . . serene . . . steadfast . . . dignity . . . principles."—"The Globe."

"Give the workers decent comfort for their leisure . . . growth of discontent . . . largely checked."—"Morning Post."

"It is our business to try to find out which of the living writers are worth our attention, and which are not."—"The New Weekly."

"How to Write a Novel."—"T. P.'s Weekly" Advertisement.

"Why be content with four per cent.?"—"New Weekly" Advertisement.

"Anyone who has watched the 'Daily Mail' in recent years can see that it has been suiting itself to the tastes, not of a purely sensation-loving, mercurial crowd, but to a crowd whose tastes are supposed to be more exacting."—"The New Weekly."

"Paris, like London, is ceasing to be commercial in literature."—W. B. YEATS in "New York Times."

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

THE murder of M. Gaston Calmette, editor of the Paris "Figaro," by Madame Caillaux, wife of the Minister of Finance, is an event which, in view of its probable political results, may yet have to be called historical. I think it will be advisable for me this week to sum up briefly the causes of the crime and its consequences.

* * *

It is admitted that M. Caillaux, acting both independently and in conjunction with other politicians, was involved in financial transactions from time to time which, to express it calmly, did not add to his credit as a Minister. In particular, readers of THE NEW AGE will remember the emphasis I had occasion to lay upon his dealings with Germany at the time of the Agadir affair in 1911—dealings which were carried on without the knowledge of the Prime Minister and M. Caillaux' other colleagues in the Cabinet. In late years, let me recall, M. Caillaux has always advocated an Income Tax; and the repeated rejection of Income Tax measures by the Senate only seemed to have the effect of making M. Caillaux more and more determined to have some such measure eventually passed.

* * *

It was naturally to the interest of any enemies the Finance Minister had that he should be, if possible, discredited by the publication of the documentary evidence of some of his transactions. Several months ago such evidence came to the knowledge of M. Calmette, who published, in the "Figaro," accusations supported by names, dates, facts, and figures. M. Calmette, although not himself unfamiliar, from personal experience, with the ways of finance and financiers, was known to be a sincere patriot; and, further, as an adversary who, in matters of controversy, would stop at nothing that was likely to damage his opponent. M. Caillaux formally denied the attacks as the articles appeared day by day; and a few weeks ago it was thought that the "Figaro" had decided to let the matter drop. Those who held this opinion did not know their Calmette. Early this month the attacks were renewed, and they culminated a few days ago—Friday, March 13, to be unluckily precise—in a letter, published in facsimile, written by M. Caillaux to a lady in which appeared the phrase: "I have squashed (écrasé) the Income Tax while seeming to defend it."

* * *

This letter caused an extraordinary sensation; for its genuineness was acknowledged, and M. Caillaux merely replied that, though he had not believed in the imposition of an Income Tax when the letter was written (about 1901), he had since changed his mind, and had changed it with more reason than most people could show for changing their minds. The acknowledgment and the explanation were simple and straightforward.

* * *

In 1901, as it happened, M. Caillaux was not married to his present wife—his third—who was then Madame Léo Clarétie, wife of the son of the famous Jules Clarétie, recently deceased, who was so long Administrator of the Comédie Française. Madame Caillaux believed that she recognised the letter; and from this point the affair assumed an aspect which, for want of a better expression, we may term romantic. French women—let it be mentioned that there are exceedingly few suffragists among them as yet—enjoy an enormous amount of power, social and political; but they never attempt to make a public display of it or to have it acknowledged by law. It is tacitly understood that French women shall be allowed, or rather expected, to wield their purely feminine influence as much as they like, and that they shall remain in the background, in

return for which their names are never dragged into controversy on the platform or in the Press.

M. Calmette, it is admitted broke this rule to the extent that he published a letter written by M. Caillaux to a lady, though he did not publish the lady's name. (The "Figaro" adds that only the political and not the personal part of the letter was reproduced and published.) But Madame Caillaux, on making inquiries, appears to have been informed from an authoritative quarter that M. Calmette had come into possession of a bundle of letters written to her by M. Caillaux a few years before their marriage, and that he intended to publish these letters one by one with the object of showing that M. Caillaux was invariably false to his political promises. The letters, it was suggested (the "Figaro" states that no such letters were in its late editor's possession) were couched in a purely personal tone, but dealt largely with political affairs. Madame Caillaux consulted the Public Prosecutor, and was told that she had no remedy. Her husband's position as Finance Minister forbade his engaging in a duel with M. Calmette; and, as there is practically no libel law in France, long before any legal proceedings could have been brought to an end, the letters would have been published.

Conceive now the position of Madame Caillaux in view of another factor. It is admitted that M. and Madame Caillaux had not been living happily together for some time, because, although Madame was greatly attached to Monsieur, the latter had begun to show some fondness for another lady. This lady, by a strange coincidence—though the fact was not known to Madame Caillaux at the time of the murder—happened to have been, a few years previously, a close friend of M. Gaston Calmette. Would it not be possible, Madame Caillaux appears to have thought, would it not be possible for her in the first place to avenge what she regarded as her wounded honour—i.e., the publication of the letter—in the second place, to help her husband to escape from the attacks of M. Calmette, which were slowly ruining his political career and driving him to distraction; and thus, in the third place, to regain his affection and dispose of her rival?

A few of these details have reached me from sources not yet accessible to the general public; but the rest of the story is known. Madame Caillaux went to the office of the "Figaro," ordering a new costume and engaging a new cook on the way. These facts, combined with her extraordinary calmness and deliberation, certainly bear out her own explanation that she did not intend to kill M. Calmette but merely to "teach him a lesson." It is a remarkable fact, or perhaps I should rather say a very significant fact, that the emotions of the people of Paris, stirred by the news of the death of M. Calmette, were directed against M. Caillaux and not at all against his wife. The Press refers to the deed with sorrow, disgust, horror; but its invective is directed, on general grounds, against M. Caillaux. The reason is, not that M. Caillaux has speculated and aided his friends to speculate, but because M. Caillaux was ready, on more than one occasion, to make over certain French interests to Germany. If negotiations were proceeding about the Congo, or Morocco, or some Central African border-line, and M. Caillaux happened to be in power, all his influence would be thrown on the side of Germany. Conversely, M. Caillaux intensely disliked the Entente Cordiale, and more than once he snubbed our Ambassador, Sir Francis Bertie—I referred to one such incident in the autumn of 1911. He also disliked the Anglo-French policy of agreement with Spain; and, as he had insulted the Spanish Ambassador, he was not invited to lunch at the Elysée when the King of Spain was last in Paris.

In short, French opinion grieves over M. Calmette, not so much because he exposed the Finance Minister

as because he loved his country; it condones Madame Caillaux' crime because she acted in a womanly way; but it condemns M. Caillaux because he has always gloried in being an anti-patriot. It follows that if M. Caillaux had been a patriot he would not have supported Germany; if he had not supported Germany M. Calmette would not have had to expose him; and if M. Calmette had not had to expose him M. Calmette would at this moment have been in the best of health and acting still as managing editor of the "Figaro." The reasoning, to an Englishman, may seem to be rather involved, or it may seem to be a series of non sequiturs; but, from the point of view of Paris, it is quite sound.

In the circumstances, M. Caillaux felt that he could not continue to carry on his duties, so he handed in his resignation. M. Renoult was appointed to succeed him; but the Government was far from safe. Early in 1911 a well-known Paris financier, M. Rochette, defaulted; and, before he escaped, he declared that he would never stand in the dock, since he would be compelled to make unpleasant revelations about people in high places. His words came true; for in March, 1911, M. Monis, who was then acting as Prime Minister, sent for M. Fabre, the public Prosecutor, and instructed him to stay the proceedings against Rochette until after the Long Vacation. The Public Prosecutor indignantly refused; but so much pressure was exercised on him by M. Monis and other Ministers that he gave way.

M. Caillaux, as it happened, was one of the other Ministers concerned; for he was Finance Minister in the Monis Cabinet of 1911, as he was until last week in the Doumergue Cabinet of 1914. And M. Monis, to carry the drama a stage further, was until last week Minister of Marine in the Doumergue Cabinet. What brought about M. Monis's resignation and made the case against M. Caillaux even blacker than it had been?

The letter referred to, written by M. Fabre, the Public Prosecutor, to a friend, found its way to M. Calmette. Either he himself, just before his death, or, more probably, some quick-witted clerk just after his death, sent the letter to M. Briand, the ex-Premier and enemy of M. Caillaux, and M. Briand sent it to M. Doumergue's immediate predecessor, M. Louis Barthou. When the incident was being discussed in the Chamber on March 18, M. Barthou referred to this letter. M. Monis, speaking for the Government, denied its existence, whereupon M. Barthou pulled it out of his pocket and read it to the astounded Chamber. Immediately afterwards, add the delicately written newspaper reports, M. Monis, in spite of his wish to remain, was induced by his colleagues to resign from the Cabinet.

The Radical party without M. Caillaux is like what the Liberal party would be without Mr. Lloyd George. The party relied upon his personality, oratory, ability, and sound knowledge of one or two subjects to bring them back to power at the next general election, which is to be held in about six weeks. M. Caillaux was undoubtedly a force, in spite of his liking for Germany and his hatred of England. He has now retired, at least for the time being, from political life; but in the present temper of the French people it would not be politically safe for a party to set him up as leader. The financial scandals in which he, with other Ministers, were involved have increased the disgust with which the French people as a whole regard the game of politics in general. Hardly a year passes without some financial scandal, running into millions, in which Ministers are in some way implicated. The Rochette affair has, three years after it was discovered, had the effect of ridding Germany of a friend in Paris, as the German Press comments on M. Calmette's murder sufficiently indicate. Germany's loss is our gain. But, having given the main facts as shortly as I could, I must postpone further comment until next week.

The Passing of the Home Rule Controversy.

"The Union is Dead! Long Live the Union!"

By L. G. Redmond-Howard.

[An article commenting on the Prime Minister's offers to Ulster, pointing out that Home Rule is no repeal of the Union, and drawing attention at once to the dangers and the hopes of the present situation.]

THE pronouncement of Mr. Asquith, offering the last concessions to Ulster, marks at once a very definite and a very critical stage in the Home Rule controversy; indeed it may be taken to signalise the passing of the matter out of the realms of speculation into those of accomplished fact.

It was, to my mind, one of the greatest examples of statesmanship ever displayed by an English Prime Minister in his dealings with Ireland; and this for the following reason—namely, that it avoided one more of those futile General Elections, which seem to be the last resource of intellectual bankruptcy.

When you have a bad hand, shuffle again, seems to be the principle of modern partisanship: when in doubt, dissolve: quite forgetting that each deal is intended to be played out, and each election is intended to solve, not shelve, difficulties which present themselves to the electorate.

Now it would have been as unfair to England as it would to Ireland to have a General Election at the present juncture: it would have meant the repetition of the same old confession: an Irish local reform would have dominated an Imperial issue; an Imperial issue would have complicated an Irish local reform; and I consider that by relegating the ballot to the few provinces that form the only real crux to the measure, the Prime Minister has struck the first blow at that artificial party-spirit which is becoming the stumbling-block of all sane government.

In the first place, he has cleared the way for the next General Election in England, in a way which should earn him the gratitude of all parties—but of no party more than the Tory Party, whose programme at the present moment can only be accepted in Irish affairs at the cost of the renunciation of all their traditional principles. An Irish policy, in other words, has ceased to be the dominating question in English politics, and it was worth attaining this end even at the cost of a Pyrrhic victory. Henceforth whatever Celtic influence exists in England will be logically divided between each, instead of nationally antagonistic to both the great English parties; for it can never be forgotten that the alliance of the most conservative country with the most progressive party must, by its very nature, be artificial.

In the second place, it shows great constitutional wisdom in that, making the attitude of England purely that of a disinterested spectator, it grants either section in Ireland its full contentions, giving the domination neither to one party nor to the other. It takes both at their own word; giving the Nationalist full self-government, and the Orangeman complete protection: so that, while the former is put upon his metal to show that his promises of toleration are sincere and his boast of capacity is true, it puts the latter to the test of showing that his fears are grounded upon fact and his hatred based upon reality.

What could be more philosophical?

No doubt Sir Edward Carson and Mr. John Redmond would each have preferred a party victory on their own terms: and it reflects not a little to Mr. Asquith's credit that, dictated to for years by the Nationalists, he has not allowed himself to be blinded to the claims of Orangemen. For by making each party, so to speak, alike independent of England, he has for ever eliminated the possibility of that disturbing race element wrecking progress both English and Irish. In other words, he has given Irishmen over to their own devices, merely re-

taining the whip hand of Imperial supremacy in case either party goes to extremes.

It would be a mistake, however, to suppose that the Home Rule problem is solved, though undoubtedly the Controversy is at an end—as far as government is a thinking process, and not merely a kind of hazard with the dice of the Ballot: and the concessions must represent the high-water mark of political sagacity.

At last he is steering in the right direction, namely, the line of least resistance; but the danger is by no means over.

Indeed, optimists and pessimists alike may find abundant confirmations of their views, for the situation is filled as much with hopes as fears—it would be the merest folly to hide it from oneself: Irishmen may yet find as much difficulty in using Home Rule as they did in obtaining it.

Difficulties, in fact, crowd like Furies round the cradle of the New Assembly.

The elimination of a considerable portion of Ulster in all probability, must, for example, render it one-sided from the first, and to a certain extent prejudiced. It will be a Parliament of one party. Further, all the Protestant Unionists of the South will be left entirely at the mercy of their religious and political opponents—and though there is no reason to believe that they will receive better or worse treatment than the Catholics would have received in a "Trinity" composed of all sects and classes, certainly no one can find fault with the logic of their fears after the behaviour of the Bishops on education.

Ireland, however, seems for ever doomed to live on in water-tight compartments, each class isolated as if every other were a plague germ, such as we have seen bottled in a hospital museum, instead of all mixing freely together in the healthy amity of mutual respect.

The Orangemen, however, to my mind, will considerably damage their own cause by not coming forward at once as pioneers in the new assembly of that democratic progressiveness of which their religion is but the theological expression.

The formation of a strong opposition in Dublin, composed of men advocating those principles for which Ulster is supposed to stand, namely, industry, aristocracy, lay thought and general independence of individuality, unbullied by party organisation or clerical denomination, would have corresponded with an ever increasing dissatisfaction of which the O'Brienite movement is a visible proof. Indeed, if I might venture to prophesy, I should say that it will not be long before the hostile counties come round to see that they have far more allies than foes in their supposed victors. Nay, by the time six years have elapsed, they may be far more eager to take part in the council of their common country than any Nationalist county was to establish it—and possibly they may form far more valuable assets.

One thing the Prime Minister's offer has done, and done effectually: it has taken the ground entirely from under the feet of Sir Edward Carson: the volunteers must philosophically cease to exist after the declaration on the part of Mr. Asquith that their future is in their own hands, and Sir Edward Carson, by trying to anticipate the verdict of six years hence, is himself interfering with the policy of a future Parliament at Westminster to treat with the situation that will have arisen by that time.

I have always maintained, and still maintain, that Sir Edward Carson's tactical policy is one which is far more dangerous to the cause he has at heart, than to the enemies he has at hand: though it is to a certain extent the only dignified answer he could make to the high-handed way in which his opponents were seeking to establish a constitution over his head: but I should be very sorry indeed to see a Parliament in Dublin in which he did not figure to fill the place to which he has a sort of natural right, in order to restore or rather to establish that balance of thought without which deliberative government becomes an absolute tyranny.

I always think that it is a great pity that the problems of Ireland have been allowed to get into politics at all—for if ever there was a country which needed only economics, that country is Ireland. For once drop the old party tags of "Catholics and Protestants," "Nationalists and Orangemen"—phrases which are becoming every day more futile, if not absolutely odious in the eyes of serious thinkers—and there is hardly a single concrete problem on which there is any real difference of opinion between educated laymen. And the deputation shortly to wait upon the Prime Minister with regard to the calling of the great English liners at Queenstown, which is to consist of Mr. John Redmond, Sir Edward Carson, and Mr. William O'Brien is a rather typical example of what is an everyday occurrence in Ireland in all such matters as Trade, Commerce, Agriculture, and every kind of Industrial Reform.

In a word, the whole bias of politics is entirely traditional: and were the Recording Angel to suddenly burn every page of history he has written from the memory of the people, he would almost automatically establish a millennium.

The so-called "Union"—that colossal piece of clumsy panic legislation, devised against the saner judgment of all the best qualified thinkers of the age—has never in any way been synonymous with "Unity."

Clause after clause that was once so fondly looked upon as vital to Empire has been found unworkable, condemned and altered, from the separation of the two Exchequers and the guarantee of the established Church of Ireland, to the eternal confusion of Local and Imperial spheres, its inevitable consequence has been a hundred years' domination of every national issue by an alien minority, hostile alike to the interests of each English party and to the constitution of both, plunging England into such a confusion of thought as to render representative government almost impossible.

Surely it has dawned on everyone, except perchance the professional politician, that we have had enough of it all, and that no further good can possibly come from the continuance of the initial mistake made by Pitt, though to listen to some Englishmen one would imagine he had been invested with the infallibility of a mediæval Pope.

England never did, never can, and never will take the trouble to understand Ireland's purely local affairs. She is sick unto death of the whole responsibility which Pitt short-sightedly threw upon her shoulders, in the name of unity—and unless Ulster can now prove that self-government means disruption, the people of Great Britain are determined upon regaining the Home Rule of which Pitt deprived them by forcibly delegating powers over the trivialities that concern them, to those who would interfere with the placid flow of their Imperial thought. They cannot, in other words, think Imperially while they still retain in their assembly a hundred fanatics of that village pump—Local Affairs.

The union of England and Ireland is good. We have welded together our two races, we have helped to build, as we now help to rule, one Empire, and we will expend our brains and, if necessary, shed our blood in its common defence. Long live that union!

But as for that "Act of 1800," passed by Pitt during a "moment of panic" which has given his complaint to almost every legislator who has touched the Irish question for the past hundred years—let us find a new term for it, for it was nothing but a printer's error, or a politician's pun, from the beginning, so to have designated it.

It has been the greatest blunder in the history of Empire; it was the policy which lost America and very nearly lost Canada: and in the words of Lord Macdonald, it is a policy so foreign to the genius of our race that, if applied to any of our self-governing Colonies, it would drive it into open rebellion within six months—in a word, it was the attempt to graft officialism upon the idea of Empire.

Strictly speaking, it was the union which created the Ulster problem such as we see it to-day; and it is Home

Rule which will relegate it to the scrap-heap of dead bigotries—but consent and not coercion is the key to that promised land, and if the six years' limit stands in the way then let that obstacle too be removed, for peace would be worth the price.

"Union," like kingship, is something singular: it stands in the evolution of nations for the permanent and immutable progress towards the common ideal of the brotherhood of man: but of "unions" as of Kings, it may be said, their name is legion. Nay, we may rest assured that an Empire which is not comprehensive enough to assimilate and contain the Nationhood of Ireland without crushing it, will not, when the time comes, be able to contain the full maturity of such Dominions as are ours in Africa, Australia, Canada and India.

I am not one of those, to use the words of Disraeli, who take an exaggerated view of the Act of Union of 1800. The best that can be said for it is that in a panic Pitt acted with good intentions, but in a spirit of martial law diametrically opposed to every British tradition. Experience has pointed out, however, fault after fault in its wisdom, and there seems no reason why that corrective, ameliorative, and progressive instinct which lies at the root of our constitutional evolution should not be allowed to expend some of its powers upon a piece of legislation so crude in its conception, so disastrous in its result; and that is what I mean when I say, rejoicing in Mr. Asquith's gigantic step in this direction,

"THE UNION IS DEAD. LONG LIVE THE UNION!"

"A Redmond for Ulster."

By J. P. Ward.

