NOTES OF THE WEEK.

There are plenty of signs that the Home Rule Bill is now practically an agreed measure. Ever since Sir Edward Carson's invitation to the Government and the Nationalists to "come and win Ulster," the process of conversion (it deserves the name) has been going on. The case we presented some weeks ago was, indeed, unanswerable if we were to credit Ulster with any patriotism. It is not the fact, as we said, that Home Rule is a necessity to Ireland that counts with us at all; but the fact that Home Rule for Ireland is a necessity for Ulster. The Bill, in short, deserves better to be called a Bill for the Self-Government of England than the chance of gain. For one thing, the existence of a standing army of sorts in Ulster was an admirable swan; and the event goes to show that it is not Ulster that needs to fear her fate under Home Rule, but the rest of Ireland.

In the vein of comedy (for all is now comedy in the situation), we cannot restrain a regret that the Ulster bluff will now never be called. We can well believe what we have heard that nobody has been more surprised and amused by its success than Ulster. But the illusion has been well sustained. Correspondents, reputable and disreputable, have been on the spot and reported the drillings and preparations with photographs of the same. Thousands of leaders have appeared in our newspapers and thousands of speeches have been delivered, all to the effect that Ulster was arming and would be ready to put up a bloody campaign against professional troops. In the meantime, however, except for these reports, nothing unusual could be detected by the most careful eye. Business proceeded in the accustomed fashion, men married and gave in marriage, society functions were as well attended as ordinarily, and, from all we have learned, not even the friendliness of the Protestants and Catholics of Ulster who were soon to be at each others' throats (vide Press) was disrupted or so much as strained. When in a sullen tone Sir Edward Carson besought us to walk delicately lest Ulster should fly into a rage and drive the English into the sea; when we were told that, but for hopes of the withdrawal of the Bill still entertained, Ulster was arming and would be ready to put up a bloody campaign against professional troops. At the same time, it did seem strange that in the meanwhile Ulster was so quiet. The very newspaper correspondents who had been commissioned to draw the foregoing picture could not but contrast what would be with what was and comment on the sinister calmness of Ulster. Even Mr. Hamilton Fyfe, newly back from Mexico and ready to furnish a cinema drama to order, could make nothing palpable of Ulster; when we were told that, but for hopes of the withdrawal of the Bill still entertained, Ulster, now straining and frothing on the leash, would break her teeth and be at us; we were half disposed to have our cinemadrama to order, could make nothing palpable of Ulster; when we were told that, but for hopes of the withdrawal of the Bill still entertained, Ulster, now straining and frothing on the leash, would break her teeth and be at us; we were half disposed to have our...
make our flesh creep; and the case with which she has done it is now humiliating to us. The New Age, it is true, is said to be general, and we have never been able to reconcile the paradox of an Ulster at once militant and mum. But we bewail the fate of whatever respectable English opinion has been deluded.

The formal terms of the coming compromise are not, we gather, yet drawn up; but we believe they will follow the lines laid down at the Conference of Eight held in 1910. That Conference, as Mr. Asquith declared at the time, was not fruitless, though elsewhere that in the same columns its results were regarded as null. On the contrary, the precedence of the Home Rule Bill over a general scheme of Federalism was then agreed to be left to the decision of a General Election, and this, as will be remembered, was held for no other rhyme or reason in December of the same year. But the Liberals having been successful, they must be held responsible by the rules of the game to manage the succession of measures in the order fancied by them. That is to say, Home Rule was to come first and Federalism was to follow as soon as it conveniently could. It will be seen that this programme is pretty well being carried out. At the moment that Home Rule is becoming an agreed measure between the two Front Benches, the subsequent and consequent proposals of Federalism are looming into distinct Federalists now may be said, without attaching much meaning to the word; and in the haze of that agreement the detail of Irish Home Rule will, as we imagine, be largely obscured. But what is Federalism? For ourselves we have always used the term to describe, not the method, but the completed result of the method of devolution. In view of the growing complexity of Imperial problems necessarily confined to Westminster, and of the difficulties of purely English domestic politico-economics, it seems not unreasonable that the countries of Ireland, Scotland, and Wales should assume, each for itself, a defined local responsibility in relief of the responsibility of the Imperial Parliament. That, at any rate, is the general argument. On the other hand, it is by no means true that the necessity of devolution of responsibility by the case of either Scotland or England is either so urgent as in the case of Ireland, or that the same identical machinery would be suitable in all three cases. Sir Edward Carson pronounced Federalism to be dead if Irish Home Rule passed before the moment that Federalism even then will not be dead but only sleeping. Both Wales and Scotland are far from raising so vigorous a demand for Home Rule as Ireland has expressed. In neither case, further, have the Parliamentary parties used the term to describe, not the method, but the completed result of the method of devolution. There is, in short, neither a Welsh party nor a Scots party in the same emphatic sense that for half a century there has been an Irish party. Why, therefore, should Home Rule for either country be regarded by practical politicians as a necessary accompaniment of Home Rule for Ireland? There is no reason, save pedantic formalism, whatever; and in demanding that Wales and Scotland should be treated like Ireland in the matter of devolution and after the 1910 Conference, Sir Edward Carson is merely crying for company. Again, we wonder what would have been said if the Government, having first framed a Home Rule Bill for Wales, had afterwards proposed to apply it without change to Ireland! The three subject nations of England are, after all, somewhat different from each other in history, character, circumstance and condition. A Bill that fits one would be in all probability a misfit for the others; and we do not imagine that any of them would be prepared to accept the terms of the Bill, even if it were not so certain that, in any event, Federalism must be a sequential and not a simultaneous act or series of acts. Of the three countries concerned (we omit England), one must come first; and since Ireland has been the first to demand Home Rule within the limits of an ultimate Federalism, Ireland’s right to lead the way, or to be pushed into it, is indisputable. To satisfy Ulster that Scotland and Wales will one day be in the same position as Ireland, we suggest that if we have waited three years ago—the employment of a promissory Federal preamble to the Home Rule Bill. Solviur preamulando.

Before having done with the subject for this week, we may as well record our forecast of the immediate future of Home Rule. We do not anticipate any dramatic surrender on the part of Ulster. Such a capitulation would imply that Ulster had been shaming throughout. What we expect is the appearance of resistance to the last, and perhaps even beyond it; but with all the time a parallel preparation going on to make the best of Home Rule when at last Home Rule is established. And this solid sense beneath the mask of frivolity is in its turn a key to the probable consequences of the measure. In the first place, we may expect that by the time the Act comes into force Ulster, with her superior worldliness, will have organised not her own counties only, but the rest of Ireland also, for the purpose of securing to her nominees the bulk of the devolutionary offices in the Union. The Ulstermen will govern Ireland actually, if not mathematically, as certain as that Scotsmen govern England. Secondly, when this Ulster re-conquest of Ireland has been in process for some time, it is probable that the complaints will reach us here in England of the tyranny of Ulster! Yes, that, we confidently predict, will prove to be the case. Whereupon, if any response should be made by our Government to the desiring Catholic cry, Ulster will talk separation, as now she spouts Union. That all this appears improbable we not only admit, but we claim. In recent history, however, it is the ordinarily improbable that happens. Who would have thought that the Pro-Boers and the Jingoes of 1900 would exchange sentiments completely in 1913? Two, ten years hence, who all told that Nationalist Ireland was praying for Home Rule, and Ulster pleading to remain in union with England?

The attempted "seduction of the army" (a phrase pithily paraphrased by Mr. Burns as the "Rape of the lock, stock and barrel") has led to another misunderstanding than that of the officers: it has led to the use of the phrase—democratising the Army. What Mr. Ward means by it is his interview with the "Christian Commonwealth" leaves still obscure; but "Justice" takes it to mean a Citizen Army (whatever that may be), while the "Spectator" and similar journals construe it as Universal Compulsory Service—this being their resolution of "these countrymen meaning to preserve the English interests to their own local or political interests. There is, in short, neither a Welsh party nor a Scots party in the same emphatic sense that for half a century there has been an Irish party. Why, therefore, should Home Rule for either country be regarded by practical politicians as a necessary accompaniment of Home Rule for Ireland? There is no reason, save pedantic formalism, whatever; and in demanding that Wales and Scotland should be treated like Ireland in the matter of devolution and after the 1910 Conference, Sir Edward Carson is merely crying for company. Again, we wonder what would have been said if the Government, having first framed a Home Rule Bill for Wales, had afterwards proposed to apply it without change to Ireland! The three subject nations of England are, after all, somewhat different from each other in history, character, circumstance and condition. A Bill that fits one would be in all probability a misfit for the others; and we do not imagine that any of them would be prepared to accept the terms of the Bill, even if it were not so certain that, in any event, Federalism must be a sequential and not a simultaneous act or series of acts. Of the three countries concerned (we omit England), one must come first; and since Ireland has been the first to demand Home Rule within the limits of an ultimate Federalism, Ireland’s right to lead the way, or to be pushed into it, is indisputable. To satisfy Ulster that Scotland and Wales will one day be in the same position as Ireland, we suggest that if we have waited three years ago—the employment of a promissory Federal preamble to the Home Rule Bill. Solviur preamulando.

The news has just been published that for the first time in its history the United States is importing meat. Under the new Tariff, refrigerated meat is now admitted into America duty-free; and the effect of this will be two-fold. The cost of living and therefore of labour in America will be reduced; to the enhancement of the profits of the American employing classes. And, on the other hand, elsewhere in the world—in England particularly—the cost of living and therefore of labour will tend to rise at the same moment that our hold on the world-market will become comparatively relaxed. No great perspicuity is required to foresee that as a con-
sequence of these tendencies unemployment in England in the near future will spread, unless (as appears improbable) we take the field with qualitative instead of quantitative production. But the condition of qualitative, distinct from quantitative, production is well known; it is freedom and responsibility in the artisan classes. Hence it follows that the intelligent response to the challenge of America is not, as of course, our stupid Press suggests, the further reduction of wages, but the evolution of the wage system and the establishment of Guilds.

If Mr. Ramsay MacDonald thinks his decision to withdraw from his party and to form his own, is as wise a course, as we pointed out, was to dismiss their women doctors and nurses, as the result of the women’s movement. Is marriage unpopular with women because marriage is becoming more unpopular with men year by year? Or that women should marry has stirred up the question once again. Why, for instance, should they marry has stirred up the question once more? Or why should they marry, unless it is freedom and responsibility in the artisan classes. Hence it follows that the intelligent response to the challenge of America is not, as of course, our stupid Press suggests, the further reduction of wages, but the evolution of the wage system and the establishment of Guilds.

The decision of the London County Council by a majority of 70 to 30 to dismiss their women doctors should they marry has stirred up the question once more. It is quite true that marriage is becoming more unpopular with men year by year; but it is also true that women appear to be doing their utmost to accelerate the process. But whether it was the common law or the Empire should be allowed to have their say, or whether it was the common law or the Empire should be allowed to have their say, our women doctors, on the contrary, have been exercising a great influence in the field of the women’s movement. Is marriage unpopular with men because men’s wages are relatively declining? Then women will blackleg in men’s industries and reduce men’s wages still further. Is marriage unpopular with women because women desire too much “independence,” too many of men’s privileges in addition to their own, and as little home and as much public life as possible? Then they will ask for complete independence, all men’s privileges, and for unlimited publicity. To the burden that marriage places disproportionately on man in general fresh burdens are in process of being added by way of inducing him to marry in greater numbers. Such is the common logic of the women’s movement. The London County Council by its action has challenged this logic in one practical respect. If women are married they shall not be employed as well! Logic for logic one argument, we think, is quite as good as the other.

There is, of course, no slavery under the British Flag, for every schoolboy knows that it was abolished once and for all. The following advertisement, therefore, taken from the “Straits Times”; and concerning the British Straits Settlement, must be read in a Pickwickian sense—

Good healthy Javanese coolies can be delivered at once and in any quantity by the Anglo-Dutch Agency, Ltd., Sourabaya.

And this reminds us of the recent question relating to the Gilbert and Ellice Islands asked by Mr. Wedgwood of Mr. Harcourt on February 28 last. Would Mr. Harcourt consider the advisability of remitting native taxation and substituting for it another? How, then, did the phosphates monopoly of the islands? Mr. Harcourt would, of course, do nothing of the kind, for he had “no reason to think that the native taxation in the Gilbert Islands is excessive.” But what are the facts? Let us briefly recount the story. The Gilbert and Ellice Islands, lying in the South Pacific, consist of a score and more tropical islands inhabited by natives numbering at the census of 1911 rather more than twenty thousand. Until the establishment of a British Protectorate over them, the natives depended chiefly for their livelihood upon copa, which grew naturally and in abundance. But some time before our Government took possession it was discovered that several of the islands—the Gilbert and Ocean groups in particular—were rich in natural phosphates, which thousands of tons had been deposited upon the rocks. A British Company was formed, having for its chief shareholders and directors ex-officials of the British Government and their friends, and by 1898 the cultivation of the phosphates was begun. But the problem of labour was as difficult there as elsewhere in regions where the potential proletariat are able to roam at large and to live on the bounty of Nature. While, in fact, the Company went about the work of cultivation—could the Company dig their own phosphates for all the Gilbert Islanders cared. But wait a moment—a happy idea occurred to our exploiters and their Government colleagues. Suppose that the copa or dried coconut is not exported at the rate of some twenty thousand pounds' worth a year; native taxes, chiefly on copa, are levied at the rate of some three thousand pounds a year; and as well the destruction of the trees had proceeded so far, that replanting by the Government was actually necessary. All this, it may be supposed, had the desired end; and year by year the exports of phosphates increased with only such vicissitudes as drought, strike and famine cause, until by 1910 they reached a figure which in sales represented a profit to the shareholders of nearly half a million sterling; and this on an original paid-up capital of only £50,000. By agreement with the British Government the tax on the phosphates was originally fixed at sixpence a ton—a matter of something like a penny in the pound of the selling price. Subsequently, however, and after many appeals to Mr. Harcourt and his predecessors, the rate was raised to a shilling per ton, at which figure it now stands. At a shilling per ton the exports of phosphates yield in revenue between four and six thousand pounds per annum, or nearly double the amount of the native taxes. The proposal made by Mr. Wedgwood was therefore no more than to increase the phosphates tax by another sixpence, and so to dispense with the tax on the staple food of the people. And it is precisely this piece of free trade that Mr. Harcourt refuses to allow! The irony of the situation is not diminished by two small facts that have been brought to light in the Civil War. Civilisation in these islands has so advanced that there has been a strike of native workers against the Phosphate Company. More piquant still (Mr. Harcourt will scream with laughter at it!) there has been a drought; and what with the destruction of the copa trees, the export of copa and the absence of the men in the phosphate mines, the Government has actually had to provide and distribute free rice to the starving islanders! In little, we cannot help remarking, the story of these islands is the story of—these islands!
Current Cant.

"Matters of Moment."—"Daily Express."

"The good old American custom of lynching negroes is falling from favour."—Daily Mirror."

"The Cinema girl is one of the most romantic figures of our day."—Daily Sketch."

"The delight of going first-class is a composite one."—Times."

"Some chairs are made for the drawing-room, and some for the kitchen."—Clive Bell."

"What others dare not print in print."—"Ideas.""

"It was the "Times" that warned us of a noisy weekend."—Daily Citizen."

"Abolish Religion and we go back to the Stone Age."—Winston Churchill."

"Of all the wise things in our unique "Referee" Vanoc's question last Sunday, "Is it not time for Lord Kitchener to come home?" is one of the most timely."—E. Wake Cook."

"England with her green lanes and hedges, her clubs and cozy corners, her clear complexion and open, masculine faces, her sense of duty and honesty, her homeliness, sentimenality—yes, England is essentially the land of the novelist."—J. F. MacDonald in the "Fortnightly Review.""

"Why should not the film be treated as an Artistic production?"—Alan H. Maude in the "Daily Chronicle."

"Of course, the whole construction of my play, The Lights of London, will be new and elaborate. But a certain section of our young dramatic critics may not like it because it is old-fashioned melodrama, just like Hamlet and 'Macbeth,' or the Bible."—George R. Sims."

"The Church to-day is an institution of action. It not only preaches, it practises."—C. F. Higham in the "Advertising Weekly."

"True genius is uncommonly normal."—Dr. Carus."

"The appeal to reason is the method of civilisation..."—"New Weekly."

"The Holy Father last Thursday, the Feast of St. Joseph, kept his same-day for the tenth time in the Vatican. Part of the morning was devoted to conversation with his two sisters, his niece, and a nephew, who had been invited to Rome for the occasion."—The Tablet."

"March is a month that same folk do not like, because it is wont to be rather windy."—"The I.C.S. Student."

"Law and order are openly set at defiance... menaces of Syndicalism..."—Rev. R. J. Campbell."

"This photograph of the King was taken during his visit to the North, and shows him wearing a cosy bowler hat. The brim is narrow..."—Daily Mirror."

"What the King has, in fact, done has been as far as possible to prevent his subjects from flying at each other's throats."—Spectator."

"Nearly every word written by Sir Arthur Quiller Couch on the behalf of Poetry..."—Orlo Williams."

"Sir George Alexander is something of a politician."—Daily Express.

Current Cinema

"The opening of a picture hall at Toft Hill took place last week. Toft Hill is situated in a wild and mountainous part of West Durham, and hitherto the village has been without a place of amusement. What was once the Salvation Army Barracks has been transformed into a cozy picture hall."—The Stage.

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

They have found out, these newspapers of ours, that some time in the present month falls the tenth anniversary of the signing of the Anglo-French Agreement of 1904—not, however, as they wisely tell us, the tenth anniversary of the Entente Cordiale, which began in 1903, when King Edward paid his "historic" visit to Paris. His late Majesty paid several visits to Paris which were not historic, and there is so reason why our shrewd day-to-day chroniclers should suddenly pounce upon April, 1903, and sing Greek choruses to one another about its importance. In fact, they would not do so if somebody had not asked somebody else to arrange that So-and-so was mentioned in his newspaper, there's a good fellow, and we'll see that Asquith bears you in mind.

I wondered why they were doing it. That unexpected outbreak of joy and "bonds" and "mutual interests," and "peace of the world" was too well organised to be altogether fortuitous; and it was clear that the London papers as well as the Paris papers had been receiving visits from the representatives of high officials. True, the tenth anniversary of the signing of a treaty such as the Anglo-French Agreement is an event of some interest—but such events have never been treated otherwise; and, on the face of it, there was no need of those outbursts in leaded type. It was not until I heard from St. Petersburg that the thing became clear.

