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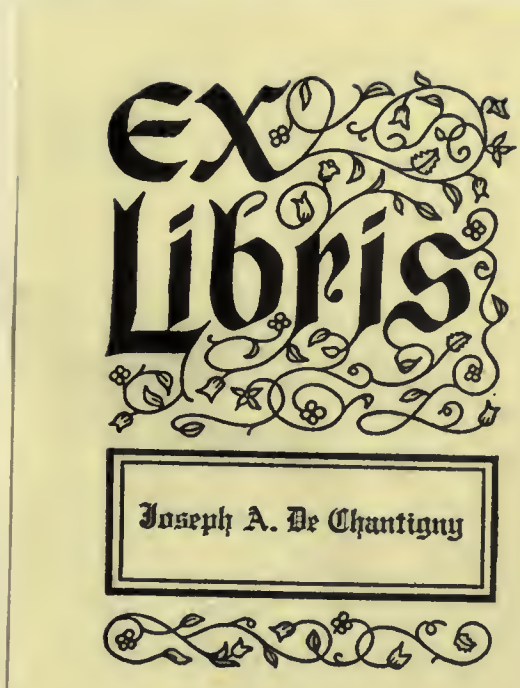
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# EVERYMAN

OCTOBER 18—APRIL 11

1912-13

# EVERYMAN

## HIS LIFE, WORK, & BOOKS

## VOLUME ONE

LONDON: PUBLISHED BY
J. M. DENT & SONS, LIMITED
MCMXIII

HAZELL, WATSON & VINEY, LD.,
PRINTERS,
4-8, KIRBY STREET, HATTON GARDEN,
LONDON, E.C.

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# EVERYMAN

**His Life, Work, and Books.**

No. 1. Vol. 1. [REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O.] FRIDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1912. One Penny.


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ON THE

**ORIGIN OF LIFE**

DR. ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE O.M.

## HISTORY IN THE MAKING

### NOTES OF THE WEEK

UP to the time of going to press there has been no actual declaration of war against Turkey by the Balkan Confederacy, but there seems no possibility of hope that it can be long delayed. It is understood that the allied Balkan States will present a simultaneous ultimatum immediately, and this can only mean a declaration of war by the allied peoples. Meanwhile, the Montenegrin armies are so far completely victorious, and are marching on Scutari, which will soon be invested on all sides. Now that war has come at last, it takes some effort of imagination to grasp the grim reality that confronts us. It is not like the war against Italy, a war undertaken for the annexation of a sandy waste on African shores. This is a National war, a Holy war, a war of Liberation; it is a war of Passion, of Revenge, in which Bulgaria, Montenegro, Servia and Greece are paying off the score of centuries of oppression.

One question forces itself upon us: Will it be possible to circumscribe the area of hostilities? Considering that Austria has solemnly declared that she has "vital interests" in the Balkans, and that in the semi-official journal *Rossiya*, of St. Petersburg, is published an article in which it is declared that "Russia's sympathies and pity are with the Balkan States"; and remembering that all the other great Powers have also, to say the least, very important interests to defend, and remembering that all those interests are conflicting, it is difficult to see how they can remain detached observers.

One little gleam of hope, however, comes from Vienna, for it is stated that Austro-Hungary will not take any active part, even though the Allies should interfere with the Sanjak of Novibazar.

It is true that a Viennese paper tells us that the Monarchy will have to see that at the end of the war its way to the South is not interfered with. This seems to point to the fact that the concert of Europe is yet in existence; but whether this is for the good of the small States who are thus fighting for their freedom is very difficult to decide.

One thing is certain, namely, that the *status quo* will never be restored; whether Turkey is beaten or victorious, whether Europe interferes or not, there will be an end to the direct rule of Turkey, in South-Eastern Europe especially. We shall hear no more of Macedonian atrocities. One tangible and enormous result will be achieved, the emancipation of the Macedonian people, the complete autonomy of that sorely tried nationality.

The Peace Treaty between Turkey and Italy was signed at Ouchy on Tuesday, thus bringing to an end a dreary war, which was nothing but an unprovoked aggression on the part of Italy, and which, we hope, may remain unique in modern history. This fact will, of course, leave Turkey's hands free to deal with her four small but gallant foes. At the same time it makes the task of the great Powers extremely difficult, and brings the danger of a European conflagration nearer. The concert is already feeling the consequences of its somewhat shamefaced connivance in Italy's aggression.

The Government have carried their closure resolutions with substantial majorities, and against Mr. Sandy's amendment to limit the legislative power of the Irish Parliament to a certain number of subjects, such as education, agriculture, maintenance of hospitals and charitable institutions, municipal institutions, etc., they had the large majority of 104.

Those who look for statesmanship in relation to Irish Home Rule will find it more often outside than inside the House of Commons, with its overheated atmosphere of party interest; and thus, while the faction fight proceeds at Westminster, sagacious counsels are finding good advocates in Lord Dunraven and Lord Macdonnell, who plead for a truce to party warfare in order that the Irish question may be reviewed and solved in coolness and reason.

Does the plea come too late? We hope and believe that it is not too late. Are the obstacles insurmountable? In appearance they may be; but obstacles as great were surmounted by that same group of loyal and patriotic Irishmen when they summoned the Land Conference ten years ago, and laid the foundation of the great Land Purchase Act of 1903. Everyone remembers how coldly the idea of that Conference was at first received; how its promoters were dismissed as adventurers and told to read Irish history if they wished to know why their Conference must fail. In the face of all, they persevered and carried the problem of Irish land to a lasting solution. Such a Conference conducted by just such men is the need of to-day, for the Irish question has ripened rapidly in the new and more temperate climate of opinion which now surrounds it.

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An incident in the House of Commons on Tuesday night revealed in a flash the burning question of our time. After a day spent in sedate discussion of Clause 2 of the Home Rule Bill, a legal member rose on the motion for adjournment to cross-examine Mr. Lloyd George on the operations of his Land Inquiry Committee. In an instant the House was ablaze with the fiery passions that raged round the famous Budget of 1909. Wild words sped from side to side; and when the Chancellor of the Exchequer rose to reply, the uproar reached its height. With the merits of the particular point in dispute we are not concerned, but we point to the incident as a shadow of coming events.

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We welcome the announcement that the agreement between the Post Office and the Marconi Company respecting the chain of British Wireless Telegraph Stations round the world is to be investigated by a Select Committee of the House of Commons, for only by this means can the ugly rumours of corruption be brought to light and killed.

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The attempt on Mr. Roosevelt's life by a fanatic (or lunatic?) has caused great anxiety throughout America, and no less, we are quite sure, in England; for however we may disagree with the policy for which he stands, we cannot but admire the immense pluck and personality of the man. He has brought fresh life into American politics, which they sadly needed, and we are glad that so far there is no fear of danger to his life. Mr. Roosevelt's strenuous determination to go on with the programme of the evening, and to make a speech of an hour's length, no doubt has somewhat complicated the work of the surgeons, who at present do not intend to probe for the bullet; still there seems to be no fear but that he will make a complete recovery. President Taft's message is indeed significant: He says:—

"This assault, following on the shooting at Mayor Gaynor, two years ago, and the assassination of three out of the last nine Presidents elected by our people, is an event which must cause solemn reflecting by all Americans upon the conditions which make it possible that such dastardly deeds may occur in a country affording to its citizens such complete advantages of civil liberty."

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What has happened in the Balkans has made a good deal of financial history, and at one moment it threatened to make a great deal more history, for the financial fabric was dangerously near a crisis of the first magnitude. Capital, as we all know, is highly sensitive; the faintest rumbling in the political atmosphere makes it shiver. Now the fact is, that within the past month or two there has been a gambling mania on the Continental Bourses, and stocks and shares, as is usual in such circumstances, were lifted up to an exceptionally high price, regardless of merit. It seemed like an inverted pyramid, a huge superstructure of speculation raised on a flimsy foundation. What was the result? Sanity momentarily returned, and in sheer desperation speculators jettisoned stocks, regardless of consequences. Had not influential bodies, the Paris Bourse, the Berlin Bourse, and many big bankers, adopted strenuous measures to allay the panic, it is certain that there would have been a crisis. Let us suppose that there had not been abnormal speculation—then the financial fabric would have shivered less alarmingly, because of the chance of all Europe being involved in a war. But with a war involving the whole of Europe the financial fabric will almost certainly crumble to pieces, because of the interdependence of finance.

## WHO IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE WAR?

It would be amusing, if the subject were not so tragic, to read the commentary of British journalists on the recent events in the Balkans. With a touching unanimity they express their amazement at the failure of European diplomacy. They do *not* seem to realise that European diplomacy has never seriously meant to succeed, and has been nothing but a cloak to hide the selfish and unscrupulous designs of the diplomats themselves. Or the journalists express their indignation against the rash and unwarranted aggression of the Balkan nations. They seem entirely to forget that those nations have been for generations the all too patient victims of oppression.

A journalist must be either naïvely ignorant or shamelessly impudent thus to lay the responsibility of the war on the shoulders of the people of the Balkans. For that war is the inevitable outcome of the cynical and mischievous policy pursued for thirty years by the so-called "Concert of Europe." The Great Powers of Europe have handed over the Christian nations to the tender mercies of the Turk. They have refused to insist on the most elementary reforms, although by the Treaty of Berlin of 1878 they had solemnly pledged themselves to see a complete change in the administration carried out and to put an end for ever to Turkish misgovernment.

And not only have the Great Powers not insisted on the promised reforms being carried out, but they have themselves been the chief obstacle to the realisation of reform, and to the normal development of those beautiful and unhappy countries. Anyone who has travelled in the Balkans will be edified in a few weeks on the meaning of international political morality. When the secret history of the Balkan States comes to be written, it will reveal a lamentable record of dark conspiracy and Machiavellian intrigue.

Germany supported through thick and thin Abdul Hamid, "Abdul the damned." She lent him money to squander amongst his favourites. She reorganised his troops to crush his subjects. She propped his tottering throne. When William II. started on his pilgrimage to the Holy Land he stopped in Constantinople on his way to Jerusalem, and gave many tokens of his friendship to a tyrant whose hands were reeking with the blood of fifty thousand Armenians.

And Austria has done worse than Germany. Again and again she has stirred up the Balkan rulers against their people. She has utilised the late King Milan as a pawn in her own sordid game. The nations of the Balkans have often been blamed for their fratricidal quarrels. But we forget that it is generally Austria that has fomented those quarrels. Even as she used the vendetta of the Obrenovitch against the Karageorgevitch, thus being ultimately responsible for the ghastly butchery of Belgrade, even so has Austria played off Bulgaria against Servia. Five years ago, whilst I was studying political conditions in the Peninsula, Servia

and Bulgaria had made up their minds to settle their old feuds and to conclude an alliance. But Austria opposed her veto, and declared that if such an alliance were concluded, Servian goods would not be allowed across the Danube.

One other illustration of Austrian policy may be given. It is typical of many. For years Servia has wanted to build a railway to provide a market for her agricultural produce. Austria has persistently prevented that railway being built. Until this day Servia is without an outlet on the Adriatic. She is shut in on every side, and is completely at the mercy of her mighty neighbour. As King Peter told the writer of these lines, in the course of an audience: "Nous devons passer par les fourches caudines de l'Autriche" ("We must pass under the caudine forks of Austria").