SOME time in December of last year the Unionist Press of Great Britain and Ireland sent a thrill through its readers and stiffened the back of many a drooping Volunteer, by the news that Mr. L. G. Redmond-Howard had recognised the justice of Ulster's cause and had shown his disregard for ties of kindred in the face of a great crisis by joining the Ulster Volunteers. The news supplied the Belfast Unionist Press for a few days with some badly-needed "copy," while Home Rulers calmly shrugged their shoulders and adopted a "wait and see" policy. They waited, but they did not see, because this "dramatic" advent into the arena had no more effect on the political situation than would the fact that the humblest rivetter on the Queen's Island had "scamped" his weekly "goose-stepping" to go and see a football match.

Through the medium of THE NEW AGE, Mr. Redmond Howard makes an attempt to justify his illogical position and tries, without success, to prove that a man can consistently be a Home Ruler and in sympathy with the aims and objects of the Ulster Volunteers at the same time.

In his opening remarks he states that he would not have Home Rule at the cost of a single Orangeman's life. Nationalists will heartily agree with him up to a certain point and subject to qualifications. In the first place the resistance of the Orangeman and Unionist to Home Rule is a direct challenge to the fundamental principle of constitutional government, that the will of the majority must prevail. Will Mr. Redmond-Howard assert that he would not have the living wage for the toiling masses at the cost of a single worker's life? Recent events in the labour and political worlds have proved that reform comes, not as a result of a sudden philanthropic wave over Capitalism or Ascendancy, but as the result of a perpetual warfare on the part of the toiler for better wages and better conditions. What has been the price of the ameliorated condition of the worker of to-day, circumscribed though it be? Will Mr. Redmond-Howard deny that it has been at the cost of hundreds of lives just as precious to the community if not more so, than those of Ulster Orangemen?

But why, might I ask, is the sacred Orange life to be forfeited at all? Has Orangeism taken a vow to im-

molate itself in atonement for the atrocities of Cromwell, for the Penal Laws of Elizabeth, or for the treachery of Castlereagh? Nationalists are at a loss to know why the Orangeman has so heroically doomed himself to die.

Of course, Mr. Redmond-Howard starts off on the presupposition that civil war in Ulster is inevitable if Home Rule is passed. He, therefore, places himself in a false and prejudiced position at the outset. If he were to come to Belfast for a few days without the label of "visitor to be converted" ostensibly attached to his coat-tails, and moved about amongst the business men of the city, in the streets, in the cafés, in the tram-cars, or any place where men are apt to shed their political reserve and express their plain and free opinions, he might hesitate before taking up such an unprofitable line of argument. I say the business men of the city, because they are the censors in this matter, as we might possibly realise some of these days.

He bewails the fact that leaders of all parties have thrown logic to the winds and endeavours to thrust this home upon us by becoming utterly illogical himself. He declares that it is what he calls the "realisation of paradoxes" that has made it possible for him "to sign a declaration in favour of Ulster, the General Election and the Union." It must be remembered that he is remaining a Home Ruler all this time, although ordinary, everyday intelligences might be inclined to forget it.

According to Mr. Redmond-Howard, the Orangeman "stripped of the Castle system with which he has been associated," represents "the spirit of independence of thought, both in religion and politics, the spirit of industry as opposed to sentiment, the spirit of Imperial brotherhood instead of racial hatred." I confess it took me considerable time to take that all in. It is inclined to be rather of a strain if one tries to swallow it all at once.

"The spirit of Imperial brotherhood instead of racial hatred." Shades of Sir Edward Carson!

For the past two years the Unionist leader has stumped Great Britain describing the majority of the people of Ireland as "those whom we loathe and detest."

Mr. Redmond-Howard regrets the spirit in which the present controversy has been approached. "Each party," he says, "is not for peace, but for victory." That is why, I suppose, Irish Nationalists in the North of Ireland have consented to risk being cut off from the national life of the country in order that Sir Edward Carson and his followers may have full sway over their lives and interests. And that is why Mr. Redmond, short of sacrificing the fundamental principles of Home Rule, has offered to Ulstermen every concession and safeguard in reason, in order that we may enter the portals of Self-Government together in peace and goodwill. With regard to Mr. O'Brien's share in the policy of "Conference, Conciliation and Consent," his only hope of gaining the confidence of Irish Unionists was to lose no opportunity of heaping vitriolic abuse on the heads of Mr. Redmond and his colleagues. "Robbing Peter to pay Paul" seems to be Mr. Redmond-Howard's idea of conciliation.

Further, to demonstrate his conception of logic, he states, with regard to civil war, that he is "profoundly convinced of its uselessness in the present crisis." Why then has he joined the Ulster Volunteers, whose avowed intentions are to resist Home Rule by force of arms? Why does he take upon himself the task of defending a course of action in which he disbelieves?

He wants a "free consenting Ulster" to show, he says, that Nationalists do not approach the question in a spirit of party triumph, but of national settlement. I think I have dealt with that point pretty clearly. Nationalists are prepared to sacrifice many things for the sake of winning that consent. He promptly then takes away with one hand what he gives with the other by declaring that "if a hundred thousand men in arms

cannot make themselves respected, what hope has a miserable handful in a Dublin Assembly?"

Fancy approaching "a hundred thousand men in arms" in a spirit of peace and national settlement. It is like handing your watch and chain over to a burglar armed to the teeth on the condition he won't shoot you.

Ah! no, Mr. Redmond-Howard must try some other method of explaining away an indiscretion and of convincing Unionists and Nationalists that he has found a solution of the "Ulster question." If I might make a suggestion, in a modification of his own words, let him try and convince Ulstermen, if they need convincing, that Ireland is an asset, without which Ulster would be poor indeed.

The Fabian Insurance Report.

DESPITE certain fundamental defects the Interim Report on the working of the Insurance Act, which was issued last week by the Fabian Research Department, forms a useful addition to the armoury of those who are fighting this detestable piece of legislation. If we discover in it nothing new, we at any rate find summarised here in careful and concise form the experiences of our friends and neighbours. For the last six or eight months most people have been aware in some dim fashion that the Insurance Act was not justifying its promoter's claims. Each of us has come across someone whose "benefit" has been delayed, another whose case has been wrongly diagnosed by the panel doctor, or a third who has been discharged from a sanatorium while still unfit for work; those engaged in social or charitable work have found such cases to be very frequent, and in the "New Statesman" Supplement these individual experiences are, as it were, brought together and passed under review. Taken collectively they provide an overwhelming mass of evidence against what was always a discredited Act of Parliament.

The very fact that Mr. Sidney Webb, Chairman of the Committee of Inquiry, never questions the principle on which the Act is based—the divine right of the bureaucracy to control the lives of the poor—but confines his criticism to financial and administrative details, is not without a certain value, since it has permitted some mention of the report and its findings to appear in quarters that have been carefully closed to more damaging attacks. It is important however for those who are opposing the Act on principle to remember as they read, that were the machinery efficient and its finances sound, the most objectionable features of the Act would still remain, although in this case the Fabian Society would find little to condemn. As it is, however, it is proving as indefensible in practice as it has always been in theory; all things are working together towards a break-up of the Act in its present form.

Every page of the Report serves but to expose once more the fallacious and fraudulent basis of Compulsory, Contributory, National Health Insurance. Take, for instance, the question of sickness benefit. The State armed with all power and might, has for nearly two years been forcing thirteen millions of working people to lay aside a fixed amount of money every week, yet finds itself to-day, as Sir Edward Brabrook foretold, unable to define the conditions on which they can get their money back! The situation would be Gilbertian were it not so tragic for the victims. The late Chief Registrar has repeatedly pointed out that the State has no knowledge of what is "sickness benefit." "The physiological condition giving a person a title to benefit is not defined in the Act, it cannot be defined," were his words on one occasion. The statutory definition of the ground for benefit is "Incapacity for work," but the phrase is capable of a thousand different interpretations among the officials of the twenty-three thousand Approved Societies entrusted with the working of the scheme. A coal miner may be unable to follow his arduous occupation, but he is not therefore

incapable of any work. In one Society his claim might be admitted, in another disallowed. A woman about to be confined will similarly be allowed benefit in one Society for her incapacity to work, and refused it by another on the ground that pregnancy is not sickness. If we examine the Medical benefit we find that millions of pounds are being spent on the Panel system, only to perpetuate the worst evils of club and contract practice, and that an even more limited service than before is being required of the doctors for an enormously increased expenditure.

Under the heading "Sanatorium Benefit," by which an enlightened nation sought to stamp out consumption by offering treatment to persons in possession of stamped cards, but none to their wives, children or dependents, the report shows that as a result of two and a half years' activity eight thousand beds have been secured for the fortunate possessors of passports. It is a little discouraging to find that most of these beds were available to the poor before the passing of the "healing" Act, but, inadequate as the provision is, it might at any rate have been administered honestly as far as it would go. Election addresses are, however, of paramount importance, and so we find that instead of treating a small number of cases thoroughly, from 20,000 to 30,000 persons have been hurried through the various institutions in a year, to return half cured in most cases to the slum or factory that bred the disease, and often indeed to be dispatched to the workhouse infirmary to die. The vast majority of the consumptives never get within sight of the "sanatoria" for which they have been specifically taxed. Cod liver oil is doled out to them in their own homes, where they remain to spread the infection amongst their families and friends.

Of such base metal is the much-vaunted ninepence! In such great poverty and insecurity do the mass of the people live that a sham of this kind is still a bribe!

In truth the report is a depressing document. From the first page to the last it is the record of a cruel deception and deliberate fraud upon the poorest of the poor, for national undertakings must be judged by their proportion of failures. The fraud, the deception, and the failure were as clearly foreseen in 1911 as they are categorically proved in 1914. Mr. Sidney Webb and his ninety-five solemnities sit round their table and record their discoveries with "regret"; they shake their heads over one thing, they deplore another, they suggest, recommend, "regret to have to report," and then again regret. But these sapient and self-righteous individuals might spare us their sighs and lamentations. The report they have issued might have been written two years ago as easily as this year. It *was* indeed written then for all practical purposes. Do they deplore the excess of sickness claims over the estimate? Was it not written in 1911 that "the fallacy on which the conclusions in the present Bill rest is that the experience of voluntary insurance is the measure of the risk incurred by compulsory insurance." (Sir E. Brabrook, "Morning Post," December 3, 1911.) What need have we of any further witness?

Does the Committee note the approaching insolvency of many of the societies the Government has chosen to mark with its "approval"? Did not Mr. McKinnon Wood declare in the House of Commons in December, 1911, that there never had been any question of the Treasury guaranteeing the minimum benefits for which compulsory contributions were to be made, and was it not pointed out in thousands of leaflets that the absence of a guarantee undermined the whole principle of enforced compulsory contributions. Our critics make much ado about the hardships of the poll-tax on the poorest paid workers. They print a headline "The Abstracted Loaf," and burst into italics in their horror at the thought that the State by diminishing the scanty earnings of the poor is thereby "*starving them still further into illness.*" The Fabian Society themselves issued pamphlets showing that this would inevitably happen if the Act came into force, but I am not aware that they have lifted a hand to prevent the occurrence.

I called once—a first and last visit—at the Society's office early in 1912 and was informed by one of the "War against Poverty" officials that the society was law-abiding and would certainly not resist the operation of the Act. Our pompous Committee prays that some relief may be given to these poor people and that justice may be done to those known as the Post Office Depositors. I feel proud now at the recollection that the first leaflet I composed had on it these words, "In practice therefore those whose need is greatest get the least help. Refuse to Pay!"

The startling discovery has been made in this report that there is a complete absence of democratic control of administration by the insured: they once more "regret to report" that any such reliance on democratic self-government is practically a delusion and a snare. What else did they expect? Did they imagine in their wildest moments of fond and foolish Radicalism that the Prudential would allow itself to be placed under the control of working men and women? From the moment Mr. Handel Booth's resolution admitting the Insurance Companies was accepted, all talk of democratic control became mere platform fudge and stuffing. In truth this report is disheartening. I began to read it in a judicial spirit, but felt inclined to throw it in the fire before I reached the last page. And so with this article. Like Mr. Austin Dobson on a happier occasion:—

I intended an Ode,
And it turned to a Sonnet.
It began a la mode,
I intended an Ode;
But Webb crossed the road.

and I thought of his reputation, his immense knowledge, his influence, the organisation he controls, and his lifelong professions of sympathy for and interest in the poor. Yet when an Act is framed for their oppression, by which they are taxed as he himself says "still further into starvation," by which they are bullied by well-paid officials, and by which their hardly earned money is laid out to the worst advantage, he does nothing to help those whose souls revolt at such abominations being done in the name of the State. He sits still, and like the schoolboy with a butterfly on a pin, watches the effect on the poor of this experiment in social reform, makes notes, files, indexes, catalogues their sufferings, and—issues this Report!

Next week I hope to deal with the Committee's suggestions for reform. MARGARET DOUGLAS.

Guilds and Versatility.

By Arthur J. Penty.

MR. H. G. WELLS, in his recent book "An Englishman Looks at the World," has proclaimed himself antagonistic to the idea of restoring the Guilds because he believes in the "necessity of versatility." "A. E. R.," in reviewing the book recently in THE NEW AGE, controverted this view, and though I agree with most of what he says, I do not think he has entirely answered Mr. Wells' objection. For Mr. Wells and "A. E. R." attach different meanings to the word "versatility." It raises an important issue which is worth discussing more fully—the difference between true and false versatility. Mr. Wells, I hope to show, stands for false versatility, and as its apostle he is perfectly right in objecting to the Guild. For not the least among the benefits which the restoration of the Guild System would bring to society would be the substitution of a true for a false versatility.

Now, in the first place, we have to recognise that Mr. Wells is a representative man. All things considered, he is, perhaps, the most representative man of our age. This does not mean that Mr. Wells is the wisest man of our age. It means that more than anyone else he is in harmony with his time. Mr. Wells first came to the front as a writer of scientific romances and the whole-hearted advocate of the mechanic state, thus giving ex-

pression to what a decade ago was the popular faith of the people—its belief in the sufficiency of science and mechanism as a basis of our national life. Since then the sufficiency of science has been called in question, while the rapid extension of machine production has brought all manner of problems in its train. Industry has become increasing unstable. It has created the problem of boy labour, undermined technical competence, has placed enormous power in the hands of capital; has forced women into industry, broken up the home, and has created the women and labour revolt. While side by side, as a result of all this, there has come a gradual loosening of the grip which men had on the realities of life, we have become mentally and morally unstable. All this instability and changeability are reflected in Mr. Wells' writings. He sympathises with all the modern moods, and realises all the modern injustices. And he would find a remedy, if he could. In his confusion he seizes first at this and then at that in the hope that it will prove the remedy. But it is all in vain, for he is powerless. He has lost the master-key.

Now it is precisely because Mr. Wells is so representative of the modern world that he is not versatile in the true sense of the word. For the modern world is not versatile: it is changeable, and so is Mr. Wells. And versatility differs from changeability in the same way that art differs from fashion. The analogy is a good one; just as fashions arise from the absence in the community of living traditions of art, so changeability arises from the absence of convictions. And this is so because of the absence of any great established tradition of culture or order in society and because modern society is dead at its roots. In an age of living art there is no such thing as fashion. On the other hand change is slow and gradual; it is a natural development or growth which results from continuous work upon certain well defined lines. But fashion is the very antithesis of this. It is sudden and violent. It comes about because we have lost the power of concentration, of understanding the fundamentals of things. We flounder about first this way and then that, finding no sure foothold anywhere. The modern artist is versatile in Mr. Wells' sense of the word. He can mimic the work of any period. But that is all he can do. He cannot produce any great work of art. He is not a creative artist, but an imitative one. He knows at once too much and too little about things. The great artists of the past were intensive in their culture; the modern ones are merely extensive, and as such are superficial.

Now, if we are ever to restore to society a great art we shall have to get back this intensive culture. We must insist that a man should in the first place understand his craft thoroughly. Mr. Wells thinks that this narrows a man. What it really does is to give him the key to all things. The secret of this modern changeability lies in the fact that industry has become organised on a basis which prevents nearly all from understanding a craft thoroughly. The system of the division of labour has destroyed this possibility for most men. The result is the modern man has become uprooted. He has become at the mercy of his moods. He has lost the structural sense of things. His mind, instead of being organic, has become an aggregation of atomic ideas, which refuse to coalesce. It is here that we see the value of the Guild idea. It goes to the root of this problem, for its aim in the first place is to fix things by erecting barriers, as it were. No great art or culture, or even social order, are possible so long as everything remains in a state of flux. We must become rooted again, and the Guild is the instrument for effecting that change. It will enable us to restore industry to its former integrity by the abolition of that excessive sub-division of function, which is our ruin.

The truth is that Mr. Wells, like every other advocate of modernity, has become involved in an amazing mass of contradictions from which he can find no escape. Once I thought he was getting near the truth

of things, for in an article in the "Daily Mail" he was attributing the Industrial Unrest to dull work, and he was eloquent on the monotony of the work men were compelled to do nowadays. But, lo and behold! not long after this he was back at his old game of advocating more and more machinery. In another article he actually advocated the revival of the Guild, and within a fortnight he was decrying Trades Unions, which, of course, are the base on which Guilds are to be built. How to explain all these contradictions is difficult, unless it be that at the back of Mr. Wells' mind is an utterly impossible dream which is now being shattered to fragments by the ruthless force of facts. For facts are giving the lie to modernism in every department of activity.

It needs little insight to see that we cannot travel any farther on the road we are now on. Modernism which denied the existence of limits, has paradoxically reached its limits in a very short space of time. Sooner or later we shall have to make up our minds to return to the old order of things, and painful though the transition may be for us to-day, it will be more painful tomorrow. The remedy for all people suffering from this modernist malady is to do some practical work. If Mr. Wells, instead of writing about machinery, would become a machine tender in a factory, I venture to think that his illusions about the blessings of machinery would vanish in a day. His soul would rise in rebellion against the degradation to which he had to submit. And it is only because we have utterly destroyed all spirit in the people that they are willing to submit. The trouble with Mr. Wells is the same trouble as with the majority of the middle and upper class. They have lost touch with all realities and conceive of life as they found it in their immediate circle. Machinery offers many advantages to them. It has brought them many conveniences and given them opportunities for travel. They forget the existence of the millions whose degradation has made such conveniences possible. They can go to the Grampians or the Alps for their holidays, and they forget the soot and grime of the Black Country and the horrors of our chemical towns. A conspiracy of silence hangs around these lest our composure be disturbed. And when they are reminded of these things, they tell us that what is needed is more machinery to remedy these evils, and they conspire to thrust the workers into a lower hell than that which they now inhabit.

I say that the remedy for these illusions is to do some actual work. It is also the basis of a true versatility. Emerson well said "A man must have a base for his culture." The defect of most of our literary men is that they entirely lack such a base. In China, where the people reverence above all things literature and learning, every literary man is supposed to be more or less of a craftsman, a painter or a musician. The idea of the pursuit of literature as a separate profession is not favoured, and I think the Chinese are right. For literature pursued as a separate profession is apt to lead to superficiality, and is as bad as the pursuit of art when divorced from craftsmanship. This has been a danger at all times, but it is much more so to-day, where the division of classes and the sub-division of function have reached a degree of development hitherto unknown. As it is, our literary class, separated from actual work, has tended more and more to become purely negative in its attitude towards things. When at last they have succeeded in destroying what little faith we possessed, interest nowadays tends to centre itself around the problems of sex. The prepossession of Mr. Wells and other novelists with these problems is, I am persuaded, due to their divorce from realities. For when faith is destroyed and men are separated by the nature of their occupations from participation in the actual work of the world, they naturally tend to become preoccupied with the problems of sex, which is the one reality left to them. So that when we get to the bottom of it all we find that the kind of versatility which Mr. Wells is so anxious to preserve owes its origin to the materialism and emptiness of modern life. And so he naturally distrusts the revival of the Guild.

Education for the Workers.

By Rowland Kenney.

II.