For the last twenty years there has been an anti-French school of politicians in Russia. I do not wish to mention names at what may prove afterwards to be a delicate juncture: close students of Russian politics will know the men I have in mind; and the others would hardly be interested by a recital of 'witches and -koffs. In the early days of this group, the anti-French bias was due largely to racial considerations. The phrase limps; I admit it. I am not prepared to say that there is not more in common between the Slav and the Gaul than between the Slav and the Teuton. The point is that this school preferred the Germans to the French; and, having made their preference, they fortified it politically by saying that a Russo-German combination would be better for both countries than a Russo-French combination. It is an arguable proposition; circumstances have decreed that it should not be carried into effect.

But of recent years these Germanophiles in St. Petersburg and Moscow have been reinforced by a quiet but not unimportant mercantile body. Industrialism is in its cradle in Russia; but there are large capitalists (oil, naphtha, gold, ship-building). It is to the financial exactions of France that these people have formed objections: they think that Russia could do better by raising internal loans and looking to the Government for considerable State assistance in developing the rising industries of the country, precisely as the German Government did with German industries after the formation of the Empire.

These recommendations, in my opinion, are unsound. I think that, financially, Russia could not have done better than she has done by borrowing money from France; I do not think she could have got it anywhere else—certainly not by "internal loans." And for the Government to support the industrial interests, even if the agricultural interests were not thereby affected, though, of course, they would be—would not but be productive of danger and discord. A country in which 85 per cent. of the "interests" are still agricultural is not one where the experiment could profitably be made. And, politically, the case for the present state of affairs is, to my mind, even stronger. If a Russo-German combination had been formed, it would have been so power-
April 16, 1914.

THE NEW AGE

Military Notes.

By Romney.

The more one reads in history, the more one becomes convinced that the chief factor of success is the possession of an active, well-instructed and intelligent officer corps. The more one sees of the peace training of modern armies, the more one realises how ill-adapted it is to the creation of such an instrument. It may be, of course, that something of what I am about to describe is inevitable, and that any reform is impossible without injury to that uniformity and cohesion upon which an army depends as much as its existence. It should be remembered, however, that so far none but the most tinkering attempts at reform have been made. Soldiers have not possessed the necessary breadth of view. Statesmen have been too ignorant of soldiering.

It should not be forgotten that the cadet who enters Woolwich or Sandhurst is intellectually above the level of his class. The stockbroker or merchant who begins business life as an office-boy, and who is fond of describing officers in general as the fools of the family, could have outwitted them at sixteen or seventeen in knavery. He most certainly could not have passed the examinations which they passed at that age, and there are probably few branches of human activity (apart from cheating) in which the cadet would not show to the better advantage. This advantage he maintains for several years more. The training as a cadet is excellent; it combines the moral, intellectual, and physical in a manner which is not to be discovered in the City. For the first few years after joining his regiment he also finds a great deal to occupy himself. The elements of discipline and tactics, and of regimental routine, will occupy his interest. It is not till the sixth or seventh year of service that the demoralising process begins.

At this age most business men or professional men of an equal standing are administrating a department, or even a business, of their own. Their energies are fully occupied, and their powers, if they have any, begin to expand. The soldier, on the other hand, is just beginning to feel cramped. His mind, if active, has already absorbed the bulk of what there is to absorb in his regimental duties. One company training is like another company training: one manoeuvre is deadly like another manoeuvre. Events of any importance are few and far between. At this point, if the officer is a "brainless" man, he begins to work for the Staff College—at which establishment, if he reaches it, his intellect will find food enough, but his power of command and management will decline. If not, he will take to a hobby—probably some game—and will probably neglect his work to indulge it longer. If, again, he be a man with no extraordinary taste for books (which are a very different thing from knowledge) and too much in love with reality to waste the whole of his life upon sport—such men frequently make the best officers—he will throw himself away on Colonial Service in Africa, will break his neck in the Flying Corps, or, worst of all, resign on a pension of £150 at the end of 15 years and try his hand at other occupations.

One begins to understand why the higher ranks of our Army so frequently fail to justify the promise of our lower. Peace service tends to something resembling an elimination of the fittest. It is difficult to propound a remedy. The company system, where it is really carried out, affords a real help. The company system is that by which the management of every company or squadron is left, as far as possible, to its commanding officer—who is allowed a free hand, subject only to the excellence of results. I have italicised this clause, because in England the company system too often means that the company officer is responsible for his
company only when something has gone wrong, and he is required as a victim to be called to account for it. At other times he is subjected to unlimited interference by everyone, from divisional generals downwards. It is true that these interferences are designed with the laudable object of preventing him from committing what appear to be mistakes; but it is equally true that a reasonable proportion of mistakes will prove invaluable when men are acting on their own, and it is only by making them that we learn to avoid them. The man who is never allowed to make a mistake in peace will more surely commit one in battle.

* * *

The occupation provided by the management of a company in a unit where the company system is really in operation will do a great deal to keep a man mentally alive. Even more useful, however, would be the secondment of every officer for a year or two's service in the Territorial Force as a company officer at some time before he attains the rank of company commander—say, whilst he is occupying the somewhat superfluous position of second captain. I say as company officer, rather than as adjutant, because the company officer is far more in touch with the reality of things. He has to learn the great lesson of the Territorial Army—the management of large numbers of comparatively untrained and undisciplined men without recourse to excessive punishment. The Territorial Army, with its lack of trained N.C.O.'s, compels the officer to get in touch with his men in a way that no Regular Army does, and though such a system has its obvious drawbacks, it would afford a useful training to every Regular. Apart from the mental and moral training, the experience of military life would be of immediate practical use to those who underwent it. The next war, like every other hitherto, will find us under the necessity of expanding our small, well-trained Army to get in touch with them.

* * *

It is suggested, also, that all officers should be given a year's leave on half-pay at, say, thirty-five. This would permit a change of scene, a freshening of ideas, a getting away from the fatal groove of military life. In former times, when leave was allotted on a liberal scale, this was not so essential. Nowadays it is very much so. Keeping men to the dreary round of garrison and station life is fatal, as the Germans have discovered before and will discover again.

**UTOPIA.**

I dreamt that all creation
Re-moulded was completely:
With youthful animation
The earth was smiling sweetly.

In every bosom gladly
The tide of life was flowing.
The very passions madly
Were laughing and howling.

Each wife with tender passion—
Her husband—was pursuing:
Each husband—"twas the fashion—
His wife was madly wooing.

Poets, their spirits quickened,
Each other's verse were quoting.
Even priests—with pleasure sickened—
On piety were doating.

The Lord, himself, so sweetly
From Heaven's height was smiling—
The fiend was charm'd completely,
And ceased from his reviling.

**EDWARD MOORE.**
fight and willing to suffer for them. A faith that can be compromised perishes. So does a faith patronised. No faith really great was ever even argued much. It was proclaimed, studied, simply, fearlessly, and took the consequences, prospering by them.

See now how Socialism stands in this country. In Parliament it avoids fighting with one party, and even backs it against the other. In the country the fights it shares in, even when they seem lost or compromised; but certain reasons are given for the Parliamentary policy, making out that it pays. Although the Liberal Party consists largely of capitalists, and is financed wholly by them, it is said to be fighting our fight. "Liberalism leads to Socialism." In spite of itself, we are to believe, Liberalism will come to be practically Socialist; therefore it had better be fought with when hostile, but ought to be backed when helpful.

I do not make the usual reply that this is playing into the hands of Liberalism, or that Liberal help is always a clever evasion of our principles and faith. These things are true, but I make a reply far stronger. It is that such a policy abandons all hope of a great result, because its impulse is both damped and diverted; but certain reasons are given for the Parliamentary policy, making out that it pays. Although the Liberal Party consists largely of capitalists, and is financed wholly by them, it is said to be fighting our fight. "Liberalism leads to Socialism." In spite of itself, we are to believe, Liberalism will come to be practically Socialist; therefore it had better be fought with when hostile, but ought to be backed when helpful.

I do not make the usual reply that this is playing into the hands of Liberalism, or that Liberal help is always a clever evasion of our principles and faith. These things are true, but I make a reply far stronger. It is that such a policy abandons all hope of a great result, because its impulse is both damped and diverted; but certain reasons are given for the Parliamentary policy, making out that it pays. Although the Liberal Party consists largely of capitalists, and is financed wholly by them, it is said to be fighting our fight. "Liberalism leads to Socialism." In spite of itself, we are to believe, Liberalism will come to be practically Socialist; therefore it had better be fought with when hostile, but ought to be backed when helpful.

I do not make the usual reply that this is playing into the hands of Liberalism, or that Liberal help is always a clever evasion of our principles and faith. These things are true, but I make a reply far stronger. It is that such a policy abandons all hope of a great result, because its impulse is both damped and diverted; but certain reasons are given for the Parliamentary policy, making out that it pays. Although the Liberal Party consists largely of capitalists, and is financed wholly by them, it is said to be fighting our fight. "Liberalism leads to Socialism." In spite of itself, we are to believe, Liberalism will come to be practically Socialist; therefore it had better be fought with when hostile, but ought to be backed when helpful.

I do not make the usual reply that this is playing into the hands of Liberalism, or that Liberal help is always a clever evasion of our principles and faith. These things are true, but I make a reply far stronger. It is that such a policy abandons all hope of a great result, because its impulse is both damped and diverted; but certain reasons are given for the Parliamentary policy, making out that it pays. Although the Liberal Party consists largely of capitalists, and is financed wholly by them, it is said to be fighting our fight. "Liberalism leads to Socialism." In spite of itself, we are to believe, Liberalism will come to be practically Socialist; therefore it had better be fought with when hostile, but ought to be backed when helpful.

I do not make the usual reply that this is playing into the hands of Liberalism, or that Liberal help is always a clever evasion of our principles and faith. These things are true, but I make a reply far stronger. It is that such a policy abandons all hope of a great result, because its impulse is both damped and diverted; but certain reasons are given for the Parliamentary policy, making out that it pays. Although the Liberal Party consists largely of capitalists, and is financed wholly by them, it is said to be fighting our fight. "Liberalism leads to Socialism." In spite of itself, we are to believe, Liberalism will come to be practically Socialist; therefore it had better be fought with when hostile, but ought to be backed when helpful.

I do not make the usual reply that this is playing into the hands of Liberalism, or that Liberal help is always a clever evasion of our principles and faith. These things are true, but I make a reply far stronger. It is that such a policy abandons all hope of a great result, because its impulse is both damped and diverted; but certain reasons are given for the Parliamentary policy, making out that it pays. Although the Liberal Party consists largely of capitalists, and is financed wholly by them, it is said to be fighting our fight. "Liberalism leads to Socialism." In spite of itself, we are to believe, Liberalism will come to be practically Socialist; therefore it had better be fought with when hostile, but ought to be backed when helpful.

I do not make the usual reply that this is playing into the hands of Liberalism, or that Liberal help is always a clever evasion of our principles and faith. These things are true, but I make a reply far stronger. It is that such a policy abandons all hope of a great result, because its impulse is both damped and diverted; but certain reasons are given for the Parliamentary policy, making out that it pays. Although the Liberal Party consists largely of capitalists, and is financed wholly by them, it is said to be fighting our fight. "Liberalism leads to Socialism." In spite of itself, we are to believe, Liberalism will come to be practically Socialist; therefore it had better be fought with when hostile, but ought to be backed when helpful.

I do not make the usual reply that this is playing into the hands of Liberalism, or that Liberal help is always a clever evasion of our principles and faith. These things are true, but I make a reply far stronger. It is that such a policy abandons all hope of a great result, because its impulse is both damped and diverted; but certain reasons are given for the Parliamentary policy, making out that it pays. Although the Liberal Party consists largely of capitalists, and is financed wholly by them, it is said to be fighting our fight. "Liberalism leads to Socialism." In spite of itself, we are to believe, Liberalism will come to be practically Socialist; therefore it had better be fought with when hostile, but ought to be backed when helpful.

I do not make the usual reply that this is playing into the hands of Liberalism, or that Liberal help is always a clever evasion of our principles and faith. These things are true, but I make a reply far stronger. It is that such a policy abandons all hope of a great result, because its impulse is both damped and diverted; but certain reasons are given for the Parliamentary policy, making out that it pays. Although the Liberal Party consists largely of capitalists, and is financed wholly by them, it is said to be fighting our fight. "Liberalism leads to Socialism." In spite of itself, we are to believe, Liberalism will come to be practically Socialist; therefore it had better be fought with when hostile, but ought to be backed when helpful.

I do not make the usual reply that this is playing into the hands of Liberalism, or that Liberal help is always a clever evasion of our principles and faith. These things are true, but I make a reply far stronger. It is that such a policy abandons all hope of a great result, because its impulse is both damped and diverted; but certain reasons are given for the Parliamentary policy, making out that it pays. Although the Liberal Party consists largely of capitalists, and is financed wholly by them, it is said to be fighting our fight. "Liberalism leads to Socialism." In spite of itself, we are to believe, Liberalism will come to be practically Socialist; therefore it had better be fought with when hostile, but ought to be backed when helpful.

I do not make the usual reply that this is playing into the hands of Liberalism, or that Liberal help is always a clever evasion of our principles and faith. These things are true, but I make a reply far stronger. It is that such a policy abandons all hope of a great result, because its impulse is both damped and diverted; but certain reasons are given for the Parliamentary policy, making out that it pays. Although the Liberal Party consists largely of capitalists, and is financed wholly by them, it is said to be fighting our fight. "Liberalism leads to Socialism." In spite of itself, we are to believe, Liberalism will come to be practically Socialist; therefore it had better be fought with when hostile, but ought to be backed when helpful.

I do not make the usual reply that this is playing into the hands of Liberalism, or that Liberal help is always a clever evasion of our principles and faith. These things are true, but I make a reply far stronger. It is that such a policy abandons all hope of a great result, because its impulse is both damped and diverted; but certain reasons are given for the Parliamentary policy, making out that it pays. Although the Liberal Party consists largely of capitalists, and is financed wholly by them, it is said to be fighting our fight. "Liberalism leads to Socialism." In spite of itself, we are to believe, Liberalism will come to be practically Socialist; therefore it had better be fought with when hostile, but ought to be backed when helpful.

I do not make the usual reply that this is playing into the hands of Liberalism, or that Liberal help is always a clever evasion of our principles and faith. These things are true, but I make a reply far stronger. It is that such a policy abandons all hope of a great result, because its impulse is both damped and diverted; but certain reasons are given for the Parliamentary policy, making out that it pays. Although the Liberal Party consists largely of capitalists, and is financed wholly by them, it is said to be fighting our fight. "Liberalism leads to Socialism." In spite of itself, we are to believe, Liberalism will come to be practically Socialist; therefore it had better be fought with when hostile, but ought to be backed when helpful.

I do not make the usual reply that this is playing into the hands of Liberalism, or that Liberal help is always a clever evasion of our principles and faith. These things are true, but I make a reply far stronger. It is that such a policy abandons all hope of a great result, because its impulse is both damped and diverted; but certain reasons are given for the Parliamentary policy, making out that it pays. Although the Liberal Party consists largely of capitalists, and is financed wholly by them, it is said to be fighting our fight. "Liberalism leads to Socialism." In spite of itself, we are to believe, Liberalism will come to be practically Socialist; therefore it had better be fought with when hostile, but ought to be backed when helpful.
They point out that if the nation embarks on this scheme—the annual cost would be from ten to fourteen million—the women's Approved Societies would be relieved of charges which are at present involving them in insolvency. This last suggestion is like asking one to set a haystack alight in order to extinguish a candle!

The logical effect of these proposals was indicated in an article in the "Westminster Gazette" a few days after the publication of the Committee's report, where reference was made to "the industry of child-bearing and child-rearing," and welcoming public assistance for women "in the performance of this their primary service," while Sidney Webb predicted more recently over a Caxton Hall meeting at which it was stated that it was not proposed to make notification of pregnancy compulsory at present.

Will no one rid us of these complacent and detestable beings? However, Mr. Sidney Webb's municipal midwife will doubtless change all that, and we seem, indeed, within measurable distance of the "new despotism" fore-shadowed by the late Mr. Stead when he predicted some years ago that, as a result of the Insurance Bill and the increased power of the doctor, the next step would be "to deprive women of the maternity grant if they produce babies in too rapid succession."

The Fabians in Council seem equally unimaginative when they deal with the much-discussed question of medical service. The Panel system is designed to give each patient enough of any real value. So long as we have a legally-established and compulsory form of treatment for the poorer classes, we are living in "the half-dozen competing milk sellers in a single street and pious with horror to the different doctors who visit one tenement house."

It is probable that as long as men and women remain human so long will they continue to have human if, to Fabians, unreasonable preferences and dislikes, and I believe that the only real solution of the medical benefit muddle will be found in making the profession as a whole responsible for the provision of an efficient public Health Service. The doctors should formulate their own proposals and arrange with the State, a scale of charges, which might be met either from a voluntary insurance contribution, or by direct payments, according to individual choice. Professional responsibility will certainly evoke professional pride, but it will be still more effective if the present system continues, in the same red tape and officiousness which is destroying the spirit of the British people.

What Is the Church?
By William Marwick.

As the creation of Parliament—a fact which nobody can dispute—an Established Church is not only the Church of the whole nation—including Nonconformists, Free Thinkers, and Atheists, but it is in its own sphere a model in theory, at any rate) of a genuine National Guild. (The New Age, Vol. XIV, p. 292.)

The Church is not a corporation; it is not even a State within a State; it is the State itself in its religious aspect. (The New Age, p. 510.)

The first quotation is from "Notes of the Week," January 8, referring to the Kkyuso Controversy, the second is from a letter by "Press-Cutter" in the issue of February 16, referring to a query in the "Church Socialist" for February, asking: "What is The New Age doing with the musty old theory that 'establishment' [of the Church] means that religion is the one department of life in which people can have privileges without responsibilities or conditions?" "Press-Cutter" goes on to ask: "But is not that the very claim of religion? I really thought it was, and that this was the foundation of the teaching of Christ."