A truce, therefore, to our hypocritical lamentations! Let us not add insult to injury! Let us refrain from blaming the victims of our own greed and ambition. The score that is being settled is a very old one, and it will have to be settled once for all. Europe is reaping in blood a harvest which she has sown in iniquity. And all that Christian blood is on the head, not only of the Christian statesmen, but of the rulers of those Great Powers who have only used their strength to oppress the weak.

## WHAT OF ARMENIA?

While all eyes are fixed on the Balkans, it must not be forgotten that across the Hellespont there are other races who suffer under Turkish rule. From sources only too well authenticated comes the news that in Armenia murders, robbery, abduction, and forcible conversions to Islam have increased greatly, and passed the usual limit, since the new Cabinet came into power. The Armenian Patriarch of Constantinople made several protests, but no steps were taken to stop these misdeeds, and he resigned. The Armenian National Council at Constantinople also protested violently against this inhuman policy of exterminating the Christian population of Turkey. Some of the members went so far as to suggest an armed rebellion. Armenians from different parts of the world, and especially from Russia, are trying to make the respective Governments of the countries in which they live exercise their influence to put a stop to these atrocities. Even the present Foreign Minister of Turkey, who is an Armenian, resigned his post as a protest against the indifference of the Government towards the condition of Armenians, but the Cabinet has been able to win him over with promises which include the following provisions: Settlement of land disputes, organisation of local militia, equality of rights, etc. We are waiting for the result.

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## THE MESSAGE OF 'EVERYMAN'

The object of Everyman is to provide, at a price within the reach of all, a high-class literary journal, which will interpret to the people the best thought of English literature and world literature, and which will voice the ideals and aspirations of progressive democracy.

One of the most hopeful signs of the times is the extraordinary success of such popular collections as "Everyman's Library," which have revealed the vast and magnificent possibilities of what we may call the "democratisation" of literature. They have proved that the best policy for the publisher as for the statesman is to trust in the people. They have proved that there exists amongst the rising generation a keen, unsatisfied hunger for the purest and most substantial literary nourishment, and that the more the people have been debarred from their natural opportunities of culture at school, the more keenly anxious are they to obtain their intellectual and spiritual culture through the ministry of books, and through direct communion with the master-minds of all ages.

But it is not enough to place the treasures of literature within reach of the ordinary reader. We must also devise the best means and methods to unfold the nature and contents of a book, and show him how to appraise all books at their proper value; to distinguish the true from the false and the genuine from the counterfeit. It is not enough to open vistas in every direction. We must also guide the reader and see that he shall not miss the forest for the trees, that he shall not wander away from the royal road which leads to wisdom. It is not enough to say that Shakespeare and Tolstoi, that Ruskin and Carlyle, have an illuminating message for him. He must be able to understand that message for himself, and its bearing on the problems of the day and the relation of literature to life.

To provide such assistance and guidance and interpretation is the essential purpose of Everyman.

There never was a time when such guidance was more urgently needed. We are living in a wonderful age, when every landmark is being swept away, when every belief is being questioned, when every established institution is on its trial, when reform is the order of the day, when almost every writer is a "Herald of Revolt." Whether that unrest and revolt will lead to a peaceful and orderly reconstruction of human society, or whether that reconstruction shall be preceded by a revolutionary catastrophe will entirely depend on the wisdom of the people, and that wisdom will largely depend on the light and leading which they will receive; which, again, will mainly depend on the sense of responsibility of those who, by their writings, are moulding and directing public opinion.

Everyman, therefore, will not look at the great political and religious struggles of the present generation with the aloofness and detachment of the academic recluse, but, whilst ministering to the needs of everyday life, whilst remaining in close touch with all the problems of the day, it will be its aim and purpose to consider life from the higher plane of the ideal, and, above all, to avoid the turbid atmosphere of political and religious partisanship. Whilst keenly interested in the burning controversies of the age, it will open its columns to the expression of every honest conviction, and will deliberately invite discussion and contradiction.

# THE CHANCE OF THE PEASANT BY G. K. CHESTERTON

Two very extraordinary and rather unexpected things have happened in the recent political thought of this country. I mean the simultaneous collapse of the thing that is called Individualism and also of the thing that is called Socialism—at least in England and by the English Socialists. When I was last in Paris I remember seeing an election placard, advocating the claims of a gentleman with the attractive name of Baube; in which, if I remember right, that politician described himself as "Deputé Sortant Radical Republican Socialiste Anti-Collectiviste." I have never been a Deputé (thank God), and if I had been I should doubtless have been Sortant at an early opportunity; but in all other respects I think that portentous catalogue describes my own political opinions with a precision and lucidity which I and my countrymen can seldom rival. For the sake of clearness, therefore, and the avoidance of a mere verbal wrangle, I will call the Marxian and Fabian scheme for giving up to the Government all the primary forms of property, by the special term Collectivism; while I call the old English trust in competition and individual enterprise by its old name of Individualism. It is appropriate to get the names of these two causes quite clear cut and legible. For epithets are important in epitaphs: and both these causes are dead.

An ideal, it is true, can never die; not even when all the idealists are sick of it. But these two things never were ideals. They were compromises: and nothing, not a thousand door-nails, can ever be so dead as a dead compromise. It is as dead as a joke that nobody laughed at, a compliment that did not please, or a piece of exquisite social tact that made things worse than they were. And these two compromises of Collectivism and commercial Individualism—these two compromises have proved very compromising indeed. Our fathers endured the ugliness and cruelty of competition because it would lead at last to everybody being rich. We, in our Socialist youth, endured the dreariness and insane simplification of State ownership because it would lead at last to nobody being poor. But no human being to whom the word Liberal meant anything more than the word lollipops, ever really liked the notion of sacking everybody till everybody found his economic level; or ever really liked the notion of State officials distributing gardens as postmen distribute letters; or stopping building and bargaining as policemen stop traffic in the Strand. Individualism was a second best, even for the Individualist. Collectivism was a second best, even for the Collectivist.

But it was not through any idealist quarrel with these compromises that they have become impossible. They have become impossible as skating in a mild winter or bathing in a cold spring becomes impossible. The facts of this world have worked persistently the other way. It is useless to preach a hope in the competition of capitalists; because the capitalists will not compete. At every opportunity they do not compete, but combine. The Socialists are often taunted because they disagree. But the capitalists do something much more wicked and heathen: they agree. We know what is happening on a neighbouring hill while Herod and Pilate are shaking hands. There was some sense in Individualism so long as there were individuals: so long as it was really a question whether a daring and ironical Irish upstart from Liverpool might or might not undercut the powerful optimism, the sense and the strong humour of an English upstart from Leeds. But what is the good of talking about the irony of the International Tooth-brush Trust, and its struggle with the strong humour of the Amalgamated Hair Brush Company? Individuality has been destroyed by Individualists, not by Socialists.

The collapse of Collectivism has been more recent, but is even more complete. Briefly, the English populace simply will not stand the State intervening on behalf of the poor, for the quite simple and sufficient reason that the State always intervenes on behalf of the rich. It is utterly useless to talk of boards of arbitration, or commissions and committees, representing both Labour and Capital. On every committee the casting vote is given to a chairman. On every committee the chairmanship is given to a plutocrat. In most cases both chairmanship and casting vote are given to a quite incongruous and even scandalous plutocrat. Perhaps the best chairman ever chosen was chosen to investigate the Railway Strike: he was an English policeman employed to crush the Irish people. Perhaps the worst was the chairman chosen for the Coal Strike: he was an English aristocrat who had actually led the worst reactionaries and defended the worst Capitalist intrigues. For these or other reasons the insurgent workers to-day are useless for the purposes of State Socialism. They believe rather less in the State than in anything else. If they invoke the Government against their employer, they know it means invoking a man dressed like their employer, talking like their employer, talking to their employer, betraying them to their employer. For good or evil, the faith in the Government official has finally and utterly broken down. And without faith in the official there can be no Collectivism.

That is the extraordinary modern situation. The competing capitalists won't compete; and when once you really collect the poor, they won't be Collectivist. It is not fantasy, it is not idealism, it is not insanity, it is nothing half so high-minded, that is driving modern men back upon the project of Peasant Proprietorship. It is the visible destruction of everything else.

Among all those miners who asked to have higher wages, I believe that most would have preferred to have no wages. I believe that most would have preferred a piece of private capital, a garden no bigger than a carpet. Cabbages can be got out of the earth more easily than coals; and are better worth their trouble. Among all those dockers who asked for higher wages, I believe that most would have preferred to have no wages. They would rather have owned a loose boat in some little harbour or canal; and been free to load it to sinking, or to empty it for idle caprice. The miners and the dockers will not trust what is called Society; but still less will they trust what is called Socialism. They must and will retreat upon the older and more unanswerable claim; they must and will demand a distributed but quite private property. That may yet be the revival of Peasant Proprietorship, and that may yet mean that England is free.

This is the hour of the English Peasant; he would be bound to conquer if he could only exist. Kings and nobles, capitalists and empires, would flee from the Peasant—if only there were any Peasant for them to flee from. The brute logic of events has shown that being bullied by employers and being bullied by officials is, in a solid and literal sense, the same thing. The employer has a stake in the Government. The Government has a yet heavier stake in the employer. The man who works with his hands has less and less part in such stakes with every sunrise and sunset. I can think of nothing else to give him except a stake in the country.

# ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE

## The Origin of Life. A Reply to Dr. Schäfer

I.

The great body of intelligent, but non-scientific, readers has been greatly interested, and many of them even mentally distressed, at what seemed to them to be an authoritative declaration by one of the highest expounders of the science of to-day in favour of the materialistic as opposed to the spiritualistic nature of Life, including that of man with all its marvellous powers and possibilities.

The position of President of the British Association for the Advancement of Science is justly considered to be one of the highest, if not the very highest, honour that can be attained by a student of science in this country, since it is given him by a select body of his compeers, who by their choice declare him to be in the first rank for ability and erudition in his own department.

When, therefore, Dr. E. A. Schäfer, who has been Professor of Physiology in two of our most scientific Universities, devoted the whole of his Presidential Address to a very lengthy and elaborate discussion as to "the nature, origin, and maintenance of life," it was to be expected that the vast subject would be set before the public with a full summary of the facts, accompanied by a logical statement of the conclusions arrived at by one or other of the opposing schools of thought on this intensely interesting problem.

II.

Very early in his address Dr. Schäfer expresses his own views very clearly, but in a manner which seems to me to slur over essential points and actually to beg the whole question at issue. This he does by deliberately declaring his inability to give a definition of life, and then proceeds to the statement that "life is not identical with soul," and that whatever he says regarding "life" must not be taken to apply to the conception to which the word "soul" is attached. And that is all he gives us as to what *he* means by either "life" or "soul."

This omission is the more important because, as I shall presently show, it is by no means difficult to define the essential features and characteristics which distinguish all living things from inanimate forms of matter; and also because Haeckel and many other physiologists maintain that every cell has a "soul," but of the lowest possible kind; that although really unconscious, yet it experiences "likes and dislikes which determinate its motions."* But as this is totally different from the generally received meaning of "soul," which is "that part of man which feels, thinks, desires, etc." (Chambers's Dictionary), it is certainly important to know what Dr. Schäfer means by the word.

Having thus ignored the soul, as having nothing to do with life from a scientific standpoint, he goes on to state his own conclusions in the following words:—"The problems of life are essentially problems of matter; we cannot conceive of life, in the scientific sense of the word, as existing apart from matter. The phenomena of life are investigated, and can only be investigated, by the same methods as all other phenomena of matter, and the general results of such investigations tend to show that living beings are governed by laws identical with those which govern inanimate matter. The more we study the phenomena of life, the more we become convinced of the truth of this statement, and the less we are disposed to call in the aid of a special and unknown form of energy to explain those manifestations."