I HAVE divided working-class education into three kinds, which I will call technical, civic, and revolutionary. To say that the first can make any appreciable difference in the conditions of the masses is to insult what little intelligence labour has got, and the technical educationist is surely aware of that fact. Under present conditions, a technical education for the labourer is simply a means of making him into a more profitable machine for his employer; it will not make him free or raise his status at all, it will simply lower the status of the man who has served his apprenticeship to a trade. The skilled labour market is overcrowded just as is the unskilled labour market. A competent craftsman even now may tramp from London to Dundee without getting one day's work at his own skilled trade. Carpenters, metalworkers, skilled workmen of every kind are driven to take jobs as labourers, and no further improvement in their knowledge of their trade will lift them out of the unskilled labour rut. I need say no more about technical education.

To come next to the working-class educators who are out to produce "decent citizens." I think we can take the Workers' Education Association as representing this type, and to it we can add the Ruskin College movement in Oxford. The latter, it will be remembered, was founded about fourteen years ago by two Americans. Its object was to give discontented workers an education in politics, economics, and in all sociological matters. In 1909 there was a strike of students against the management of the college because of the latter's attempt to hitch the institution on to the skirts of the University. The strikers wanted "Ruskin" to keep more closely in touch with the militant labour movement outside. The result was that the malcontents were cut adrift, and "Ruskin" proceeded to imbibe more and more of the University spirit; University diplomas were offered to its students, and a reactionary gang obtained control. How anxious "Ruskin" is to steer clear of the idea that it is out for the workers as a class may be gathered from the letter of its late secretary to the "Times" in April, 1912, wherein he pointed out that the College "is not applied to turning out labour agitators."

The secretary of the Workers' Education Association, Mr. Albert Mansbridge, tells us that this body is a body non-party and unsectarian. It has "helped workpeople and scholars on their way, and rallied many to the war against the ignorance and evil forces of our time." But "it has never attempted to deal directly with economic or political reform." To it, according to Mr. Mansbridge, trade unionists such as Mr. Shackleton and Mr. Henderson, and Socialists such as Mr. Philip Snowden and Mr. J. Ramsay MacDonald, have always held out helping hands. The discontent of the W.E.A. "will not cease until each child, adolescent, and adult is receiving that education, in measure and kind, which is essential for the complete development of his or her individuality."

Whatever else one may say of Mr. Mansbridge, one must admit that he is one of the most strenuous workers any organisation was ever blessed with. His energy is surprising, his capacity for evil, so far as labour is concerned, is monstrosly great, and I believe his honesty is unimpeachable. He sincerely believes that the hotch-potch of notions he turns out are really of use to the dear "workpeople." He refuses to see that the draining off of what brainy men the labour movement possesses, and the turning of these into university slimed prigs, is one of the most terrible wrongs a man can inflict upon the working classes. And so he innocently pursues his evil course. He nets in hundreds of striving workers, and inoculates them with the virus of university "culture," and preaches a non-party, unsectarian doctrine which makes a fool of him every time

he is lumped up against one of the brutal facts of our modern social system.

So the W.E.A. is non-partisan. That must mean that it either does not believe that there is any antagonism between capital and labour, or, if any antagonism exists, it refuses to range itself upon the side of labour. It is concerned with "life, not livelihood." Education is to be desired by the workman for its own sake and not because it has any "direct bearing upon his wage-earning capacity." It aims at "providing the workers with at least the groundwork of university culture." And this non-sectarian attitude is necessary to the continued existence of the W.E.A., as a glance at the list of names of men who have helped to finance it will show. In a list before me there are, for instance, such shining revolutionists as Percy Alden, M.P.; A. J. Balfour, M.P.; the Archbishop of Canterbury; S. C. Buxton, M.P.; W. Hamilton Fyfe; Rupert Guinness; the Right Hon. J. W. Lowther, M.P.; Viscount Milner; Sir Weetman Pearson; Herbert Samuel; and Colonel Seely! I must add to this list the State Educational Department and the Universities. Is it any wonder that Mr. Mansbridge is able to claim that his organisation "has unified in one body, without conscious difference (whose consciousness?), men of all experiences—the peer's son rejoices in the fellowship of the miner's son, and the casual labourer in the friendship of the don."

Now I must again remind readers of THE NEW AGE of the present tendency in politics and economics: the nationalisation of labour, its organisation and regimentation by State officials who must of necessity be on the side of the profiteers and against the workers. Having reminded readers of that, I must point out that it is just on this particular point that the W.E.A. and Ruskin College must be indicted and condemned. Two of the strongest supporters of the official clique at Ruskin College, when an attempt was made to turn it on to the side of militant labour, were David Shackleton and Richard Bell. An official at the College was Mr. Bertram Wilson, who sacrificed himself to labour on the altar of a Labour Exchange. Mr. H. B. Lees Smith, another of the crew, is upholding the banner of the workers as a Liberal M.P. The later secretary and Vice-Principal, Mr. Henry Allsopp, was appointed his Majesty's Chief Inspector of Elementary Schools not long ago. As for the W.E.A., let me quote from its secretary: "The actual number of students who have accepted appointments as Labour Exchange officials, or in connection with the Insurance Act, is not to hand, but the effect is considerable." As he so naively says, "True study is its own sufficient reward."

I do not want to overburden my point, but I must emphasise it. The growing feeling among the workers of antagonism to the capitalists is being noted by every member of the propertied classes. The Universities, the two "great" political parties, the churches, philanthropic institutions, the Press, the great industrial magnates, even the Labour Party, all are becoming aware of the fact that the temper of Labour grows worse and worse. And all are concerned to conciliate Labour; all are desirous of sympathising with the workman so long as he can be kept at work. He must be put in a good temper, but kept on as a wage-slave. What better helpers could the enemies of the poor have, then, than these educators of the working classes? And what more subtle enemies could the working classes have? Even Mr. Mansbridge seems dimly conscious that the instincts of the workers are against him and his clique. He says: "Any idea that there is no suspicion on the part of working people who become students would, however, be misleading. The dread of the 'master class' is deeply rooted. The masters penetrate and dominate so many other creational institutions. Is it possible that the tutorial classes (of the W.E.A.) can be exempt? They know that some universities are not. . . This suspicious attitude is the heritage of the past, and in too many places is justified to-day. To declaim against it is to strengthen it." So, apparently, the thing to do is soothe the poor suspicious worker by telling him that

his fears are relics of barbarism, and that the leopard at profiteering is rapidly changing its spots.

We come now to the third of the groups of educationists: the revolutionary. Apart from what may be done in the columns of a few papers, the organisation which is achieving the most important result is that of which the Central Labour College is the centre. The C.L.C. was formed by the malcontents who broke away from "Ruskin" about five years ago. As the W.E.A. and "Ruskin" are non-partisan, the C.L.C. is fiercely partisan. It concentrates upon social and industrial subjects and strives to impart to its students a knowledge of the facts of their economic servitude. History has largely been written to the order of the exploiter. Economics and social science have nearly always been taught from the point of view that the interests of capital and labour are identical. The worker who has sought to grasp the principles upon which all rules of social conduct have been built has invariably found himself in some sort of a dilemma which the orthodox professors have never even tried to explain away. Each ruling class has held sway in the past because it has developed its own system of philosophy in line with its economic needs. Established orders have been overthrown by other classes when the latter have obtained general acceptance of their own new philosophies.

So far labour has had but a limited consciousness of the fact that its position of inferiority was imposed upon it by its superiors. It has struck out blindly against oppression when the intensity of that oppression has become unbearable, but few of the workers have understood, or have been helped to understand, what they were striking against exactly, or to what end their blows and campaigns were waged. Each struggle has seemed something apart from the general course of their lives; a sudden disaster, some strange phenomenon. In short, revolting labour has been an almost blind and unintelligent force. Now the workers are gradually learning that a battle between themselves and the profiteers is no strange outburst due to some sudden change in their relations, or increase in the price of bacon, but simply an incident in one long campaign that must end either in the overthrow of wagedom or in their own eternal enslavement. And, as we have seen, labour has so far been the losing party in the campaign. The process of enslaving the worker is now going on, and the working class educationists are effecting its progress. The civic educators of labour are helping it along; the technical educators are, at the very best, doing nothing to prevent or hinder it; the revolutionary educational institution, the C.L.C., is opposing it.

As opposed to the other bodies, the C.L.C. says: It is not enough to feel oppression in order to remove it. We must know how this oppression arises and continues if we would overcome it, and the act of overcoming must be an act of the working class. It cannot be performed by philanthropists or by patronage of any kind. It must be a partisan and class achievement. The victory of the working class involves the disappearance of all classes, but it means the victory of a class nevertheless. So long as the economic foundations of society are such as to make exploitation, and therefore classes, possible, it is mere humbug and cant to talk about neutrality and non-partisanship.

So the C.L.C. does not talk about neutrality. It teaches its students that the worker must face the master as an antagonist, or be robbed because he is a fool or a coward. It has no use for Labour Exchanges or Insurance Acts, or other State organisations for the provision of blacklegs and the regimentation of industrial serfs. It says that wherever profit-making is the aim of production, there is the fighting organisation of labour necessary. Strikes are common to workers of all branches and all nations where capitalism reigns, whilst the capitalists in all branches of industry employ common measures to stem the revolts of wage slaves. Conciliation and arbitration are methods adopted by capitalists in general. They are parts of the same swad-

dling band of labour as was the "identity of interests" of some time ago.

I do not wish to say that the C.L.C. is perfect, but I do mean that it represents the only educational institution (again excepting THE NEW AGE, and, in a less degree, one or two other journals) which is striving to keep the minds of workers clear from the cant and lies that are being so widely disseminated by and in the interests of the profiteering classes. We are rapidly approaching the time when this question of working-class education will have to be considered seriously by everyone interested in the checking of the development of the Servile State, and I submit that the C.L.C. should be helped, and the other working-class educationists fought.

Towards the Play Way.

By H. Caldwell Cook.

VI.

Self-Government in Class.

MR. PENTY says: "While art has one of its roots in religious tradition it has another in the social structure." Is it not likely enough that a renewal of life in one root may revive the whole tree? Is it too simple-minded of us to hope that the National Guilds system for the reconstruction of society may initiate a process which will culminate in the restoration of this religious tradition? Just as there can be no thought of Play in elementary education so long as sixty children have to be drilled together in bondage by one teacher, so there can be no thought of that joy in life which makes for art, so long as the wage-system continues in being, demanding a man's whole labour in return for bare subsistence. Grant leisure, grant life, and it will soon be found that men, coming back out of mere existence into life, will surely turn their hearts and hands to the practice of those arts which embody and transmit the communal ideals or religious tradition of which we are speaking. Mr. Penty truly says: "How to restore a religious tradition is itself a mystery which is not to be solved by dialectics. And yet the revival of art ultimately depends upon such a restoration."

And now, having expounded something of the principles upon which is founded the Play Way as a theory of education, I propose to describe how the theory has been to some extent carried out in practice, and to show how a true feeling for art values may be expected to arise out of such practice. Having neither hope nor fear of being regarded as a dialectician, I submit, as a possible help to the solution of the mystery, our games and our work, and the dreams which unite them as Play.

The writer of Present Day Criticism, in reviewing one of our playbooks about a year ago, said, "In our schooldays iniquities were an affair between Jones minor and Mr., Herr, or Monsieur. . . . One was not also priggishly judged and reproached by one's contemptible peers. To provoke temporarily obedient children to however feeble and constrained disapproval of a temporarily turbulent companion is a detestable device." Can you imagine in any class-room such an episode as the following, which happened here this morning and is quite in accord with every-day practice? (In these papers I must be understood as speaking for myself, incriminating no one else.) Twelve and a half being the average age of the form, any teacher will realise that many of the brighter members are younger than that. They are known to me collectively as "Littleman." While one of the boys is calling the assembly to order before the lesson begins, another stands up and asks him if he may make a speech. Obtaining permission, he mounts the rostrum and proceeds to harangue the several members of the class who have had the misfortune to incur detention any time during the past week. Of course, in the serious atmosphere usually associated with classrooms such a proceeding would be even too barbarous ever to

take place. But I have only quoted the reviewer to point my illustration. The playboy's two-minute speech was all part of a big game, and he concluded, with all earnestness, in some such words as these: "I think, sir, the house will agree that those members of the Cabinet who have got detention are no longer fit to remain in office, and I, therefore, propose a vote of censure on the Government." Several members sprang up to speak, and the one who was called upon lost no time in pointing out that the last speaker had himself met with the same misfortune while recently in office. Not a little was said on both sides of the motion, but not much to the purpose. A neat reply from the original speaker put the question beyond debate. It was perfectly true, he said, that he had somehow come by an hour's detention while in office, but it was on that very account that his party was turned out, when the present government came in. The result was a general election in which a new Prime Monitor came into power, who appointed his cabinet from among the best of the Old Stagers. Some teacher may object that all this is very bad teaching, because it gives the boys an entirely inaccurate notion of how the government of the country is carried on. But my aim is not to teach "Civics" in the second form; and may heaven help us all if ever I *should* be called upon to describe to small boys what every man knows of how the government of the country is carried on. No, the boys are simply doing as all children will do if allowed freedom of fancy. As the children of long ago imitated in their Singing Games the ritual which they saw their elders observe so intently, so the children of to-day can find play in party politics. In order to be sure whether the boys are really interested in what is afoot, it is a good plan to let them write "real" letters. Here is one which gives a fair idea of the sport in question. "Dear Mr. Cook,—The form at this moment is in great excitement. B, with 18 votes to 2, won the post of Prime Monitor. That was on Friday. To-day, Tuesday, I think nearly half are back on A's side, and at the next election I am nearly sure that A will regain the chief post. Spies were spoken of. It was said that a boy had gone on to A's side and was going to get detention and wreck A's supremacy. Yours truly, S." That letter appeals to me, I have quoted it word for word to illustrate the compact workmanlike style a boy can use when he knows what he wants to say. The play side of politics is well shown in the plan of the spy. But Play, as I am quite tired of insisting, is not all pastime. Before now we have had a "Junior Republic of Form IIIb.," in complete control not only of the discipline of the form, but even managing to carry on the scheme of work throughout the term, even in the master's occasional absence. I once went away to Oxford without arranging for anyone to take the third form lessons. But my present republicans, being only in the second form, are rather weak at constructive legislation, and rarely hold a debate which does not result in a change of government! But in the executive, in the work of administration carried on during the intervals between party fights, there is no such weakness. There are a hundred details of class administration which one is able with perfect confidence to leave in the hands of the boys; with the added assurance that a little thing is often better done by someone who considers it no small matter, but one of the weighty responsibilities of office. It is the duty of no less a personage than a member of the cabinet to see that no one leaves school without knowing what work he is to do at home; to write it up and to read it out. The form master need not find out what work has been set in subjects other than his own. Then further officials are required, one to check late-comers and absentees, one to collect and distribute papers, one to act as messenger, one as inspector of the tidiness of the classroom, and a kind of sanitary inspector who keeps the desks orderly and free from live rats or dead moles. One holds a daily *Wapenshaw* to make sure that all have fit and ready their equipment of pens, ink, and paper. (Would those were not the sole weapons in daily use.)

The librarian's office is no sinecure, for it sometimes takes him a week to trace a borrowed volume that has gone from hand to hand, and sometimes he must needs bequeath the search to his successor. But of all the ministerial posts, I chiefly envy that of the Prime Monitor, or Knight Captain, as he used to be called "or ever the knightly years were gone," when we were reading *Morte d'Arthur* in the form below. Over and above the delight of sharing every man's job in superintending all, he has the joy that comes of wielding the mace. I am not quite clear as to the purpose of the bauble they keep in the House of Commons, but we have a very definite use for ours. It is the Knight Captain's badge of office made for us by one of the knights, consisting of a gold handle of wood about a foot long attached to a blue wooden ball about the size of a man's fist. It hangs on the wall by a leathern loop and is brought down at every lesson to be wielded.

Such is the force of habit and the respect paid by the boys to their elected leader that, whatever noise may be raging, whether in organised Play or sheer disorder, one smart tap of the mace on the table ensures immediately an absolute silence. To assure himself that it is not merely a comparative quiet, the Prime Monitor in the solemn hush holds aloft a pin, and until that pin has been heard to fall no one is allowed even to breathe audibly. Active Play in the class-room is not conducted without turmoil, and as everyone's interest is centred in what he is doing, it is not always easy to obtain a hearing when necessary. The quickest way, as well as the most effective, is to ask the Prime Monitor, "Get me a silence." The tap of his mace is "lights-out" to the most entralling revel.

Doubtless these appear trivial matters to some grave reader. But in a discourse of education some place may perhaps be allowed for the interests of the youngsters. And if you study their interest in school you may safely count on it out of school as well. Over and above the routine work of the officials, committees are appointed from time to time to arrange some particular business, such as the booking of names for a concert. One of the Littlemen, twelve years of age, recently gave a lecture on Tudor architecture. It amounted to a talk about the houses of Shakespeare's England. On the spot he gave us descriptions, drawings, and photographs in books, but it was suggested further that in the town might be found examples of timber-work, chimneys, gables, fireplaces, panelling, windows, and so on; if not genuine Tudor, then at least modern work of the same style. The committee appointed in this connection was not permitted to keep all the fun to itself, but specifically directed to organise a competition in which all might take a part.

Just before I left school this morning at one o'clock a round dozen of Littlemen sat—or rather surged—in committee to discuss final arrangements for this afternoon's occupation. They have been playing in school "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and, coming at last upon the "tedious-brief episode of Pyramus and Thisbe," have taken such a joy in the Bensonian business I showed them that they have adopted the whole scene as a "ripping game." Their scheme first came to notice when Quince accosted me in hall with a scroll on which were written certain names. Being a pedagogue, I cut short his preliminaries with the direction to quote. Says the Littleman in reply: "Here is the scroll of every man's name, which is thought fit through all Athens to play in our interlude before the Duke." They had, it seemed, decided upon a course of out-of-school rehearsals, intent upon bringing that scene to such a fit state of performance as would persuade me to stage it publicly at the end of term. This half-holiday, being for various reasons free of games, scouting and folk-dancing, they desired my attendance at the first rehearsal. I pleaded a previous engagement to see the Marlowe Society play "The Alchemist." Notices were then hung up, announcements delivered from the rostrum, and the parts assigned, all in some odd moments when I was either not present, or busied with

some other matter. And where did this "crew of patches" meet to rehearse their play? There is no permanent stage, and no request was made for keys of the classroom. They had not even a green plot for stage, nor hawthorn-brake for tiring-house. But round behind the gaunt school building, in the back part of the playground, without audience, scenery, costume, or any properties other than a few sticks, did Thisbe tarry in mulberry shade while Böttom bravely broach'd his boiling bloody breast, and Lion, Moonshine, Wall at large discoursed to show their simple skill.

"That is the true beginning of our end."

On Swiftness.

By Walter Sickert.

WE have seen that the basis of drawing is a highly cultivated sensibility to the exact direction of lines and their rapid location by eye within the 180 degrees of two right angles. With this faculty, trained to theoretical perfection, we should arrive at having formed a draughtsman whose translation into line of visible objects was absolute, and with this, fortunately, unattainable consummation art would be at an end.

But as nature is not only innumerable as the laughter of the sea, and mobile as the leaves of a poplar, a correct and complete record is not within human power. Therefore one definition of art, and perhaps the most profoundly true, might be formulated somewhat thus: *Art may be said to be the individual quality of failure, or the individual co-efficient of error of each highly skilled and cultivated craftsman in his effort to attain to the expression of form.*

How reasonable this view of art is, may be at once seen by the layman if we bring analogies to bear from other arts, or sports—for art is a sport. (I take no high falutin ground for art.) Let us suppose that all the fish in a stream could, by some perfectibility of tackle and bait, be induced to align themselves in a queue before the bait, and to bite in turn, till they could all be lifted out, one by one, and the river emptied of fish. The whole art of angling would be at an end; and with it the pleasure, the sport, and all inducement to men of skill, courage and patience to practice it. Analogies of the kind will occur to every reader, and I need not labour the point.