To answer adequately the question: "What is the Church?" or even the narrower question: "What is the Established Church of England?" one would require first of all to answer: "What is Christianity?" or, at least, "What is the N.T. doctrine or theory of the Church, and how has that doctrine been modified during the centuries, especially in the case of the Church of England?" "Press-Cutter" goes on to say: "At least, we should begin by examining the history of the subject." Without making any claim to be one of these, may I refer "Press-Cutter" and any others who are interested in the subject to "The Encyclopaedia of Religion and Ethics," ch. III, which contains an article on "Christianity" by Prof. A. E. Garvie; "Church," by Prof. John Oman, author of a very suggestive work, "Vision and Authority, or The Throne of St. Peter" (1902), an
It is important to understand this original spiritual idea or ideal of the Church before we come to discuss later developments, in particular, a national State Church, a possible model of a National Guild. In the first of the series of papers on ‘Guild Socialism’ (The New Age, Vol. xii, p. 501, Oct. 10, 1912) it is affirmed that: ‘The above analysis of the so-called economic revolution, however, is merely an economic revolution, but, ex hypothesi, a spiritual revolution also. A spiritual revolution, indeed, will be necessary as a precedent condition of the economic revolution; for we are not so blind to the lessons of history as to imagine that the spiritual revolution for the better can be engineered by force and greed alone. Would, then, this spiritual revolution which we hypothesise be likely to destroy what is already spiritually desirable in existing society? Rather it seems, and is still partially fulfilling its task to fulfil; not to make a complete break with its own spiritual past, but to release that past for new conquests. What is meant by ‘the spiritually desirable’ here is made clear in a later sentence: ‘It is clear today...that spiritual aspirations the nature and taste are not now, if they once appeared to be, the monopolies of any one class. It is the nation that has always produced them [these spiritual qualities]; and the nation may be defined to produce them.’ But what is really meant by the spiritual revolution itself has never been made clear. According to the ‘Notes of the Week’ in the same number, the Established Church of England, as represented by the Church Congress of 1912, did not see its task in the light of any sight of even understanding the need of a spiritual revolution. The writer says: ‘We are all of us aware of what may be called the ideal function of the Church in the State. Man does not live by bread alone, and a community in which the spiritual needs without their visible embodiment is a community that goes in danger of forgetting them. Nor are we so ill-disposed to the Church as to deny that in some respects the English Church has fulfilled this function in the past, and is still partially fulfilling it today. But nobody can contemplate the growing division in the soul of society without foreseeing that the unifying power of the Church must become less and less with every fresh accession of economic equality. The ideal of the Church, as we assemble the number of our community whose individual members are on an equality in the eyes of God; but when this equality is being increasingly denied in the minds of men, the task of the Church becomes more and more difficult. Under the new circumstances would devout its whole energies to understanding, denouncing, and abolishing the causes of the division in the nation of which it professes to be the spiritual expression. It would not cease from mortal strife until it had recovered its rôle as a community which embraced God in all its power and dignity, in all the promise of that Kingdom.”

But the Kikuyu controversy seems to show that the Church is itself divided into at least two antagonistic halves, the Bishop of Zanzibar contending that the Ecclesia Anglicana must make up her mind what her doctrine is and what she is to stand for in hand on “the Truth as it was received before the division between East and West” or is to be “merely a Society for shirking vital issues,” whether the Church is to remain “Catholic” or to become “Protestant,” like and so completely destroy their need.”

But if the Church is or ought to be Catholic, can it at the same time be National, and be the State itself in its religious aspect? Can it be in its own sphere, a

It was in all its power and dignity, in all the promise of the Kingdom of God, and in possession of the blessings of that Kingdom.”

*Oman, E. R. and E. iii, p. 618, who adds that the credit of emphasising this truth is due to Sohn, Kirchen.
model, on the theory of Catholicity, of a genuine National Guild? Or is the original Christian ideal that of a free Church in a State that, while originally autocratic, bureaucratic, or democratic, or a mixture of these, becomes gradually spiritualised and unified in a society or state of economic freemen, organised in a unity of economic interests? And will not the ultimate ideal or rather that ideally realised be a free Church in a free State, a Church free in every respect to act as the spiritual leader or initiator of whatever spiritual revolutions may be necessary as a precedent condition of still further economic revolution or evolution?

But to go back to the Church of the present, it has to deal with in the light of the divergent historic development of the idea of the Church. "The fellowship of believers founded on Christ, governed only by love and nourished by helpful interchange of spiritual gifts, did not vanish from the earth, but has remained as a leaven working in all the various legalisms that have arisen—the early Catholic, the Orthodox Eastern, the Roman, the Protestant. That being seen, the rapid growth of Catholicism is easy to understand, for, as Sohn says, the natural man is always a Catholic, and that does not cease to be true even though he call himself a Protestant. He still likes material guarantees, and would rather not trust anything to God that can be managed by the human mind. The solution of the question with official rule seems a better security than a fellowship with divine gifts. So long as that continues, man needs and introduces for himself what Paul calls the schoolmaster of the Law, a thing that may be lower, but is continually necessary. ... Till man is wholly spiritual it will be God's necessary way with him. We may not even despise, neglect or fail to serve the organisation (the Church). At the same time, it must ever be held, like the body, as subject to the soul, something that must ever be dying that the soul may live. Hence we have to recognise the significance of God's providential dealing in once more breaking down the discipline of the Law by division, criticism, and even anarchy. Out of this ferment a new phase of the Church's life must surely issue, and a new vision of the Gospel, and then possibly a new, and, we trust, more spiritual incarnation of it in outward form, one in which there will be at once more freedom and more spiritual power" (Oman, E.R.E., 111, pp. 622-3). Cf. Cairn's "Church's life must surely issue, and a new vision of the upside down. For really that is what is the matter with the "man in the street," when he says that things are upside down we must have at the back of his mind some such dim perception of a social order which has somehow got inverted. How and why he utterly fails to understand. All he knows is that men are on the top and the financiers and traders, financiers etc. Allowing for differences between an agricultural and industrial society such as ours, it will be seen that in modern society the order has been completely reversed. Instead of the thinkers being on the top and the financiers at the bottom, we find the financiers at the top and the thinkers at the bottom, while the warriors and administrators occupy the middle position in each case.

Now when the "man in the street" says that things are upside down he has at the back of his mind some such dim perception of a social order which has somehow inverted. Now and why he utterly fails to understand. All he knows is that men are on the top who ought to be at the bottom, and vice versa. What he believes to be right does not for some reason or other succeed, and things he knows to be wrong are everywhere successful. I will venture an explanation of this phenomenon.

Fundamentally, this reversal of the natural order of things is due to the decay of all our traditions. Were religion, art and philosophy firmly established in society, and social arrangements orderly, each man would arrive at his proper station in life as a matter of course. Social arrangements would give way to a leaven that, reaching a certain definite relationship to each other, is the true social conception. The defect of the Caste System lies in its attitude towards this human embodiment to this theory by crystallising it into institutions, entry into which is not dependent upon an individual's innate capacity, but upon birth. The assumption being, entirely unfounded, that the requisite spiritual and mental qualities, necessary to the members of the different castes, could be attained by their isolation.

At the same time, as has already been pointed out, it is, apart from this fault, excellent in theory, and it may well serve as a model with which to contrast our society. The original idea of the Caste System was this. That men were divisible into four classes: the priests, the warriors, the traders and agriculturalists, and the labourers—which they named respectively, in the order of their importance, the Brahman, the Kshatriya, the Vaishya and the Shudra castes. The three upper castes were what we may call the responsible castes, the Shudras were not. They were supposed to be undeveloped minds, and were merely to do what they were told. They were the servants of the higher castes. The Hindus claim that there is no 6th caste, though there are sub-divisions and mixed castes, and that all human beings fall without a remainder into one or other of these four main types which are opposed to each other, with the main problems of social and national life in their most important aspects. And that all other races of the earth who do not formally recognise the caste divisions are merely transformations of these four types. Undoubtedly men approximate to these four main types, though in a society as complex as ours it may not always be self-evident. Accepting, then, for the present that this division of types is roughly correct, how does modern society compare with the ideal, as set forth in the theory of the Caste System? Well, first of all, we may rule out the lower caste, the Shudras, as being in the same position as the labourers in modern society—which is, of course, at the bottom. It is when we compare the order of the three higher castes with the corresponding classes in modern society that the comparison becomes interesting. Under the Caste System, the Brahmans or priests and thinkers were on the top; below them were the Kshatriyas or warriors and administrators, and below them again the Vaishyas or agriculturists and traders, financiers etc. Allowing for these differences between an agricultural and industrial society such as ours, it will be seen that in modern society the order has been completely reversed. Instead of the thinkers being on the top and the financiers at the bottom, we find the financiers at the top and the thinkers at the bottom, while the warriors and administrators occupy the middle position in each case.

Now when the "man in the street" says that things are upside down he has at the back of his mind some such dim conception of a social order which has somehow got inverted. How and why he utterly fails to understand. All he knows is that men are on the top who ought to be at the bottom, and vice versa. What he believes to be right does not for some reason or other succeed, and things he knows to be wrong are everywhere successful. I will venture an explanation of this phenomenon.

The Upside Down Problem.

By Arthur J. Penty.

The best definition of the social problem is given by the "man in the street," when he says that things are upside down what is the matter with modern society. It is upside down. The secondary things have everywhere usurped the position of primary importance, while the primary things are neglected altogether as being matters of no account—playthings, as it were, for poets, artists, and children, but not worthy of the attention of seriously minded men.

Now it is obvious if we come to the conclusion that things are upside down we must have at the back of our minds some conception of what a society is like when it is the right side up. For the purposes of argument therefore, I propose to take the Caste system of the Hindus, as it exists in theory, as an example of an ideal social structure. In theory it is excellent. The idea that different kinds of men have different natural functions and can only co-operate successfully when they stand in a certain definite relationship to each other, is the true social conception. The defect of the Caste System lies in its attitude towards this human
Towards the Play Way.

By H. Caldwell Cook.

IX.

The Imaginary Stage.

It has already been laid down as an article in the Play Way that the best thing to do with the stage is to act it. Let it now be added that the best place to act it on is a stage—real or imaginary. Acting on an imaginary stage is not so impossible as it may appear; it is, in fact, the invariable custom of the playboys in the classroom. We invented the imaginary stage because our thorough study of Shakespeare's wisdom in Play Way demanded an Elizabethan setting, the which we could only supply in our imagination. Many modern plays might be very adequately presented without a stage at all. One form of the sensational melodrama has entirely dispensed with words, and is already running on the "Cinema" screen. Many scenes of present-day comedy are little more than a parade of mannequins; and the drama of discourse could, for the most part, be as adequately presented between the covers of a novel, or in a volume of Fabian Essays. But your true play, as the Elizabethans knew it, is a thing of sound, colour, and movement all combined. On the "cinema" we have movement of a jerky, mechanical kind, and our colours give us gay colour and to spare. But drama is an ideal representation of life compact of nearly all the "dimensions" possible in art. In the study of drama, to ignore the representation or acting, by virtue of which alone it is drama, is to write oneself down a hopeless ass. The study of Shakespeare on the Play Way not only requires the acting of the piece, but is also made fuller and more thorough in a dozen ways through the making of original plays by the boys themselves.

The practice of playmaking is complementary to the study of drama, and each helps the other. So that not only is your playwright the better for his study of Shakespeare, but your student of the drama as a literary form is the better for the practice of playmaking. It would not be worth while stating such a platitude if it were not evident, both in the stuff now staged as plays and in the rubbish written as literary and dramatic criticism, that neither do our dramatists really study existing plays, nor our critics and professors of literature attempt to understand them. The very point in the mouths of critics that one need have no practical knowledge of the subject one is writing about may pass well enough in the case of adults in modern life. In present-day journalism you may take as your text a contemporary play and utter your conclusions as sociology, economy, and medicine as the dramatic critic of this journal was recently accused of doing. Or you may find that a few notes on education range over the whole field of modern life. But children do not generalise, they discuss the matter before them, usually in an active manner as play. They have no wide theoretical conclusions about life and art which they may trot out on any text or occasion. The Play Way takes account of this peculiarity of the immature mind and insists on keeping to the point. The child's point about a stage-play is that it is meant to be played on a stage. Therefore, whether you are studying someone else's play or making one of your own, you at once seek a stage for it. And if a wicked generation determine that there shall be no stage given you, you fall back upon the natural resources of the player, and make-believe a stage: fashion a heaven in hell's despite, and proceed with your playing maugre the ungodly.

The imaginary stage we use for the study of Shakespeare in the classroom is naturally the Elizabethan playhouse. This was not the picture stage familiar at the present day, with its picture-frame proscenium arch, its front curtain and its footlights, but the platform stage which happily is being introduced, with its natural accompaniments of diffused lighting.
Benedetto Croce's Aesthetic.

By A. H. Hannon.
The Theory of Art.

The New Realism which is becoming such a powerful factor in English philosophy has not yet produced a systematic philosophy of art; yet even in this sphere its influence can be detected. Rather than the New Realism it should be called the New Dogmatism. It is pivoted on one single idea, the unique, the indefinable. It says, Beauty is Good, Good is Ugliness, Ugliness is Evil, and that is all about them. They cannot be defined in terms of something else, for in that case they would be something else and not what they are. One's first impulse is to reply that it is being vehement about the obvious. But suddenly the doubt springs up: is it really true that Beauty is unique and quite distinct from Good and Ugliness, and so on. The New Realist answers: 'If you don't see that it is distinct, I cannot prove to you that it is: if you see green as yellow, I cannot prove to you that you are wrong: the only possible proof of the uniqueness of Beauty is that its relation to action. The Realist may reply that all demonstration ultimately rests on a basis of undemonstrated fact, of assumption. Most English philosophy undoubtedly does so: but, then, the English rarely attempt to demonstrate and so to run the risk of falling into error. Thought may start with assumptions, but the act of thinking is the negation of the act of assuming. Very few philosophers have devoted as much time to the problem of art as to that of science or morality or of the dependent or independent existence of colours, sounds, etc. They have, most of them, been satisfied with a vague eclectic position with regard to art, considering it as a dubious blend of emotion and thought; an isolated and imperceptive phenomenon which can hardly be dispensed with. But emotion is a very ambiguous and unintelligible term: it is a prostitutes conception: it walks the streets with Feeling. Others have contended themselves with the somewhat pompous assertion that art is the expression of Life. Are not history and philosophy also the expression of life? And what is meant by life? Is it something conscious? And yet what can to express mean except to bring to consciousness? And so art is tautologous: it brings to
consciousness what is already conscious: it reproduces. Benedetto Croce is one of the few great thinkers who have treated art seriously and have really grappled with its problems. And yet it is only through a very profound study of the other problems of life that he has been able to arrive at a clear conception of the nature of art. And Croce, in his conception, has thrown light on many problems which have hitherto been regarded as absolutely unrelated to art. Perhaps the clearest statement of his theory is to be found in an essay written by him last year at the invitation of the new University of Houston, Texas, which has been published in Italian under the title of Breviario di Estetica. It constitutes in many respects an advance upon the larger "Aesthetic" and embodies the substance of Ch. VI., Part I, Section II., of "The Philosophy of the Practical.' I shall include these, and also the sensation of heat and cold, under the form of intuition, imagination. He passes to perception, definition judgment, and his letters bear witness to his disappointment. But knowledge does not satisfy him; it must act on the basis of this previous intuition and judgment.

And this is the process which is taking place in every moment of life: life is this spiral development through these three different forms. Moreover, the conception of nations we can distinguish in which art has predominated, others which have been pre-eminent in philosophical, and others, again, such as the 19th century, where science and the practical life reign supreme.

Now, at first sight, in its broad outlines this theory would seem to represent what, historically, actually happens, and conceptually it would seem that life must be somehow differentiated into these three different forms. Thus, art, for instance, is not the datum of the painter, it is itself derived from some painter's vision: it is a repetition of a previous original vision. And that vision was imaginative: it created a possible experience. The imagination, conversely, has no existence except in its "expressions"—in colours or sounds or language, although it is not limited to these or any other "types" of expression. The senses are the creative imagination, which is art.

I must admit a difficulty here. In the ordinary view there is not an art of smell or of taste or of touch. Does Croce include these, and also the sensation of heat and cold, under the form of intuition, imagination? He passes to perception, definition, judgment, and his letters bear witness to his disappointment. But knowledge does not satisfy him; it must act on the basis of this previous intuition and judgment.

And this is the process which is taking place in every moment of life: life is this spiral development through these three different forms. Moreover, the conception of nations we can distinguish in which art has predominated, others which have been pre-eminent in philosophical, and others, again, such as the 19th century, where science and the practical life reign supreme.

Now, at first sight, in its broad outlines this theory would seem to represent what, historically, actually happens, and conceptually it would seem that life must be somehow differentiated into these three different forms. Thus, art, for instance, is not the datum of the painter, it is itself derived from some painter's vision: it is a repetition of a previous original vision. And that vision was imaginative: it created a possible experience. The imagination, conversely, has no existence except in its "expressions"—in colours or sounds or language, although it is not limited to these or any other "types" of expression. The senses are the creative imagination, which is art.

I must admit a difficulty here. In the ordinary view there is not an art of smell or of taste or of touch. Does Croce include these, and also the sensation of heat and cold, under the form of intuition, imagination? He passes to perception, definition, judgment, and his letters bear witness to his disappointment. But knowledge does not satisfy him; it must act on the basis of this previous intuition and judgment.
The Day's Work in Albania.
By Anthony Bradford.

IV.
We had been hung up at Vir Bazar waiting for a steamer to take us down Lake Scutari to the army, and at last had got a launch through the goodwill of Michel Plumanatz—a name that works wonders in Montenegro. Most of the launches and steamboats about had been taken over by the Turks, and the engineers-captains were so interested in their new toys that they seemed to drive the vessels about in a sort of engineering trance, quite contemptuous of the wants or destination of any passengers or cargo. They were always very busy starting from anywhere and arriving nowhere, and Heaven only knew where the boat would stop when once set going.