III.

These statements are general and somewhat vague, and must be taken in connection with others of like tendency throughout his Address. Neither here nor in his lengthy account of some of the more remarkable structures or functions of organisms does the writer anywhere point out the fundamental differences between the "matter" of plants and animals when alive and when they have ceased to live—between living, growing matter and the same matter when dead and subject to immediate decomposition.

He never states, he never even recognises, the essential and unique feature of living things that, from minute particles of the enormously complex substance termed protoplasm, builds up a structure which, by a wonderfully accurate balance of forces, maintains itself for indefinite periods in almost identical forms. Surely this power of waste and repair, this condition of constant internal flux, this taking in of food and converting it into blood and muscle, bone and tendon, hair and skin, together with the marvellous nervous system with its mysterious powers of sensation and motion—surely all this implies laws and forces which are *not* "identical with those which govern inanimate matter."

When we consider further that, by slow but incessant adaptive changes throughout the myriads of ages of geological time, this marvellous life-power has produced the infinitely diversified and glorious pageant of the vegetable and animal kingdoms, we are more than ever convinced that the laws, forces and agencies which have sufficed to produce and modify the earth itself are *not* those which have originated and maintained the life-world. Yet Dr. Schäfer concludes with the amazing assertion that, the more we study these works of life, the more willing we shall be to impute them all to known mechanical and physical forces, and the less need we shall find "to call in the aid of a special and unknown form of energy to explain these manifestations."

IV.

Before going further it will be well to show, by reference to the writings of some of the greatest of living physiologists, that these views are not generally accepted. Max Verworn, for instance, although opposing "vitalism" as strongly as Dr. Schäfer himself, admits that there is a great difference between the dead and the living cell, and assures us that "substances exist in living which are not to be found in dead cells." He also recognises the constant internal motions of the living cell; the incessant waste and repair of the highly complex organism for indefinite periods; its resistance during life to destructive agencies to which it succumbs the moment life ceases. These characteristics Dr. Schäfer hardly alludes to, and does not even attempt to explain as the result of chemical or mechanical forces.

Professor A. Weismann, perhaps the greatest of living biologists, describes the wonderful series of changes which occur in a cell before its division. Till quite recently the nucleus, or small spot in the centre of every living cell, was supposed to have no special structure, as nothing was visible in the very best microscopes. But it has now been found by the use of certain stains that a most remarkable series of structural changes occur within it as a preliminary to division. A complex spiral structure first appears, which breaks up into separate loops. These divide transversely and split up longitudinally, each piece being connected by delicate fibres to a knob at the top and bottom of the cell. Division by the growth of a transverse membrane then occurs, the two resulting cells being apparently identical with the parent cell and with each other. But each possesses distinct properties, since they become the starting points of different organs or structures of the body. This implies some selective and directive agency in order that the specially modified cells may be carried to the right place and at the right time.

* "Riddle of the Universe," M'Cabe's translation, p. 78.

The complex changes going on in every cell and atom of every living creature during its whole term of life is summarised in the one word "growth"; and, being so familiar, is taken to explain everything, while it really explains nothing, as many of the greatest authorities fully recognise.

Professor A. Kerner, for example, in his great work on "The Natural History of Plants," after describing the process of cell-division as being almost identical in plants and animals, thus refers to the chemical explanation upheld by the materialistic school of physiologists:—"It does not explain the purposeful sequence of different operations in the same protoplasm without any change in the external stimuli; the thorough use made of external advantages; the resistence to injurious influences; the avoidance or encompassing of insuperable obstacles; the punctuality with which all the functions are performed; the periodicity which occurs with the greatest regularity under constant conditions of environment; nor, above all, the fact that the power of discharging all the operations requisite for growth, nutrition, renovation, and multiplication is liable to be lost. We call the loss of this power the death of the protoplasm."

V.

A striking example of the "periodicity" alluded to in the above quotation is given in Professor Lloyd Morgan's fine work on *Animal Life and Intelligence*. It is that of the annual growth of the antlers of a deer, which he thus describes:—"If you lay your hand on the growing antler, you will feel that it is hot with the nutrient blood that is coursing beneath it. An army of tens of thousands of busy living cells is at work beneath that velvet surface building the bony antlers, preparing for the battles of the autumn. Each minute cell knows its work, and does it for the general good—so perfectly is the body knit into an organic whole. It takes up from the nutrient blood the special materials it requires; out of them it elaborates the crude bone-stuff, at first soft as wax, but ere long to become as hard as stone, and then, having done its work, having added its special morsel to the fabric of the antler, it remains imbedded and immured, buried beneath the bone-products of its successors or descendants. No hive of bees is busier or more replete with active life than the antler of a stag as it grows beneath the warm, soft velvet."

VI.

But such a growth as this, wonderful and beautiful as it is, and absolutely inexplicable as the result of chemical or mechanical forces acting upon protoplasm, is as nothing in comparison with other processes and products of life. The most remarkable of these are the plumage of birds and the metamorphosis of the higher insects.

If a bird's quill is examined, and the beautifully elastic web carefully separated so as to show the structure of the barbs and barbules of which it is composed, we find it to be the most wonderful piece of mechanism in the world, and one which is wholly beyond the powers of our most ingenious mechanics to reproduce or imitate. The extreme lightness, elasticity, and strength of the horny material of the feather is due to the formation of the thin plates of which it is constructed being split up into hundreds of thousands of parts, connected together by rows of minute elastic hooks, so delicately formed that after being separated the mere pressure of the air locks them together again as firmly as before.

When we consider the myriads of cells of which each feather consists, each of which must have a special form to fill its place in the structure, and that every feather on a bird's body has a special shape and texture, and often a peculiar colour, so exactly adapted to that of adjacent feathers as to form a special pattern on the outer surface of the bird, and that the whole of this miracle of adaptive structure is reproduced afresh each year with amazing rapidity, how grotesquely inadequate is the statement that all this is produced by chemical and mechanical laws, and that it is quite unnecessary and unscientific to suppose that any special "vital" forces are required to account for them.

VII.

But in all these cases, and in the whole process of growth and assimilation, from the strange vital phenomena occurring in every cell to its final destination as part of the finished structure of the living organism, a never-ceasing, *guiding agency* is needed, or disorganisation and death inevitably ensues. It was the absolute necessity for some such power or guiding agency that compelled the arch-agnostic Haeckel himself to postulate a *soul* in every cell, but, as he frequently declares, a quite rudimentary soul, inasmuch as it is *unconscious!*

VIII.

Limitation of space forbids me from giving any details of the second of the marvels of organisation already referred to—that of the metamorphosis of the higher insects, such as the moths and butterflies; the bare facts must suffice. These are, that the worm-like larvæ pass their lives from the egg to the full-grown caterpillar as mere feeding machines. They then become dormant in the pupa-state, when the whole of the internal organs decompose into a pulpy mass, and then, instead of dying, which is the usual result of decomposition, a new and totally distinct winged insect is built up by directive vital forces, a true metamorphosis, and one of the most antecedently improbable and apparently miraculous in the whole series of life-phenomena.

IX.

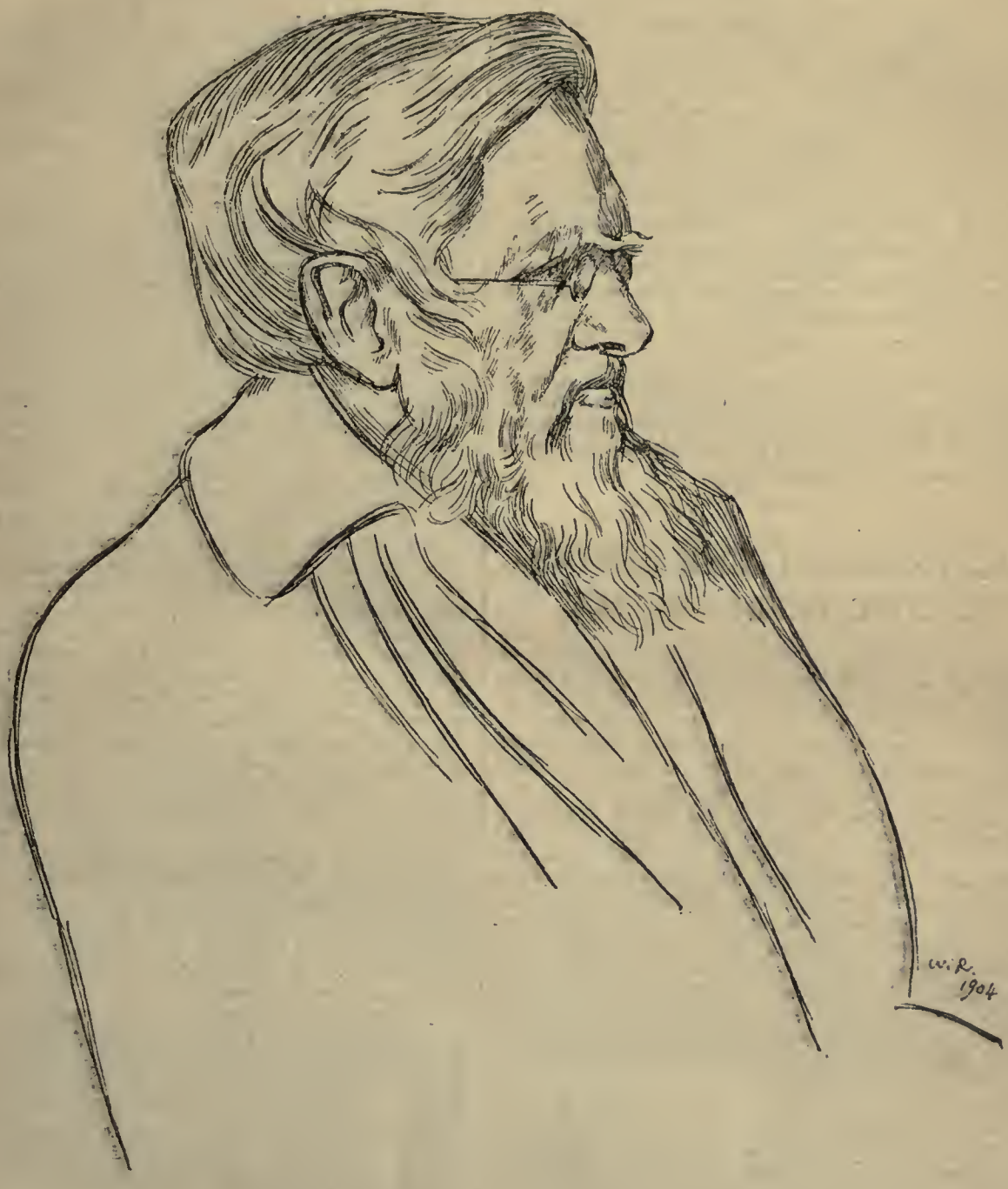
We see then that in the whole vast world of life, in all its myriad forms, whether we examine the lowest types possessed of the simplest characteristics of life, or whether in the higher forms, we follow the process of growth from a single cell up to the completed organism—even to that of a living, moving, feeling, thinking, reasoning being such as man himself—we find everywhere a stupendous, unceasing series of continuous motions of the gases, fluids and solids of which the body consists. These motions are strictly co-ordinated, and, taken together with the requisite directing and organising forces, imply the presence of some active mind-power.