Art, being the highest intensification of the most informed human intelligence, both suffers and gains, to an intensified degree, from the law "Rien sans peine." No one but a babe or a fool supposes that anything can be accomplished except by a long and learned struggle against the resistance of things, in any field of human effort. A reasonable layman would therefore take for granted that this must be true of art. The artist knows it by life-long and bitter-sweet experience. He knows it so well, to his cost, and his pleasure, that the profound purpose of art is pretty clear to him.

He knows that art is a form, at once of sport and training, an unvirginal vice, if you will, of which the interest never flags. Art is a vice, a pastime which differs from some of the most pleasant vices and pastimes by consolidating and intensifying the organs which it exercises. The artist can be no Liberal, no Socialist. He knows with Santayana that the Liberal ideal, "The greatest happiness of the greatest number" means "the greatest laziness of the lowest possible population." He will have nothing to do with philanthropy, and he knows that altruism is the unkindest virtue of all. His contribution to politics is to stick to his own job and enjoy it. If his example in this were strictly followed, there would be no social questions left to solve. If the artist need moral justification for his occupation, he can plead that his work gives intellectual pleasure and courage, and a wish to live to countless fellow creatures through centuries, and that he sets the perfect example of contented industry. "Labour" to the "Labour member" is something to be got out of as soon as possible, so that he may live comfortably on a parliamen-

tary salary at the expense of such of his colleagues as have not been slim enough to wriggle out of "Labour." Labour to the artist is the sport itself. It is the harsh, coarse, salt crystal of life, for which he will be talked into no substitute.

I do not know who was the profound observer to whom we owe the authorship of the following criticism of the results of Board School education. "The result," he said, "of the Education Act seems to me, as far as I can make out, that I see the word . . . written up on the wall, oftener and *lower down* than I used to." And oddly enough, the result of our intensive and electioneering Art scholarships and Art education is tending to the same thing. The Contemporary Art Society is beating the pathetic and philanthropic drum for the young men of genius whom no one will buy. Having got our intenerated pennies, it cocks (*c'est le cas de le dire*) an inverted snook at us by buying a religious picture which represents Eve, with Adam standing on his head! We hear a great deal about non-representative art. But while the faces of the persons suggested are frequently nil, non-representation is forgotten when it comes to the sexual organs. Witness Mr. Wyndham Lewis's "Creation," exhibited at Brighton, Mr. Gaudier-Brzeska's drawing in last week's NEW AGE, and several of Mr. Epstein's later drawings. That such intention is not read into the works by me, but is deliberate, we may gather from the Cubists' own defence of themselves. Mr. Lewis writes in the preface to the Brighton catalogue of December 16, 1913:

Hung in this room as well are three drawings by Jacob Epstein, the only great sculptor at present working in England. He finds in the machinery of procreation a dynamo to work the deep atavism of his spirit.

So that the Pornometric gospel amounts to this. All visible nature with two exceptions is unworthy of study, and to be considered pudendum. The only things worthy of an artist's attention are what we have hitherto called the pudenda! Solvuntur risu tabulae.

Basta così!

Let us return to the serious study of drawing. We have seen that complete and accurate record of a scene in nature is impossible, and that the character, quality, life, bulk, weight, dramatic intention, beauty, movement and fleeting character of nature have to be expressed by a sensitive, intuitive and rapid estimation of the direction of lines. But as these lines are infinite, and as the greatest draughtsman is finite, it will be a small percentage of the lines in nature with which the artist has to arrive at his expression.

I know of no dynamometer like a drawing. Dealing, of course, only with men whose method of expression is the pictorial, a drawing will tell you what a man's eyesight is worth, and what his hand. It will tell not only this, but whether his brain is swift or slow, whether he is sympathetic or callous, profound or superficial, tenacious or soft, empty or full. Great draughtsmen have been diffuse and great draughtsmen have been terse. But all great draughtsmen are swift—that is in their studies.

I wish I could lay my hand on a passage in Flaubert's lately published letters, of which I can only suggest the drift from memory. He says it is imperative that a sentence should flow, whatever its subordinated clauses may be, from the beginning to the end with one sustained impulse. The impression that Flaubert's idea made on me was that a writer must so write, that, when he begins a sentence, its close must be foreshadowed from the beginning, and that, at the end, it must be found that the close has not let go the hand of its beginning.

Here, for instance, is one sentence:—

And I know
'Tis not the balm, the sceptre, and the ball,
The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,
The intertissued robe of gold and pearl,
The farced title running 'fore the king,
The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp
That beats upon the high shore of this world—

No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous ceremony,
 Not all these, laid in bed majestic,
 Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave,
 Who, with a body filled and vacant mind,
 Gets him to rest, crammed with distressful bread,
 Never sees horrid night, the child of hell;
 But like a lackey, from the rise to set,
 Sweats in the eye of Phoebus, and all night
 Sleeps in Elysium: next day, after dawn,
 Doth rise and help Hyperion to his horse;
 And follows so the ever-running year,
 With profitable labour to his grave:—
 And, but for ceremony, such a wretch,
 Winding up his days with toil, and nights with sleep,
 Had the forehand and vantage of a king.

A passage like this as ladled out by the modern actor-manager gives not the slightest anticipation, at the beginning, of the sustained flight that is coming, the hierarchy of the subordinated clauses and phrases is not established, and long before the last line, every echo of the beginning has faded from the voice of the actor, and therefore the sequence of the enchained whole is lost on the audience. On the English stage of the present day, only under Mr. Granville Barker's management have I seen these considerations understood.

As I read over these verses I find in their sustained subordination, and in their speed without haste, in their calm without rest, the most precise analogy that I can think of, and the closest, to the kind of furnished sequence there is in the higher exercises of the draughtsman's act. I think that this concrete example in literature is more illuminating, since it can be transported on to these pages, than would be any description of mine of a pictorial operation. Such description would run the danger of being incomprehensible.

In my article of last week the name of Mr. Freer of Detroit was misspelt. This is the fault of my detestable cacography, and no error of mine. A painter does not misspell the name of an American collector!

Louise de la Vallière.

By Beatrice Hastings.

WHAT waked thy love? Was it some sideway glance
 Showed thee the light of gainless paradise,
 That gleamed—and was not there—and came again:
 Or, curve of cheek or brow, as fine as love,
 Fair as the star-set arc of happy heav'n,
 That seemed thy bridge across the passless gulf?
 Wast thou made lover by his sudden voice
 With tones like rhythmic ladders to the spheres?
 Or was it hand's involuntary clasp
 Drew up thy heart, unknowing, towards his heart?
 Whilst he stood over thee, the world forgot,
 Clear lost in love: but thou knew'st not the thing
 Until from dream-sleep thou didst waken thrilled,
 While every sense in turn re-played the scene.

Touch, tone and glance wake love, but glance is first:
 And glance is purest fire when lovers look.
 Thereafter, sits an image in the eye,
 Sovran above all senses, lord of dreams!
 But when the dream doth verify, who knows
 Whether 'tis eyes or signal stars which shine,
 Or voice or circling air melodious sings—
 Or what is eye, or ear, or hand at all?
 Life is but death where love doth vainly dream.
 No state's more piteous than love's chagrin,
 Where that flame-image burns through arid hours—
 No one of them to bring the fervent flood
 That proves hearts fusile: Then, fair mind doth pine,
 While body drieth like a rainless flow'r.

Love sees its own unhappy, asks no cause,
 Or whose the fault, but straightway stills the pain
 With words of grace, with dewy, sheltering looks,
 And sense alive to rouse the sunken veins,
 To find the very knot of misery,
 Untie it, and set life aglow again.
 Nor any blame so hurts a gentle heart
 As losing single instant in relief
 And this cure's out of heav'n, not of earth,
 Where judgment shameth mercy, and affrights:
 It comes from heav'n through the passive heart,
 That hath a gate opes hellward, but is shut
 And bound by all-defying barriers
 While haplike love leaves there its bribeless seal.

"Beware" is word which lovers never hear.
 Of what might love beware when only woe
 Is ceasing from the simple sweet of love?
 Waste wisdom is in warning while love burns.
 Tell her he kissed you—him, she is not true!
 She loves him not for kissing you, but *her*:
 He loves her for her heart upon *his* heart.
 Hint them no hints—'twere all one, true or false!
 Love reckons nought wherein is not its charm.
 Poison was ne'er distilled that hindered love—
 For love is less than sense incorporate,
 Has not so much of matter as a thought,
 But is a virtual, magic dream of dreams,
 That when 'tis realised, is at an end.

O gainless heav'n! O guarded paradise!
 Not even love may reach thee, pass thy gates!
 O lost dear looks, lost hands, lost melody—
 Lost all that may be lost by love fulfilled!

* * *

She waits, attired and fair, and sweet for love.
 The hours creep by, then fly, oh, fast they fly—
 And the last comes whose wings show blank of hope,
 Her eyelids shut to stay the breaking tears
 Which seem to blame someone for love's mischance—
 This night gone loveless! So, she goes to dream.
 From heart to lips endearing names upspring
 And what is speechless on her lips is signed.
 She sleeps upon a thought of morning's joy!
 But cometh joy as sure as sun doth rise?

Yet she was one whom love did ne'er unseal—
 This human violet that loved a king:
 A winged girl—a bird—a soul in flow'r,
 Incarnate grace, and tempered all of love.
 Hatred she never knew, or envy's gloom—
 Her quenchless tears were only pleas for love.
 And when she sank at last, at long last, crushed—
 This hapless, pliant thing so hard to break—
 Immortal sweetness issued, sense divine!
 Her gentle, sorrowful hands updid the curls
 Of one that was her foe. She draped the lace,
 And clasped the jewels, tied the riband's knot
 Upon a breast that was to beat in love
 Beneath his heart where hers would lie no more.

The more love raves, the more it seems obscure.
 There sound no words for love; but this is true
 That schemes and wishes be not guiltless love,
 Which, though they ripen, never do delight:
 But when love's found in indeliberate hour,
 Blame, then, not charmed mortal, but the god!
 Here is a sign of love all-favouring:
 When sweet thoughts fly away before they're caught—
 Yet, is no wish to have them closer come.
 Be sure, then, love is laughing at delay!
 Love knows not time or place, honour or age—
 But whom it touches is forever sweet:
 Nor deem that love which turns to woeful hate,
 Or leaves unpitied, any gentle grief.



HELAS! By R. IHLEE.

Readers and Writers.

THE "New Weekly" with its priapic title-drawing is now out, and I suppose that by this time most of my readers have seen it. "We want," says the editor, "to rope in as many as we can." Well, that is undoubtedly the way to do it. Look at the names of the "new" contributors, for example—all of them "alive, energetic, and sincere"—Mr. Gosse, Mr. Hardy, Mr. Thomas Secombe, Mr. R. C. Lehmann, Mr. E. M. Forster, Mr. Galsworthy, Mr. Rutter. I fancy I remember having heard of most of them twenty years ago; and most of them were dead then.

* * *

I have been commissioned to clear up the mystery a dozen correspondents observed in last week's issue in the printing of one of Blake's best-known jeux d'esprit over the name of a living contributor, Mr. Caleb Porter. But a mystery differs from a secret in not being fully explicable; and assuredly the incident for all my explanation must remain in some of its wrappings. The editor, I may say, was innocent, for he was away on the only holiday he has taken for seven years. But so, too, was Mr. Porter, who offered the verses as written after dreaming them as he thought, and with no recollection of ever having read them. But who was responsible for publishing them? Ah, there is the mystery—for one copy of the verses was actually returned to Mr. Porter with a note to the effect that they were Blake's! Now where are we? The episode recalls some phenomena common to all whose dreams are noteworthy—the reading in sleep, for instance, of books which *appear* to be strange and only on waking become familiar. Thus I have read in a dream with delight and surprise passages from the Bible which in waking life I find I knew by heart. At other times the dream fragments are echoes: as, for example, this sentence which I wrote down exactly as I heard it while asleep: "They shall beat their sorrows into song and their mirth into instruments of music." Mr. Edward Carpenter told me that he dreamed the following verse—which, for all I know, may be found printed in some book which he had read and forgotten:

Call in the tip-cat, cut off its tail,
Fold up some eggs in a saucepan,
Sit on the rest like an elderly male,
Gulp [gallop] down the whole as a horse can.

An early dream effort of my own was, as near as I can remember, the following—the fruit, I imagine, of late reading of Rider Haggard's "She":—

Dagwaso hung in the Pyramids,
Hung by his clammy hooks,
Deathless king of a lifeless race,
Asleep in a body of sleep.

Flitted no shadow across the place,
For light trod dreadfully by;
And feared to look . . .
Walled in by Dagwaso's tribe.

Nobody, however, will discover that I have dreamed Blake!

* * *

No essays in criticism such as I asked for the other week have yet appeared; but they continue to be poured out on the soaked soil of the familiar. In the "Fortnightly Review" Mr. W. L. Courtney writes on Balzac—as if anybody could still be in doubt about Balzac! In the same issue an old (and, I suspect, retired) contributor to THE NEW AGE, Mr. M. D. Armstrong, writes on Recent English Poetry. His four examples are Messrs. Gibson, Masfield, Abercrombie and Davies—all, as we know, as much fishmongers as poets—and these he defines respectively as "the spirit of pity contemplating human patience in face of overwhelming odds," "the showing forth of creative adventure," "the history of the virgin Soul in the midst of the world" and "the spirit of inner contentment." If bombast be rightly understood as the dressing of mannikins

in the clothes of giants, these phrases are worth a place in an exemplary grammar. Oh, Mr. Headweak!

In a recent footnote^{* * *} quoted by "A. E. R." a fortnight ago, Mr. Wells referred to the "*uneasy* intelligence" of the editor of this journal. Both the selection and the placing of the adjective are worth a moment's examination, since, if I am not mistaken, we can estimate Mr. Wells' weight from them. *Uneasy*—what does it mean in this phrase of Mr. Wells? I can gather nothing definite from it, certainly not in the way of definition, and scarcely in the way of quality. My ear detects in its use a faint intention to express suspicion and even suspiciousness; but so timidly as wellnigh to disappear at a straight question. On the other hand, it is the sole epithet employed in a sentence that stands isolated from the text; and must needs therefore carry all the burden of Mr. Wells' meaning. But what is that meaning? Examined frankly it turns out, as I say, to be no meaning at all. Now compare this deliberate and prominent employment of a merely vaguely suggestive word with Mr. Wells' advocacy, in the article of which it is a footnote, of what he calls versatility. Defective versatility, we are to understand, is Mr. Wells' last word of condemnation of the National Guilds System. But is not "versatility" of exactly the same insubstantiality in a criticism of a social scheme as "uneasy" in a description of an intelligence? In short, do not the two words reveal Mr. Wells' own state of mind much more clearly than they define anything else? I diagnose in him from his vocabulary an inflamed condition of egotism, of which himself is vaguely aware, and the characteristic of which is to be engaged with itself even when ostensibly engaged with something not itself. Instead of clearly discerning an object and boldly throwing a definite word at it, Mr. Wells' mind, self-occupied and only half alert to the outside world, perceives as through a glass darkly, and then fumbles for the indefinite word, not to aim at his image, but to match its blur. I recall now another "word" of Mr. Wells—*furtive*. How often does it not occur in his works! And then, of course, there are his dots . . . Yes, the Higher Criticism does, I think, convict Mr. Wells of promiscuity of mind.

* * *

R. H. C.

AMERICAN NOTES.

Friends and relatives of the Celtic Renaissance will (perhaps) be grieved to learn that Mr. W. B. Yeats has resigned his post as leader of the Celtic Revivalists. The sad occurrence took place at Chicago recently in most unromantic circumstances. Mr. Yeats, in the course of an address to the "business men" of that city, informed his hearers that the poet's difficulties increased in ratio to his distance from Paris "whence nearly all the great influences in art and literature come." Shades of Cuculain and Deirdre! Was it for this that Synge was persuaded to leave Paris and devote himself to Wicklow and Aran? Have Lady Gregory's "translations" been written in vain, so that even Mr. Yeats has forgotten them, together with his own so enthusiastic prefaces? Unofficially, of course, it has long been known in Ireland that Mr. Yeats was lost to Anglo-Irish literature, that he had deliberately violated the best of his mind by forcing his energies into the work of the National Theatre. Nevertheless, in spite of Mr. George Moore's narratives, the feeling prevailed that Mr. Yeats at all events stood for and sympathised with the aims of the Irish Literary Revival. Now there is no longer any doubt that, with the commercialisation of the Irish theatre, Mr. Yeats has been compelled to modify his views of literary geography. Obviously, there can be no hope for the Irish poet who finds his inspiration in the legends and stories of his country's heroic age. Until he has made the acquaintance of Mr. Pound's Unanimists and Paroxysts he will look in vain for Mr. Yeats' approval.

* * *

While in Chicago Mr. Yeats hazarded the statement that "all subscribers to artistic monuments are poets

themselves," an aphorism clearly manufactured for American consumption, and certainly worthy of first place in "Current Cant." I can imagine how gratefully it must have been received in the canning circles of Chicago. That it was accepted almost as an *argumentum ad hominem* is indicated by the editorial comment of a New York journal which immediately cited the Chicago monthly, "Poetry," as an instance of such artistic endowment. I have already referred to this review as having awarded a prize of \$250 to Mr. Yeats for the best verse published in its pages during the past year. The awarding of prizes and the endowment of scholarships for young poets are features of the review's policy, and help to increase the obviously respectful pride with which it is regarded in this country. Incidentally, I may add that Mr. Yeats has since decided to accept only \$50, and the remaining \$200 have been sent to Mr. Ezra Pound, presumably for his services to French literature. If the founders of this phenomenal review were "themselves poets," it is a pity they did not infuse some of their poetic fire into its pages. The editress, Miss Harriet Monroe, occupies the first ten pages of the February number, six of which are devoted to an ode to the Panama Canal:—

O Panama! O ribbon-twist
That ties the Continents together!
Now East and West shall slip your tether
And keep their ancient tryst.

* * *

Mr. Robert Frost, who, it appears, is resident in England, contributes a diluted Masfieldian concoction:

So when he paired off with me in the hayfield
To load the load, thinks I, look out for trouble!
I built the load and topped it off; old Sanders
Combed it down with the rake and said "O.K."

How one regrets that Mr. Frost did not remain in his own country. Finally there is Mr. Orrick Johns, a poetry prizewinner, who suggests undigested Whitman, with an up-to-date Futuristic veneer:—

There is nothing in me save mutation and laughter;
My laughter is like a sword,
Like the piston-rod that defies oceans and grades.
When I labour it is a song of battle in the broad noon;
For behold the muscles of a man—
They are piston-rods; they are cranes, hydraulic presses,
powder magazines:
But though my body be as beautiful as a hill crowned
with flowers,
I will despise it and make it obey me. . . .

Fortunately, Mr. Johns adds:—

No man shall ever read me. . . .

* * *

Not to be outdone by Chicago, Boston permits itself a similar luxury in the shape of "The Poetry Journal," I fail to notice any difference between the two reviews, although the former is always spoken of as "our only magazine devoted to poetry." Perhaps the merit of "The Poetry Journal" is its humour. For example, the following naïve confession of a reviewer: "The editor . . . asked me to review the book ["Ballads of the Veld-land," by Lynn Lyster] because I have spent most of my life in Africa, and because I think it the best country on earth. . . . When I opened the pages and saw the names of so many friends of mine . . . and all of them dead now—well, I was unutterably sad. I went out and got a drink the way we used to in Africa. To me, then, this is great poetry." With such "literary" criticism in vogue it is no wonder that the younger American writers come over to Europe. I must confess that the perusal of these two collections of modern American verse left me also "unutterably sad." A little more of it, and I shall be tempted to follow, in my turn, the custom which the reviewer so ingeniously associates with Africa.