Besides Michel Plumanatz another adherent was a Servian doctor whom the Government had asked me to look after, but who probably was looking after me. He had married the daughter of the only capitalistic (besides Nikolas) in Montenegro, and so deserved care. Some time spent in America had filled him with science and the most up-to-date ways of dealing with disease, and a few years before Nikolas had made him Medical Officer of Health of Dulcigno in order to try and boom the reputation of that unlikely town into a fashionable seaside resort. The Servian had taken charge of what amounted to some picturesque ruins, a few Albanians, and a very bad smell, and had drafted out a schedule of perfect rules and regulations to aid the local peasant to conduct himself sanitorially. That which was his downfall forbade the carrying of uncovered meat in the streets. But in Dulcigno there lived a fine old hotel-keeper named Mirko, and he put himself at the head of the Conservative opposition and showed a strong resentment for Officers of Health by walking up and down all day long in front of the Servian's house with a naked leg of goat in his hand, and with the well-advertised intention of hitting the doctor over the head with it did he dare to come out. The Albanians of Dulcigno all assembled to witness this sporting affair, and the Servian gathered that science was not wanted in that part of the world, and so he left.

To-day he brought up some letters, and one of them told how the British Foreign Minister had received a request from the British Minister in London to ask Nikolas to allow some of us to go into Scutari to attend the sick and wounded. We, of course, were anxious to get there as we had gazed long enough at its citadel and churches, and knew everything there was to be known about its exterior, and we saw no prospect of the army taking it by storm. The request had been officially refused by Nikolas, but still there was nothing to be lost by trying unofficially, and so the Servian and I embarked on our new careers as hustlers of kings.

Certainly the setting of our operations was not all we desired. It is well known that diplomatists manage these things in very superior and consequential ways in palaces and grand hotels, and with the help of beautiful ladies who smoke cigarettes and carry on generally. The only furniture on the dirty floor of the telephone room at Vir Bazar was an old maccaroni box, and the telephone instrument looked diseased. The Servian seemed to have no difficulty in getting through to the palace at Rjeka and to Nikolas, or his Lord Great Chamberlain, and we at once began to discuss the situation.

We were English surgeons and were ready to carry out immediately the humane intentions of King Nikolas, at the request of Great Britain, of sending in a medical relief to Scutari under a flag of truce. We were misinformed. Nikolas had no such intentions.

There was no doubt that there were a lot of wounded and much disease in Scutari, and this was distressing England. Would Nikolas let us go in?—No, he would not.

It was a fact that such an act on the part of Nikolas would endanger him to the Great Heart of the British Public.—He did not care a damn about the Great Heart (or Servian words to that effect).

No doubt after the war a lot of discussion would take place, and the help of England would be desirable.—Nothing doing there. By the time the discussion occurred Nikolas would be in Scutari, and it would take more than that to get him out.

Very well (and here the maccaroni box creaked with one other disappointment) be it upon the head of Nikolas if his cause did not prosper as his was a Sin against Humanity.—Quite so, and what were we doing at Vir Bazar?

We hung the receiver up at once, and prepared to leave Vir Bazar, and retire for ever from the foolish profession of diplomacy.

The really important matter in hand was (quite off our own bat) the establishing of a field hospital on the Lake Scutari side of the Tarabosch position at the small Albanian village of Zogaj. We had collected a lot of equipment, and had now stowed away on the small petrol launch, and were ready to start when the Servian received a telegram ordering us back to Antivari. To save unnecessary discussion we pushed off at once into the unknown, after a most emotional farewell from Maritza. Occurring in a commanding position on the steps, she declared that she had been looking after the English doctors for a week, and not even once had they struck her, and she wept again at our splendid farewells.

None of us had been down the lake before, and a very beautiful way it was, with its high snow-capped mountains on either side floating in a blue haze. About a third of the way there the two church towers of Scutari became visible, and farther on we had to hug the right shore to keep out of the sight of the Turkish gunners. High up on the mountain shells could be seen exploding. The placid lake with its wild fowl, the hazy snow mountains, the church towers, and the evident hell on the crest of the Siroka Gora made a strange picture which filled us with queer feelings of adventure.

Just at dusk we arrived at Zogaj, and received a great welcome from the soldiers. Upwards of 2,000 men had been stationed here for some time to man the trenches, and no arrangements had been made to treat their wounded or sick. The Commandant of the fortress was very affable, and we had quite a house-warming in the town. But in Dulcigno the really important matter in hand was (it was quite evident) to keep the sheep away. Was it not much simpler to drive the sheep to the doorstep, kill them there, and hand the meat away? Was it not much simpler to drive the sheep to the doorstep, kill them there, and hand them over to us. This was one of the few places during the war where we received any help at all from the soldiers. Generally our reception had been what one would have expected had we started fussing about the local menus. But here we were called on, and returned calls, and received, and did all the polite things. The houses of the village were chock full of soldiers, and the sanitary arrangements were very primitive, and what did exist were not used, and when asked by the Commandant for suggestions, which might improve things, I hinted that it would be a good scheme to keep one compound only for slaughtering sheep in, etc., instead of doing it on each and every doorstep. The Commandant would agree that would be a good thing, but who, then, would carry the meat away? Was it not much simpler to drive the sheep to the doorstep, kill them there, and hand the meat up? It seemed that a Montenegrin gentleman will drive a sheep, but dislikes carrying meat. The village got dirtier and dirtier, and enteric arrived, and then our vicious circle was complete. We made the disease in our own lines and there we treated it. It was no use attempting to enforce any rules. Little discipline of any kind existed in the army, and certainly no ideas on sanitation. Ours was really a collection of raiders, and it was tragic to see it here adjusting itself to its new role of besiegers of one of the most modern fortresses in Europe.

The Montenegrin is as brave as any other imaginative man, but he has not the stolid indifference to unknown dangers of our own people. When the arsenal blew up
at Antivari, and rent a hole in the wall through which could be seen smoke and flashes and exploding shells—a regular inferno—no Montenegrin would go near it, public-house and had a drink. And here at Zogaj was men, in the same way as they might have gone into a barrow, and could be seen smoke and flashes and exploding shells—beyond the stage of childish wonder. He was staring at a pile of chocolate pastry ferociously. . . . On my left I saw a young girl, standing in the gutter between two barrows. She was attempting to sell all the latest sentimental ballads. Between the next two barrows stood an old woman of seventy or more, holding few boxes of matches in her skinny hands. She was singing a hymn. . . .

The crowd drifted along, and as we came opposite the Labour Exchange there was a sudden congestion. A huge crowd had congregated around the strange shop with which I commenced this story. I managed to squeeze myself as far as the corner of the pawnbroker’s and craned my neck in order to discover what on earth it was all about. I saw the top of a policeman’s helmet above the heads of the people. A working man next to me expressed the opinion that somebody was being “run in.” We pressed nearer, and by adroitly slipping into the doorway of the pawnbroker’s I was able to see exactly what was causing the excitement. My first impression was that something was about to happen, but boards were visible, and a litter of cardboard boxes covered the floor; a dirty piece of curtain was nailed across the window about six feet from the street front and the shop was in semi-darkness. Then I discovered a colossal tarpaulin and the cut-out of a man but some bits. A shallow grave is dug in the rocky earth, the Orthodox priest has his little say over the remnants, and they are exposed to everything in Tarabosch, yet there was no question as to the bravery of these men, for days on end with no effective clothing, no shelter from the icy North wind, and no regular food supply. When they came down to the hospital, even then, they called their exhaustion rheumatism!

The fatigue, hunger, and utter boredom which constitute 99 per cent. of war soon breed an indifference to death, especially of other people. One may be talking and eating with a fine man, and then a few minutes later a shell comes screaming along like an electric tramcar, and after it nothing is left of the man but some bits. A shallow grave is dug in the rocky earth, the Orthodox priest has his little say over the remnants, steps down and kisses the face, and the dirt is shovelled in. Done with and forgotten utterly in half an hour.

The Starving Man.

A True Story

I had never noticed this particular shop before, though I seem to remember having observed the pawnbroker’s next door, and also a melancholy second-hand clothes store which faced the new Labour Exchange on the other side of the road.

This was a most working-class districts, there was a long line of barrows in the main thoroughfare, quite forty of them I should think, reaching from the church to the public baths. Each barrow was illuminated by paraffin flares, which are much more picturesque, in my opinion, than the blinding arc-lamps which are now used by the more civilised shop-keepers.

Another shop which I had noticed, and even patronised, was a new branch of Lyons’. Its fresh white paint, and the name in letters of gold over the window, emphasised the gloomy drabness of the adjacent premises. It was about eight o’clock, and I found it difficult to walk as quickly as I desired. Working people swarmed along the narrow pathway between the barrows and the shops. Moving at so slow a pace I had two of our fellows, Williams and Baverstock by name, went into it, and brought out some insensible men, in the same way as they might have gone into a public-house and had a drink. And here at Zogaj was men, in the same way as they might have gone into a barrow, and could be seen smoke and flashes and exploding shells—beyond the stage of childish wonder. He was staring at a pile of chocolate pastry ferociously. . . . On my
The New Age

April 16, 1914

Present-Day Criticism.

The editor of "Poetry and Drama" draws our attention to himself with a flick of that niggard abuse which seems always to return for a richer harvest. This vocabulary is in compliment to Mr. Monro, for he summarises these many columns in the following manner: "The New Age critic is one of the few who attempts [sic] to castigate malefactors; he, however, usually picks out the wrong people." Mr. Monro is referring to bad poets who plagiarise and "ruthlessly mutilate," as he puts it, expressions to fit them into their own insipid verses. Mr. Monro mentions no one of these bad poets by name; it is, he says, no business of "Poetry and Drama" to condemn such except in "glaring cases." We think that there may not too soon occur one of these "glaring" cases—but if sometime there should, we hope that Mr. Monro will remember to call the poet a malefactor and to label his criticism a castigation; we hope that he will make his victim and give the plagiarisms, as we do, in quotation marks; and, lastly, that despite his public production of the plagiarisms, he will not mind being told that he has plagiarised.

For the moment we pick out Mr. Monro himself, this malefactor, and castigate him for plagiarising from those same "insipid critics" he writes about, who are editorially preferred "provided they have two or three hundred clichés phrases." If we may claim the least gratitude for having been enlightened by the generous authorship of a number of our critics, we hope that he will not mind us for having broken the spell of the cliché. Numbers of writers now avoid the cliché, who, a year or two ago, were unconscious of any such thing as "that our labour is still unfinished." Mr. Monro's article is a catalogue of the evidence that this time at least we pick out the tight plagiarism our English undefiled. Even to study no more than the admitted embodiments in modern poetry of the "point of view, I think, novel. Quantity is not a classic means in English and will never produce a classic effect. Mr. Maurice Hewlett begins the delivery of his epic, his Hodgud, which "was conceived seven years ago," the subject of which is "as old as England," but the "point of view, I think, novel." Prodigious novelty, indeed, of our governing classes having always been all foreigners and Hodge pure British. But Mr. Hewlett shall not be challenged by us even with so much as statistical evidence regarding his "Grove of Elysian Fields." He has never really been a poet. He had written a certain amount of verse, he is dictating beyond what any honest reviewer would suffer, for a laugh is what it gets from an honest reviewer. For instance, the verse by Mr. J. E. Flecker in "Poetry and Drama" got nothing but a laugh from the present writer. What? The quantitative hexameter does not fit English! Well, then, we'll alter English! Yea, though Mr. Flecker's predecessors be, as he confesses, "desperate few"—by lud and marry come up, he will not shirk for that. But his appended note is more diverting even than his green exhibition of what more than a hint of overweening confidence is. "Good scholars, while they are bound to recognise that the classic effect has been rightly produced in English, have every right to object that the effect in English is too outlandish to be acceptable. What, what is this outlandish classic effect? What are we to do, for a laugh with our tortured words? Mr. Flecker is trying to say that he could not bear to suppress his lovely Prayer to the Brightness of Day, wherein he has "followed Virgil's rules," though the result is an outlandish classic effect. He has many times and the time has not yet come that he can tolerate that classic means produce classic effects. Quantity is not a classic means in English and will never produce a classic effect.

Mr. Maurice Hewlett begins the delivery of his epic, his Hodgud, which "was conceived seven years ago," the subject of which is "as old as England," but the "point of view, I think, novel." Prodigious novelty, indeed, of our governing classes having always been all foreigners and Hodge pure British. But Mr. Hewlett shall not be challenged by us even with so much as statistical evidence regarding his "Grove of Elysian Fields." He has never really been a poet. He had written a certain amount of verse, he is dictating beyond what any honest reviewer would suffer, for a laugh is what it gets from an honest reviewer. For instance, the verse by Mr. Edward Thomas is enthusiastic and, in fact, is absolutely unscrupulous, he must certainly be forgiven by every honest poet. Then, from Mr. W. B. Yeats we can expect only the ordered idea which is not all the King's English could put in order for translation. We are said to attempt to castigate malefactors; we are not said to castigate people who are not malefactors—do what you will with the sequently placed sentence, it pleases the present reviewer, as it pleases Mr. Monro's secret passions. Our mathematical readers may now take the problem: a castigates b; a, however, usually castigates c. Selah! the which means some kind of a gap.

The current issue of "Poetry and Drama" contains a translation by Mr. Wilfred Thorley upon which we offer many congratulations. Although he has ventured to alter his text, has not followed the original metre, and, in fact, is absolutely unscrupulous, he must certainly be forgiven by every honest poet. Then, from Mr. W. B. Yeats we can expect only the ordered idea which is not all the King's English could put in order for translation. We are said to attempt to castigate malefactors; we are not said to castigate people who are not malefactors—do what you will with the sequently placed sentence, it pleases the present reviewer, as it pleases Mr. Monro's secret passions. Our mathematical readers may now take the problem: a castigates b; a, however, usually castigates c. Selah! the which means some kind of a gap.

The current issue of "Poetry and Drama" contains a translation by Mr. Wilfred Thorley upon which we offer many congratulations. Although he has ventured to alter his text, has not followed the original metre, and, in fact, is absolutely unscrupulous, he must certainly be forgiven by every honest poet. Then, from Mr. W. B. Yeats we can expect only the ordered idea which is not all the King's English could put in order for translation. We are said to attempt to castigate malefactors; we are not said to castigate people who are not malefactors—do what you will with the sequently placed sentence, it pleases the present reviewer, as it pleases Mr. Monro's secret passions. Our mathematical readers may now take the problem: a castigates b; a, however, usually castigates c. Selah! the which means some kind of a gap.

The current issue of "Poetry and Drama" contains a translation by Mr. Wilfred Thorley upon which we offer many congratulations. Although he has ventured to alter his text, has not followed the original metre, and, in fact, is absolutely unscrupulous, he must certainly be forgiven by every honest poet. Then, from Mr. W. B. Yeats we can expect only the ordered idea which is not all the King's English could put in order for translation. We are said to attempt to castigate malefactors; we are not said to castigate people who are not malefactors—do what you will with the sequently placed sentence, it pleases the present reviewer, as it pleases Mr. Monro's secret passions. Our mathematical readers may now take the problem: a castigates b; a, however, usually castigates c. Selah! the which means some kind of a gap.

The current issue of "Poetry and Drama" contains a translation by Mr. Wilfred Thorley upon which we offer many congratulations. Although he has ventured to alter his text, has not followed the original metre, and, in fact, is absolutely unscrupulous, he must certainly be forgiven by every honest poet. Then, from Mr. W. B. Yeats we can expect only the ordered idea which is not all the King's English could put in order for translation. We are said to attempt to castigate malefactors; we are not said to castigate people who are not malefactors—do what you will with the sequently placed sentence, it pleases the present reviewer, as it pleases Mr. Monro's secret passions. Our mathematical readers may now take the problem: a castigates b; a, however, usually castigates c. Selah! the which means some kind of a gap.

The current issue of "Poetry and Drama" contains a translation by Mr. Wilfred Thorley upon which we offer many congratulations. Although he has ventured to alter his text, has not followed the original metre, and, in fact, is absolutely unscrupulous, he must certainly be forgiven by every honest poet. Then, from Mr. W. B. Yeats we can expect only the ordered idea which is not all the King's English could put in order for translation. We are said to attempt to castigate malefactors; we are not said to castigate people who are not malefactors—do what you will with the sequently placed sentence, it pleases the present reviewer, as it pleases Mr. Monro's secret passions. Our mathematical readers may now take the problem: a castigates b; a, however, usually castigates c. Selah! the which means some kind of a gap. 

The current issue of "Poetry and Drama" contains a translation by Mr. Wilfred Thorley upon which we offer many congratulations. Although he has ventured to alter his text, has not followed the original metre, and, in fact, is absolutely unscrupulous, he must certainly be forgiven by every honest poet. Then, from Mr. W. B. Yeats we can expect only the ordered idea which is not all the King's English could put in order for translation. We are said to attempt to castigate malefactors; we are not said to castigate people who are not malefactors—do what you will with the sequently placed sentence, it pleases the present reviewer, as it pleases Mr. Monro's secret passions. Our mathematical readers may now take the problem: a castigates b; a, however, usually castigates c. Selah! the which means some kind of a gap.
This drawing contains four figures. I could point out the position of these figures in more detail, but I think such detailed indication misleading. No artist can create abstract form spontaneously; it is always generated, or, at least, suggested, by the consideration of some outside concrete shapes. But such shapes are only interesting if you want to explain the psychology of the process of composition in the artist's mind. The interest of the drawing itself depends on the forms it contains. The fact that such forms were suggested by human figures is of no importance.

T. E. Hulme.
Readers and Writers.

I possess an old note-book in which I used to copy down, ah, how many years ago, extracts from the books I was then reading. Many pages are filled with passages from the novels of George Gissing. At the back of one of them lies open before me now. "What I really aim at," it is Harold Biffen speaking in Gissing's best novel, "New Grub Street," is an absolute realism in the sphere of the ignobly decent. I am going to reproduce it verbatim without one single impertinent suggestion of any point of view save that of honest reporting. The result will be something unutterably tedious. Precisely, that is the stamp of the ignobly decent life. If it were anything but tedious, it would be untrue." This was Zola's doctrine carried out with English thoroughness, and nobody has succeeded better in it than Gissing. All the same, even he failed, for neither are his novels tedious nor are they transcripts of life. Something, as I believe, Mr. Wells said and Mr. W. W. Jacob has proved, was wanting in Gissing's realism; it was an eye for life. It will seem strange to hear Gissing charged with a lack of sympathy with the ignobly decent; yet that is what I could establish many pages are filled with of any point of view save that of honest reporting. The case of the nations composing geographical Europe. The idea, to my mind, is ill-conceived; for, in the first place, its appeal is assuredly only to the internationalists of Europe, it being notorious that the nation is seldom interested in another; in the second place, the cult of nationality is an affectation, as we have seen in the case of Ireland, and results in no more than a sort of moonlight imitation. In the third place, it is, even at best, premature, for until Europe has not to be confined in its mutuality. A far better service would be done to Europe by establishing a European Review that every good European could read. It would in fact be the beginning of the restoration of the unity of Europe, on a grander scale than its Roman or Catholic unity.