Hence the conclusion of John Hunter, accepted as indisputable by Huxley, that "life is the cause, not the consequence, of organisation." Hence also the "cell-soul" of Haeckel, though minimised to complete ineffectiveness by being unconscious.

In view of all these marvellous phenomena, how totally inadequate are references to "growing crystals," and repeated assertions that we shall some day produce the living matter of the nucleus by a chemical process; that "the nucleus" is in fact "the directing agent" in all the changes which take place within the living cell, and that "without doubt this substance (when produced chemically) will be found to exhibit the phenomena which we are in the habit of associating with the term life."

Finally, Dr. Schäfer assures us that, as supernatural intervention is unscientific, "we are compelled to believe that living matter must have owed its origin to causes similar in character to those which have been instrumental in producing all other forms of matter in the universe; in other words, to a process of gradual evolution."

I submit that, in view of the actual facts of growth and organisation as here briefly outlined, and that living protoplasm has never been chemically produced, the assertion that life is due to chemical and mechanical processes alone is quite unjustified. NEITHER THE PROBABILITY OF SUCH AN ORIGIN, NOR EVEN ITS POSSIBILITY, HAS BEEN SUPPORTED BY ANYTHING WHICH CAN BE TERMED SCIENTIFIC FACTS OR LOGICAL REASONING.




ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE OM. LL.D. DCL. F.R.S.
NATUS 1823.

## ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE, O.M., LL.D., D.C.L., F.R.S.

The Grand Old Man of British Science was born ninety years ago in Monmouthshire of Scottish ancestry. Preeminently a self-made man and a supremely original mind. One of the many scientists who have come to science direct from practical life, and whose independence has not been endangered by the reactionary influence of a University training. Began his career as a surveyor and architect. Left business to travel and explore the outlying regions of the globe—the Amazon and the Malay Archipelago. Conceived and constructed the theory of Evolution sixty years ago, contemporaneously with, but independently of, Darwin, whose lifelong friend he was. Although having achieved fame primarily as a naturalist, he has investigated many other fields of human knowledge. Has pursued such widely divergent studies as Spiritualism and Land Reform. Is a follower of Henry George and a president of the Land Nationalisation Society. Essentially an idealist, he has risen above the mechanical doctrines in favour with modern physicists. His whole life and work has been a protest against the materialism of the age.

However great as an explorer of nature, he is even greater as a personal force. Is of the breed of giants. The most perfect living exemplar of the scientific thinker who devotes his life to the disinterested pursuit of truth and for the good of humanity.

## J. M. SYNGE AND THE REVIVAL OF THE IRISH DRAMA

In these days books are given the scraps and leavings of our time; and we read them over meals and in the train. We have forgotten that literature is not artistic writing, but written art; we pay heed as to conversation or debate, but have not ears to hear authentic utterances. Ours, perhaps, is an age of running, and of literature it is never true that he who runs may read.

Synge's work was literature. We cannot, therefore, judge it as a passer-by a placard, on its patent merits. The praise of such easy familiarity and the blame are equally idle; if the Dublin patriots were wrong to think the "Play-boy" a libel on their country, those critics were as wrong who praised it as a study of Irish life. It was not Synge's purpose to describe; his peasants are not an illustration of the "Western World," but an illustration of his dramatic concepts. Likeness to material reality is not an aim of artistic expression; it is a method. It would be as well to judge a Turner as if it were a coloured photograph as to seek in realism the standard of Synge's vision.

But if Synge was a better artist than to study realism, he did not, therefore, cut himself adrift from ordinary experience. It was in its common exhibitions that he sought the truth of life, for he was not of those who think to see reality brighter in the mirror of legend. No mystic, filled with the desire of an unearthly loveliness, was the poet who sang:

> "Adieu, sweet Angus, Maeve, and Fand . . . .
> We'll stretch in Red Dan Sully's ditch,
> And drink in Tubber fair." . . .

There was little savour for him in the exaltation of detachment; his fancy had "strong roots in the clay and worms of actual life." The fierce spirit that found starvation in Paris a good riddance of caste respectability could not find satisfaction in a suave literary convention. The delicate weavers of verse like smoke-wreaths hanging in still air might "learn their ecstasy" of the "plumed yet skinny Shee." Synge was not beholden for his art to the postured elegance of a school, nor for his inspiration to dreams.

"All art is a collaboration." To the peasants and the vagabonds of the "Western World" Synge owed the debt that Yeats owed to the storehouse of tradition. In their talk he had the living substitute for the frozen-meat of poetic diction; the ore of his humour and image was their wild fancy; their twists of phrase and song-like intonation are heard perfected in his rhythmic speech.

Nor was lyric inspiration all. Of four plays he derived the emotional atmosphere from a vision of the thought and feeling of the Irish peasants; for each their romantic quality of mind afforded the dramatic concept relating in harmonic unity diverse character and scene. Drunken Mary's sense of joy dominates the comic villainies of the "Tinker's Wedding." The yearning of Norah's heart in its vacancy, its flooding with a vision of the open road, are the drama, the question and the answer, of "The Shadow of the Glen." Like a camera obscura, the dark fancies of the blind beggars in "The Well of the Saints" sets in contrast the threadbare drab of the common lot and the rich texture of imaginative delight. Of "The Playboy of the Western World," the background suggested in tones of humorous fantasy is the peasant's hunger for sensation. Against it, in a glow of lyric passion, stands the poet, Christy Mahon—shy poacher, imaginary parricide, hero, lover, master—in whom is revealed the triumph of imagination over disillusionment, and even over love.

The four plays are variations on a single theme—their romantic genius. Variations in mood, though not in utterance. For if beside his poetry is laughter, there is never censure in his humour, never satire in his fantasy. Synge did not draw the peasant lost to a sense of law and order to add complacency to the citizen lost to a knowledge of his heart. That hectic yearning for romance, which saw happiness in vagrancy, heroism in villainy, was but to Synge the pattern of a general need—the need in life of a real existence beyond the eternal circle of toil, sleep, and toil! He had no scorn for the disreputable and wild; he did not hold it up to judgment, but in the language of its emotion he spoke his own strong passion for ardent life.

That passion was the inspiration of all his art. Not only of Aran Islands, nor alone even of death, did he express the tragedy in "The Riders to the Sea"; the desolation of the mother mourning her six sons is the "keen" of all things strong that pass away; when the cup is turned mouth downwards—in the end of her grief—"we must be satisfied" tells the death of earthly hope and care, the ultimate surrender of the heart to fate. "The Riders to the Sea" is the tragedy of life stricken and decayed.

It is the utterance of his passion in despair. "Deirdre of the Sorrows" is its utterance in exaltation. "It was sorrows were foretold, but great joys were my share always." In that triumph of Deirdre's love over her destiny was imaged the triumph of his own fierce joy over disillusionment and the sadness of death. "I have put away sorrow like a shoe that is worn out and muddy." In its last expression, Synge's love of ardent life sounded in rejoicing and defiance; like Deirdre, he had known a life that was the "choice of lives," like her he passed gladly in that knowledge to the safety of the grave.

Most of our intellectual drama has no emotional appeal, because it is a criticism of manners only, not an expression of a sense of life. Perhaps that, more than its seriousness, is the reason why many people find in it less satisfaction even than in the false joy and sentiment of musical comedy. Certainly it is a reason why Synge's utterance, of which the burden was a passion for ardent life, has a special worth in a day of wealth-convention and economic morality.

G. M. Brophy.

# THE FUTURE OF THE CHURCHES ✦ ✦ BY THE REV. R. J. CAMPBELL

I.

It is freely stated on every hand at the present time that all is not well with organised religion as represented by the Christian churches. It is no longer the dominating force in civilisation that it once was. One by one functions that it formerly exercised have been filched away from it. The control of education has passed out of its hands, except in a comparatively limited degree, which is gradually lessening; it has no monopoly of the arts any more; statesmanship does not depend upon it, and does not look to the clergy for trained administrators; science has not only shaken itself free of ecclesiastical tutelage, but in certain respects has become a bugbear to it, and is invading fields formerly considered immune from such interference—in fact, is fast undermining ancient beliefs, and doing so with an authority which can command much of the respect once accorded to the decrees of Councils and Popes; theology is no longer the main human interest, and with its decay a new era may be said to have begun in which the study of the historical development of religious ideas is being substituted for zeal in the elaboration of doctrine. Attendance at public worship is decreasing. Men of intellect, especially on the Continent, are almost ashamed to be known as associating themselves with the practice of religion. The most portentous movement of our time, that towards the emancipation of the toiler from unremunerative drudgery and the reconstitution of society on a juster basis, is practically independent of religion, and to a not inconsiderable extent has developed in antagonism to it. To be sure, it is receiving a great deal of religious support, but such support is only incidental to its activity, and is not its directing cause. Taken on the whole, it would be true to say that the churches are to-day on the defensive, struggling to keep themselves alive, fighting desperately against forces which are threatening to submerge them. The present is not a time in which Christianity is heroically aggressive, registering great triumphs, and carrying all before it in a rush of great enthusiasm as in days of long ago. A note of misgiving is being widely sounded with reference to its future by those who still believe it to be the bearer of a nobler message for human welfare than any of the newer movements and interests which seem to be displacing it.

II.

Perhaps the situation is not quite what it appears to be. The prospects of religion have been far darker before within the borders of Christendom, and been falsified by the event. History shows that the Church of Christ has had a marvellous way of righting herself at intervals after she has temporarily lost hold upon the reverent allegiance of mankind, and no doubt she will do so again. Nor, despite all the criticism to which she is subjected, is it entirely her fault that things are what they are just now. Men are not turning away from her chiefly because they are impatient of dogma, too intelligent to swallow what satisfied their forefathers, or indignant because she has not given them a proper lead in solving the enormous social problems of the hour. There may be something in the accusation that she has been found wanting in these ways. Ecclesiasticism is proverbially conservative, and none too friendly to the freedom of inquiry, without which the finest achievements of the human spirit would have been impossible. It does seem somewhat absurd to find it clinging to forms in which religious experience expressed itself in an age when man's thought about the visible universe was geocentric, and when he regarded it as being specially created for himself, and all other living creatures in it as existing only to minister to his needs. Science has shifted the perspective considerably, and given us a humbler conceit of ourselves. But there is something to be said for this conservatism too; it arises out of unwillingness to lose a precious spiritual experience, the mistake being to imagine that this experience could ever be fettered to any merely intellectual statement of belief. As for the contention that it is the church's duty to proclaim a new social order, and to work as an organisation on the side of labour as opposed to capitalism, or on that of collectivism as opposed to individualism, it is easy to exaggerate. The church's first duty is that of witnessing for the eternal in the midst of the things of time, and it is only as a consequence of this that she is called upon to work for the abolition of all cruelty and injustice, and the bringing in of the kingdom of God on earth as it is in heaven. It may be that she has been remiss here, and that there is justification for the taunt that she is too frequently found, tacitly if not overtly, on the side of privilege, and turns a deaf ear to the righteous demands of the toiler and the destitute. It is long

> "Since the priesthood, like a tower,
> Stood between the poor and power;
> And the wronged and trodden down
> Blessed the abbot's shaven crown.
>
> Gone, thank God, their wizard spell,
> Lost, their keys of heaven and hell;
> Yet I sigh for men as bold
> As those bearded priests of old.
>
> Now, too oft the priesthood wait
> At the threshold of the state,—
> Waiting for the beck and nod
> Of its power as law and God.
>
> Fraud exults, while solemn words
> Sanctify his stolen hoards;
> Slavery laughs, while ghostly lips
> Bless his manacles and whips.
>
> Not on them the poor rely,
> Not to them looks liberty;
> Who with fawning falsehood cower,
> To the wrong, when clothed with power."