The stodginess of the American quarterlies is doubtless due in part to a reaction from the noisy vulgarity of the Press in general, and in part to the faculty of imitation which is so highly developed in American literature and journalism. In the effort to avoid Hearst and Pulitzer they have seized upon the worst features of the English publications upon which they are modelled. It is true, as my colleague, "R. H. C.," recently testified, that the "Yale Review" occasionally contains a readable article, but its achievement is hardly what one expects from the principal quarterly review. As for the "Sewanee Review," the "South Atlantic Quarterly" and the "Mid-West Quarterly," they mock description. All three have an official or semi-official connection with some University, and serve as the dumping-ground for professorial wastepaper. In their pages the curious may study the genesis, or fragments, of those notorious "literary studies" which have become the sign and symbol of American professorsdom. There will be found the explanation of the weird compilations, half journalese, half pedantry, whose often promising titles too regularly adorn the publisher's announcements. I shudder to think of the number of interesting subjects which have been mutilated by the efforts of contributors to these reviews. It was here that the "authorised version" of Mr. Bernard Shaw's biography was hatched. I have only to glance at that volume to recall my sufferings as a reviewer. Lured by the subject, I have often undertaken to criticise a book, only to discover too late that the author was a contributor to the "Sewanee" or the "South Atlantic Quarterly."

* * *

Unfortunately, the arrival of a new quarterly, "The Unpopular Review," so far from relieving the tedium, seems to promise rather a fresh field for the horrors to which I refer. The criticism of the "Candid Quarterly" made by "R. H. C." might be literally applied to this review. The "Unpopular Review" is as devoid of literary matter as the "Candid Quarterly," although it was not stated to be solely concerned with political and social questions. The contributors, moreover, are anonymous, a departure from the general rule in American journalism. Presumably the intention is to suggest that the articles are of so daring a nature that the authors cannot reveal their identity. But the possible "revelations" of anonymity leave me cold. It looks as if the "Unpopular" contributors were very determined not to risk their popularity by the public acknowledgment of their views.

* * *

To the English reader these precautions must seem curiously superfluous, for there is not an idea in the whole number that could possibly offend the susceptibilities of the sucking dove. The place of honour, for example, is accorded to an article entitled "The New Irrepressible Conflict," which would not seem out of place in the political notes of the "Academy." The "new" conflict, it appears, is that arising from the fact "some of us have not got along as fast as others," a truth graciously admitted by the author, although he hastens to prove that "equalisation is already taking place at a rate that few people realise." After the familiar references to "demagogues who make their living out of the discontent," etc., etc., I was prepared for the demonstration that the poor are getting richer and the rich are growing poorer, and a general conclusion that all would be well if men would help one another in a spirit of brotherly love. The "Unpopular Review" concludes with an article on phonetic spelling in which all the proposed "improvements" and "simplifications" are used. On the whole, as neither conservatism nor stupidity is particularly unpopular in America, it would not appear as if this review possessed a very appropriate title.

* * *

Some weeks ago I cited the emendations of "Vanity

Fair," by Dr. Rossiter Johnson, as an example of the "critical attitude" of the American professor. Mr. Richard Burton, Head of the Department of English at the University of Minnesota, now supplies me with a further example. Speaking of Gerald Stanley Lee's "Crowds," Mr. Burton cries: "Here is a book that I would no more expect to be popular than Carlyle's 'Sartor Resartus,' and, by gosh, it sells!" So beautiful and so appropriate has this phrase appeared, that Mr. Lee's publishers quote it broadcast in their advertisements. The pedantry of Dr. Johnson and the musical comedy boisterousness of Mr. Burton are fairly representative of the two extremes between which American style oscillates. Who is to save America from the criticism of the one and the enthusiasm of the other?

E. A. B.

Present-Day Criticism.

It will be only too easy during the coming years for the despair of artists to break into hatred of the plutocracy; the hard thing is to keep any sort of hold over the feelings in the face of the despoliation of the country and the people. It is not that any portion of the land may ever belong to the artists as real estate: nor do they desire such possession. The beauty and prosperity of England is the share desired by the artist. He wants natural spaces, fertilised countryside and fine cities, and not—as the land is becoming—a pauper plot, a living grave for the countryman, a prison and a circus for the townsman. The artist wants to live among a free and leisured people, and not—as the English nation has become—on the one hand, a horde of political sharpers and commercial debauchees, and, on the other, a multitude of brooding dupes.

The English plutocracy is mad and damned. Go where it lives, a vast swine among the once pleasant places, and you will see how mad it is. Go where it lives not, but from whence it sucks its means, into the slums of both town and country, you will see how damned it is. Psychologists know of the trouble which is slowly encircling England. Something is closing in which will make here a Black Hole, where courage will not avail the courageous, nor weakness the pitiable, but if chance favour. This something is the spirit of revenge, created not by inequality of state, for men know that they are unequal, but by the swindling legislation of the plutocracy. These words are not of imagined things. The plutocracy itself is aware—and preparing! London is arming. Any traitor can become an armed man before this week is out! The plutocracy is willing for more than slow murder; it is willing for massacre: it will provoke the circumstances where unarmed men may be shot like partridges. You will see it, reader, for it will come in your day.

And on which side will you be? Think—on which side do you belong? If you can look with satisfaction at dragooned workmen—go to your own side! If you can accept the government of lawyers—go to your own side! If you are willing that your nation shall be called a conquered race—go, declare yourself! Begin with the first and the rest will be added unto you; for these things are historical in that succession. There are many chances in national destiny, but the might of the proud depends upon the might of the simple, and national fall is certain when the simple are no longer patriotic.

But if your spirit is such that it will not endure even the sight of enslavement—come on our side! If you want an open Parliament—come on our side! If you will the integrity of the Empire—come to your place!

There is still a space and an hour for reason. After

that—the deluge, which is of blood! Can nothing stay it? Your declaration can stay it! Reason is against the plutocracy. Declare yourself against the plutocracy! By vote declare yourself, by gift, by word in season, and, if you are an artist, by the spirit of your works condemn the class which is the common enemy of all honourable existences, of domesticity, of craft and of art.

The evidence of plutocratic sabotage, sacrilege and positive miscreation is on all sides; look! you have only to look to see it. Behold the whole country scarred with asphalt, and see the Fat Man's blatant house grinning down upon the hovels of the villages where the thirty-shilling proletarian comes to birth. Hear the roar of ten thousand cars, and the curse of the wayfarer whose neighbour with a market-cart is forbidden under penalty to give him a lift. Do you know of a village where the cottagers dare not give away a cup of water? There are such, within fifty miles of London! Yet there is no luxury too shameful for the rich. They economise only in others' necessities. And, artists! it is quite as frequently your necessities as those of the workers that are economised. What does the plutocracy first part with out of the country for the convenience of his luxury? Your food! The past models you need, the scripts that have been your inspiration. This class is prepared to sell and export the very bricks weathered by centuries of English air since once they were laid with incomparable skill under priceless plans. It is not only that the actual things are lost to us; we are depressed in our spirit by such savage indifference, and we are made to appear shameful before other nations. And if you would see the stark contempt of the rich for the national architectural quality—go upon almost any estate and groan for the fate of living genius. Go, for instance, where aforetime William of Wykeham spent four hundred thousand pounds in the building of a single abbey, and then pass on and note the jerry-building on the Wimborne estate; or, worse, far worse, take a peep inside the picturesque pest-holes which the Duke of Bedford so regularly keeps repaired—outside!

Turn off the roads of England where you may—there is some festering pest-hole where vengeance is hatching. Yon high and spacious-looking cottage is a fraud—go in, and see whether you can turn round in it; those who cannot touch the ceilings with their hands are short indeed. This cottage is of a piece with all plutocratic swindling, the meanest, perhaps, of a series of hypocritical gifts. But, indeed, the jerry-builder is the very friend of the plutocracy: he sees to the weakening of the thirty-shilling children, no longer wanted in manhood for the plough and thresher, and ever less necessary even in the factory: but what an enemy of England is in this figure!

Is there any end to the murderous greed of the rich? Is there any way of relief from them save through the murderous revenge of the poor? In the case that revolution breaks out, we may but change our oppressors! It is no part for the long-sighted to work for violent revolution. But, come what may, our declaration must be wholly on the side of them whose hearts are burning with the anger we share. There is no human dignity possible as things are to-day, no hope either for family, for craft, or for art. The power of the plutocracy must be broken. It may be possible for the artists to break it without the sacrifice of one human body: but to do this, they must put away all present hopes and plans, they must lose their art to save it. We heard one who is vexed at all these labour troubles speak the other day of his duty of keeping "a little turret of civilisation" amidst the ruin on all sides. That is nothing but a little dream! Such turrets become stinking tombs, sepulchres for cynics. One is of one's time, or never; and our time is concerned with the workman's struggle for status against the plutocracy bent on his perpetual servility. Nothing done to-day will last but what touches this matter, for there is no life in any other thing.

Modern Art.—III.

The London Group.

By T. E. Hulme.

THIS group has been formed by the amalgamation of the Camden Town Group and the Cubists. It thus claims to represent all the forward movements in English painting at the present moment. Judging from its first exhibition, it is probably destined, since the decline of the New English, to play a very important rôle in the next few years. Of the more realist section of the society I shall not say much here, as I intend to write about it at greater length later. Mr. Spencer Gore's "The Wood," and Mr. Harold Gilman's "Eating House" show in very different ways the same intimate research into problems of colour. Mr. Charles Ginner's "La Balayouse" is the best picture of his that I have seen as yet. His peculiar method is here extraordinarily successful in conveying the sordid feeling of the subject. Mr. Bevan exhibits a characteristic and interesting painting of horses. Although at the moment I am more in sympathy with the other section of the society, yet I am bound to say that the work of the painters I have just mentioned is better than that one finds at the New English, and infinitely better than the faked stuff produced by Mr. Roger Fry and his friends. It is possible to point out, however, in looking at this kind of painting, the dissatisfaction which inclines one towards Cubism. These pictures are filled by contours which, when one is moved by the dissatisfaction I am speaking of, one can only describe as meaningless. They are full of detail which is entirely accidental in character, and only justified by the fact that these accidents did actually occur in the particular piece of nature which was being painted. One feels a repugnance to such accidents—and desires painting where nothing is accidental, where all the contours are closely knit together into definite structural shapes.

The Cubist section is particularly interesting, as it shows very clearly the unsettled state of the new movement. Though it has finally got clear away from its Post-Impressionistic beginnings, it cannot be said to have reached any final form. Two different tendencies can be distinguished. The main movement is that which, arising out of Cubism, is destined to create a new geometric and monumental art, making use of mechanical forms. It is possible, I think, to give an account of this movement, which will exhibit it as an understandable and coherent whole, closely allied to the general tendency of the period, and thus containing possibilities of development.

But this has now generated, a second movement based simply on the idea that abstract form, i.e., form without any representative content, can be an adequate means of expression. In this, instead of hard, structural work like Picasso's you get the much more scattered use of abstractions of artists like Kandinsky. It seems, judging by its development up to now, to be only a more or less amusing by-product of the first. Lacking the controlling sensibility, the feeling for mechanical structure, which makes use of abstractions a necessity, it seems rather dilettante. It so happens, however, that all explanations of the new movement as yet given, have been explanations of this second tendency only. In this way the real importance of the main tendency has been veiled. It has seemed rather in the air, rather causeless. The driving force behind it remained hidden.

What is really behind the main movement, what makes it important is the re-emergence of a sensibility akin to that behind geometrical arts of the past. At first, at its rather fumbling search for an appropriate means of expression, it naturally went back to these past arts. You thus got a period in which the work produced had a certain resemblance to Archaic, Byzantine and African art. But this state has already been left behind. The new sensibility is finding for itself a direct and modern means of expression, having very

little resemblance to these past geometric arts. It is characterised, not by the simple geometric forms found in archaic art, but by the more complicated ones associated in our minds with machinery. Minor effects of this change of sensibility are very obvious in the pictures here. They do not shrink from forms which it is usual to describe as unrhythmical, and great use is made of shapes taken from machinery. The beauty of banal forms like teapot-handles, knuckledusters, saws, etc., seems to have been perceived for the first time. A whole picture is sometimes dominated by a composition based on hard mechanical shapes in a way which previous art would have shrunk from. It is not the emphasis on form which is the distinguishing characteristic of the new movement, then, but the emphasis on this particular kind of form.

But it is easy to see how this main movement, with its necessary use of abstraction of a particular kind for a particular purpose, has engendered on the side of it a minor movement which uses abstractions for their own sake in a much more scattered way. I do not think this minor movement is destined to survive. I look upon it rather as a kind of romantic heresy, which will, however, have a certain educative influence. It will lead to the discovery of conceptions of form, which will be extremely useful in the construction of the new geometrical art. But temporarily, at any rate, most of the painters in this exhibition seem to be very much influenced by an enthusiasm for this idea. One has here, then, a good opportunity for examining this heresy. Theoretically it is quite plausible. It seems quite conceivable that the directions of the forms in a picture, the subordination of the parts to the whole, the arresting of one form by the other, the relation of veiled to exposed shapes, might make up an understandable kind of music without the picture containing any representative element whatever. How does it work out in practice? Take Mr. Wyndham Lewis's large canvases, which at first look like mere arbitrary arrangements of bright colours and abstract forms. Judged from this point of view, what can be said about them? They fail, in that they do not produce as a whole, the kind of coherent effect which, according to the theory, they ought to produce. The forms are not controlled enough. In the *Eisteddfod*, for example, long tranquil planes of colour sweeping up from the left encounter a realistically painted piece of ironwork, which, being very large in proportion to the planes, dwarfs any effect they might have produced. The second picture, "Christopher Columbus," is hard and gay, contains many admirable inventions, but is best regarded as a field where certain qualities are displayed, rather than as a complete work of art. In Mr. Lewis's work, there are always certain qualities of dash and decision, but it has the defects of these qualities. His sense of form seems to me to be sequent rather than integral, by which I mean that one form probably springs out of the preceding one as he works, instead of being conceived as part of a whole. His imagination being quick and never fumbling, very interesting relations are generated in this way, but the whole sometimes lacks cohesion and unity. The qualities of Mr. Lewis's work are seen to better advantage in his quite remarkable drawing, "The Enemy of the Stars." Equally abstract is Mr. Wadsworth's work. In the most successful, "Scherzo," a number of lively ascending forms are balanced by broad planes at the top. The painter whose work shows the greatest advance is Mr. C. F. Hamilton. His "Two Figures" shows a great sense of construction, and is one of the best paintings in this section. Mr. F. Etchells' drawings are admirably firm and hard in character; but it would obviously be premature to form any sure judgment about this artist's work at a time when he almost seems to be holding himself back, in a search for a new method of expression. His fine "Drawing of a Head" shows this state of hesitation and experiment very clearly. Mr. Nevinson is much less abstract than the others. His best picture is "The Chauffeur," which

is very solid and develops an interesting contrast between round and angular shapes. I admire the ability of Mr. Gaudier-Brzeska's sculpture; the tendencies it displays are sound though the abstractions used do not seem to me to be always thoroughly thought out.

In all the painters I have mentioned so far abstract form has been used as the bearer of general emotions, but the real fanatics of form reject even this abstract use as savouring of literature and sentiment. Representation has already been excluded. They want to exclude even the general emotions conveyed by abstract form, and to confine us to the appreciation of form in itself *tout pur*. Some such intention must be behind the largest picture in the show, Mr. Bomberg's "In the Hold." Stated in more detail, the theory on which it is based seems to be this. In looking at a picture one never sees it as a whole, one's eye travels over it. In doing so, we continually find certain expectations fulfilled—a boot is followed by a leg, and even when there is no representation at all, certain abstract forms are naturally continued by other forms. Apparently this fulfilled expectation is an added non-æsthetic emotion, and must be excluded by those who wish to take an absolutely "pure" pleasure in form itself. Mr. Bomberg therefore cuts his picture up into sixty-four squares, and as each square is independent of its neighbours, the "fulfilled expectation" I spoke of above is excluded, and whatever pleasure we take must be in the arrangement of shapes inside each square. The picture appears to have started off as a drawing of an actual subject, but that apparently was only because a purely mental invention of form would have inevitably produced those "sequences" it was desired to avoid. The representation of the outside scene generates, in its passage through a square, an entirely accidental and "unexpected" shape. The square I might call K.Kt.6, for example, makes an interesting pattern. That the picture as a whole is entirely empty is, I suppose, on the theory I have just put forward, no defect. All the general emotions produced by form have been excluded and we are reduced to a purely intellectual interest in shape. This particular picture, then, is certainly the *reductio ad absurdum* of this heresy about form. I see no development along such lines, though such work may be an excellent discipline. I look forward, however, to Mr. Bomberg's future work with interest; he is undoubtedly an artist of remarkable ability. For the present, I prefer his drawings. "The Acrobats" breaks away from the sculptural treatment of his recent work and seems to me to be admirable.

Most of the work I have been talking about is experimental and is interesting because it is on the way to something else. Perhaps the only really satisfying and complete work in this section is that of Mr. Epstein. He possesses that peculiar energy which distinguishes the creative from the merely intelligent artist, and is certainly the greatest sculptor of this generation; I have seen no work in Paris or Berlin which I can so unreservedly admire. At the present moment he has arrived at an interesting point in his development. Starting from a very efficient realism, he passed through a more or less archaic period; he seems now to have left that behind and, as far as one can judge from the drawings for sculpture he exhibits, to have arrived at an entirely personal and modern method of expression. The "Carving in Flenite" comes at the end of the second period. Technically, it is admirable. The design is in no sense empty, but gives a most impressive and complete expression of a certain blind, tragic aspect of its subject—something akin perhaps to what Plato meant by the vegetable soul. The archaic elements it contains are in no sense imitative. What has been taken from African or Polynesian work is the inevitable and permanent way of getting a certain effect. The only quite new work Mr. Epstein exhibits, the "Bird Pluming Itself" is in comparison with this profound work, quite light in character, but the few simple abstractions out of which it is built are used with great skill and discretion.

Views and Reviews.

If this work* were merely a history of penal methods, it would not need notice in these columns. The main facts are available in other forms, and desultory readers at least have long been familiar with them. Even the conception of ancient law as the law of retaliation has been made popular in recent times by Sir Henry Maine and Nietzsche, for example; and of the barbarities of our prison system we have heard enough from novelists and playwrights. The Humanitarian League has done good service by exposing not merely the brutalities inflicted, but the stupidity implied, by flogging and other methods of punishment; and if Mr. Ives had merely collected and abstracted the information, his work would have been valuable only to those who need a ready source of reference or to those who approach the subject for the first time. But the work is not merely a history, it is an indictment, of penal methods; and at a time when we are threatened with a revival of the most crudely punitive ideas, it should possess peculiar value. We have always to realise that different people (because they are different people) are not all amenable to the same appeal. To the person of rigid conscience, it is enough to show that punishment must always exceed, and by its nature is never commensurate with, the damage done by the criminal, to convince him of its injustice; on the person of delicate sensibilities, the merest description of the routine of punishment will react as an injury to himself. The philosophers who believe in Free Will should naturally be opposed to punishment, arguing that, if the will be free, it cannot be coerced. Psychologists and physiologists will naturally be opposed to punishment, on the ground that it can only cause deterioration of the mental and physical structure, not only of the person subjected to it but of those responsible for its administration. But the ordinary person who thinks that Free Will can be coerced, who wants to inflict more injury than has been received, in whom retaliation is practically reflex action, he is not amenable to any of these appeals. Nothing but the history of the failure of penal methods to abolish crime is likely to cause him to reconsider his determination to put down crime by the revival of some method that was either discarded long ago or is as useless for the purpose of reformation in its modified as in its original form. Such persons are as easily to be found on the Bench as among the general public.