The prospectus has been sent to me of still another quarterly magazine—"The European Review," to be edited by Dr. R. W. Seton-Watson and published by Constable. The aim, I gather, of the magazine is not just to be European, but to survey individually each of the nations composing geographical Europe. The idea, to my mind, is ill-conceived; for, in the first place, its appeal is assuredly only to the internationalists of Europe, it being notorious that the nation is seldom interested in another; in the second place, the cult of nationality is an affectation, as we have seen in the case of Ireland, and results in no more than a sort of moonlight imitation. In the third place, it is, even at best, premature, for until Europe has not to be confined in its mutuality. A far better service would be done to Europe by establishing a European Review that every good European could read. It would in fact be the beginning of the restoration of the unity of Europe, on a grander scale than its Roman or Catholic unity.

A recent letter in the "Nation" from Dr. W. J. Clarke of Toronto appeals for information on a subject of world-importance—the consistibility of the doctrine of Reincarnation with the doctrines of Christianity. An answer on the historic side has been given in advance by Mr. G. R. S. Mead in the current issue of his quarterly magazine the "Quest." To see for himself, for the artist must have only so much sympathy as just does not carry him off his feet. To have none is, of course, fatal; but equally it is fatal to have too much. Here again common sense is the beginning of wisdom which itself is the foundation of beauty. In the "Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft" which I have just read for the first time (Constable's 1s. series), the real Gissing appears; and even more clearly to me in his style than in his actual confessions. The latter, it is true, are significant enough; for in one place he affirms that he is "no friend of the people." I should think not! For were they not always reminding him of himself? (For the same reason, by the way, Mr. Wells is honestly cruel to his Kents!) The style, however, is the man; and as a pretty exercise my readers should compare the "Private Papers" with Senancour's "Obermann." Matthew Arnold speaks rightly of the inwardsness, the austere simplicity, of Obermann—but who can discern any austerity in the simplicity of Ryecroft Gissing? Not I. On the contrary, Gissing's sentiment is always brimming over the rims of his forms. He cannot have done with a statement, but must add paraphrases and parallels to wall it in. Turn, for example, to p. 15 of the edition just published. The whole section (V.) is no more than a tedious amplification of Johnson's remark, but p. 15 is worse, for it is not amplification but repetition. "You tell me (he begins) that money buys the thing most precious. Your commonplace proves that you have never known the lack of it. When I think of all the sorrow and the barrenness that has been wrought in my life by want of a few more pounds annum than I was not prepared to regard as money's significance." So far so tolerably good. But at this point Gissing's bitter memories push open the gates of his art and drown us in mere examples. Turn now to letter XXIX of "Obermann." The subject is not dissimilar, but the treatment is! And it is not that Senancour was one of your gay, cynical Fretchmen—the same that are seldom to be found! Senancour also had retired a little disguised from life; Stevenson, who wanted everybody to warm him, even found Senancour "cheerless," and bore Arnold a grudge for recommending him. Yet in discussing poverty, Senancour was as astute as simple, as sympathetic as ruthless. He would add that the "Private Papers" produced on me much the same effect as Jeffery's "Story of My Heart." Neither is written by a man's man; both are suffering from more than melancholy—a softening of the sentiment. * * *
Perhaps you will say so much the better; or, in the alternative, remind me of Lessing's "Laocoon." But Ruskin is only to be sneered at by people who under- stand him as well as Lessing, his treatment of sculpture is a little too general for the purpose I have in mind. This is no less than to see Sculpture examined as the language of a people. We hear too much nowadays of art as self-expression and from this extreme view it is based on that crude egoist, Max Stirner, arise the esperantos, volupuks and private sign-languages now exhibiting in studios. To recover the spirit of Art it is necessary, I believe, to recover the spirit of the nation; and if, as I suspect, this means a long pause for Art, why, better wait than abort! The history of Greek sculpture, only just now becoming really known, is a proof of how closely art and national life walk together. Read Sir S. C. Kaine's work of this title (Nisbet, 7s. 6d.), and examine its many photographs of pre-Greek sculpture and reflect on his comments on them. Or there is Mr. March Phillips' "Art of Mars," also well illustrated (Duckworth, 7s. 6d.). I do not follow Mr. Phillips in all his deductions; he is too ingenious in drawing them to be always safe; but with his main contention of a parallelism between the sculpture and the thought of an age I cannot disagree, with his examples before me.

* * *

Messrs. Methuen have just added to their shilling library a volume, edited by Mr. Robert Ross, of the "Selected Prose of Oscar Wilde." Strange how this man lasts! For his prose is not pure and time ought by now to have winnowed much of it away. Yet reading this Anthology admirable, selected by the way—I am surprised to find how good Wilde was at his best. At his best he wrote "Intentions," containing the essay on the "Critic as Artist," his most characteristic work. The passage on Goethe, here quoted, is almost a masterpiece. Almost, but why not quite? Because as always in Wilde, before you have finished the passage your mind is dowered with the monotony of its rhythm. But can you prove it, sir; or is it only your impression? Yes, I could prove it with a metronome and a good ear, even, perhaps, with my heart. Listen. This is how the passage opens:

Goethe—you will not misunderstand what I say—was a German of the Germans.

He loved his people—no man more so.

His people were dear to him; and he led them.

Yet, when the iron hoof of Napoleon trampled upon vineyard and cornfield, his lips were silent.

Not one word of passionate censure of the censura and the monotony of the concluding cadence. It is constructed more on the lines of verse than of prose. And that it was not intentional, an analysis of the remainder of the passage would show; for sentence after sentence conforms to the same rhythmic model with only variations of a superficial character. A trained ear will not fail to discern in their variety the essential similarity of the following sequence of sentences, for example. Wilde, I believe, was dimly aware of it and thought to escape monotony by varying the length; but he did not succeed, for it was not the lengths that mattered:

This note, sounded in the modern world by Goethe first, will become, I think, the starting point for the cosmopolitanism of the future.

Criticism will annihilate race-prejudices, by insisting on the unity of the human mind in the variety of its forms.

If we are tempted to make war upon another nation, we shall remember that we are seeking to destroy an element of our own culture, and possibly its most important element.

As long as war is regarded as wicked, it will always have its fascination.

When it is looked upon as vulgar, it will cease to be popular.

The change will, of course, be slow, and people will not be conscious of it.

Is it not plain what were the two master-forms of Wilde's formal mind—a regular verse basis and epigram? From this passage alone I think I could have foreseen Wilde's limited range in poetry and his unlimited range in epigram. But of prose he was no master.

R. H. C.

Views and Reviews.*

Here they are again: Stendhal, Heine, Daraéli, Nietzsche, Strindberg, Miss Marie Corelli, Wedekind, Schnitzler, Verhaeren, and because the first shall be last, "The Future of Futurism" concludes the volume. Exactly what the word "Modernities" means, I do not know, and Mr. Samuel does not say; to call them "Newnesses" would be to risk a fearful pun on the name of one of our wholesale providers of reading matter. What is a "Modernity"? The ten studies which constitute this volume are devoted to individuals who are held out as being reasonably characteristic of that modern movement of the last and present century which started with the French Revolution. At any rate, they were all modern once. I can find all these words in an English dictionary, but the only meaning that I can extract from them is that "modern" means "more or less contemporary." For without some definition of the phrase "modern movement" we can postulate nothing of these writers but that they lived at some time subsequent to the French Revolution. So, by the way, did Wordsworth, Shelley, Byron, Dickens, to mention four outstanding figures who were influenced by revolutionary ideas. According to what principle of selection Mr. Samuel includes these ten, and excludes these four, I cannot ascertain; Mr. Samuel himself says: "It is somewhat difficult to find any common denominator for the subjects of these studies. The essays must be left largely to their own account, for the reader to speak for themselves. If, however, an attempt were to be made to pronounce of what the spirit of modernity really consists, one might suggest that it is a spirit of energy, of fearlessness in analysis, whose sole raison d'être and whose sole ideal is actual life itself. We should have to forget the Italian Renaissance, the German Reformation, and the English Elizabethan period, to accept this conception of modernity. There is no need to hark back to ancient civilizations to show that Mr. Samuel's attempt to differentiate the spirit of modernity does not differentiate—although it would be easy to show that "spirit of energy, fearlessness in analysis, whose sole raison d'être and whose sole ideal is actual life itself" in the works of most civilizations of which we have knowledge. What is "actual life itself," as revealed by Mr. Samuel? It is not sex, for sex has been present in all literature in all its forms; it is abnormal sex—treated in a pseudo-scientific way. Wedekind, Strindberg, Schnitzler, only offer paraphrases of "Psychopathia Sexualis." Apart from the morbid impulse to make the world their confessional, the works of these writers have no other purpose than that of shocking the bourgeoisie. When a bourgeois is shocked pleasantly, when he realises a son who has shocked him has made him think. What he means is that his consciousness of this particular function has been stimulated and intensified, that he has succumbed to the temptation of imaginative débauchery. So he indulges in sex and the morbid impulse to make the world their confessional, and fearlessly analyses his own sensations; and the consequence is that we have in this age many more "thinkers" than thoughts. Yet to these

* "Modernities." By Horace B. Samuel. (Kegan Paul. 7s. 6d. net.)
three writers, Mr. Samuel devotes nearly half his book; although it is Verhaeren who stimulates him to rhetoric. “Disdaining alike the cowardice and the perversity of those who, refusing to face the real realities of the present century, fly for their comfort to the pale shadows of the Middle Ages, Verhaeren has plunged boldly into the very brazier of our modern existence.”

It is here that Mr. Samuel has really defined his position: the phrase just quoted reveals the modern state of mind. It is not a more life and fuller” one. Mr. Samuel wants; it is more literature and bloodier that he desires, and it must be contemporary. Rabelais was anemic, Montaigne obviously suffered from chlorosis, although it is Verhaeren who stimulates him to rhetoric.

...reality” then; like the “long, green desires” of a modern poet, they have been reserved for this age. Carnivorous we are: “Oh God, I want to eat you,” says one of Mr. Eden Phillpotts’ heroes to his love. “Oh, blood, Iago, blood!” was the cry of Othello when mad with jealousy; but we must wallow in it, in imagination.

A man with a psychology of this kind is not likely to perceive anything of value in the work of such men as Dostoevski, Nietzsche, or Sorel, who, according to Stendhal “the complete intellectual” and “the patence of psychology,” is to tell us nothing of him; for we distrust Mr. Samuel’s “psychology.” He writes an essay on “The Psychology of Dostoevski” only to conclude that “Dostoevski’s master-passion was ambition.” So was Cesar’s, according to Shakespeare’s Brutus. To tell us of Heine that “his writings form an incessant stream of paradoxes, but his life is the greatest paradox of all,” is to evade the task of definition by the use of a cliché; as much has been said of Shaw, of Wilde, of Voltaire, of almost everyone who has had a reputation for wit. And what is the conclusion of Mr. Samuel’s study of Nietzsche’s “Genealogy of Morals.” “Existence is its own raison d’être, and its own sceptre, its own throne. . . .”

This is very profound, as profound as any bathos can be invented or remembered. “Ring out the old, ring in the new.” said Tennyson about sixty years ago; and the most modern of the “modernities” is only obeying the command of a mid-Victorian. But what it all means is just what Mr. Samuel does not tell us. That the Futurist believes that “form is not an end in itself, its sole function is to extract the whole emotional quality of its content,” we have no reason to doubt; but why does Mr. Samuel agree with him? The reason is very simple, and can be discovered in the very phrase that I have quoted. Mr. Samuel’s psychology is the art of missing the point, and completing the vicious circle. The function of form is to extract the whole emotional quality of its content; or, in other words, form exists for the purpose of emptying itself. It is not a container, but an extractor, of its content; it is Life plucking out its own entrails, if I may use so violent a personification; in other words, it is not form. There is one word that describes such a conception; it is phantasmagoria; and that is what Mr. Samuel really means by modernity.

A. E. R.
II.

LOMOV (alone).

LOMOV: I feel chilly... I'm shivering all over, as if I was going in for an examination. The chief thing is—to make up one's mind. If you think a long time about it, and keep shilly-shallying, and talk it over and over, and wait about for some ideal or for true love—why you'll never get married like that. Brr... I feel chilly. Natalia Stepanovna is a first-rate housekeeper, she isn't bad looking, and she's well trained. What else do I need? Hang it, all this excitement is bringing on a buzzing noise in my ears [drinks water]. And it's simply out of the question for me not to get married. To begin with, I've turned thirty-five. It's my critical age, so to speak. And in the next place, I need a systematic, regular life... Here am I with a weak heart, continual palpitation, I've got a violent nature, and I'm always becoming horribly excited. As soon as that comes on, my lips start trembling, and I have a sharp twitching in my right eyelid... But the very worst thing about me is my sleep. Hardly have I got into bed and just dropped off into a doze than all of a sudden I get such a twinge in my left side, and shooting pains right in my shoulder and head. I jump up like a madman, walk around for some minutes, and then lie down again, but hardly have I dropped off into a doze, than I get another twinge in the side, and so it goes on a whole score of times...

III.

Natalia Stepanovna and LOMOV.

NATALIA STEPANOVNA (entering): Well, just fancy now! It's you, and papa said: Run along, there's a tradesman come about some goods. Good morning, Ivan Vasilevitch.

LOMOV: Good morning, my dear Natalia Stepanovna.

Natalia Stepanovna: You'll excuse me, won't you? for having my apron on, and being so untidy. We're shelling peas for drying. How is it you haven't given us a look at your place, I need a systematic, regular life. It's your business, Ivan Vasilevitch. Have you been in possession of them for long?

LOMOV: What do you mean—how? I'm speaking of those Ox-Meadows which are wedged in between your birch-covert and the marl pit.

Natalia Stepanovna: Why, yes, yes. They're ours.

LOMOV: No, you're mistaken, my dear Natalia Stepanovna—they're mine.

Natalia Stepanovna: Do think what you're saying, Ivan Vasilevitch! Have you been in possession of them for long?

LOMOV: What do you mean, for long? They've always been ours, as long as I can remember.

Natalia Stepanovna: Well, I think otherwise, if you'll excuse my saying so.

LOMOV: There are documents which make it quite evident, my dear Natalia Stepanovna. There was a time, it is true, when the ownership of the Ox-Meadows was disputed; but now it's well known to everybody that they're mine. And there's nothing to dispute about now. Kindly observe this: My aunt's grandmother gave over these meadows for an indefinite period and gratuitously for the peasants of your father's grandfather to use on the condition that they baked bricks for her. The peasants of your father's grandfather enjoyed the gratuitous use of the meadows for forty years, and grew accustomed to consider them as their own, but afterwards, when the arrangement terminated...

Natalia Stepanovna: What you're saying is absolutely wrong. Both my grandfather and my great-grandfather were of the opinion that their property extended as far as the marl pit—and that shows beyond a doubt that the Ox-Meadows were ours. What there is to argue about, I cannot understand. It's really annoying.

LOMOV: I can show you documents, Natalia Stepanovna.

Natalia Stepanovna: No, you're simply joking, or else you're teasing me... This is a surprise! The property has been in our possession for close on three hundred years, and suddenly we're informed that the property isn't ours. Ivan Vasilevitch, you must pardon me for saying it, but I really can't believe my own ears... I don't attach any great value to these meadows. In all, they cover five desyatins and they're worth somewhere about three hundred roubles, but it's the injustice of it that riles me. You can say what you like, but injustice I cannot put up with.

LOMOV: Hear me out, I implore you. The peasants of your father's grandfather, as I have already had the honour of telling you, used to bake bricks for my aunt's grandmother. Now, my aunt's grandmother, wishing to do them a kindness...

Natalia Stepanovna: Grandfather, grandmother, aunt... I don't understand a word of it. The meadows are ours, and that's all about it.

LOMOV: They're mine!

Natalia Stepanovna: They're ours! I don't care if...
you go on proving for two days, or if you put on fifteen dress-suits, they're ours, ours, ours. . . ! I don't want anything that belongs to you, but I don't wish to lose what's my own. . . So you can do just as you please.

LOMOV: I don't need the meadows, Natalia Stepanovna, but it's the principle of the thing I look at. If you're keen on it, why, I'll give you them.

NATALIA STEPANOVNA: I'm just as well able to give them to you—they're mine. . . I call this peculiar, Ivan Vasilevitch, to put it mildly. So far, we've always looked upon you as an excellent neighbour, as a friend—last year we gave you our threshing machine, with the result that we ourselves didn't manage to get our corn ground till November, and you treat us like so many gipsies. Now you're offering me my own property. Pardon me, but that's not what I look at. I'll go so far as to call it a piece of impudence, if you like.

LOMOV: In fact, you'll go so far as to say that I'm an interloper? My dear young lady, I've never laid hands on other people's property, and I'll allow nobody to accuse me of such a thing. . . [goes quickly to the decanter and drinks water]. The Ox-Meadows are mine!

NATALIA STEPANOVNA: It's not true—they're ours.

LOMOV: They're mine.

NATALIA STEPANOVNA: It's not true. I'll prove it to you. This very day I'll send my reapers on to those meadows.

LOMOV: What's that?

NATALIA STEPANOVNA: This very day my reapers'll be there.

LOMOV: And I'll be after them too.

NATALIA STEPANOVNA: You dare!

LOMOV (clutching at his heart): The Ox-Meadows belong to me. Do you understand? To me!

NATALIA STEPANOVNA: Pray don't shout. You can shout and shriek yourself hoarse with rage in your own house, but I must ask you to keep yourself within bounds here.

LOMOV: My dear young lady, if I hadn't got this horrible, plaguey palpitation, if the veins weren't hammering away in my temples, I'd talk to you different from this. [shouts!] The Ox-Meadows are mine!

NATALIA STEPANOVNA: They're ours.

LOMOV: They're mine.

NATALIA STEPANOVNA: They're ours.

LOMOV: They're mine.