III.

In so far as this is true, the time has come for a readjustment of the church's energies, and this is rapidly going on. No fair observer of the facts could say other than that sympathy with the social movement is both deep and growing in every church, and no class in the community is more alive to it than the clergy. It may be questioned, indeed, whether we do not need to be reminded once more that our Master's kingdom is not of this world, that man cannot live on bread alone, that the spiritual must come first or the social gospel will be no gospel at all. We are not too much but too little other-worldly now. The mystic note is that which the present generation most needs to hear, but it can only be uttered by spiritually-minded men.

For, after all, it is not the church but the spirit of the age that is most responsible for the changed attitude towards religion. We live in a time when, as Eucken says, men are absorbed in the pursuit of external good to the neglect of everything else. Materialism as a philosophy is discounted; it is no longer the arrogant assailant of faith that it was in the mid-Victorian period; but materialism as a practical gospel of well-being was never so insistent or so powerful. We have grown a new type of man, a man whose nature is moulded by the ceaseless pressure of material interests to such a degree that he can hardly think or feel in terms of anything

else. This is the main reason why religion is for the moment crowded into the background. The average human being can only give close attention to one thing at a time, and the whole trend of our pursuits to-day is utilitarian. It had to be so, there was no help for it.

IV.

As Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace has pointed out in his book, "The Wonderful Century," the latter half of the nineteenth century witnessed a greater increase in the assertion of man's power over nature than the two thousand years preceding. It was a sudden and explosive uprising of faculty which found vent in the desire to subdue and exploit the resources of the material world for human benefit, and there is as yet no observable check in this direction. Civilisation is moving for the most part on the plane of the phenomenal and measures what is called progress by the number and greatness of its material triumphs. The effect of this on human nature has been inevitable. The typical man of to-day is so taken up with considerations arising immediately out of his connection with what is of the earth earthy that he is not so susceptible as he once was to the appeal of the purely spiritual. He may be quite a good fellow, kind, upright, and public spirited, but he is not by temperament religious; he cannot be; his occupations have shaped him otherwise. He would be almost surprised at the suggestion that there was any other kind of good than what could be bought with money, or obtainable in the sheer delight of adding to the world's output of material wealth in one or other of the many ways now open to ambitious youth. He is not opposed to religion, but it is none of his concern; all the force of his being falls into other channels. One does not need to be rich in order to share in this general outlook and attitude to life; it is just as characteristic of the poor, and for the same reasons. We are moving at a greatly accelerated pace; we all have to work hard, and the drones are soon squeezed out. Industrialism has no mercy on the inefficient; the old relation between master and man is gone along with the leisureliness characteristic of the simpler order which preceded the rise of the factory system. Competition is fiercer than it used to be, and in some respects more sordid; hence the worker is swept into the same maelstrom as his employer. He sees the practical advantages of the possession of material good, takes for granted like his betters that there is no other kind of good worth troubling about, and acts accordingly. He is as completely possessed by the hope of adding to his enjoyment of life by material means as the most luxurious of his richer contemporaries, and just as little disposed to listen to the claims of the super-sensuous. He is not hostile to the church, except in so far as he blames it for getting in his way, and helping to keep him out of his earthly inheritance by cajoling him with the promise of a heavenly; he is simply indifferent to what it is talking about.

V.

That there will be a strong reaction from this state of things by-and-by is certain. As it is only the result of over-emphasis on what pertains to the outer man, the spiritual can be trusted to reassert itself in the long run. Probably it is a necessary phase through which the race has to pass, and will emerge all the stronger for it, and spiritually the gainer. But in the meantime what ought the churches to be doing in reference to the situation, and in preparing for the resurgence of spiritual life and power which will come upon us soon or late? The first and most urgent thing is the necessity for closing the ranks, concentrating our forces, getting rid of our lamentable divisions. No single cause of the comparative weakness of Christianity to-day in face of a new world with its new syntheses and new problems is more potent than the scandal of its schisms, sectarian antagonisms, jealousies, and uncharitableness. The hope of a corporate reunion of the Christian churches throughout the world is no doubt very remote, and perhaps will never be realised on the lines of any single existing organisation. Nevertheless, the prevailing tendencies in the religious life of our own country are in the direction of unity; old prejudices are disappearing; misunderstandings are being smoothed away; and an all-round desire for closer co-operation amongst the various historic religious bodies is becoming more and more manifest. Several of the Methodist denominations, for instance, have managed to combine, and before long they probably all will, as they have already done in other parts of the English-speaking world. In Scotland, the two great non-established Presbyterian churches have joined hands, and there is a project on foot for amalgamating them both with the parent church. How this can succeed until disestablishment comes it is difficult to see, but it will succeed in the end. It is a good number of years too since the evangelical Nonconformist churches of England and Wales decided to federate for purposes of common action without sinking their denominational differences, and the benefits of this move are now plain to the most prejudiced critic.

VI.

As the secretary of the Baptist Union said on a recent occasion, we now practically have in England two great churches—the Church of England as by law established, and the Evangelical Free Church, which includes Baptists, Congregationalists, Presbyterians, Methodists of all sorts, and the Society of Friends. Why should not this rapprochement be carried further? Is it not possible that the Established Church and Nonconformists, without yielding any principle on either side, could come together openly and collectively on the basis of their common Christianity? There is one simple and easy way of doing this which would serve at least for a beginning. Once a year a great gathering of churchmen is held, called the Church Congress, and another called the Free Church Congress; is there any insuperable obstacle in the way of arranging a third consisting of a union of the two with a common programme? Nothing but prejudice. Even as it is, leaving out controversial subjects such as national education, the official programmes of the two assemblies are very similar. Let them be combined on some specific occasion, and it is safe to say that the good results would be great and lasting—the indirect effects might be of more value than the direct. To meet together, pray together, listen to one another's great preachers and teachers, discuss the same themes, and mingle in social intercourse, would do far more to promote mutual good feeling and respect than anything that has ever been attempted in the direction of corporate reunion, and one cannot imagine anything better calculated to impress the national consciousness as a whole. It is worth trying; what person of commanding influence and authority will take the lead?

* * *

## TO GEORGE MEREDITH

Earth lover, underfoot you went secure,
Your faith enwrought with no vanishing myth,
But with the purpose that builds up the pith
Of spiritual forms made to endure,
Amid whatever fire, being of the pure
Asbestos that rejoices in the breath
Of passion, whom the wizard hand of death
Shall gather and their beauty not obscure.
For this is Freedom—this is Earth a-flower,
Yea-saying to the spirit that is Man!
O you, who striving, stretched thought that it might
Be not untrue to the soul's infinite,
Urge still the strife until our thinking can
Embrace the joy-emancipating power!

H. B. Binns.

# THE NEGLECT OF GERMAN

There are many urgent reforms needed in our national education; those who are best qualified to speak could make many a startling revelation if they only dared to speak out. And there is ample evidence that almost every part of our educational machinery requires the most thorough overhauling. In the words of Bacon, "*Instauratio facienda ab imis fundamentis.*" But I doubt whether there does exist any more glaring proof of the present inefficiency of our Secondary Schools and Universities than their scandalous attitude towards the study of the German language and literature.

The plain and unvarnished truth is that at the beginning of this, the twentieth century, when Germany is the supreme political and commercial Power on the Continent of Europe, the study of German is steadily going back in the United Kingdom. In some parts it is actually dying out. In many important Secondary Schools it is being discontinued. Even in the Scottish Universities, which pride themselves on being more modern and more progressive than the English Universities, there does not exist one single Chair of German. In Oxford a Chair of German was only established through the munificence of a patriotic German merchant.

And even when there are teachers there are very few students. In one of the greatest British Universities, with a constituency of 3,500 students, there has been, for the last ten years, an average of five to six men students. And the reluctance of young men to study German is perfectly intelligible. The study of German does not pay. It brings neither material rewards nor official recognition. All the prizes, all the scholarships and fellowships, go to other subjects, and mainly to the classics. Let any reader of Everyman stand up and say that I am exaggerating, I would only be too delighted to discover that I am wrong.

Such being the attitude of those who are primarily responsible for our national education, can we wonder at the attitude of the general public? Can we expect it to take any more interest in German culture than the educational authorities? Let those who have any doubt or illusion on the subject make inquiries at booksellers', at circulating libraries and public libraries, at London clubs. I have tried to make such an investigation, and all those institutions have the same sorry tale to tell. It is impossible to get an outstanding book which appears in Germany, for it does not pay the publisher to stock such a book. At Mudie's, for every hundred French books there may be two German books. At the Royal Societies' Club, with a membership of several thousands, every one of whom belongs to some learned society, you may get the *Revue de Deux Mondes*, or the *Temps*, or the *Figaro*, but you cannot get a German paper. For the last twenty years I have not once seen a copy of the *Zukunft*, or the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, or the *Kölnische Zeitung* at an English private house, at an English club, at an English bookseller's, at an English library.

A few months ago the most popular and most enterprising daily paper of the kingdom published some articles on the German elections, which were justly rousing a great deal of attention in this country. I was very much impressed by the cleverness of those articles, but my admiration knew no bounds when the author confessed that he was writing without knowing a word of German, and that when attending political meetings he had to make out the meaning of the language by the gestures and facial expression of the orators. Have we not here, my classical friends, an exhilarating instance of the results of your monopoly? "*Ab uno disce omnes.*"

We are constantly being told that "knowledge is power," and that the knowledge of a foreign language means not only intellectual power, but commercial and political power. Yet those in authority do not budge an inch to get possession of such power. We are constantly warned by political pessimists that Germany is making gigantic strides and that we ought to keep a vigilant outlook. Yet we do nothing to obtain first-hand information of the resources of a nation of sixty-five millions, who is certainly a formidable commercial rival, and who to-morrow may meet us in deadly encounter. On the other hand, we are told with equal persistence by political optimists that we ought to be on the most friendly terms with a great kindred people from whom nothing separates us except regrettable ignorance and superficial misunderstandings. Yet, in order to dispel that ignorance and to remove these misunderstandings, we do not make the first necessary step, namely, to learn the language of the people whom we are said to misunderstand.

It is true that members of Parliament and journalists are ready enough to proceed to Germany on a mission of goodwill, and to be entertained at banquets and international festivities. But how futile must be those friendly demonstrations when we consider that the enormous majority of those Parliamentarians and journalists are unable to read a German newspaper! And how must it strike a citizen of Hamburg or Frankfurt when their English guests have to reply in English to the toasts of their German hosts! And how must a patriotic German feel when he discovers that not five out of a hundred have taken the trouble to master the noble language of the country whose friendship they are seeking!

A few weeks ago I had the pleasure of attending, at the house of a prominent political leader, a representative gathering of politicians, diplomats, and journalists, who were met to consider the best means of promoting Anglo-German friendship. In answer to a little speech of mine, an eminent German publicist and editor of an influential monthly review delivered an eloquent address in broken French. To hear a German address in French an audience of Germanophile Englishmen was certainly a ludicrous situation! But the speaker realised that it would be hopeless to use the German language, even to an assembly specially interested in supporting Anglo-German friendship.