But the book has a value in addition to this of providing the ordinary person with an historical refutation of the practical value of punishment. The instinct of retaliation seems to be a natural one, and if ancient law recognised it, none the less it strove to make the injured party forgo his right to retaliation and accept a money compensation for his injury. Both ecclesiastical and Crown courts made it possible for the injured party to obtain restitution or compensation, or, in default, inflicted not punishment but a form of retaliation. It was not really until the advent of the prison system that the principle of restitution or compensation became obsolete; and punishment became the sole purpose of criminal procedure. The modern prison system arose as a "reform." Prisons there were before John Howard, but they were places of detention, not of punishment. The revelations made by Howard of the state of the prisons and the prisoners roused all the "philanthropy" of the English character in the eighteenth century. A little band of reformers arose, and the ruling classes were compelled to look into the matter. They saw that the prisons were insanitary, and thereupon they built sanitary prisons; they saw that communication between prisoners had a corrupting influence, and thereupon they invented the cellular system and the rule of silence; they saw that the only way to keep prisoners out of mischief was to give them work to do, and thereupon installed the tread-wheel and the

* "A History of Penal Methods." By George Ives, M.A. (Stanley Paul. 10s. 6d. net.)

crank; they saw that there was no discipline in the prisons, and thereupon they invented a system which regulated every activity of the mind and body. And the effect of all the "reformation" was that prisoners went mad, or committed suicide, or died from overwork. With the invention of the prison system, the State no longer sought to compel the prisoners to make restitution or compensation; the Law usurped the right of private vengeance, and punished.

But even the clear demonstration of the fact that imprisonment, and all that attends it, is really the nationalisation of the instinct of retaliation does not exhaust the value of this book. For Mr. Ives develops his thesis beyond the demonstration of the vicious circle of aggression and retaliation into a consideration of the causes and nature of crime, both personal and national; and ranges over the whole literature of criminology. He makes an important division of crime into two classes, crimes of circumstances and crimes of impulse. The criminal law really exists for the suppression of the former class, and fails lamentably to do so; but it also has power to deal with the second class, and does so with more ferocity and even less success. The two classes may coincide in individual cases, but the fact of their existence relegates penology to the class of superstitions. For, obviously, the cause of the crimes of circumstances must be sought in social conditions; and, as Mr. Ives truly says, "the stern and unavoidable problem which science and machinery have set before civilisation—the *just* producing and distributing of wealth—has to be solved for crime to disappear." The crimes of impulse fall so obviously within the province of the doctor that Mr. Ives seems to labour the point unnecessarily, if we forget the stupidity that is characteristic of the ordinary person when his instincts are roused. The simple fact that no prescription of punishment can deter from crimes of impulse must be insisted on until this whole class of crime is removed from the jurisdiction of the criminal law; and it is surely an omission that Mr. Ives does not advocate, as a preliminary step towards this reform, the appointment of medical assessors.

That Mr. Ives should proceed to develop the idea of making prisons instruments of practical reform is a lapse from the strict logic of the case. The fact that more than half the people who go to prison are sent in default of the payment of fines suggests, first of all, the practical reform which Mr. Thomas Holmes has advocated for years, the granting of time in which to pay fines. This simple reform would empty half our prisons, and would have a considerable effect on the numbers of recidivists. But it may well be doubted whether the prison system could be developed into a reforming agency for the benefit of the remaining criminals. "Souls are not saved in bundles," said Emerson; and the most drastic reformation of our prison system and the staff of officials would not alter the fact that the treatment would be mainly institutional, and therefore standardised. Let the prison system be made as perfect as possible, let it resemble life as nearly as possible in its activities, and its ideals, there is one thing that it can never provide—temptation. Therefore, it can never provide the opportunity for the self-overcoming of the particular weakness of the criminal, it can never make the only desirable reformation, the reformation of will. It can only revive the monastic ideal, and provide a harbour of refuge from the stresses of normal social life.

That this would be a considerable advance on our present treatment of criminals, may be admitted; but it implies, or should imply, such a radical reformation not only of our penal, but of our economic, system that it may be said to await, as all other reforms of any value await, the economic revolution. Under the present system of private property, larceny and one or two kindred offences constitute about five-sixths of indictable crime; and there can be no doubt that these offences are directly due to the poverty imposed on the mass of the people by the institution of private prop-

erty in the means of production and distribution. Turn which way you will, the one reform which will liberate the civilising powers of mankind is the reform of our economic system. Only then shall we be able to reduce the criminal class to its proper dimensions, to include only those who, from congenital weakness or depravity, are unfit or unable to live a normal social life. The crimes of circumstances can only be abolished by the alteration of the circumstances; the crimes of impulse constitute a class apart concerning which we must rely on medical advice. Meanwhile, we have to recognise that our criminal law is committed to punishment as a principle, that punishment is only retaliation in disguise, that reform of the prison system is impossible while these two facts remain true, and that criminology is indicting the fundamental principle of modern society.

A. E. R.

REVIEWS.

Spiritual Therapeutics. By W. J. Colville. 6s. net.
Students' Questions on Spiritual Science.
 Answered by W. J. Colville. 3s. 6d. net. (The Power-Book Co.)

Both these books deal with a subject that is so inextricably mixed with quackery that, however much we may agree with the main assumption, we do not feel justified in recommending them to our readers. That Mr. Colville is eclectic, may be admitted; he is neither a Christian Scientist, Spiritualist, Theosophist, Emmanuelist, Mesmerist, hypnotist, but something of all these, for the principle underlying all these systems is the same one. But we do not need, at this time of day, any argument to prove the value of faith as a condition of health or as a factor in the cure of disease; it is the practical problem of creating or establishing faith that besets everyone who attempts to heal another. Here, where Mr. Colville should be explicit, he is vague, or, at most, tentative; the healer must not deny, in the Christian Science fashion, the real existence of matter or of pain; he must distract the mind from consideration of either by directing contemplation to the perfection of God. How this is to be done is the real problem; and Mr. Colville throws no light on it. These two books reveal neither a method nor a magical phrase; and as Mr. Colville denies generally (but not absolutely) the value of diagnosis, we must remind him that it is possible to have a mind filled with the idea and conviction of health at the very time that disease or death is becoming manifested. The euphoria of Nietzsche preceding his insanity, is only one example of a well-known fact. But even our willingness to admit the possibility of spiritual healing does not justify us in limiting the process to the use of one factor; if we accept the idea that man has more than one body, and that these bodies inter-penetrates and inter-acts, we may well doubt the value of a system that asserts the fundamental reality of only one of his bodies. We know, as a matter of common experience, that the suggestibility of people is various; a man may be impervious to ideas, but susceptible to emotions, while the general body of people are open to suggestion only through concrete facts. It would seem wiser to recognise all these facts; to admit, for example, that the only effective way of suggesting health to some people is by prescribing a bottle of medicine, to others, by ordering a change of occupation, of pleasures, of scenery, etc., and to others, by interesting them in general ideas of another order to those which now monopolise their attention. The principle may be the same in all cases; faith is an act of the soul; but few have the power of evoking faith by an appeal to the spiritual nature of man. The art and craft of all healing is to get over or under or through the prepossessions of the patient; and the simplicity of the principle does not justify the prescription of one simple method.

Pastiche

SATAN, IN COUNCIL.

In the time when men knew no inventions, and few crafts beyond weaving, dyeing, and fashioning armour and weapons of defence; when their peaceful toil in the fields was liable at any hour to be rendered useless by the sudden raid of an energetic foe, or their bodies mauled in most unpleasant fashion by a wild beast or a wilder neighbour, the Arbiter of Destinies said, "These poor ill-clad, ill-fed, savage creatures shall be given Over-lords and Dukes, men whose superior courage and greater opportunities for amassing riches shall serve these bewildered ones as a refuge and a defence." The word, therefore, went forth, and dukes and lords arose, and built for themselves great stone castles (the remains of which can still be seen by the curious in such matters), and into these well-defended places the poor carles could flee when the ramping neighbour, or yelling invader appeared over the hill, or crawled through the forest. This Over-lord was at once leader, judge, refuge, and tyrant, all in one, without him the poor cultivators, weavers and men of toil suffered grievous loss, they were either slaughtered by a stronger Over-lord, or carried off to toil for him, or be made a source of amusement to him and his family by enduring horrible pangs of torture in thoughtfully-equipped dungeons. After some centuries had passed, and great men had become abnormally cruel and senselessly licentious, the angels demanded unanimously that these tyrants should be destroyed, but the Arbiter of Destinies said, "Patience, such and such an one is not a leader nor a protector of his vassals, at the same time without these 'nobles' the poor would be even in a worse case, and at the mercy of any quarrelsome, fearless brute." And so the castles remained, to over-awe enemies and to comfort the hut dwellers, until all men came to be instructed in crafts and in arts, and money and power fell to men of all classes.

Still, the castles were there, and the lords and dukes inherited vast tracts of land, or men, being suddenly ennobled, acquired or built themselves mighty mansions.

Then the angels again becoming impatient, cried out and said, "These powerful ones do no longer protect the poor, their walled-in property serves no longer as a refuge for the weak, or the old, or the oppressed: how much more are they to flourish?" And the Arbiter of Destinies said, "How shall they be destroyed, seeing that they also are human creatures, and many of them quite well-living and well-meaning persons?" At this Satan came forward, smiling; "Let me go forth and be a lying spirit calling myself 'charity' in the minds of these men, and I shall destroy them." Then they demanded of him how this should be. And Satan said, "So long as these men were strong in body, leaders in war, supplying from their own purses armed men to protect the land; tyrants, and yet refuges, then men could not live in peace or security without them, and their vices were of no consequence to any except to those whom they harmed; now, however, all this is changed, and You desire their destruction: I, therefore, will go and put it into their minds that they should run about opening hospitals, giving teas to starving persons and to children who seem to be unrequited: Viscounts shall hand bread and butter, Earls shall distribute buns: and their women (no longer above scandal or disdain), shall dress dolls to be given to those that cry for bread; and they shall (in the pretence of charity), go in scant clothing and dance before men (after the old fashion of the harlots of Babylon, and other towns that have fallen into my hands), this shall they do, and cry, 'How much we do for the poor.' Then the wise men and those capable of considering shall come in time to say, 'Why suffer we these useless doles and these foolish condescensions from these men? Behold, they form themselves into Clubs, and they prate and say, 'Let us go among the poor and improve them, and shake hands with them, and talky, talky, talky, till they think what fine chaps we are, and that we deserve all our wealth and lands because we do not even mind shaking hands with common folk,' and the wise and thoughtful shall cry, 'Away with such hypocrisies and humbugs.'" Then Satan bowed and remarked, suavely:—

"As to the manner of their removal I leave it to You, I can only suggest that my services during the revolution of the people of France have been somewhat severely commented upon, so that I prefer to leave it in other hands." With that he vanished, and the angels looked at one another, and whispered, "Will he succeed? It seems a queer way, and Charity will weep oceans of

tears." By this time Satan was well on his way, and took up his quarters, for the time, at the Albert Hall.

ARTHUR HOOD.

THE PATH.

BY RATHMELL WILSON.

For twenty years each Sabbath day
He sat within the chapel grim
Singing right lustily, for joy
That burning Hell was not for him.

Indeed it was a pleasant thing
To know just what one must expect—
A long white robe, a harp of gold,
The sure reward of the elect.

Then in his soul he felt a kind
Of discontentment dimly dawn,
He wearied of his sisters prim,
His Holy brethren made him yawn.

Once when the spirit slowly moved
Old Brother Joshua from his heart
To speak an hour on "Zion Hill,"
The spirit moved *him* to depart.

He longed for air, he longed for space,
So very soon he might be seen
A soldier in Salvation's ranks,
Crying aloud upon the Green.

How he one morn conversion found,
And "Oh, dear friends, how much that means!"
(The lads all cried "Hosannah" here,
And lasses banded glad tambourines.)

For many months he felt at home;
It was a good thing to perspire
With ecstasy, while giving out
The benefits of "Blood and fire."

Then in a tramway-car he met
A priest, a goodly, red-faced man
Who said, "Oblige me with a match?"
To which he said, "I think I can."

That match set up within his soul
Another flame of discontent;
They talked, and in a week or so
Our friend to Mass each morning went.

He sniffed the incense till he sneezed,
The candles filled him with delight,
He murmured "Paters" all the day
And told his beads throughout the night.

Soon Mother Church received a son,
The priest with satisfaction shone,
Our friend began to really look
As saintly as an Oxford Don.

But Discontent again assailed
His restless soul. He doubted God,
He doubted priests—and bishops, too—
He even called the Pope a "cod."

He doubted everything except
That he was "free" and had a mind.
His lecture, "Saved from Popery,"
He now inflicted on mankind.

Then in a thunderstorm he heard
A Voice: "Learn now the truth—In life
Man makes *himself* his Heaven or Hell,
Man makes *himself* his peace or strife.

"Heed not the babbling 'brotherhood'
Which wrangles over Kikuyu;
Heed not the man 'infallible,'
The priests who pence from peasants woo.

"For Masses, that the dead they loved
May soon leave Purgatory's night;
Heed not the 'Word'-interpreters
By Ebenezer copyright.

"Leave all the chattering sects who prate
Of unknown things with certainty;
Learn this, 'The Kingdom is *within*'—
Christ's simple Life-philosophy."

Art.

The Art of India—IV.*

By Anthony M. Ludovici.

IT is impossible for me to deal adequately with Dr. Coomaraswamy's full and illuminating account of Hindu religiousness in the opening chapter of his book on the "Arts and Crafts of India and Ceylon," but to its keynote, I think I can do justice here, by saying that it is the breadth of its embrace, the universality of its appeal which seems to be its chief characteristic. In another work, "Essays in National Idealism," Dr. Coomaraswamy deals more briefly with this very question, and he points out that the strength of the Hindu cosmogony lies in its "acceptance of all life as religious, no part as profane." And he proceeds: "In such an idealisation of life itself there lies the strength of Hinduism, and in its absence the weakness of modern Christianity. The latter is puritanical, it has no concern with art or agriculture, craft or sex or science. The natural result is that these are secularised and that men concerned with these vital sides of life must either preserve their life and their religion apart in separate water-tight compartments, or let religion go. The Church cannot well complain of the indifference of men to religion when she herself has cut them off from religion, and delimited as 'profane' the physical and mental activities and delights of life itself." (pp. 33-34.) Even the relationship between the sexes in India "is regarded as a sacred mystery, and is never held to be suggestive of improper or indecent ideas." (p. 33.) "Indeed, the whole distinction of sacred and profane is for India meaningless, and so it is that the relation of the soul to God may be conceived in terms of the passionate adoration of a woman for her lover." (p. 32.) When I refer to this fundamental feature of Hindu religiousness as the keynote of the whole structure, I mean that, from the standpoint of society, it is by far the most important. It is very much more necessary that a religion should be Catholic than that it should be free from superstition.

Under the protective guidance then of a creed which undertook to find a place and a dignity for everybody and everything, and not only an economic place but also a spiritual one, the artists and the craftsmen were naturally led to regard themselves and their duties as agents and accessories of a solemn religious function. As Sir George Birdwood says, speaking of the Indian craftsman: "He knows nothing of the desperate struggle for existence which oppresses the life and crushes the very soul out of the English working man. He has his assured place, inherited from father to son for a hundred generations, in the national Church and State organisation; while nature provides him with everything to his hand but the little food and less clothing he needs, and the simple tools of trade. . . This at once relieves him from an incalculable dead weight of cares, and enables him to give to his work, which is also a religious function, that contentment of mind and leisure, and pride and pleasure in it for its own sake, which are essential to all artistic excellence."

Tracing their descent directly from Visvakarma, the god of all crafts, and believing that they inherit their skill from him, the Hindu and Cingalese craftsmen have a lofty conception of the dignity and purity of their calling. "To this day they style themselves Visvabrahmans [p. 33 "Arts and Crafts of India"], employ priests of their own caste, and claim spiritual equality with Brahmins." In some parts of India they even worship the implements of their labour at the Dasahra festival (see Coomaraswamy, "The Indian Craftsman," p. 71); and the "thavais" of Northern India, who are Muhammedan converts, actually make offerings of sweetmeats to their tools (*ibid.* p. 71).

Now it is a curious and irritating fact that the very

people who would be the first to throw up their stupid hands in horror at this seeming idolatry—I refer to Western Europeans and Americans, more particularly of the Protestant persuasion—are certainly the very last creatures on earth to whom one would ever dream of turning for a system of religion or society which could even pretend in any way, however remote, to approach this marvellous organisation of Hindu religiousness, which gives to the smallest and to the greatest, a dignified spiritual significance, and fills each man from the highest to the lowest with a deep sense of the sacred nature of his duties as a vital tissue or cell in the social organism.

Even if we admit for the sake of argument that all religions from Brahmanism to Bahaism, from the cult of the ancient Incas to Protestantism and all its 500 sects, consist of a pack of lies, a mass of high falutin and extravagant bunkum, why is it that those very people—the Protestants—who have perpetrated or who believe in, the least fruitful, the least beautiful, the least life-affirming and least life-supporting lies, are the first to croak in toadlike indignation, when lies more satisfactory than theirs in every way, lies more organising and richer in noble infection than theirs could ever hope to be, are discovered abetting and confirming beauty in parts of the world where the microbes of Protestant industry and commerce happen, not yet to have found a firm foothold? Why is it that those very people who in their heart of hearts believe they are pursuing *truth* and are convinced that superior enlightenment is theirs, have shown themselves totally unable to evolve a system of society which can endow the common workman, craftsman or artist, with a hundredth part of the solemn significance and reverence for his work and its quality, that Hindu religiousness has succeeded in infusing into its believers? I would recommend any reader of THE NEW AGE, who disapproves of this way of putting it, who dislikes the tone of these articles, to take up the four books by Dr. Coomaraswamy which have helped me to gain an insight into these matters, especially the last, "The Arts and Crafts of India and Ceylon." Let him begin with Dr. Coomaraswamy's "Essays in National Idealism," then proceed to read "Art and Swadeshi," and then "The Indian Craftsman." If by that time he does not feel that there are some things to be said in favour of a religion which, however full of superstitions too palpable to deceive the superior and enlightened brain of a modern city man, is yet Catholic enough to inspire the meanest with a reverence for quality, with a fear of offending God by shirking a hammer-stroke or a sweep of the plane, and with a blessed dread lest Visvakarma, the lord of the arts, should be offended by infidelity to his methods, then I can only suppose that there is a degree of fanatical belief in modern ideas which I have utterly failed to realise.

And what is the art that has been generated by this catholic religion and social system? I confess that but for the beautiful collection of reproductions in Dr. Coomaraswamy's book "The Arts and Crafts of India and Ceylon," and other publications, and the collection at South Kensington and the British Museum, I am sadly ignorant of Hindu painting, sculpture and architecture. Nor do I agree altogether with Dr. Coomaraswamy that I *ought* to be touched by Hindu art, however much of it I might be fortunate enough to see. Dr. Coomaraswamy says: "If one should say that he is touched by the Italian and not by the Chinese primitives, or by Greek and not by Egyptian or Indian sculpture, we understand that he has done no more than accept a formula." (p. 57.) I am surprised!