NATALIA STEPANOVNA: They're ours.

LOMOV: They're mine.

IV.

The Former and Chubukov.

CHUBUKOV (entering): What's the matter? What are you shouting about?

NATALIA STEPANOVNA: Papa, kindly explain to this gentleman whether the Ox-Meadows belong to us or to him.

CHUBUKOV (to Lomov): My dear old chap, the meadows belong to us!

LOMOV: Oh, come, come, Stepan Stepanitch, how do you make that out? Do be a reasonable man, I beg of you. My aunt's grandmother gave the Ox-Meadows to me Do you understand? To me

LOMOV: This very day I'll send my reapers on to those meadows, but I must ask you to keep yourself within bounds.

LOMOV: Why, it's pretty well certain you've never seen the fifteen dress-suits, they're ours, ours, ours. . . ! I don't need the meadows, Natalia Stepanovna, but it's the principle of the thing I look at. If you're keen on it, why, I'll give you them. In fact, you'll go so far as to say that I'm an interloper, Ivan Vasilevitch, to put it mildly. So far, we've always looked upon you as an excellent neighbour, as a friend—last year we gave you our threshing machine, with the result that we ourselves didn't manage to get our corn ground till November, and you treat us like so many gipsies. Now you're offering me my own property. Pardon me, but that's not what I look at. I'll go so far as to call it a piece of impudence, if you like.

LOMOV: In fact, you'll go so far as to say that I'm an interloper? My dear young lady, I've never laid hands on other people's property, and I'll allow nobody to accuse me of such a thing. . . [goes quickly to the decanter and drinks water]. The Ox-Meadows are mine!

NATALIA STEPANOVNA: It's not true—they're ours.

LOMOV: They're mine.

NATALIA STEPANOVNA: It's not true. I'll prove it to you. This very day I'll send my reapers on to those meadows.

LOMOV: What's that?

NATALIA STEPANOVNA: This very day my reapers'll be there.

LOMOV: And I'll be after them too.

NATALIA STEPANOVNA: You dare!

LOMOV (clutching at his heart): The Ox-Meadows belong to me. Do you understand? To me!

NATALIA STEPANOVNA: Pray don't shout. You can shout and shriek yourself hoarse with rage in your own house, but I must ask you to keep yourself within bounds here.

LOMOV: My dear young lady, if I hadn't got this horrible, plaguey palpitation, if the veins weren't hammering away in my temples, I'd talk to you different from this. [shouts!] The Ox-Meadows are mine!

NATALIA STEPANOVNA: They're ours.

LOMOV: They're mine.

NATALIA STEPANOVNA: They're ours.

LOMOV: They're mine.

NATALIA STEPANOVNA: They're ours.

LOMOV: They're mine.

LOMOV: And I'll prove to you that they're mine.

CHUBUKOV: You won't prove anything of the sort, my dear chap!

LOMOV: But I will prove it, though!

CHUBUKOV: My dear good fellow, what's the use of shouting like that? You'll prove nothing by shouting, I give you my word. I don't want your things, and I don't intend to let my own things go. Why should I? If it's really come to such a pitch that you intend to dispute our possession of the meadows, and so on, why, I'd sooner give them to the peasants than to you. Really I would.

LOMOV: That's beyond me. What right have you got, I'd like to know, to give away other people's property?

CHUBUKOV: You'll kindly leave me to judge whether I have the right or not. I give you my word, young man, I'm not accustomed to be spoken to in such a tone, and so forth. I'm twice as old as you, young man, and I must request you to speak to me without all this hullabaloo, and so on.

LOMOV: No, you simply take me for a fool and you're laughing up your sleeve all the time. You call my property yours, and then you actually expect me to keep my temper and talk to you as man to man. That's not the act of a good neighbour, Stepan Stepanitch. You're no neighbour—you're in interloper.

CHUBUKOV: What? What's that you said?

NATALIA STEPANOVNA: Papa, send the reapers on to the meadows at once.

CHUBUKOV (to Lomov): What's that you said, my good sir?

NATALIA STEPANOVNA: The Ox-Meadows are ours, and I won't give them up, I won't give them up.

LOMOV: We shall see. I'll prove to you in court that they're mine.

CHUBUKOV: In court? You can take out a summons, my good sir, if you like, and so forth. You can do so. I know you. I give you my word, you're merely waiting for a chance of going to law, and so on. . . . You're a low-down schemer, that's what you are. All your family were a pettifogging gang. All of them.

LOMOV: I must request you not to insult my family. The family of the Lomоловs has always been entirely honourable; none of them was ever had up for squandering money, like your precious uncle.

CHUBUKOV: And in your family they were all crazy.

NATALIA STEPANOVNA: All, all, all of them!

CHUBUKOV: Your grandfather used to drink like a fish, and the younger of your aunts, Nastasia Mikhailovna, I'd have you know, ran away with an archi-

CHUBUKOV: And in your family they were all crazy.

NATALIA STEPANOVNA: All, all, all of them!

CHUBUKOV: Your grandfather used to drink like a fish, and the younger of your aunts, Nastasia Mikhailovna, I'd have you know, ran away with an archi-

CHUBUKOV: And your mother had a crooked leg. [clutching at his heart] I've got such twinges in my side. And there's a hammering in my head. Good Lord! . . . Water!

CHUBUKOV: And your father was a gambler and a glutton!

NATALIA STEPANOVNA: And your aunt was a rare back-

LOMOV: My left foot's gone stiff. . . And you're a common plotter. . . Oh, my heart. . . ! And it's no secret to anybody, that at the elections you did. . . There are spots in front of my eyes. Where's my hat?

NATALIA STEPANOVNA: You low cad! You scoundrel! You brute!

CHUBUKOV: And you yourself, I'd have you know, you're a malicious, double-faced, intriguing fellow! That you are!

LOMOV: There's that hat. . . My heart. . . Where shall I go? Where's the door? Oh dear me. . . I'm dying, it seems to me. . . My foot drags. . . [He goes to the door.]

CHUBUKOV (just behind him): You keep your feet out of my house another time!
Natalia Stepanovna: Have him up in court. We'll see about that. [Lomov goes staggering out.]

V.

Chubukov and Natalia Stepanovna.

Chubukov: Confound it all! [goes about fuming].

Natalia Stepanovna: What a scamp! Don't talk to me about good neighbours after this.

Chubukov: The dirty wretch! The ugly freak!

Natalia Stepanovna: What an unnatural monster! He helps himself to other people's property, and even has the impudence to wrangle about it.

Chubukov: And this ghastly scarecrow, mind you, this squint-eyed baboon goes and has the cheek to make a proposal of marriage, and so forth. Yes.

A proposal of marriage?

Natalia Stepanovna: What proposal of marriage?

Chubukov: Why, bless my soul! That's what he came for, to make you an offer of marriage.

Natalia Stepanovna: An offer of marriage? Me?

Why ever didn't you tell me about it before?

Chubukov: Why, that's the reason he tagged himself up in a dress-suit. A whirper-snapper like that! The weedy little skunk! He may be old, but I wouldn't take five of him.

Chubukov: Bring who back?


Chubukov: What's that? What's the matter with you? [seizing himself by the head]. I'm dying. Bring him back [hysterics].


Chubukov: Bring who back?

Natalia Stepanovna: Me? An offer of marriage? Oh my! [She sinks into a chair and groans.] Bring him back! Bring him back: Oh dear! Bring him back.

Chubukov: Bring him back.

Natalia Stepanovna: I'm dying. Bring him back.

Chubukov: Tut, tut. All right. Don't holler so [he anizes].

Chubukov: What ever happened? Are you deaf? I've heard of it. Allow me, Natalia Stepanovna, but you're certainly cut my throat. Fancy insulting the man, you scamp who understand least of all. 

Chubukov: Bring him yourself! You're forgetting that he's got a short jowl, and a dog with a short jowl never seizes well.

Natalia Stepanovna: A short jowl? That's the first I've heard of it.

Chubukov: I assure you, his lower jaw is not so long as his upper one.

Natalia Stepanovna: How you measured it?

Chubukov: I have. Of course, he's all right for hounding the quarry, but when it comes to making a capture, it's hardly.

Chubukov: To begin with, our Atkatai is of good stock, and a thorough-bred—he's the son of Zapryagai and Stamëzka, while you'll never get at the family of that mongrel of yours... That's what makes him so old and unsightly, like a scarecrow.

Chubukov: He may be old, but I wouldn't take five of your Atkatais for him... And who would, I'd like to know? Ugadai is a dog, while Atkatai—why, it's too ridiculous to argue about it. Any fancier has got enough dogs like your Atkatai to fill a pond with. Five and twenty roubles would be a good price to pay for him.

Natalia Stepanovna: The spirit of contradiction has taken possession of you to-day, Ivan Vasilevitch. First of all, you take it into your head that the Meadows belong to you, and now Ugadai is better than Atkatai. I don't like a man to talk different from what he thinks. Why, you know quite well that Atkatai is a hundred times better than your—than this stupid Ugadai. What's the good of saying the opposite, then?

Chubukov: I can see, Natalia Stepanovna, you think I'm either blind or daft. But you must understand that your Atkatai has got a short jowl.

Natalia Stepanovna: It's not true.

Chubukov: He has got a short jowl.

Natalia Stepanovna (shouting): It's not true.

Chubukov: What are you shouting for, my dear young lady?

Natalia Stepanovna: Why will you talk such rubbish? It's really most provoking. It's about time your Ugadai was shot, and here you are comparing him with Atkatai.

Chubukov: Excuse me, I cannot continue this discussion. I have such palpitation.

Natalia Stepanovna: I've always noticed it—the huntsmen who argue most of all are the very ones who understand least of all.
Lomov: My dear young lady, I must ask you to keep quiet. My heart’s thumping away fit to burst... (shouts) Keep quiet.

Natalia Stepanovna: I'll not keep quiet as long as you won't admit that Atkatai is a hundred times better than your Ugadai.

Lomov: A hundred time worse. I wish somebody would do for your Atkatai. My forehead... and eyes... and shoulder.

Natalia Stepanovna: There's no necessity to do away with your silly Ugadai, because he's already on his last legs, as it is.

Lomov (dolefully): Oh, do be quiet! My heart's fairly splitting.

Natalia Stepanovna: I won't be quiet!

VII.

The Same and Chubukov.

Chubukov (entering): What's the matter now?

Natalia Stepanovna: Papa, let's have your unbiased opinion, honest, bright. Which is the better dog, our Atkatai or his Ugadai?

Lomov: Stephan Stepanovitch, I implore you, tell me just this one thing, has your Atkatai a short jowl or not? Yes or no?

Chubukov: And supposing he has? That's mighty important, I must say! For all that, there isn't a better dog in the whole district, and so forth...

Lomov: Oh, but come, Ugadai is better. Honestly now!

Natalia Stepanovna: Don't get excited now, my dear fellow...

Lomov: Oh, but come, Ugadai is better. Honestly now!

Chubukov: I don't like the sound of it. You know, I'm hold to the idea that the better a man is... I believe in this.

Lomov: Excuse me, my palpitation's coming on again. Let's consider the facts of the case. Pray remember that, in Maruskin fields, my Ugadai ran neck and neck with the Count's dog Razmakha, and your Atkatai was a whole lot behind.

Chubukov: He got behind because the Count's keeper whacked him with a riding-whip.

Lomov: So he did. All the dogs were after the fox, but Atkatai stood worrying a sheep.

Chubukov: That's not true! My dear sir, I've got rather a hasty temper, I'd have you know; and I must ask you to let us cut this argument short. He whacked him because everybody casts an envious eye on a strange dog... Yes, they're all envious. And you, my good sir, are not blameless in this respect. You take my word for it, as soon as you notice that somebody's dog is better than your Ugadai, at once you start this... that... the other and so forth... Yes, I see through the whole lot of it!

Lomov: And I see through it, too!

Chubukov (gibingly): I see through it, too... What do you see through?

Lomov: Oh, my palpitation... My leg's gone lame.

Chubukov: I can't. My dear sir, I've got rather a hasty temper, I'd have you know; and I must ask you to let us cut this argument short. He whacked him because everybody casts an envious eye on a strange dog... Yes, they're all envious. And you, my good sir, are not blameless in this respect. You take my word for it, as soon as you notice that somebody's dog is better than your Ugadai, at once you start this... that... the other and so forth... Yes, I see through the whole lot of it!

Chubukov: Better.

Lomov: What's that? I'm a tale-bearer? [Shouts]

Lomov: You're a tale-bearer!

Chubukov: Young jackanapes! You puppy!

Lomov: You old reptile! You Jesuit!

Chubukov: Hold your tongue, or I'll shoot you with a dirty old gun, as if you were a partridge. Gas-bag!

Lomov: Everybody knows quite well that your wife used... Oh, my heart... that your wife used to beat you... Oh, my foot... my forehead... spots in front of my eyes... I'm done for, I'm done for...

Chubukov: And you're henpecked by your housekeeper.

Lomov: Oh dear, oh dear... my heart's about split... My shoulder's in two... Where's my shoulder? I'm dying [falls in a chair].

Chubukov: You're a tale-bearer.

Natalia Stepanovna: What sort of a huntsman do you call yourself? Why, you can't even sit on horseback. [To Chubukov]: Papa, what's the matter with him? Papa! Look, papa! [She wails.]

Ivan Vasilevitch: He's dead!

Chubukov: I feel ill! I can't breathe! I want air!

Natalia Stepanovna: He's dead...

Chubukov: He's dead...

Natalia Stepanovna: What ever have we done? He's dead.

Chubukov: You're a tale-bearer.

Natalia Stepanovna: Papa, let's have you unbiased...

Chubukov: What's it all about? Why don't I...? [pulling Lomov by the sleeve.] Ivan Vasilevitch! Ivan Vasilevitch! What ever have we done... He's dead...

Chubukov: She's willing... oh? Now kiss... and go to the deuce.

Natalia Stepanovna (meaning): He's alive... Yes, yes, I'm willing...

Chubukov: Kiss.

Lomov: Eh, Who? [kissing Natalia Stepanovna] I don't mind if I do... Allow me, what's it all about? Oh yes, I understand... Oh, that palpitation... those spots in front of my eyes... I'm delighted, Natalia Stepanovna... [kissing her hand] My foot's gone to sleep.

Natalia Stepanovna: I... I'm delighted, too.

Chubukov: Well, that's a load off my shoulders.

Chubukov: She's willing... oh? Now kiss... and go to the deuce.

Natalia Stepanovna: Now, after all this, perhaps you'll agree: Ugadai is worse than Atkatai.

Lomov: Better...

Natalia Stepanovna: Worse.

Chubukov: Ha, this is the beginning of the domestic bliss...

Chubukov: Let's have some champagne...

Lomov: Better...

Natalia Stepanovna: Worse, worse, worse...

Chubukov (endeavouring to shout them down): Champagne, champagne...

[CURTAIN.]
Modern Art Criticism.

By Dr. Ananda Coomaraswamy.

"For those who can feel the significance of form, art can never be less than a religion."—CLIVE BELL.

"That tragic ecstasy which is the best that art—perhaps the only—can give."—W. B. YEATS.

The spiritual energies of successive ages are differently directed; the problems change, the search is one and the same. There is no more significant tendency in modern thought than that study of aesthetics, which in our day seeks so persistently to penetrate beneath the accidentals in all works of art, to disengage those essential and invariant principles which are independent alike of racial taste and temporary pre-occupations. When experience has taught us that works of visual art, music or dance of the most diverse ages and peoples, can awaken in sensitive minds one and the same strange and unique aesthetic emotion, an emotion that frees the spectator from himself, as in sūmādhi—when it is realised that works of art are more truly distinguished as good or bad, than as Eastern or Western, old or new—then we cannot but ask what it is that one essential quality that so deeply touches us in all these works, quite independently of their appeal to current tastes or codes of ethics.

It is true that the combined faculty of sensitive appreciation and logical analysis is rare; most of those who experience aesthetic ecstasy are not interested in discussing it, and most of those naturally gifted with the spirit of analysis have never felt the aesthetic emotion at all, and have simply wasted labour in discussing a problem which they are constitutionally unable to grasp. Nevertheless, in this age of "tiefbohrender Ästhetik," association and logical analysis is rare; most of those who discuss it, and most of those naturally gifted with the experience zesthetic ecstasy are not interested in dis-...
The same kind of thing occurs in the Indian of life (the example catacombs are purely classical. Diocletian's palace at
emotion" is a nasty woolly realism about the sheep, and about Spalato (beginning of the fourth century) shows us of art is a progression from Giotto to the Royal
profitable reading for those who fancy that the history tfon far removed from the everyday emotions, but these are sufficient to vindicate the claim of litera-
ture to the title of pure art.
We are provided with a short history of Christian art, in the light of the theory of significant form; it affords
readable for those who fancy that the history of art is a progression from Giotto to the Royal Academy. Phidias is the beginning of the end in Greece; it is reached in Roman realism. Something new was felt by the early Christians; they could not express it, for the earliest Christian paintings in the catacombs are purely classical. Doctelian's palace at
Dioctilian's palace at Spalato (beginning of the fourth century) shows us of art is a progression from Giotto to the Royal

But we must not digress from the history of Europe. The battle was won before Sta. Sophia began to rise (532-537 A.D.) and to the sixth century belong the most
majestic monuments of Byzantine art. "It is the primi-
tive and supreme summit of the Christian slope. The
upward spring from the levels of Graeco-Romanism is
immeasurable. . . . Go to Ravenna, and you will see the
masterpieces of Christian art, the primitives of the slope: go to the Tate Gallery or the Luxembourg, and you will see the end of the slope—Christian art at its last gasp."
Mr. Bell is careful to explain that by Christian art he means, of course, nothing that is Christian in a merely theologcal or dogmatic sense; he means "that religious spirit of which Christianity . . . is one manifesta-
tion, Buddhism another. . . . So far was the new spirit from being a mere ebulition of Christian faith, that we find manifestations of it in Mohammedan art."
"Christian art is not an expression of specific Christian emotion; but it was only when men had been roused by Christianity that they began to feel the emotions that express themselves in form." Christian art preserved its significance for an unusually long period, something like 500 years; because in those days many things moved more slowly; virgin races in succession caught the new inspiration and expressed it with intensity and passion; Norman art of the eleventh century is scarcely inferior to Byzantine of the sixth.
Duccio and Cimabue are the last great Western ex-
ponents of the tradition that held the essential essence of Christian emotion. The accidental nothingness of Giotto is individu-
ally greater, but he marks the beginning of the end—an end that had already begun in France with the inven-
tion of Gothic architecture. The decline is masked by the advent of many other movements in the immediately succeeding centuries; but when the new movement towards "Truth and Nature" had finally destroyed the Byzantine tradition, there was nothing left to stand against the insidious disease of the Classical Renaissance. What this spirit added to the life of man was—"a new sense of life,
that of the individual...."
The brief splendor of Mughal painting gives us an exact parallel in India; both movements were concerned with material beauty, and both left the uneducated classes quite unmoved. In 16th-century Europe, and 16th-17th-century India and Persia (where the great Bhizad was already on the downward slope), "we are in the age of names and catalogues and genius-worship." There was a truly primitive movement in 18th-century Kangra, but this last chapter, like the relics of traditional grandeur in Rajputana.