How long, my classical friends, are we going to submit to these disastrous results of your monopoly? *Quousque tandem!* How long are we going to stand this scandal of international illiteracy and ignorance, fraught with such ominous peril for the future? How long is this nation going to be hoodwinked by an infinitesimal minority of reactionary dons and obscurantist parsons, determined to force a smattering of Greek down the throats of a reluctant youth? How long is modern culture going to be kept back under the vain pretence of maintaining the culture of antiquity, but in reality in response to an ignoble dread of enlightenment and progress, and in order to protect vested interests and to maintain political, intellectual, and religious reaction?

[Editor's Note.—A contributor to whom the foregoing paper on "The Neglect of German" was submitted protests against the assertion that the neglect of German is the greatest scandal of the present secondary education. The Editor fully agrees with that contributor. Scandalous as is the neglect of German, there is another and a more disastrous result of the monopoly of classics, and that is the neglect of English. In a subsequent number of Everyman we intend to show extensively how the present educational policy is affecting the study and deteriorating the standard of our mother tongue.]

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I.

The efforts to organise the Community of Nations, to arrive at that capacity for common action which in the case of persons distinguishes the civilised from the uncivilised group, have their final justification, not in the fact that the alternative state of anarchy, which in its active form we call war, is brutal and full of suffering (man's struggle in peace is often brutal, and the fight with Nature full of suffering); nor in fact that war does not "pay" in a money-lending sense; nor that war contravenes the injunction to love one another (we contravene that in peace; and it is a psychological impossibility to have any definite affection, for instance, for sixty-five millions of people whom we have never seen and never shall see). It is not for any of these reasons that International Order is preferable to International Anarchy, but because, peopled as the world now is—a very populous and a very small place—we can best, indeed we can only achieve, those objects which make life fuller and more valuable for the great mass of us by co-operation, which implies a condition of order.

II.

Nor merely is co-operation and order necessary for that subjugation of material nature by which alone these millions—so infinitely more than ever before in the written history of the Western world—can be properly clothed and fed, and housed and warmed, and cared for in sickness and old age, but because it is also necessary for the development of the ideas, the understanding and realisation of which determine not merely the form of organised society, but the whole character of human relationship, its moral and spiritual texture. War can only be justified on the assumption that nations are rival entities, with conflicting interests; that man's struggle for life is not with Nature, but with his fellows (for if the interests of nations are common, their conflict is due merely to misunderstanding, in Mr. Bonar Law's phrase, "the failure of human wisdom," and our evident task is to enlarge that wisdom). I have attempted to show that that conception of nations as rival entities is not merely a false generalisation, overlooking subordinate details, but is an idea false at its very base. States are not entities in their moral, economic, social, or spiritual activities, nor are they rivals. They are interdependent, not as an abstract theory, but as a positive and concrete fact, and I have attempted at some length to indicate the process of this growing interdependence.

III.

The primary operative factor is the division of labour which the improvement of communication has set up. It makes of one area or of one group a producer of cotton, another of coal, or another of wheat, so that Lancashire is dependent not only upon Louisiana, representing its raw material, but upon India or South America, representing its market, which market is in its turn dependent upon the producer of coal or iron, who buys the South American product; the coal or iron producer in its turn dependent upon some other group, performing its due function in the sub-division of labour, so that neither can benefit by the destruction or damage of the other.

IV.

So little, for instance, could the English people profit by the destruction of their "enemies" that if by some magic they could accomplish it completely, something like a third of the population of these islands would starve to death. Bismarckian statesmanship was founded, as we know, upon the old conceptions; and as little were they based on actual fact, that if the objects they embodied could have been completely achieved, and France, as a political, moral and economic factor, have been blotted from the map, much of modern Germany would have been impossible: the trade by which so many millions of Germans are actually fed and clothed, the trade, that is, of countries like South America and Russia, is the direct outcome of development wrought by money furnished by French thrift and French prosperity. And French statesmanship has shown an equal blindness to this necessary interdependence of the modern world: the French efforts to aid, among other means by generous loans, the social and industrial development of Russia, in order to offset in Europe the influence of Germany, has resulted in furnishing Germany with one of its most valuable markets.

V.

We have here but a hint of the process by which the daily activities of men cut athwart, and must cut athwart, the political frontiers, and have woven the modern world into one social and industrial organism—an organism, like any other living organism, suffering as a whole by any damage to a part, feeling the damage, of course, through its nerves. Those nerves are furnished in the modern industrial organism by the device of credit. The fact that financial misbehaviour in New York, or a crash in Berlin, sends the English Bank Rate up to 6, 7 or 8 per cent., and lines every English industry, is not a sly device of Jewish money-lenders; it is simply the expression of that interdependence which the money-lenders could neither have created nor prevented, but which is the outcome of a thousand factors, moral, religious, economic, the origins of which are rooted in every one of the needs, appetites and emotions of mankind.

VI.

For the economic division of labour and the economic interdependence has its counterpart in the moral and intellectual sphere. For one nation to destroy or conquer another would be to cut vital arteries of its own moral and intellectual life, just as, if we could imagine England "destroying" the United States, she would by that blow destroy the livelihood of Lancashire. To the English mind the preservation of certain freedoms embodied in our law and government, the survival in the world of certain sanctities connected, say, with family life, are more important than the sort of food that we shall eat or the sort of clothes we shall wear. But those freedoms and sanctities would be threatened more by the destruction of certain "rival" States than by the contradiction of the political domination of our own. We could, for instance, afford to lose India than to see America dominated by, for instance, Spanish-American ideas. That America should, in those ideas which determine the character of human intercourse, drift from what we regard as the essentials, would be a greater loss to our moral and spiritual security than the mere transfer of the administration of an Asiatic province to other hands.

*(This article will be continued in next week's issue.)*

# MY RECOLLECTIONS OF OSCAR WILDE

By HENRI MAZEL
*Of the "Mercure de France"*

## I.

The first time that I saw Oscar Wilde was in Paris, in 1892, at the house of Stuart Merrill—the French poet of American extraction. It is now twenty years ago, but I can recall him clearly—tall and heavy, fair and freshly coloured, with a monocle in his eye and a hot-house flower in his buttonhole, dressed in clothes of an irreproachable cut, and speaking in a slow, quiet manner—slightly affected perhaps, but altogether pleasing—his English accent adding a further charm.

There were present, besides Stuart Merrill, several of our friends from among the circle of symbolical poets—then in the first flush of achievement.

We were all greatly interested in the uncommon personality of this writer, whose reputation was then so great in London literary circles, and I spent the whole evening listening to him, as he was talking with his spicy wit and his good-tempered charm.

Oscar Wilde loved talking before a picked audience, and yet he wanted it to be a fairly large one, for as it seemed to me it pleased and flattered him when those people who were talking amongst themselves in the recess of the window would stop their own conversations and join the circle which had gathered round him.

## II.

Oscar Wilde spoke French very well, and when he did stop for a word it was not like a foreigner unfamiliar with the vocabulary, but as a stylist who brings to conversation the same desire for picturesque and imaginative expression which he shows when writing at his desk. Many among us, the poet Laurent Tailhade, for instance, had this same slightly slow method of expression, which added to the value and relish of the right word when it was found. Although he was very familiar with our language, and capable of appreciating its most subtle shades of meaning, Oscar Wilde could not write French with the perfect style of a Beckford or a Hamilton. The first draft of "Salomé," according to what I was told, was full of colour, but from the point of view of grammatical correctness needed a good deal of revision. Those amongst us who corrected it limited themselves entirely to this grammatical correction; they modified nothing, and "Salomé" is truly the work of the English poet, and not, as some evil tongues have said, that of his French friends.

He did not gesticulate much—at least that evening he was restrained in his movements. Fat and heavy as he was, he sat at ease in the arm-chair, which he entirely filled. The thing I remember as most characteristic of him was his happy, friendly laugh, which made us like him immediately, for his attitude, a trifle too languid, and his somewhat affected carriage did not seem to suit the manly breadth of shoulder of this giant of the north.

## III.

I saw him again in 1901, but without having an opportunity of speaking to him. He was seated on the terrace of the Café de la Paix, on the Boulevard, with someone I did not know, and I did not go up to him, as I should have done if he had been alone. Although I had not then read his admirable "De Profundis," I was sure that Oscar Wilde, in spite of his inexcusable moral faults, was better than his reputation, and it was a profound satisfaction to me when I read that book and the "Ballad of Reading Gaol" to find that the soul of Wilde had indeed benefited, like that of Paule Verlaine, from the severe but well-merited experience which they were both condemned to undergo.

This last time that I saw Oscar Wilde he was but a shadow of his former self. I recognised him. One could hardly fail to recognise him—he was so tall and broadly built—but what a change from the radiant lover of beauty that I had known. What a change in his appearance, his manner, and even in his clothes.

## IV.

There had already grown up a kind of Oscar Wilde legend, which people will always hesitate to repeat, simply because it is a legend, and because many of its features were invented afterwards, but he himself was indulgent towards this kind of literary embellishment. "Legends are often more true than reality," he used to say. But I shall only recall those anecdotes characteristic of him which have been told me as authentic by his friends in Paris, and chiefly by Stuart Merrill, who knew him so intimately.

One day some visitors calling on Oscar Wilde found him gazing ecstatically at some rare Chinese porcelain. They spoke to him—he gave no answer—they shook him, saying "Have you gone mad?" He answered gravely, "*I am trying to live up to my china.*"

Another time he seemed suffering from great depression. "What is wrong?" "It is sad," he said; "one half of the world does not believe in God, and the other half does not believe in me."

During his tour in America, the inhabitants of Griggsville, in Kansas, sent him a telegram asking him to come and give them a lecture on æsthetics. Oscar Wilde telegraphed back, "Begin by changing the name of your town."

It was probably at the Theatre du Moulin Rouge that he conceived the idea of putting on the stage the drama of Salomé, who obtained the head of St. John the Baptist from Herod the Tetrarch. On the stage a Roumanian acrobat was dancing on her hands. Oscar Wilde, who up to that moment had been paying little attention to what was going on, sat up. "I must see that woman," he said to Stuart Merrill, who was with him. "She must play the part of Salomé in a play which I shall write for her. I want her to dance on her hands, as in the tale of Flaubert."

## V.

The greater number of his Parisian friends remained loyal to him. I remember the incredulity with which they heard the first rumours tending to prove the truth of the accusation which the Marquis of Queensberry had brought against him. Nothing in the talk of Oscar Wilde had ever supported these accusations. He never used expressions that were too free, and he blamed his friends from the *Quartier Latin* for their taste for a Rabelaisian fashion of speech.

Among those whom I have already named, Andre Gide, Henry Davray, Edouard Julia, and many others did not desert him in his troubles; thanks to them, Oscar Wilde still enjoyed some happy days in Paris, especially during the Exhibition of 1900. But it was no longer the triumphant Oscar Wilde of former days. He thus describes the change. "My life," said he, "is like a work of art. An artist never repeats himself. My life before going to prison had achieved harmonious success; now it is a thing of the dead past."

Perhaps one day I shall write some recollections of "Oscar Wilde after his prison days," from the memories of those who remained faithful to him. Just now I only wish to recall the hero of fashion, the arbiter elegantiarum, the successor at one and the same time of Brummel and Ruskin, he whom his friends delighted to compare to a grand priest of the Moon Goddess in the days of Heliogabalus.

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*N.B. An Exhibition of Medici Prints is at present open at The Institute, Hampstead Garden Suburb.*

# TOLSTOY'S "WAR AND PEACE" BY CHARLES SAROLEA

I.