When the temperament of a type manifests itself unmistakably as it must do in all national arts, to accuse a man of doing no more than accept a formula, when he selects this national art rather than that, is surely going a little too far. Has Dr. Coomaraswamy really considered this point deeply? How can he maintain it by the side of the much more reasonable utterance which appears on the opposite page? There he says: "To be

* "The Arts and Crafts of India and Ceylon." By Ananda K. Coomaraswamy. (T. N. Foulis and Co.)

a connoisseur and perfectly dispassionate critic of many arts or religions is scarcely compatible with impassioned devotion to a single one." That is better. That, in my opinion, is true. But it contradicts what is said on p. 57, which statement is out of all keeping with Dr. Coomaraswamy's customary profundity. To be quite plain it is distinctly *zeitgemäss*. If all art were free from the temperament, the character, and the values of the people practising it, if it were an interpretation of life in the same terms, then Dr. Coomaraswamy would be right; but seeing that this is not so, and never will be so until people swayed by the same values and animated by the same ideals inhabit the whole globe, the pleasure of tasting the arts will always be the pleasure of the partisan, of the prejudiced and prepossessed. I say then, with perfect frankness, that while there is much that I deeply admire in this art of India, there is also a good deal that does not touch me. There is a lack of delight in untormented surfaces, a feverish rippling of planes, which is strange to my emotions, and which in the end becomes irritating to me. The Indian artist seems unable to cry "halt" either to himself or to his pupil. He seems unable to say, "Have done now! It is finished!" I do not mean by this that there is no restraint in Indian art. The restraint where ends are deliberately sought are obvious. What I mean is that there seems to be an incredible amount of hair-splitting in this art, so that there is always "yet something else," to be added or to be done. It is true that there are brilliant exceptions—"brilliant," of course, in my sense—the Buddha, facing p. 18, for instance, and the perfectly amazingly beautiful hands, facing p. 31; but the reader will realise what I mean, if he examines the frontispiece and the figure of Shiva facing page 17. Both are Gothic in the sense that they cannot settle a thing once and for all. I hope I am making myself clear. The same characteristic appears in the multiplication of the arms. I admit that in the figure of Shiva as cosmic dancer, the multiplication of arms gives the impression of exuberance. As the figure dances it seems to say triumphantly: "Behold! I can do this and that and the other thing all at the same time! I am a God, I can hold four things at once, you can only hold two"—and so on. But I respectfully submit, that to the class of mind that will have done with a thing, that will arrive at a settlement, that will, in fact, be clear and plain, there are less mechanical and perhaps more telling ways of expressing exuberance, than mere multiplication. For what is the price paid for this "accretive" exuberance? It is *invraisemblance* and, I think, irritation. I cannot say to what extent the decoration on the Indian brass vessels to be seen at South Kensington, is typical of good or bad Indian art; but I feel convinced of this, that in the worried, tormented, hair-splitting, almost nagging ornamentation and ornateness of this decoration, you have a lower manifestation of the same characteristic to which I have been referring. Let anyone go to view them and see if he does not agree with me. Is it possible that the non-artistic Aryan is responsible for this troublesome element in Hindu art, while the best in Hindu art derives from the non-Aryan? And what is this best?—It is in architecture, a grand dignity and simplicity of line, a fine sense of proportion and effectiveness—in sculpture a healthiness of type, a fluid, almost snake-like suppleness of limb and trunk—reminiscent of the Gothic, but healthier, nobler, deeper-chested; in painting, refinement, delicacy, positiveness to sunshine and colour, cheerfulness, exuberance; in decoration, bold, sweeping designs, torrential richness of invention and happy combination—and *throughout*, conscientiousness, painstaking strenuous ardour, directing a degree of skill which is stupendous, unprecedented and unrepeatable, and directed by a reverence for greater things, which is apparent in every line, in every chisel mark, in every effort.

I said some of these things a year ago in THE NEW AGE, some months, I believe, before Dr. Coomara-

swamy's book was published, and I am glad to find that in one or two cases he has either confirmed my statements or met my objections. On p. 62, for instance, he meets my objection about the multiplication of the arms, and on p. 63 he confirms my remarks concerning the resemblance of Indian sculpture to that of the Gothic period, and draws the same distinction as I did. I should like to quote these passages in full, but I fear I have quoted too much already, and must leave it to the reader himself, who is interested, to refer to Dr. Coomaraswamy's stimulating book on his own account. He could not wish for a more sympathetic and expert guide.

Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

MR. GRANVILLE BARKER is no friend of mine. Since that night, more than four hundred nights ago (as I learn from the advertisements), when I talked with Mr. Ashley Dukes during the intervals of the first performance of "The Great Adventure," I have not seen a Barker performance at the request of the producer. It is not to be supposed that "An Actor," who reproduced one of Mr. Barker's rehearsal scenes with such verisimilitude, is responsible for this lapse of managerial courtesy; I think it is more probable that one of the attendants ("lagging," as the children do at school) told Mr. Barker that two of the critics were talking, and, in the interests of drama and discipline, Mr. Barker separated me from my friend and predecessor in this column. Whatever the reason may be, I have not been invited to see a Barker production since "The Great Adventure" was produced; I have gone privily at my own expense to see this "drama as it should be produced," and I want to record one fact of a personal nature that should be indicative of much to a careful reader. I am not a Dionysian, as "G. K. C." is; nor do I, as Mr. Cowley once said in this paper that he did, pour out libations of cheap wine to the honour of the God. Bad as our modern plays are, and most of them are unutterably bad, I am able to sit through them without recourse to the "wine which cheereth the heart of God and man." It is only at a Barker production that I go out to see a man about a dog, that the command: "Give strong drink unto him that is ready to perish" becomes imperative. If Mr. Barker wants to know what I think, without euphemism or any of the graces of speech, of his productions, let him ask his barmaids. I have "drunken, and forgotten my poverty; and I remember my misery no more"; and I write these articles for the delectation of my readers and myself. When I ope my lips, let no dog Barker.

Let no one protest that the last sentence is ungrammatical. It is good enough for a man who can write of Shakespeare: "How he could and seemingly couldn't help but flower into verse!" If anyone supposes that this sentence is a concoction of my own, let him turn to the producer's preface of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and find it therein. I suppose that the phrase means something; it probably means as much as this passage: "If he hadn't been a man of the people, if he hadn't had his living to earn, if he hadn't had more fun in him than the writing of lyric poetry will satisfy! If it was he made the English theatre, did not the theatre make him what he is—what he might be to us?" Oh, meet me at Ninny's tomb; in other words, I have been to see "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Twice have I seen it, and slung the flowing bowl.

It is easy to see, from the extracts that I have quoted, that Mr. Barker has ideas about Shakespeare, perhaps of the same nature as those "fancies about the market-cross" that obsessed Cromwell and caused him to send for the doctor at midnight. This comparison is an example of the art of periphrasis which should not be ignored. One of the ideas about Shakespeare that Mr. Barker has is this, that Shakespeare's "chief delight in this play" was in "the screeds of word-music

to be spoken by Oberon, Titania and Puck." This is not an isolated instance of Mr. Barker's predilection for Shakespeare as poet rather than as dramatist; in his preface to "Twelfth Night," he said that "to have one's full laugh at the play's comedy is no longer possible, even for an audience of Elizabethan experts." The result of this predilection is that in Mr. Barker's productions of Shakespearean comedy, the comedians are very carefully kept in their place. The laughter that burst from Shakespeare in floods is carefully measured out in a graduated glass; the lyric poetry that was no less a spontaneous expression is carefully suppressed into very blank verse recitation. Shakespeare was "a myriad-minded man"; but, of course, his plays are "units," and the only proper way to produce them is to strike an average of feeling and to raise or suppress (usually suppress) every one of the actors to that level.

For the simple truth about Mr. Barker's predilection for Shakespeare's lyric poetry is that he cannot produce it. He has neither an actor nor an actress capable of speaking lyric poetry; and, if they could and did, the "unitarian" effect of the play would be destroyed, its average level of feeling would be upset. What is the use of talking about "the screeds of word-music to be spoken by Oberon," when Mr. Dennis Neilson-Terry, who plays the part, uses all but one of the same cadences, pauses, and stresses that he used in "The Witch," where he played Martin the adulterous priest? The one exception is that, as Oberon, he does not neigh with lust; but it was obviously difficult for him to refrain from doing so, for that was the great success of his performance in "The Witch." I don't want to say anything about Titania; a thoroughly undistinguished performance cannot be criticised. But, Puck? What the devil have "screeds of word-music" to do with Shock-headed Peter, who gabbles and shouts his way through the play at such a rate that half his words are unintelligible, and who relies on pantomime tricks of entrance and exit for causing laughter? It would be a "fault to Heaven" if the spirit of the comedy of this play were to be suppressed so that the lyric portion of it should be emphasised; but to offer us only a few very depressed comedians, and no lyric poetry, is to reduce Shakespearean comedy to nonentity. Yet Mr. Barker can speak of Shakespeare being "so recklessly happy" in writing this lyric verse!

But the fairies have reduced even Mr. Barker to modesty. "Lacking genius," he says, "one considers first how not to do a thing." I submit that, in spite of the preface, Mr. Barker has not gone beyond that stage. For if there is one thing that the idea of fairies does convey to us at this time, it is not diminutiveness, it is evanescence; and Mr. Barker has piled fallacy on fallacy to make evanescence impossible to his fairies. They could not vanish—no, not if the Board school man appeared. In the first place, they are made to look like an advertisement of somebody's gold-paint: Mr. Barker has discovered that fairies in Shakespeare's time were gilded, so, although this is not Shakespeare's time, the fairies are supposed to be Shakespeare's and are golden. Some of them are not merely golden, but are really substantial—as substantial as a militant Suffragette. But lest these golden apparitions should suggest evanescence to a poverty-stricken audience, Mr. Barker roots them to the stage. The trains of Oberon and Titania are massed like groups of statuary, in which no movement is visible or audible but the laryngeal motion of the fairy King and Queen. The fairy that meets Puck in the first act comes on with twiddling steps, each twiddle carefully numbered and measured. Never were there such deadly serious fairies, or fairies that more resembled a barbaric Savings Bank.

But whatever they looked like or suggested, there is always music to express the quality that we now associate with fairies. Mendelssohn at least did not suppose that the fairies were Shakespeare's peculiar property or that they were typical inhabitants of Eliza-

bethan England. I like English folk-song as well as most people do: it is so expressive of the good old grouchy Anglo-Saxon. But the language that it speaks is not that of fairy-land; natural enough to Bottom the Weaver and his friends, its rhythm and idiom are barbarous jargon for fairies. The contrast between not only the two states of mind, but between the two states of musical feeling must be apparent to everyone; the scenes between Titania and Bottom show that it was not invisible to Shakespeare. But the incongruous humour of Bottom in fairyland is lost when the fairies sing the songs that Bottom would sing (if he could) and dance the dances that he has seen on the village green. Folk-song and dance are very well in their way for English people; but fairies "come from the farthest steppe of India" have a musical idiom different from that of Elizabethan England. Yet it is only in English folk-song and dance that they indulge at the Savoy; and to the imaginative eye, they are clothed in smock-frocks, and to the natural ear, their footsteps sound as faintly as those of a navvy.

Try as he may, Mr. Barker cannot produce a performance of Shakespeare that rises above the level of an amateur production except in stage management. He makes it impossible for any one of his actors to speak his lines as though they were natural to him. It might be interesting to produce the play so that it expressed what Shakespeare meant by it, if only we knew what he did mean; although this assumption is based on the fallacy that art is didactic, and therefore that the art of the interpreter is the art of misrepresentation. But to impose a mental conception on an imaginative creation, to prohibit the reproduction of the very spirit that gave birth to the play, to reduce his actors to such a state that each can only say his little piece and depart, hoping that the audience will regard it as comical or lyrical, as the case may be, is evidence of such stupidity that Mr. Barker is revealed as the lineal descendant of Quince. Comedy, particularly Shakespearean comedy, is impossible to him, because he lacks the fullness of spirit from which it arises; and poetry, with its demand on every musical sense, is alien to the withered virginity of Mr. Barker's soul.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

"THE NEW AGE" AND THE PRESS.

Sir,—The South African papers, the "Cape Times," in particular, continue to discuss the National Guilds proposals. The Rev. R. Balmforth writes in reply to a challenge: "I would have undertaken to bring a Bill into Parliament for the incorporation of Trade Unions by which strike-breakers would be legislated out of existence, and every worker made a certificated member of his industrial group, paying his trade dues as an industrial citizen, and getting his trade benefits through his group or union." Mr. Dean also further expounds the Guild ideas with much ability. In the "Carpenter and Builder," apropos of Mr. Penty's articles in your columns, the following remark is made: "It is in the direction of trade guilds that the best thought in advanced industrial circles is tending." Mr. Chiozza Money in the "New Statesman" of March 14, discusses the Guild proposals somewhat academically under the title of the "Delimitation and Transmutation of Industries." His fear appears to be that the Guild system would stereotype industries both as regards their area and the numbers employed in them. A discussion of this point should be undertaken by your readers, I think. In the "Sphere," "C. K. S.," who recently said he would not read THE NEW AGE any more, comments on a note by "R. H. C." He explains the press boycott of your journal as due to the sensitiveness of newspaper proprietors and editors, for THE NEW AGE, he says, is often "frank and disagreeable." How these people do associate words incongruously! To be frank is precisely not to be disagreeable, I should have thought. But we well understand that what the press wants is "Current Cant," a feature, by the way, which "C. K. S." declares is one of the best in existing journals.

PRESS-CUTTER.

THE POSTAL TELEGRAPH SERVICE.

Sir,—Although I attach little weight to the writings of one who attacks particular persons under cover of a nom-de-plume, I have considerable respect for that body of thought in which THE NEW AGE takes such a fine lead, and therefore could wish, acting independently as one of the maligned Executive of "A Postal Worker," to offer some comments on the excellently drawn-up article of our critic appearing in your last issue.

Failure in Trade Union action carries as a natural corollary criticism of the Executive. It has done so in the case of the Holt Scandal. The Postal Executives do not complain. But I think most of my colleagues would plead guilty with me to nursing a very human grievance. We want to meet "A Postal Worker" and his peers in the open, and we are not likely to get the chance.

"A Postal Worker" asserts, without offering anything in support, that "Postal workers were led as lambs to the slaughter"; that the Postal "leaders" were guilty of procrastination and deceit; and that the National Joint Committee have dishonestly used executive powers. The reference to tea with Mr. Samuel, the lickspitting to Mr. Hobhouse and N. W. Durham merely reveal the colour touch of an old hand.

In the absence of argument from the critic we must assume that he is led to these charitable thoughts by consideration of the fact that the Postal Executives "decided to postpone action until Parliament met."

But surely the real cause of such "postponement" is to be found in the words of "A Postal Worker" himself. "The prospect of a Postal strike taking place was, and still is, as remote as that of the Postal workers getting one farthing of their fifteen per cent. demand." "We know that the suggestion of resisting the application of its findings would be so much blather, for the strength was not there with which to do it." If these things are true, will "A Postal Worker" suggest what alternative course, other than making the fullest use of the wretched Parliamentary machine, an Executive could take?

Then the critic exposes the dastardly attempt of his unpaid servants, half of whom at least must retire at the forthcoming conference, to wreck the future of his and their union. It is surely a wonderful deduction that criticism of a suggested amalgamation, a criticism to which members are entitled from the experience of an Executive, should mean that the sole desire held is to foist paid officials on the Society. The existence of such paid officials, by the way, was under consideration by both the bodies now united in the Postal and Telegraph Clerks' Association, and was laid down as an integral part of the union when the scheme was voted upon.

The weakness of our friend and of all similar critics is excellently shown when he proceeds to contrast the immediate practical programme of an Executive with the ideals which inspire, as an ultimate end, a small minority of members. Can "A Postal Worker" imagine the membership he so flatteringly describes stepping right into Guild control? Surely the existence of joint boards is an evolutionary step.

What a pity the resolutions on our agenda which call for a Postal M.P. in each and every one of the Parliamentary parties were not put alongside those given as intended to fetter the bold, bad Parliamentary aspirants!

It is easy to see, Sir, what is wrong with "A Postal Worker." He has never been on the Executive of a Postal Union. I have, for just one year. Long enough to learn that the majority of my executive colleagues have ideals equal to any advanced in the resolutions quoted by our critic. I make the quite modest claim to them myself. Certainly the obvious ideas contained in the Glasgow resolution quoted were presented to Conference by myself six years ago, and have been revoiced ever since. My colleagues, moreover, are *working* towards these ideals, not *talking* about them. But when an executive is presented with a capitalistic blunderbuss like the Holt Report, with the full force of the Parliamentary system behind it, the ideals of the individuals which compose it, and the fact that its members in conference assembled have *declared* and reiterated for Guild control, to *formulate* a strike policy, and against all capitalistic tricks, are found to be useless as weapons. We found ourselves in hard fact supported by the spirit which is truly described but rather undervalued by "A Postal Worker." The rest is history.

I would assure your readers, however, that anyone with an inside knowledge of Postal Unionism and of its peculiar enemies is not disheartened by the present spirit of postal workers. Results in the past are not so bad as painted by our critic, and when "A Postal Worker"

and his friends turn to their true missionary sphere among their fellows, things will move quickly. Meanwhile, we must hope that the difference between propaganda on the conference floor and actual working in Postal Unionism will be more appreciated by those who naturally find the pace slow.

If "A Postal Worker" honours me with a consideration of the views I have expressed, he will, if unkind, suggest that I merely defend my tribe, that the environment of a year has damaged me, and even that I seek advertisement. If he is kind, if he merely means business, he will drop his cover and meet those he criticises in the proper place at Easter. I look forward to meeting him.

N. A. LARSEN.

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A CORRECTION.

Sir,—Permit me to correct your printer of the article, "The Postal Telegraph Service," appearing in your last issue.

In the first resolution down for Leeds (Postal), "intolerable to the workers" should obviously read "tolerable." The last extract given in the article is one resolution made up of two parts, not two resolutions.

A POSTAL WORKER.

* * *

THE "DAILY HERALD" LEAGUE.

Sir,—At the London Delegate Conference of the "Daily Herald" League, held on March 16, the resolution set forth below was unanimously agreed to. The conference would be greatly obliged to you if you can find space for it:—

"That this meeting of London delegates of the 'Daily Herald' League, held at 220, Blackfriars Road, S.E., on March 16, greatly deplores the attitude of the 'Limit' Company in their continued autocratic conduct in refusing the right of the 'Daily Herald' League to act in accordance with the original intention of its formation—i.e., as an independent autonomous body to support the 'Daily Herald,' uncontrolled by any private interests."

E. J. DIXON,

Hon. Sec. to the London Committee.

* * *

THE TURKISH PARTIES.

Sir,—Having conceived no slight respect for S. Verdad's opinions from long perusal of his usually statesmanlike and lucid articles, I am dismayed to find him writing as a bitter partisan. In your issue of the 18th inst. he has written: "The Young Turks, having parcelled out Asia Minor among European concessionaires, are now relieving their slothful and corrupt existence at Constantinople by instigating attacks on men like Sherif Pasha and Sadik Bey, whose only fault is that they are patriots and object to the intrigues of an unworthy and corrupt pack of scoundrels." This is not only grossly unfair, but also untrue. The Young Turks—the term is rather loose, but I suppose the writer means the present Turkish Cabinet—did not grant the various concessions he refers to out of gaiety of heart, but as a result of the financial boycott, as the sole means of keeping the Turkish army clothed and fed and properly equipped for the defence of Turkey. Whatever may be thought of Talaat Bey, of Enver Pasha and Jemal Pasha—to name but three of them—no one could call them slothful; and their honesty—described as "lack of knowledge of affairs"—has caused diplomatists to wring their hands on more than one occasion. I do not say that their administration, in integrity, would compare favourably with that of England, for example; but I do say most decidedly that it is superior in that respect to any previous Turkish administration. To assert that Sherif Pasha is obnoxious to them only because he is "a patriot and objects," etc., is to ignore the fact that he contributed large sums of money towards, and was one of the chief organisers of, a conspiracy which resulted in the assassination of Mahmud Shevket Pasha, and aimed at the "extermination" (the very word used in the circular or pamphlet which he issued at the time) of the Unionist Turks. It is not unnatural that the latter should regard him therefore as a doubtful patriot. But is it proved that the "attacks" on him are the work of the Turkish Government? I know that at the time of Mahmud Shevket's death a number of private individuals, mad with indignation, vowed to devote their lives to killing him. Most of them have probably forgotten their vow by this time, but a few fanatics may be true to it. The men I speak of were in no sense under

Government control. I do not know Sherif Pasha, but I do know several of his friends, and love them personally, for they are charming people. But I hate their politics, as a pro-Turk, and for this reason: that they would rather Russia took Constantinople than they would see an independent, thriving Turkey ruled by others than themselves. S. Verdad would seem to share their standpoint. I submit that, in his view which I have quoted, he is writing not as an impartial Englishman, but as the most embittered of reactionary Turks. The Young Turks have many faults, no doubt—I am not prepared to back them up through thick and thin, and much deplore the spectacle of any Englishman thus backing any party here or elsewhere—but they are not the monsters he depicts them, as compared with their opponents.