The eighteenth century in Europe is distinguished be-
cause Blake was born and flourished in the latter end of it. In the nineteenth century the Pre-Raphaelites, like our Calcutta group of to-day, represented a movement of good taste and real cultivation, and did the world the immense service of disparaging the whole tradition of the Classical Renaissance. They preferred Giotto to Raphael, because they saw that Raphael was vulgar; we likewise have the intelligence to recognise that Ravi Varma was vulgar (ten thousand times more so than Raphael), but we have not felt as yet a truly primitive impulse to the creation of significant form. There is time yet; even in Europe the first flings of Post-Impressionism have begun. As a matter of fact, it has been the Post-Impressionists who have carried out the theory of significant form.

The brief splendor of Mughal painting gives us an exact parallel in India; both movements were concerned with material beauty, and both left the uneducated classes quite unmoved. In 16th-century Europe, and 16th-17th-century India and Persia (where the great Bhizad was already on the downward slope), "we are in the age of names and catalogues and genius-worship." There was a truly primitive movement in 18th-century Kangra, but this last chapter, like the relics of traditional grandeur in Rajputana.

The eighteenth century in Europe is distinguished be-
cause Blake was born and flourished in the latter end of it. In the nineteenth century the Pre-Raphaelites, like our Calcutta group of to-day, represented a movement of good taste and real cultivation, and did the world the immense service of disparaging the whole tradition of the Classical Renaissance. They preferred Giotto to Raphael, because they saw that Raphael was vulgar; we likewise have the intelligence to recognise that Ravi Varma was vulgar (ten thousand times more so than Raphael), but we have not felt as yet a truly primitive impulse to the creation of significant form. There is time yet; even in Europe the first flings of Post-Impressionism have begun. As a matter of fact, it has been the Post-Impressionists who have carried out the theory of significant form.

Post-Impressionism, theoretically poles apart from Impressionism, is really a continuation and development.
It is essentially the reassertion of the first principle of art—Create Significant Form. "By this assertion it shakes hands across the ages with the Byzantine primiti-
tives and with every vital movement that has struggled into existence since the arts began." Almost all good
modern painters draw some inspiration from Cezanne, and belong more or less to the Post-Impressionist move-
ment. "If the Impressionists raised the proportion of works of art in the general pictorial output from about one in five hundred thousand to one in ten thousand, the Post-Impressionists . . . have raised the average again. To-day, I dare say, it stands as high as one in ten thousand. Indeed, it is this that has led some people to see in the new movement the dawn of a new age; for nothing is more characteristic of a 'primi-
tive' movement than the frequent and widespread produ-
tion of genuine art." There is reason to think that we may have passed, and only just passed, the point of lowest level in European culture since Rome. and that we stand at the beginning of an upward slope. Some time later on we shall be able to distinguish the sources of the new impulse; these sources are not in the Post-
Impressionist movement, but that movement is in them. It was the spirit of the East that brought new life into the decaying world of Rome; there can be little doubt that a large, perhaps by far the largest, factor in the present Renaissance of Western Europe is due to the spiritual discovery of Asia. What Indian Buddhism did for China in the sixth century, all Asiatic thought and art may do, and, perhaps, is doing for Europe now. If so, it will be (alas) but small thanks to the modern East, and most of the credit will be due to the intelligence of European pioneers; as someone—perhaps Mr. Bell himself—wrote some time ago in the "Athenaeum," there are more signs of a spiritual re-
aissance in London than in Benares or Tokio. The East has some signs of great art, but the signs we are already satisfactory signs of discontent with "pro-
gress," even on the far Chinese horizon, and in India.

It remains to notice one more movement to bring the
history of European art down to the latest moment. After the Post-Impressionists come the Futurists, Cubists, and the like. These are disposed of as a mere perversion of the main forward tendency, and they are condemned, as it were, from hand to hand, not to provoke aesthetic emotions, but to convey information and ideas—

They aim at representing in line and colour the chaos of the mind at a particular moment. The Post-Impressionist tendency, on the other hand, is capable of endless development. So much for a summary of European art, to which we have added Oriental parallels.

It remains to notice an important chapter of Mr. Bell's book, which will be of special interest, perhaps, to Indians, who have still a strong instinct for aesthetic poetry and drama, as Blake and Hsieh Ho. This view is also closely related to that of Abhinavagupta, who says that the appreciation of poetry (or aesthetic poetry and drama, as Mr. Bell's in those of painting) is a revelation of our own higher self (the sattvic nature), otherwise obscured by rajas (selfish activity) and tamas (dullness); aesthetic ecstasy is comparable to Brahmanic bliss. The terms of his opposition are not so far removed from the pairs of opposites, that we should have come to the same conclusion. For those who follow thus far, it must be evident that art and religion are one and the same thing—the vision of God, or of Ultimate Reality, or the Self, or Will, or whatever name we choose to use—a spiritual ecstasy not religious, in their deepest essence, are concerned with practical ethics; both are alike beyond good and evil.

The essential ecstasies are as remote from the happiness and sorrow, the hopes and fears of this human life, as is the unconditioned from the pairs of opposites. We are in perfect agreement that this ecstasy is the best thing art can give us; but Mr. Bell himself is so pre-occupied with this that he forgets the importance of the element of sympathetic magic in a work of art. It was once thought that there may be a picture or a phrase stimulating in us a dionysic ecstasy; but together with this, or even failing this, works of art, in so far as they express and awaken personal emotions, or set forth a physiological ideal, have a very direct influence upon life. We may also, began in an unconscious way, in myths and dreams, individuals and races continually dramatise subconscious purposes and hopes and fears; and our main education, in the sense of "licking into shape," is attained through the idol-worship of these ecstasies. Hence it is that people will acquire sensibility.

Would-be censors of art have always felt this very strongly; it is only unfortunate that those who are most anxious to exercise a censorship personally, or to have one exercised on behalf of their own prejudices, have very rarely been artists at all, and in many cases not even psychologists. A "censorship" is only satisfactorily exercised by the good taste of an élite: it is this, for example, that has preserved the perfection of the Japanese No-drama through so many centuries, and enabled it in its own way to have a direct influence upon life. It is this, perhaps, but are equals in all but middle physics, that we live a fine kind of life while we live at all. Thus the Nietzscheans are right up to a certain point—the dharmā, artha, and kama point—in their advocacy of ruler-art, and their interest in subject. Both sides, moreover, are in perfect agreement that realism is the smallest part of art, and that it is no part of the business of individual art to represent its own particular prejudices, but Mr. Bell himself is so pre-occupied with this that he forgets the importance of the element of sympathetic magic in a work of art. It was once thought that there may be a picture or a phrase stimulating in us a dionysic ecstasy; but together with this, or even failing this, works of art, in so far as they express and awaken personal emotions, or set forth a physiological ideal, have a very direct influence upon life. We may also, began in an unconscious way, in myths and dreams, individuals and races continually dramatise subconscious purposes and hopes and fears; and our main education, in the sense of "licking into shape," is attained through the idol-worship of these ecstasies. Hence it is that people will acquire sensibility.

Philosophy teaches us that such a death must be the final end of every development; but even if that death be really the gate of Life, we ought, none the less, to see that we live a fine kind of life while we live at all. Thus the Nietzscheans are right up to a certain point—the dharmā, artha, and kama point—in their advocacy of ruler-art, and their interest in subject. Both sides, moreover, are in perfect agreement that realism is the smallest part of art, and that it is no part of the business of individual art to represent its own particular prejudices, or rather decultivated, and the only élite consists of yet uncorrupted peasants, whose virtues are traditional, un-

conscious and insecure. The later stage, of plutocratic and official art on the one hand, and "popular" or mob art on the other, the élite reduced to sporadic manifestations of individual genius (perhaps only survivals), may be studied in many cases, perhaps in the case of the Pahari style, in the most naive and vulgar exhibition of"art, to be provided for the people and not easy to be discovered. Laymen should learn to look at statues for the setting up of idols; their own business is to worship. But if all artists confine themselves altogether to idealism, they cannot wonder if the great public sets up mean and false idols for itself.

Probably, with our modern ideals of self-expression, and one-man-as-good-as-another, we make it nearly impossible for the artists to establish idols; even a god is helpless without worshippers. Probably we need, to teach us idol-worship, to occupy ourselves far more extensively with the minor ritual of the temple. "There must be more popular art... art must become less exclusively professional. That will not be achieved by bribing the best artists to debase themselves, but by enabling everyone to create such art as he can. The aim of art is to do the work of religion, it must be somehow brought within reach of the people who need religion, and an obvious means of achieving this is to introduce useful work the thrill of creation. One does not bring art into the lives of the people "by dragging parties of children and factory girls through the National Gallery and the British Museum... the only possible effect of personally conducted visits must be to confirm the visitors in their suspicion that art is something infinitely remote, infinitely venerable, and infinitely dreary... By practising an art it is possible that people will acquire sensibility."

It appears then that we must not go on having our useful work done by machinery; that is, if we wish the people to be educated. Almost the only ordinary people who have a chance to understand the significance of the works of art on their own, must be capable of handling this development. It is quite true that pure art is something much more than ethical; it raises us above the pairs of opposites altogether. But to recommend, therefore, that everyone should "take refuge from life in aesthetic emotion," is to say that everyone should spend their time in mystic raptures, and neglect the cooking. This is neither desirable nor possible. Indeed, aesthetic ecstasy must be a matter of comparatively brief and rare experience even for the most exalted spirit; for to remain on these heights for very long would be a perilous thing. Philosophy teaches us that such a death must be the final end of every development; but even if that death be really the gate of Life, we ought, none the less, to see that we live a fine kind of life while we live at all. Thus the Nietzscheans are right up to a certain point—the dharmā, artha, and kama point—in their advocacy of ruler-art, and their interest in subject. Both sides, moreover, are in perfect agreement that realism is the smallest part of art, and that it is no part of the business of individual art to represent its own particular prejudices, or rather decultivated, and the only élite consists of yet uncorrupted peasants, whose virtues are traditional, un-

conscious and insecure. The later stage, of plutocratic and official art on the one hand, and "popular" or mob art on the other, the élite reduced to sporadic manifestations of individual genius (perhaps only survivals), may be studied in many cases, perhaps in the case of the Pahari style, in the most naive and vulgar exhibition of"art, to be provided for the people and not easy to be discovered. Laymen should learn to look at statues for the setting up of idols; their own business is to worship. But if all artists confine themselves altogether to idealism, they cannot wonder if the great public sets up mean and false idols for itself.

Probably, with our modern ideals of self-expression, and one-man-as-good-as-another, we make it nearly impossible for the artists to establish idols; even a god is helpless without worshippers. Probably we need, to teach us idol-worship, to occupy ourselves far more extensively with the minor ritual of the temple. "There must be more popular art... art must become less exclusively professional. That will not be achieved by bribing the best artists to debase themselves, but by enabling everyone to create such art as he can. The aim of art is to do the work of religion, it must be somehow brought within reach of the people who need religion, and an obvious means of achieving this is to introduce useful work the thrill of creation. One does not bring art into the lives of the people "by dragging parties of children and factory girls through the National Gallery and the British Museum... the only possible effect of personally conducted visits must be to confirm the visitors in their suspicion that art is something infinitely remote, infinitely venerable, and infinitely dreary... By practising an art it is possible that people will acquire sensibility."

It appears then that we must not go on having our useful work done by machinery; that is, if we wish the people to be educated. Almost the only ordinary people who have a chance to understand the significance of the works of art on their own, must be capable of handling this development. It is quite true that pure art is something much more than ethical; it raises us above the pairs of opposites altogether. But to recommend, therefore, that everyone should "take refuge from life in aesthetic emotion," is to say that everyone should spend their time in mystic raptures, and neglect the cooking. This is neither desirable nor possible. Indeed, aesthetic ecstasy must be a matter of comparatively brief and rare experience even for the most exalted spirit; for to remain on these heights for very long would be a perilous thing. Philosophy teaches us that such a death must be the final end of every development; but even if that death be really the gate of Life, we ought, none the less, to see that we live a fine kind of life while we live at all. Thus the Nietzscheans are right up to a certain point—the dharmā, artha, and kama point—in their advocacy of ruler-art, and their interest in subject. Both sides, moreover, are in perfect agreement that realism is the smallest part of art, and that it is no part of the business of individual art to represent its own particular prejudices, or rather decultivated, and the only élite consists of yet uncorrupted peasants, whose virtues are traditional, un-

conscious and insecure. The later stage, of plutocratic and official art on the one hand, and "popular" or mob art on the other, the élite reduced to sporadic manifestations of individual genius (perhaps only survivals), may be studied in many cases, perhaps in the case of the Pahari style, in the most naive and vulgar exhibition of"art, to be provided for the people and not easy to be discovered. Laymen should learn to look at statues for the setting up of idols; their own business is to worship. But if all artists confine themselves altogether to idealism, they cannot wonder if the great public sets up mean and false idols for itself.

Probably, with our modern ideals of self-expression, and one-man-as-good-as-another, we make it nearly impossible for the artists to establish idols; even a god is helpless without worshippers. Probably we need, to teach us idol-worship, to occupy ourselves far more extensively with the minor ritual of the temple. "There must be more popular art... art must become less exclusively professional. That will not be achieved by bribing the best artists to debase themselves, but by enabling everyone to create such art as he can. The aim of art is to do the work of religion, it must be somehow brought within reach of the people who need religion, and an obvious means of achieving this is to introduce useful work the thrill of creation. One does not bring art into the lives of the people "by dragging parties of children and factory girls through the National Gallery and the British Museum... the only possible effect of personally conducted visits must be to confirm the visitors in their suspicion that art is something infinitely remote, infinitely venerable, and infinitely dreary... By practising an art it is possible that people will acquire sensibility."
That Americans covet everything European is proved by the Alpine architecture of New York.

A Museum in the building which will eventually house all the antiques and art treasures of the Old World.

Fifth Avenue: A street of Hostesses whose wonderful hospitality is excelled only by their eyes.

In Fifth Avenue may be found the arch shopkeeper who knows why a certain little gilded Oriental god has been grinning for centuries.

Wall Street: The forty-storied fortress of financial feudalism, in whose domes the dollars of the poor are serving an eternal sentence.


The New York Customs: An instance of the many trials in after life for which our school examinations have utterly failed to prepare us.

The Statue of Liberty: A cyclopean figure of Truth adapted by a cheerful and witty nation to commemorate their discovery that Utopia is only a theory.

NEW YORK.

Newport is closed in winter so that New York society may rest.

THE CLERK WHO FOUND TRUTH.

He wore a suit of shining navy blue,
Because he liked it, and it last so well.

A sock of many colours crowned the shoe,
His snow-white collar showed the laundress' spell,
Because he liked it, and it lasts so well.

A sock of many colours crowned the shoe,
His snow-white collar showed the laundress' spell,
Because he liked it, and it lasts so well.

He dressed with care, because he was a clerk,
His reckonings whilst others did the work.

And watched the minute hand go crawling by.

He sat upon his stool from nine to six,
And commed his ledger with an anxious eye.

He entered this, checked that, made curious ticks,
And thence his tie in lavis splendour fell;
He dressed with care, because he was a clerk,
And clerks must be respectable till dark.

The heedless walker on the fields of chance,
From all the torments of this wretched star.
Well might he frown, for early in his youth
Impelled by sundry straits of circumstance,
He faltered not, but thought even in despair,
The essence that which none had ever found,
Art and science are woven into his brain.

The Atlantic is scarcely wide enough for one to appreciate properly the perspective of New York.

Not the voyage across long enough to prepare one for the surprises that await one there.

An agglomeration of babel towers, reconceived and successfully completed; the building of which has given birth to an entirely new language.

An expensive example of chaos galvanised and rendered inhabitable.

A hectic and stimulating place, in which one moves in delirium, and is unconscious of fatigue.

That the beauty of New York probably may never be discovered.

SOME MAXIMS ON AMERICANS, NEW YORK AND NEWPORT.

By Sebastian Sorrell.

AMERICANS.

A wonderful people who have succeeded in making ice-creams at least four times colder than any other nation.

That there is nothing in a name and everything in a phenomenon.

In America Santa Claus gives to every boy, without distinction, an initial.

Or in keeping with the requirements of Nature, but it invariably ends in a loss to the democracy of her country.

The survival of the mediaeval Robber Baron in modern democracy.

NEW YORK.

The sense of lengthy phrases state,
There's many modern words I meet.
Now let impotence of man
Be designate by "fahian."
A distorted, i.e. walking dead.
A "hardie" should be called instead.
To promise bread to waiting poor
And then to fumble at the door.
By "web-web" would be understood.
This definition's near as good
As when with inspiration pat
The Platocratic was styled as "Fat."
When windy prose diffusely swells
Let's talk of "effervescent wells."
My word-book hath examples more,
If half-a-dozen there's a score;
But euphony will not allow
Them published in these pages now.
Perhaps by polishing each name
They'll yet be lifted into Fame.

TRIBOULET.

THE NEW AGE

APRIL 16, 1914.

Pastiche.

WORD REFORM.

At present it is thought good form
To say our spelling needs reform.
But what is more important still
Is that our words express us ill.

There's many modern words I meet.
Make Shakespeare's English obsolete,
For these with meaning concentrate
The sense of lengthy phrases state,
And for improvement of mankind
Here some examples you will find.

The pashwash's pencil might be "to george,"
And "shaw" (ru spelling) is so fit
To signify exploded wit.