It is now exactly a hundred years since Napoleon crossed the Niemen and declared war to his former friend and ally, Alexander I. Like the passing of the Rubicon by Cæsar, the crossing of the Niemen marks a turning-point in human history. Everything in the Russian campaign is stupendous, and staggers our imagination. The numbers engaged are on a scale hitherto unexampled in military annals. The most moderate computation exceeds half a million. Nor is the composition of the "Grand Army" less extraordinary than its numbers. It is too often forgotten that in the Russian campaign the French were in a minority. Half the nations of the Continent had sent their contingents to the Lord of the World. Danes, Spaniards, Austrians, Poles, had all been coaxed or driven into the service of the Corsican, and were to adorn the supreme triumph of Napoleon's career.

And from beginning to end the Russian Campaign is a succession of dramatic contrasts and of tragic incidents. The conflict between the civilised Frenchman and the semi-barbarous Muscovite, the novel theatre of the war, the vast Russian plain alluring and devouring the invader, the guerilla tactics of the Cossacks, the ghastly shambles of Borodino, followed by the victorious entry into Moscow, the burning of the capital in the very hour of victory, the gradual approach of the Arctic winter, the hurried retreat, the infinite expanse covered with snow as with a winding sheet, the heroism of Murat and Ney, recalling the Homeric age, the disaster of the Berezina, the secret flight of Napoleon in the dead of night, and, as the last phase, a few straggling and famished hordes returning to the Polish frontier, a remnant of what had been, six months before, a formidable host—all those scenes and incidents are written in indelible characters in the annals of human folly and human suffering, and make the Campaign of Russia one of the most impressive catastrophes of all times.

II.

It is this catastrophe which is the subject of Tolstoy's novel. Only a literary giant like Tolstoy could have done justice to so gigantic a theme, and it is through this unique combination of a wonderful subject with a wonderful genius that "War and Peace" takes rank as one of the supreme masterpieces of world literature.

"War and Peace" is one of the miracles of literary art, and, like every miracle, it necessarily evades us. We cannot explain how the miracle came into being. We can only contemplate the achievement. We can only admire and inadequately analyse the magic powers displayed: the creative imagination which breathes life into every scene and every character, and which, indeed, makes the fictitious characters stand out more vividly than the historical, the infallible observation and sense of reality which seizes on the most minute details, and which selects with infallible tact the most characteristic touches; the universal outlook which embraces every aspect and every class of society, which introduces us to the drawing-room of the society woman, to the closet of the statesman, and to the hut of the peasant; and, above all, the divine gift of sympathy, which can feel with every suffering, which can read into every heart, into the soul of sinner and saint, of young and old, of the worldling and of the common people.

And as we can only inadequately analyse the powers displayed, so we can only dimly guess the methods employed. One of Tolstoy's favourite methods is the method of contrast, and that method is illustrated in the very title of the book. For we may observe that the title is not "The Great War." The title is "War *and Peace*." The author gives us the action and reaction of the one on the other. He does not give the military events separately. He gives us the battle scenes on the background of the domestic drama. He makes the pomp and circumstance of war alternate with the peaceful pursuits of everyday life. He shows us events not merely from the vantage-ground of the battlefield, but from the more important point of view of those who are left at home. He tells us of the war as it affects the old prince on his remote estate, or as it impresses the wives and mothers whose dear ones are taken away from them. Whilst in one scene the hero is dying in the stillness of the starry night, in the next scene the heroine is making love, and the little ironies and comedies of ordinary life only heighten the effect of the tragedy.

III.

But "War and Peace" is not only an inspiring epic, the Iliad of the Russian people. It also contains an ethical message of weighty import. From his protracted absorption in his great theme, Tolstoy has emerged with a new conception of war and a new conception of life. Describing the military incidents of the campaign, he has come to close quarters with the horrors of modern warfare, with the wholesale and treacherous butchery of gun and grape-shot, which makes no difference between coward and hero. The once dashing young officer of the Crimea is transformed into an ardent anti-militarist. And thus the record of a great patriotic war indirectly becomes a plea in the favour of peace. Or, again, studying the high life of Petersburg and Moscow, Tolstoy cannot help contrasting the selfishness and frivolity of the upper classes with the quiet heroism and the resignation of the illiterate peasant. And thus, what appears at first sight as a description of Russian society life, becomes indirectly the glorification of democracy. Or again, tracing the action between cause and effect, Tolstoy has observed how at every stage the individual will is overruled by a Higher Will; how in the battlefield the leader does not lead, but follows; how victory and defeat are equally at the mercy of forces beyond human control. And thus we see the gambler and Bohemian of earlier years transformed into a Russian Puritan and a Christian Nihilist.

But although the burning problems of modern life are presented to us in all their aspects, Tolstoy is too much of an artist to obtrude his own theories upon his audience. He lets life teach its own lessons, and he lets the reader draw his own moral. From the first page to the last he remains the objective creator; standing, as it were, outside and above his own creation, he retains his impartiality and his serenity. No doubt, he writes with a purpose, but the purpose is hidden from us. The time will soon come in the life of Tolstoy when the story will be overweighted with the message, and when the story teller will recede in the background and surrender to the leader and preacher. But the "final conversion" has not come yet. In "War and Peace," Tolstoy still maintains that perfect equilibrium which is so rarely met with in literature, that harmony between the creative artist and the thinker where neither encroaches on the province of the other, and where each remain supreme in his own sphere.

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# THE VICTIM*

By PERCEVAL GIBBON

Cobb was crossing the boulevard, and was actually evading a taxi-cab at the moment when he sighted the little comedy which he made haste to interrupt. Upon the further pavement, Savinien, whom we once believed in as a poet, had stopped in the shelter of a shop-door, an unlighted cigarette between his lips, and was prospecting his vast person with gentle little slaps for a match. The current of the pavement rippled by him; the great expanse of his back was half turned to it, so that he and his search were in a kind of privacy, and the situation was favourable to the two inconspicuous men who approached him from either side. The one, with an air of hurry, ran against him at the instant when he was exploring his upper waistcoat pocket, staggered and caught at him with mumbled apologies; the other, with the sure and suave movement of an expert, slid an arm between the two bodies, withdrew it, and was making off.

"Hi!" shouted Cobb, as the taxi shaved past him, and came across with a rush. People stopped to see what he was shouting at, and a group of them, momentarily blocking the pavement, made it easy for the lanky Cobb to bowl the fleeing pickpocket against the wall and lay secure hands on him.

"You come along with me," said Cobb, who always forgot his French when he was excited.

The thief, helpless under the grip on the nape of his neck, whined and stammered. He was a rat of a man, white-faced, pale-eyed, with a sagging uncertain mouth.

"M'sieur!" he whimpered. "But I have got nothing! It is a mistake. The other man——"

Cobb thrust him at the end of a long arm to where Savinien stood, the cigarette still unlighted. The other man, of course, was gone.

"Hullo, Savinien," said Cobb. "You know you've been robbed, don't you? I just caught this fellow as he was bolting. See what you've lost, won't you?"

"Lost!" Savinien stared, a little stupidly, Cobb thought, and suddenly smiled. He was bulky to the point of grotesqueness, with a huge white torpid face and a hypochondriac stoop of the shoulders, and the hand that travelled over his waistcoat, from pocket to pocket, looked as if it had been shaped out of dough.

"Well?" said Cobb impatiently, stilling the thief's whimpering protests with a quick grip of the hand that held him.

"My watch," murmured Savinien, still smiling as though he were pleased and relieved to be the victim of a theft. "But let him go."

"Let him go! Oh, no," said Cobb. "I'll hand him over to the police and we'll get the watch out of him."

"The watch is nothing," said Savinien. "Let him go before there arrives an *agent*, or it will be too late."

He came a pace nearer as he spoke, and nodded at Cobb confidentially, as though there were reasons for his request which he could not explain before the onlookers.

"But——" began Cobb.

"Let him go," urged Savinien. "It is necessary. Afterwards, I will explain to you." He put his shapeless soft hand on Cobb's arm which held the thief. "Let him go."

"You are serious?" demanded Cobb. "He's to go, is he? With your watch? All right!"

He let go the scraggy neck which he held in the fork of his hand. They were, by this time, ringed about by spectators, but the thief was not less expert with crowds than with pockets. He was no sooner loose than he seemed to merge into the folk about, to pass through and beyond them like a vapour. Heads turned, feet shuffled. Savinien came about ponderously like a battleship in narrow waters, but the thief was gone.

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"*Tiens!*" ejaculated someone, and there was laughter.

Savinien's arm insinuated itself through Cobb's elbow.

"Let us go where we can sit down," said the poet. "You are puzzled—not? But I will explain you all that."

"It wasn't a bet, was it?" asked Cobb.

The poet laughed gently. "That possibility alarms you?" he suggested. "But it was not a bet; it is more vital than that. I will tell you when we sit down."

At Savinien's slow pace they came at last to small marble-topped tables under a striped awning. Savinien, with loud gasps, let himself down upon an exiguous chair, rested both fat hands upon the head of his stick, and smiled ruefully across the table at Cobb. A tinge of blue had come out around his lips.

"Even to walk," he gasped, "that discomposes me. As you see. It is terrible."

"Take it easy," counselled Cobb.

An aproned waiter served them, Cobb with beer, Savinien with a treacly liqueur in a glass the size of a thimble. When he was a little restored from his exertions, he laid his arm on the table, with the little glass held between his thumb and forefinger, and remained in this attitude.

"Go ahead," said Cobb. "Tell me why you are distributing watches to the deserving poor in this manner."

"It is not benevolence," replied Savinien. "It is simply that I have a need of some misfortune to balance things."

There was a muffled quality in his voice, as though it were subdued by the bulk from which it had to emerge; but his enunciation was as clean and dexterous as in the days when he had made a vogue for his poems by reading them aloud. It was the voice of a poet issuing from the mouth of a glutton.

"To balance things," he repeated. "Fortune, my dear Cobb, is a pendulum; the higher it rises on the side of happiness, the further it returns on the side of disaster. And with me, who cannot take your arm for a promenade along the pavement without a tightness in the neck and a flutter of my heart, who may not go upstairs quicker than a step a minute, disaster has only one shape. It arrives and I am extinguished! It is for that reason that I fear a persistence of good luck. Of late, the luck that dogs me has been incredible.

"Listen, now, to this! Three days ago, being in a difficulty, I go in search of Rigobert. You know Rigobert, perhaps?"

"No," said Cobb. "But you have lent him money?"

"Precisely," agreed Savinien. "The sum which he owed me was no more than two hundred and fifty francs, but I had not much hope of him. I went leisurely upon the way towards his studio, and at the corner by the Madeleine I entered the post office to obtain a stamp for a letter I had to send. The first thing which I perceived as I opened the door was the back of Rigobert, as he sprawled against the counter, signing his name upon a form while the clerk counted out money to him. Hundred franc notes, my friend—noble new notes, ten in number, a thousand francs in all, which Rigobert received for his untidy autograph upon a blue paper. As for me, I planted myself there at his back in an attitude of expectancy and determination to await his leisure. He was cramming the money into his trousers pocket as he turned round and beheld me. He was embarrassed. He, the universal debtor, the bottomless pit of loans and obligations, to be discovered thus.

"'You!' he exclaimed.

"'I!' I replied, and took him very firmly by the arm, and mentioned my little affair to him. He was not pleased, Rigobert, but for the moment he was empty of excuses. When he suggested that we should go to a café, to change one of the notes, that he might pay me my two hundred and fifty, I agreed, for I had him by

the arm, but I could see that he was gathering his faculties, and I was wary. *A bon rat bon chat!*

"I waited till his note was changed. 'Now, my friend,' I said. 'The hour is come.'