MARMADUKE PICKTHALL.

ARISTOCRACY AND MR. LUDOVICI.

Sir,—I believe that, on the whole, I understand what Mr. Ludovici means. I had asked him whether he meant that what is common to men is less important than what is not common, and to that question he replied first by another ("Important for what?"), and then by explaining what this countering question implied. And he explained it so clearly that the best way of advancing the discussion to its next position will be for me first to answer his question, and then to follow his example to the extent of proceeding mainly by further questions, whose gravity I believe he will recognise at least as readily as I recognised the gravity of his own.

To his question, "Important for what?" the answer is, "Good life."

But Mr. Ludovici would probably not rest content with that answer, and for this reason. He imagines (I) the Human Race, and divides that into (a) Civilised Men and (b) Barbarians. He also imagines (II) Human Life in general, and divides that into departments, one of which is "the department of life known as politics." He goes even further by speaking of "civilised men equipped for a certain function in the political world," for he seems to subdivide the "department" of politics into this "function" and that.

So my first question to him is: (1) On what principle do you distinguish "functions" within the "department of life known as politics"?

The importance of this question will be especially evident from what he himself says earlier in his letter, where he asks: "What are those differences which become important in classifying man, let us say, for the two callings of brewer's drayman and medical man respectively?" For it seems from this that to be a brewer's drayman is to perform a "certain function in the political world." If so,

(2) Does the brewer's drayman perform any other function in the political world?

Next, Mr. Ludovici does not make himself quite clear to me when he says: "If the democrat, with his belief in equality, maintains that that which is common to all men in a state of barbarity—say, the soul, the usual complement of limbs, etc.—is more important in classifying men for civilised political life than, let us say, the qualities of ruler and subject (which generically are negligible, I suppose), then I maintain that he is concealing essential differences, from the standpoint of civilised humanity, beneath a generalisation derived from man as a genus." I am not certain of his meaning here, because I do not believe he intends to imply that "the qualities of ruler and subject" are not present among "men in a state of barbarity." So that I shall next ask him:

(3) Are you classifying men historically or logically?

If (a) historically, then do you mean that "the qualities of ruler and subject" are not present among "men in a state of barbarity"?

If (b) logically, in what precisely is the life of civilised men more important than that of barbarians?

That is enough for one letter, especially as I do not want Mr. Ludovici to tire of a controversy in which there is already a promise of our coming to some definite conclusion.

R. COX.

WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE.

Sir,—In your "Notes of the Week" of your issue of January 22 last you "damn" the statement of a certain lecturer that women's descent into industry is inevitable and could be replaced by no alternative.

Although I am well acquainted with the unmitigated contempt in which you hold woman, I venture to question

how else one can account for the inrush of women into the *working* world than by the drift of economic events. Surely none but the wilfully myopic can fail to see that women did not trip into the rough, untrodden ways out of curiosity, but were *forced* into them. (From your own point of view, it would be altogether too much to credit them with any thought-out motive for doing so.)

A little above the condemnation, referred to, you label Olive Schreiner as "a traitor to women" and a "Witch." Now, whether you consider Olive Schreiner a wordy "champion of women," or an audacious dabbler in authorcraft, you cannot help recognising in her a perfectly honest mind groping along the path of progress—however small the mind and narrow the path. If the view is a mistaken one, the viewer still neither betrays nor bewitches.

It seems naïve of a Lilliput to remind a Brobdingnagian, dwelling on a pinnacle of good sense and intellectual honesty, of an elemental principle—yet otherwise rare, and strange, and odd things would not be

SIMPLICISSIMUS.

SUPERFLUITY.

Sir,—In a recent issue we were once more treated to a perfect orgy of feminine "logic" of the worst type—under the title of "The Superfluous Women's Suffrage Week." A four years' admirer of your attitude upon the economic (Guild-Socialistic) side of life, I cannot but deplore the second-rate talent you employ for certain other sides of life. What, sir, are we to think of the *book reviews* of such a contributor as "A. E. R.," when we see her (I cannot believe it is one of my own sex!) amazing assumptions in such special signed articles as that mentioned above? "Man made the country and woman made the town"! May we, as mere readers, be permitted to know on what revelation "A. E. R." bases this calm statement? Have I, for instance, not an equal case for asserting, "Man wrote the articles on Guild Socialism, woman the book reviews"? What would "A. E. R." have us do? How would "A. E. R." have us treat the women who have the misfortune to be in this world? Till we learn somewhat in this way of "A. E. R.'s" views we are tempted to judge "A. E. R." as "A. E. R." judges H. G. Wells—as a little (feminine?) god who started "looking at the world" a few years ago. A terrible thought strikes me—it has support, too, in past pseudonymities who have contributed to your paper—can we be at all certain that "A. E. R." Alfred E. Randall, and Mrs. Beatrice Hastings are not all one firm—are, in fact, not one and the same great personality? If it be *not* so, I appeal to "A. E. R." to enlighten your readers. Meanwhile let your cobbler stick to his (?) last, and review books under the safer heading of "Views and Reviews."

W. H. CROOK.

[Mr. Randall replies: I must decline controversy with Mr. Crook for the following reasons, which I am sure will meet with his approval. He is altogether too formidable an antagonist for me. The extensive range of his knowledge is evidence of an inquiring and persevering mind; and his astonishing array of facts is no less remarkable than the acumen manifested in his deductions from them. His power of critical divination is marvelous; and his literary skill I can admire and envy, but cannot emulate. I feel that THE NEW AGE is unworthy of such a communication, and I suggest that it would be made more properly to one of our learned societies. I regard it is an unmerited compliment that so profound a thinker and distinguished a writer as Mr. Crook is should have deemed my article worthy even of correction; and I assure him, and express my gratitude with the assurance, that he has revealed aspects of this question which would otherwise have been invisible to me.]

FEMINISM.

Sir,—It is always pleasing to a sensible woman to find that a man can be as foolish as the most hysterical of the Pankhurst party. Your correspondent "B. H." forestalled me last week by making several of the same comments on Sir Harry Johnston's utterances that I had proposed making; but there is one point in this singular address to which I wish to draw attention. For it is so peculiarly *characteristic* of the effect that the Female Suffrage obsession appears to have upon the average male intelligence, robbing the owner of the common sense, sense of proportion and moderation, that he probably exhibits in other directions. That is, I believe, the fact as regards Sir Harry Johnston, the "explorer."

Of course, ever since I found that a young and good-looking Society lady (with a wealthy father) was hailed

as a "great explorer," and invited to read a paper before half a dozen geographical, etc., societies, my views with regard to exploring remote lands are not precisely upon the same reverential level as they were when I read of Stanley's fine exploring; real exploring that! [By the way, it would be interesting to hear the criticism of the late H. M. Stanley upon his brother explorer, "Sir Harry Johnston on Female Suffrage."] There is, it seems, a body called "The Votes for Women Fellowship," and at a meeting of the Sisterhood at Kingsway Hall last week Sir Harry Johnston's remarks evoked intense enthusiasm.

Now, will the readers of THE NEW AGE kindly waste—yet it is *not waste*, for it offers one more proof of the melancholy effect of this "obsession" upon a male person of presumably ordinary intelligence in other departments of life—ten minutes in a study of this gentleman's words? After saying that the Woman's Suffrage Movement was championed by quite as many men as women, it was, he declared, "opposed, or, at any rate, not actively helped by a considerable minority of articulate women. It is true that the more prominent anti-Suffragists amongst women—those that are able to write to the papers and get their letters inserted or to attack the enfranchisement in their books—is very small, perhaps not exceeding thirty. Some of these women are paid—that is to say, derive their livelihood from this treachery to their sex; they receive a salary for being anti-Suffragists. But a few of them do it from an unconscious perversity of mind." I stop here, because the remainder of this remarkable address, that "these perverse anti-Suffragists are notable examples of that masculinity of mind which is gratified by the intellectual caresses which they (the perverse owners) receive for going over to the enemy," is such an exquisite farrago of nonsense that I forbear to print it. Why men, even anti-Suffragist men, should want to bestow their "intellectual caresses" upon the perverse "masculine" female anti-Suffragists, I can't for the life of me make out. Are we to assume that Sir Harry Johnston has two sorts of "caresses" to give away? Perhaps when he is again in one of his lucid, level-headed moments, as, for instance, at the Kingsway Hall, would he mind telling us which sort he bestows upon his Suffragette acquaintances? I mean, of course, the young and pretty ones. But it is with the italicised portion that I wish to deal here. It will be seen that within the space of a few short lines he brings a set of charges against not as he so untruly, so deliberately untruly says, a minority of women, but as he perfectly well knows, the great mass of decent living, well behaved women in this country to-day. Sir Harry Johnston, I presume, even if he has lived amongst the Negrotese or whatsoever tribes he has "explored" will hardly deny that in spite of agitations unspeakable, parallel in their shamefulness to nothing known in the civilised history of this country, in spite of demonstrations, of thousands of pounds wasted and in sensational exploits, the great mass of sane, educated, and I declare absolutely from my own inquiries, of industrial women, are solidly opposed to "Woman's Suffrage." Does Sir Harry Johnston deny this? Does he pretend that if the majority of women wanted Woman's Suffrage, Parliament, or Asquith, or any other force could stop it? Consequently, we women composing the great and overwhelming majority of the Nation's Womanhood, are treacherous to our sex and "perverse." Surely, if there were no other reason for opposing Woman's Suffrage, the fact that its support and approval produces in the ordinary male a condition of mind so abnormal that he has no hesitation in branding the great mass of women as "perverse" and "treacherous," is in itself a sufficiently strong one, and the case of Sir Harry Johnston is no isolated effect; it is the inevitable one. Probably any other obsession might have equally strange, unbalanced effects. Still even a vegetarian obsession has led to no very serious consequences unless Mr. Bernard Shaw in his earlier and less commercially important days; but this, as Mr. Kipling says, is another story. No other apparently stifles a man's sense of proportion, his courtesy, and respect for his country women, perfectly blameless, except that they differ from Sir Harry Johnston on an acutely controversial political, I was going to say academical, question, and his sense of truth, to say nothing of his sense of humour. Continue to examine what Sir Harry Johnston thought it good enough to tell excited, wildly unreasonable, women. As regards the allegation that anti-Suffragists are paid—as Sir Harry Johnston is perfectly aware, there are not half-a-dozen paid lecturers belonging to the anti-Suffragist Society: indeed, our grievance is that the Society does so little, considering the dangerous activity of the enemy and the enormous sums paid to support

this campaign of violence and intimidation and salaries to the leaders and officials—I don't even trouble to discuss the matter. But what I want to point out to every thoughtful man and woman reading this paper who is not hopelessly, passionately prejudiced is this. Note that Sir Harry Johnston's taunt is that there are only about thirty women sufficiently "prominent" to get their letters, etc., inserted in the papers. If you searched the world through, could you find anything more typical of the age in which we live, more absolutely characteristic of the standard of life and character that prevails to-day, not amongst the uneducated or half-baked "democrat," but amongst persons of presumably some social standing and education.

For the first time, I suppose, in the history of social manners, it is held as a matter of reproach by a public speaker, that women are still sufficiently sane and conscientious to be continuing to do their work in the world, quietly doing their duty when they might be sufficiently "prominent," by which Sir Harry Johnston means "notorious" à la Suffragette school of language and manners, to be writing to the papers, pestering the editors, boring and disgusting readers, with their "views" and "sufferings," and exploits as hooligans in smashing windows, slashing pictures and, policemen, burning mansions, and the rest of the versatile programme. The miserable "perverse" women instead of achieving immortality in Suffragette circles, are carrying on their work in the world, maintaining the home, rearing the children, nursing the sick, caring for the aged, and the afflicted when they might be careering about the streets doing mischief and injury wherever they go, dragging with them young girls who should be at home, with, of course, the noblest of motives—subjecting the unfortunate men who happen to differ from them on a political question, and who are only doing their duty, to outrageous persecutions the like of which, as I say, we have never seen in the political life of this country, even at times when men really groaned under oppression, in place of as now when women are treated with an indulgence that many—indeed I may venture to say, being through some of my columns, in touch every week with large numbers of educated working women—that most women feel to be wholly wrong, and that would never be granted if a woman occupied the place that the ill-used Mr. McKenna does!

As I say, I know nothing on earth about Sir Harry Johnston, and apart from his existence on the Suffragette platform, with Miss Lena Ashwell and Mrs. Pethick Lawrence, he may be a reasonable and fair-minded member of Society. If so, I must repeat, have we not one more illustration of the disastrous effect upon a man's moral, mental, and emotional being, when he puts "Woman's Suffrage," as the aim and object, and be-all and hope-all of Life, and Life's wider and nobler issues and outlooks are seen through the distorting, cramping, narrowing obliquity of the obsessed Suffragette—of whichever sex it is.

FRANCES H. LOW.

* * *

PRESENT-DAY CRITICISM.

Sir,—I have been asked by a friend to bring the writer of "Present-day Criticism" to expound and demonstrate his stricture that Wordsworth's "Ode on Immortality" "contains all elements for success, each of these successively being lost."

Personally, I cannot agree with that writer that Coleridge is a second-rank poet. If he had written that Spencer, Shakespeare, Milton, etc., were inspired by the Seraphim, and Coleridge by the Cherubim, I could have agreed with him. For "The Ancient Mariner" and the first part of "Christabel" are the inspired and embodied imaginations of childhood; nor have I found elsewhere so vivid a presentation of the glamour of things as seen through the lens of young and pure eyes. Inspiration is never second rate. Child beauty is not second-rate beauty. There is one beauty of the flower; there is another beauty of the fruit.

I cannot agree with Mr. Caldwell Cook's assertion that Shakespeare contains the whole of Milton. Milton's genius is unique, like every other genius. Mr. Caldwell Cook's "Play Way" articles are excellent.

E. H. VISIAR.

* * *

Sir,—“Present-day Criticism” of this week embraces a truth which it was my good fortune to see demonstrated in an East-end music-hall a few nights ago. It is indeed the “vulgar rich” who not only create ugliness and depress the people, but insult their souls into the bar-

gain. My experience was this: I sat in the sixpenny pit of an East-end music hall and saw a working-class audience bored to irritation for nearly two hours by an insane medley called a "Revue." They did not like it a bit. The house was dead, and there was no applause. Towards the end of this "entertainment," when the audience was becoming dangerously restless, one of the artists came out on a "front-cloth" and played an exquisite violin solo. The result was astounding; he almost, literally, brought the "house" down, and had to give three solid encores. The music he played was classical. Now why should Stoll and the rest of the big variety tradesmen *deliberately underestimate the intelligence of the people?* These "Revue" are simply being slung at suburban music-hall audiences, just because they happen to please the decadent patrons of the "Hippodrome." On top of this, the suburban halls only get a second-rate company. At the hall in question they have had five or six of these West-end "Revue," and another is booked for next week. Is it not possible that the principle underlying this incident runs without exception through the whole of our society, reaching its extreme form in such filth-rags as the "Mirror" and the "Sketch"? One thing I am at least convinced of, that the people are in the claws of vampires. "Present-day Critic" says the thing in one line, "Squalor has not yet reached the heart of the people" (my italics).

ARTHUR F. THORN.

* * *

CUBISM.

Sir,—In my letter on the above subject, which you were kind enough to find space for, I referred to Cubism as "the dregs of the Renaissance" squeezed dry. On reflection I find that this admission is far too generous. The Renaissance was the gift of Athens to humanity. Cubism, I am now convinced, like Christianity, has its origin in Jerusalem. It is distinctly an Oriental cult: for is it not written "Thou shalt not make unto thyself any graven image: nor the likeness of anything that is in the heavens above, or in the earth beneath, or in the waters that are under the earth"? And verily I say unto you, by the piper that played before Moses, Cubism is the fulfilling of the Law.

The treatment accorded to this great movement by a section of our Art-Journalists (I believe that is the neocognomen of the old-time Critic) makes the judicious grieve and moves the cynical to ribaldry. By the mass, with the exception of the lion-hearted Ludovici, they are as coy as maidens, as they toy with their new-fangled jargon of neologisms, such as *abstract-art*, *space-shyness*, *content*, *rhythm*. Poor creatures, they seem absolutely afraid of saying anything definite, or of coming to any conclusion on the subject. Without a doubt the Cubists have succeeded in establishing a funk: whether by physical threat or force of intellect, I know not, and the Art-Journalist, like unto Agag, steps delicately in their presence and takes heed unto his ways.

Speaking only for myself, I am convinced that no intelligent being, much less an Art-Journalist, could understand the true intent and meaning of these "abstractions" without a personal explanation from the artist himself: and six months afterwards, after they have been forgotten by the public, I feel in my own mind that they would be equally unintelligible to their creators. It is a wise child, they say, that knows its own father; and, contrariwise, it is an acute Cubist who, after a decent interval, could reconstruct his own particular reticulations.

The British Museum authorities have supplied guides to their treasure-house for the benefit of visitors. The Cubists, as they progress towards their inevitable extinction, had better hasten to do the same; but, like all the truly great, let them cultivate a modest demeanour, and not refer us back for a parallel to their jigsaw puzzles to those glorious achievements of man's skill and intellect that erstwhile adorned the palaces and temples of Memphis and Hecatompylos.

Is it possible that they have discovered the fourth dimension? If so, mankind must evolve "larger other eyes" than those we have been supplied with: an article which Helmholtz declared, that, if he had given an order for it, he would have returned it to the artificer as a piece of defective workmanship. I am not an artist; I am not even an Art-Journalist; I am simply a unit of that patient goose-necked public which planks down its shilling at the entrance of picture-galleries for the privilege of viewing the wares displayed upon the walls. In company with the rest, I cackle and quack my own little silly

appreciations and disapprobations. I go to have my intellect stimulated, my sense of beauty appealed to, my æsthetic emotions gratified, my artistic taste educated, my soul elevated, my mind refined.

The other day I came, and saw, and was overcome by Cubism with a sense of unutterable despair. "This is no place for me!" I cried. "Back, back to auntie's drawing-room, and the dear old mid-Victorian floral carpet, and the water-colours by Copley Fielding and Noah's Ark Cooper on the walls!" Of a truth, Mr. Editor, I am grieved for the Cubist, and my bowels of compassion yearn towards him, as for mine own little brother. To think of the prostitution of so much decent talent, and the beclouding of so many bright intellects, the young, the brave, the beautiful, emasculating their abilities on the altar of this terrible goddess.

"... Ego adolescens, ego ephebus, ego puer,
Ego guminasi fui flos, ego eram decus olei."
Catullus, Attis, ll. 63-64.

Oh! when I was a boy at the slade,
I was easily top of my grade;
Both in charcoal and chalk
I was cock of the walk,
And in oils the first pick on parade.

Once the glory and pride of the school,
I have turned out a Futurist fool,
And the paint from my tube
I expend on a cube
That I've drawn with a compass and rule.

Far better were it then, as others used, to ply the homely, slighted advertiser's trade. To be an honest, horny-handed son of artistry, producing those pictures of pretty girls whose brilliant complexions are solely owing to the use of Pears' soap, and those placards of bearded pashas whose ample circumambient cummerbunds are lined with the contents of bottles containing Captain White's Oriental Pickles; or, failing this, let the Cubist obtain a pitch on the pavement, alongside of his fellow-scrievers, and become a pavement artist. But no, hand in hand with his fantastic marionettes, wrapped in the solitude of his own diseased imagination, he treads the measure of his *danse macabre* the way to dusty death.

HAROLD B. HARRISON.

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