Now let impotence of man
Be designate by "fahian."
A distorted, i.e. walking dead
A "hardie" should be called instead.
To promise bread to waiting poor
And then to fumble at the door.
By "web-web" would be understood.
This definition's near as good
As when with inspiration pat
The Platocratic was styled as "Fat."
When windy prose diffusely swells
Let's talk of "effervescent wells."
My word-book hath examples more,
If half-a-dozen there's a score;
But euphony will not allow
Them published in these pages now.
Perhaps by polishing each name
They'll yet be lifted into Fame.

TRIBOULET.

SOME MAXIMS ON AMERICANS, NEW YORK AND NEWPORT.

By Sebastian Sorrell.

AMERICANS.

A wonderful people who have succeeded in making ice-creams at least four times colder than any other nation.

That there is nothing in a name and everything in a phenomenon.

In America most of the men are democrats—and look it; while the women are all monarchists, and often prove it.

The crossing of the Atlantic by an American girl invariably ends in a loss to the democracy of her country.

The American girl is a strong-willed fairy with a weak-heartedness for ice-creams, candies, and coronets, all of which her income can afford.

In America Santa Claus gives to every good little girl a coronet; and to every boy, without distinction, an initial.

If half-a-dozen there's a score;
But euphony will not allow
Them published in these pages now.
Perhaps by polishing each name
They'll yet be lifted into Fame.

TRIBOULET.

SOME MAXIMS ON AMERICANS, NEW YORK AND NEWPORT.

By Sebastian Sorrell.

AMERICANS.

A wonderful people who have succeeded in making ice-creams at least four times colder than any other nation.

That there is nothing in a name and everything in a phenomenon.

In America most of the men are democrats—and look it; while the women are all monarchists, and often prove it.

The crossing of the Atlantic by an American girl invariably ends in a loss to the democracy of her country.

The American girl is a strong-willed fairy with a weakness for ice-creams, candies, and coronets, all of which her income can afford.

In America Santa Claus gives to every good little girl a coronet; and to every boy, without distinction, an initial.

That there has never been an American queen from a nation so productive of natural princesses will no doubt, variously ends in a loss to the democracy of her country.


The New York Customs: An instance of the many trials in after life for which our school examinations have utterly failed to prepare us.

The Statue of Liberty: A cyclopean figure of Truth adapted by a cheerful and witty nation to commemorate their discovery that Utopia is only a theory.

NEW YORK.

Newport is closed in winter so that New York society may rest.

THE CLERK WHO FOUND TRUTH.

He wore a suit of shining navy blue,
Because he liked it, and it lasts so well.

A sock of many colours crowned the shoe,
His snow-white collar showed the laundress' spell,
Because he liked it, and it lasts so well.

He dressed with care, because he was a clerk,
His reckonings whilst others did the work.

And watched the minute hand go crawling by.

He sat upon his stool from nine to six,
And commed his ledger with an anxious eye.

He entered this, checked that, made curious ticks,
And thence his tie in lavis splendour fell;
He dressed with care, because he was a clerk,
And clerks must be respectable till dark.

The heedless walker on the fields of chance,
From all the torments of this wretched star.
Well might he frown, for early in his youth
Impelled by sundry straits of circumstance,
He faltered not, but thought even in despair,
"Truth is worth more than rubies or fine gold;
Thiers is the world, who seek it, and behold!"

By what uncharted ways on perilous seas,
Or in what depths that plummet cannot sound,
He was equipped with power enough to seize
The essence of that which none had ever found,
Cannot be told, are wrapped in gloom profound.
Suffice it must that the result was not
In form and substance quite what he had thought.

For truth has many faces, and to him,
So long unconscious of inflicted wrong,
He faltered not, but thought even in despair,
"Truth is worth more than rubies or fine gold;
Thiers is the world, who seek it, and behold!"

By what uncharted ways on perilous seas,
Or in what depths that plummet cannot sound,
He was equipped with power enough to seize
The essence of that which none had ever found,
Cannot be told, are wrapped in gloom profound.
Suffice it must that the result was not
In form and substance quite what he had thought.

For truth has many faces, and to him,
So long unconscious of inflicted wrong,
He faltered not, but thought even in despair,
"Truth is worth more than rubies or fine gold;
Thiers is the world, who seek it, and behold!"

By what uncharted ways on perilous seas,
Or in what depths that plummet cannot sound,
He was equipped with power enough to seize
The essence of that which none had ever found,
Cannot be told, are wrapped in gloom profound.
Suffice it must that the result was not
In form and substance quite what he had thought.

For truth has many faces, and to him,
So long unconscious of inflicted wrong,
He faltered not, but thought even in despair,
"Truth is worth more than rubies or fine gold;
Thiers is the world, who seek it, and behold!"

By what uncharted ways on perilous seas,
Or in what depths that plummet cannot sound,
He was equipped with power enough to seize
The essence of that which none had ever found,
Cannot be told, are wrapped in gloom profound.
Suffice it must that the result was not
In form and substance quite what he had thought.

For truth has many faces, and to him,
So long unconscious of inflicted wrong,
He faltered not, but thought even in despair,
"Truth is worth more than rubies or fine gold;
Thiers is the world, who seek it, and behold!"

By what uncharted ways on perilous seas,
"This is my word; the social man hath needs
For whose fulfilment he is bound in kind.
For each the sacred path of duty cedes
A fit reward if justice be designed.
But dark the sin whereby, both greedy and blind,
Earth's tyrants live in idleness, and share
The fruits of burdens they make others bear."

So with the word for buckler and for blade,
He strove among his colleagues with success,
And gathered forces for a new crusade.
For whose fulfilment he is bound in kind.

As they held doubts, inspired by wit and wine,
Of reason seeking truth, who pass remarks
That tread the road to Chinnereth.

As they held doubts, inspired by wit and wine,
Of reason seeking truth, who pass remarks
That tread the road to Chinnereth.

But little sorrows kill where large griefs break—
He lost his job, and died for pity's sake.
So may his fate be warning to all clerks
That cannot lift the mind or heart;
All the butter and cheese were made at home.
All the clothes were made and mended at home, and often even the boots
were made and repaired at home. Not only did women do all this work for their own families, but many of
them spun wool and wore cloth at home for the rich, as we
learn from an extremely painful part of Marx's "Capital," which deals with cottage industries.

The first important point is that there has never been
a period in universal history in which poor women were not
compelled to work extremely hard. Only rich women
have ever been exempt from that. It is true that in
past times a larger percentage of women worked at home than at
present, but that was entirely due to the fact that many
industries were formerly carried on at home which are
now carried on in factories. In former times all the
wool was spun and the cloth woven at home. All the
beer was brewed at home, and the bread was baked at
home. Everything was washed at home. All the butter
and cheese were made at home. All the clothes were
made and mended at home, and often even the boots
were made and repaired at home. Not only did women
do all this work for their own families, but many of
them spun wool and wore cloth at home for the rich, as we
learn from an extremely painful part of Marx's "Capital," which deals with cottage industries.

Alongside of this domestic work there was also, how-
ever, an enormous amount of extremely exhausting
work for wages. If Mrs. Hastings will simply turn over
the leaves of "Six Centuries of Work and Wages," she
will then discover that the wages of women were an
important subject during the whole of these six centuries. An
enormous portion of the agricultural labour of Eng-
lund was done in the past by women, as it still is in
Scotland by women who are known as "bondagers." In
England women worked through past ages, not merely
at the pit head of mines, but deep down in the mines themselves. They were working there day after
day in all Continental Europe. If Mrs. Hastings wishes to under-
stand what women did in the past, I advise her to look and
see what they are doing today in all backward coun-
tries. In Austria, Hungary, and Russia she will find
women toiling for twelve hours a day working in the
fields, building roads, digging ditches, constructing rail-
way embankments, and she will find them working at
least ten hours underground in mines. I do not know
whether Mrs. Hastings made full use of her chance of
observing sed Indian women a good deal. They work hard enough. Search the world over, and you will find that in all
past times women have been worked to the limit of endurance,
whether in their own homes or anywhere else that it
pays better to employ them.

If Mrs. Hastings imagines that women had an easier
time in the past than they have now, let her apply a few
simple tests. Let her observe those industries which have
changed least. Domestic service is one of them, although it has changed enormously for the better.
A generation or two ago a servant had far less freedom than she has now. I was brought up in a nice
storey house, with three well-furnished spare bedrooms
for guests; yet the two servants slept in a dark closet
off the kitchen, every inch of which was occupied by the
bed. The door was kept closed all day, and no breath
of air ever got in. That was in the seventies, and every-
body then talked about the luxury of servants and
lamented the good old times. We have no very recent
statistics of the wages of servants; yet it may safely be
said that a servant who now gets £20 a year would not
have got £2 or £3 a hundred years ago, although at that
time most things purchased by servants were dearer than now.
In spite of these enormous changes for the better,
domestic service is still such a hateful employment that
it is always difficult to supply the market. However
much women may hate the factory and the shop, they are
at least unanimous in the opinion that these things are
better than domestic service.

I have often read with interest the letters and articles of Mrs. Beatrice Hastings upon the sphere of
women. Mrs. Hastings is an admirable letter-writer, but,
unfortunately, she is not a very painstaking student of
the history of female labour, and it is only in her
economic history. Before one can form an adequate
opinion about female labour, it is necessary to know the
history of female labour, and it is only in her

The New Age
woman who can remember the good old times, or has heard her mother or grandmother speak of them. I have talked with many such, but everyone I have yet met is very positive in their answers at the present day. This is a fact even as women worked in the past, and that the girl of the present who goes to a factory or shop has a much easier time than those of sixty or seventy years ago, whether she worked indoors or out. It is fair to say that my own conversations have been mostly with Scotch or Canadian women, who have lived in countries where the good old times lasted longer than in England.

The present turmoil about woman labour is, therefore, in no way due to the alleged fact that women have lately begun to work, or to the fact that they are not yet worked and poorly paid. It is due to two entirely different causes.

First, there has been an immense decline of marriage among the loquacious classes. The poor still marry; for burden whether for domestic or wage work. Among the classes have no economic value. Wife or no wife, the middle and skilled working classes, however, men have no different causes.

Scotch or Canadian women, who have lived in countries in no way due to the alleged fact that women have lately worked and poorly paid. It is due to two entirely different causes.

Second, there has been an immense decline of marriage among the loquacious classes. The poor still marry; for burden whether for domestic or wage work. Among the classes have no economic value. Wife or no wife, the middle and skilled working classes, however, men have no different causes.

Scotch or Canadian women, who have lived in countries in no way due to the alleged fact that women have lately worked and poorly paid. It is due to two entirely different causes.

The present turmoil about woman labour is, therefore, in no way due to the alleged fact that women have lately begun to work, or to the fact that they are not yet worked and poorly paid. It is due to two entirely different causes.

First, there has been an immense decline of marriage among the loquacious classes. The poor still marry; for burden whether for domestic or wage work. Among the classes have no economic value. Wife or no wife, the middle and skilled working classes, however, men have no different causes.

Scotch or Canadian women, who have lived in countries in no way due to the alleged fact that women have lately worked and poorly paid. It is due to two entirely different causes.

Second, there has been an immense decline of marriage among the loquacious classes. The poor still marry; for burden whether for domestic or wage work. Among the classes have no economic value. Wife or no wife, the middle and skilled working classes, however, men have no different causes.

Scotch or Canadian women, who have lived in countries in no way due to the alleged fact that women have lately worked and poorly paid. It is due to two entirely different causes.

The present turmoil about woman labour is, therefore, in no way due to the alleged fact that women have lately begun to work, or to the fact that they are not yet worked and poorly paid. It is due to two entirely different causes.

First, there has been an immense decline of marriage among the loquacious classes. The poor still marry; for burden whether for domestic or wage work. Among the classes have no economic value. Wife or no wife, the middle and skilled working classes, however, men have no different causes.

Scotch or Canadian women, who have lived in countries in no way due to the alleged fact that women have lately worked and poorly paid. It is due to two entirely different causes.

Second, there has been an immense decline of marriage among the loquacious classes. The poor still marry; for burden whether for domestic or wage work. Among the classes have no economic value. Wife or no wife, the middle and skilled working classes, however, men have no different causes.

Scotch or Canadian women, who have lived in countries in no way due to the alleged fact that women have lately worked and poorly paid. It is due to two entirely different causes.

The present turmoil about woman labour is, therefore, in no way due to the alleged fact that women have lately begun to work, or to the fact that they are not yet worked and poorly paid. It is due to two entirely different causes.

First, there has been an immense decline of marriage among the loquacious classes. The poor still marry; for burden whether for domestic or wage work. Among the classes have no economic value. Wife or no wife, the middle and skilled working classes, however, men have no different causes.

Scotch or Canadian women, who have lived in countries in no way due to the alleged fact that women have lately worked and poorly paid. It is due to two entirely different causes.

Second, there has been an immense decline of marriage among the loquacious classes. The poor still marry; for burden whether for domestic or wage work. Among the classes have no economic value. Wife or no wife, the middle and skilled working classes, however, men have no different causes.

Scotch or Canadian women, who have lived in countries in no way due to the alleged fact that women have lately worked and poorly paid. It is due to two entirely different causes.

The present turmoil about woman labour is, therefore, in no way due to the alleged fact that women have lately begun to work, or to the fact that they are not yet worked and poorly paid. It is due to two entirely different causes.

First, there has been an immense decline of marriage among the loquacious classes. The poor still marry; for burden whether for domestic or wage work. Among the classes have no economic value. Wife or no wife, the middle and skilled working classes, however, men have no different causes.

Scotch or Canadian women, who have lived in countries in no way due to the alleged fact that women have lately worked and poorly paid. It is due to two entirely different causes.

Second, there has been an immense decline of marriage among the loquacious classes. The poor still marry; for burden whether for domestic or wage work. Among the classes have no economic value. Wife or no wife, the middle and skilled working classes, however, men have no different causes.
MR. ROMNEY GREEN'S FURNITURE.

SIR,—When I read Mr. Ludovici's criticisms of Mr. Romney Green's furniture, I did so with a strong feeling of annoyance, and though in the last paragraph he shows some sympathy with the difficulties with which the craftsman has to contend with in the modern world, that does not entirely remove the stigma which attaches itself to Mr. Green. I have not seen Mr. Green's exhibition, but I am familiar with his work, and I can say that if Mr. Green is not in every way a conscientious worker, then one does not exist, and, I will say further, never will. It is all very well for Mr. Ludovici to go to an exhibition and moan about for a slight little defect here and another there, and then to say that because some of Mr. Green's work is absolutely without any minor defect he ought not to allow slight imperfections to appear anywhere; it is altogether in the clouds when he talks in this way. At one time, I ran a furniture workshop myself, and I can speak with some experience of the difficulties with which Mr. Green has to contend. I can tell Mr. Ludovici that they are simply insuperable. Almost every time a piece of furniture is moved it bumps against something and makes a slight defect. Every slight variation in temperature affects it. If drawers fit perfectly at the time they are made they will either stick or be loose as the temperature goes up or down, and in many minor ways the craftsman is to some extent dependent on others. Let a man do his best he will not be able to do perfectly. What end does he think he serves by criticism of this kind? He won't make Mr. Green do better work, because he does not exist, and, I will say further, never will. It is not in every way a conscientious worker, then one does not exist. And, I will say further, never will. It is a piece of furniture so made that it is absolutely without any minor defect he ought not to use it for a tea-pot, but in the case of Cubism, not all the "tea-pot handles," the "keel," the "saws" arranged together in any amount of sequences can raise a thrill. Knuckle-duster calleth unto door-knob, and tea-pot unto tray, but there is no voice that answereth them.

We euripides the human
With its dropings of warm tears
And its touchings of things common;
Till they rose to touch the spheres.

By the craft of the Cubist the kitchen callender becomes "The Enemy of the Stars" and strikes the very constellations with sublime head.

The beauty of banal forms," says Mr. Hulme. "Beauty is in truth form," says Schiller, "a condition of our subject, because we contemplate it; but it is at the same time life, because we feel it. In a word, it is at once a state and an achievement."—"Aesthetische Richtig." Mr. Hulme also writes that a Cubist composition "might make up an understandable kind of music," and here he is again guilty of stating a half-truth, for, "all art," says Walter Pater, "leads towards the condition of music;" but says Carlyle ("The Opera," Miscellaneous Essays), music itself "becomes quite de- mented and seized with delirium whenever it departs from the reality of perceptible and actual things." Could a better description of Cubism be given?

But Carlyle was not by avocation an art journalist, and therefore, perhaps, not worth listening to in this connection. No more is Houston Chamberlain, who, writing in "The Foundations of the Nineteenth Century," says, "But if the artist really succeeds in moving the spectator by the sense of sight in awakening life by form, how high must we estimate the importance of form? In a certain sense we might simply say, 'Art is form,' " and again of music he writes: "There soon came men who boldly asserted and taught the whole world that music expressed nothing, signified nothing; but was merely a kind of ornamentation, a kaleidoscopic playing with relative vibrations. Such is the retribution that falls upon an Art that leaves the ground of actuality." Cubists please copy.

P.S.—Mr. Hulme has a reference to Plato. The man no doubt is responsible for a great deal, he has even accused of Christianity (Religio Illicita); but, if in spite of the Fourth Dimension, he is ever convicted of Cubism, I will undertake—no, not to meet Jack Johnson—but to eat a Carving in Flenite with apple sauce.

APRIL CATALOGUE. JUST OUT.

This NEW CATALOGUE of PUBLISHERS' REMAINDERS contains many EXCELLENT BOOKS now offered at REDUCED PRICES FOR THE FIRST TIME.

WILLIAM GLAISHER, Ltd., Booksellers.

265, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.

All Books are at new condition as when originally published.
No second-hand books here.

DRAWING AND PAINTING—SICKERT and GOSSÉ, Rowlandson House, 140, Hanover Street, N.W. Day & Evening schools.

A FAIR PRICE Given for Old Gold, Silver, and Platinum, Old Coins, War Medals, Diamonds, China, etc., and all kinds of foreign money exchanged by Maurice Cowcher, 140, Hanover Street, Liverpool.

FREE SALVATION FOR ALL.


FRESH FISH DAILY at JOSEPH'S, 158, King Street, Hammersmith.
MARTIN LUTHER.