"He looked at me attentively; he is very naïve, in reality. Then, very slowly, he put one hand in his pocket and drew out the whole bundle of money. It looked opulent, it looked fulsome.

"'Savinien,' he said. 'I will do even more than you asked. Two-fifty, is it not? See, now, here is five hundred, and I will toss you whether I pay you five hundred or nothing.'

"He balanced a coin on his thumb-nail, and smiled at me sidelong. I drew myself up with dignity to repudiate his proposal, but at that instant there came to me —who can say what it was?—a whim, a nudge from the thumb of Providence, a momentary lunacy? I relaxed my attitude.

"'Very well,' I replied. 'But first permit me to examine the coin?'

"With Rigobert, that is not an insult. He handed me the coin without a word—an honest cart-wheel, a five-franc piece.

"'Toss, then,' I said, returning it to him. '*Face!*' I called, as he spun it up. It twinkled in the air like a humming-bird, a score of francs to each flick of its wings, and his palm intercepted it as it fell. I leaned across to see; behind Rigobert's shoulder the waiter leaned likewise. The poor fellow had really no chance to practise those little tricks in which he is eminent. I had won. I drew the money across to me.

"'*Peste!*' remarked Rigobert, in a tone of dejection, and looked with an appearance of horror at what remained to him of his thousand francs. The waiter beamed at me and rubbed his hands. I ordered him in a strong voice to bring two more *consommations*.

"'Look here,' said Rigobert. 'Lend me that five hundred, will you? Or, at any rate——'

"He paused, and his eye lit again with hope.

"'Tell you what,' he said. 'I'll toss you once more—five hundred against five hundred. This'—he laid his hand on his remaining money—'is no use to me. I simply can't do with less than a thousand. Is it agreed?'

"I desired to refuse; I am not a gambler; I come of prudent people. But again it came, that inspired impulse, that courageous folly.

"'It is agreed,' I replied.

"He meant to win, that time. He sat back to it, he concentrated himself. He cast a look at me, the glance of a brigand. I was imperturbable. Again the waiter hurried to see the venture. Rigobert frowned.

"'You call "*face*," eh?' he asked, balancing the coin.

"'I call when the coin is in the air,' I replied.

"He grunted, and spun it up. '*Pile!*' I called this time. Down it came to his hand. Once more the eyes of the waiter and myself rushed to it; the result was capable of no adjustment. I felt my heart bump painfully. The broad coin lay on his hand, '*pile*' uppermost. I drew the rest of the money to me.

"'A thousand thanks,' I croaked from a throat constricted with surprise. Rigobert swore."

Cobb laughed. "Is that all that is troubling you?" he asked.

"All!" Savinien shrugged his immense shoulders desolately. "All! That was merely the commencement," he said. "And even that did not finish there."

"I hope Rigobert didn't get any of it back," said Cobb.

"He did his best," replied Savinien. "In a minute or two he collected his wits and addressed himself to the situation. It was worth seeing. He shook his depression from him like a dog shaking water from its coat, and sat up. Enterprise, determination, ruthlessness, were eloquent in his countenance; I felt like a child before such a combination of qualities. Then he began to talk. He has an air, that brigand; he can cock his head so as to deceive a bailiff; he can wear a certain nobility of countenance; and with it all he can importune like a beggar. He has a horrid and plausible fluency; he is deaf to denials; he drugs you with words and robs you before you recover consciousness. He had got the length of quoting my own verses to me, and I felt myself going, when deliverance arrived. A stout man paused on the pavement, surveying us both, then came towards us.

"'Monsieur Rigobert,' he said, with that fashion of politeness which one dreads, 'I am on my way to your address.'

"'Do not let me detain you,' replied Rigobert, unpleasantly.

"'But,' said the other, 'this was the day you appointed, M'sieur. You said, "Bring your bill to me on the 13th, and I will pay it." Here is the bill.'

"He plunged his hand into his breast pocket and fumbled with papers. Rigobert examined me rapidly. But the spell was broken, and I was myself again, master of my emotions and of the thousand francs. He saw that it was hopeless—and rose.

"'Monsieur,' he said to the tradesman, 'this is not a time to talk to me of business. I have just suffered a painful bereavement.'

"He made a gesture with his hand, mournful and resigned, and walked away, while the tradesman gazed after him. And there was I—rich and safe! I felt a warmth that pervaded me. I settled my hat on my head and reached for my cane. It was then that the truly significant thing occurred—the clue, as it were. My hand, as I took my cane, brushed against my liqueur glass upon the table; it fell, rolled to the edge, and disappeared. The waiter dived for it, while I waited to pay for the breakage. His foolish German face came up over the edge of the table, crumpled in a smile.

"'It is all right,' he said. 'The glass is not broken.'

"It was then, my friend, that I began to perceive how things were with me. Dimly at first, but, as the day proceeded, with growing clearness. I became aware that I stood in the shadow of some strange fate. Small ills, chances of trifling misfortune, stood aloof, and let me pass unharmed; I was destined to be the prey of a mightier evil. When I light my cigarette, do my matches blow out in the wind? No; they burn with the constancy of an altar candle. If I leave my gloves in a cab, as happened yesterday, do I lose them? No, the cabman comes roaring down the street at my back to catch me and restore them. A thousand such providences make up my day. This morning, just before I encountered you, the chief and most signal of them all occurred."

"Go on," said Cobb.

"It was, in fact, impressive," said Savinien. "There is, not far from here, a shop where I am accustomed to buy my cigarettes. A small place, you know, a hole in the wall, with a young ugly woman behind the counter. One enters, one murmurs 'Maryland,' one receives one's yellow packet, one pays, one salutes, one departs. There is nothing in the place to invite one to linger; never in my life have I said more than those two words—'Maryland' on entering and 'Madame' on leaving—to the good creature of the shop. I do not know her name, nor she mine. Ordinarily she is reading when I enter; she puts down her book to serve me as one might put down a knife and fork; it must often happen that she interrupts herself in the middle of a word. She gets as far as: 'Jean ki——' then I enter. 'Maryland,' I murmur, receive my packet, and pay. 'Madame!' I raise my hat and depart. Not till then does she know the continuation:—'ssed Marie,' or 'cked the Vicomte,' whichever it may be. Not a luxurious reader, that one, you see.

"Well, this morning I enter as usual. There she sits, book in hand. 'Maryland,' I murmur. For the first

time in my experience of her she does not at once lay the book, face downwards, on the counter, and turn to the shelf behind her to reach me my cigarettes. No, the good creature is absorbed. 'Pardon,' I say, rather louder. She looks up, and it is clear she is impatient at being disturbed. 'Maryland,' I request. She puts down the book and fumbles for a packet. But I am curious to know what book it is that holds her so strongly, what genius of a romancer has aimed so surely at her intelligence. I turn the book round with a finger. The shop, the shelves, the horse's face of Madame, the proprietress, swim before me. I could dance; I could weep; I could embrace the lady in the pure joy of an artist appreciated and requited. For of all the books ever printed upon paper, that book is mine. My verses! My songs of little lives, they grasp at her and will not let go, like importunate children; she is not easily nor willingly free of them when affairs claim her. *Nunc dimittis!*"

"What did you do?" enquired Cobb. "Give her a watch, or what?"

"My friend," said Savinien; "I was careful. To do a foolish or a graceless thing would have been to dethrone for her a poet. There was need of a spacious and becoming gesture. I opened her book at the fly-leaf, and reached across to the *comptoir* for a pen. She turned at that and stared, possibly fearful, poor creature, that it was the till that attracted me. I took the pen and splashed down on the fly-leaf of the book my name in full—a striking signature! Then without a further word that might make an anti-climax, I took my cigarettes and departed. I was so thrilled, so exalted, that it was five minutes before I remembered to be afraid.

"For my fortune was becoming bizarre, you know. It was making me ridiculous even to myself. I have told you but the salient incidents of it; I do not desire to weary you with the facts of the broken braces, the spurious two-franc piece, or the lost door-key. But it is becoming sinister; it needed a counterpoise before it became so pronounced that nothing but sudden death would suffice. The thief steals my watch and I am relieved; he is departing with my best wishes for his success; all promises well, till you arrive at the charge, with your comb erect, and seize him. It is all of a piece. Yes, I know it is funny, but it alarms me. I offer it, therefore, my watch—a sacrifice. Perhaps it likes watches. If so, I have got off cheaply, for, to tell the truth, it was not much of a watch."

He raised the minute glass and drank, setting it down again with a flourish.

"And now I must be going," he said. "It is a strange story—not? But I don't like it; I don't like it at all."

"Adieu," said Cobb, rising also. "I don't think I'd worry if I were you. And I won't interfere again."

"On no account," said Savinien, seriously.

Cobb watched him move away, plodding along the pavement heavily, huge and portentous. The back of his head bulged above the collar, with no show of neck between. He was comical and pathetic; he seemed too vast in mere flesh to be the sport of a thing so freakish as luck. To think that such a bulk had a weak heart in it—and that deeper still in its recesses there moved and suffered the soul of a poet.

"Queer yarn," mused Cobb.

. . . . .

It was on the following morning, while Cobb was dressing, that the messenger arrived—a little man in black, with a foot-rule sticking out of his coat-pocket. He looked like an elderly manservant who has descended to trade. He had a letter for Cobb, addressed in Savinien's pyrotechnic hand, and handed it to him without speaking.

"My dear friend," it said, "I fear the worst. On my return to my rooms here, the first thing I saw was my watch, reposing on my bedside table. It appears that when I made my toilet in the morning I forgot to put it in my pocket. The thief, after all, got nothing. I am lost. In despair,—Your César Savinien."

"Yes?" said Cobb. "You want an answer?" For the little artisan in black was waiting.

"An answer!" The other stared. "But—— Then monsieur does not know?"

"What?"

"He must have been going down to post that note when he had written it," said the little man. "We found it in his hand."

"Eh?" Cobb almost recoiled in the shock of his surprise and horror. "D'you mean to tell me that, after all, he—he is——"

The little man in black uttered a professional sigh. "The concierge found him in the morning," he replied. "It is said that he suffered from his heart, that poor Monsieur."

"Oh, these Frenchmen!" cried Cobb. "To think that the fellow actually meant all he said yesterday!"

# MONTENEGRO AND ITS RULER

## I.

It has been left to the diminutive principality of Montenegro to assume the formidable responsibility of declaring war on Turkey. In the present juncture it may be interesting to recall the remarks which appeared in the *Contemporary Review* on the proclamation of the new kingdom, under the signature of Dr. Dillon, probably the greatest living authority on Eastern Policy.

"The venerable Prince of Montenegro—the Black Mountain—has been promoted to the rank of king, if not by the grace of God, then by the courtesy of European monarchs. It is amusing to reflect that about the time when Kaiser Wilhelm was magniloquently holding forth on the divine right of kings, this Homeric figure of South-eastern Europe was climbing into a royal throne and acquiring those same divine rights, although his predecessor and uncle, Danilo, was but a clergyman, while the prince's mother carried wood to Cattaro for sale. Thus, since the 28th August, 1910, Europe has had a new kingdom, while the republic of letters has a crowned poet and journalist. Montenegro is by far the tiniest of the kingdoms—although by no means the most insignificant. King Nicholas rules over a population equal to that of some London parish, about 300,000 men, women, and children all told, most of whom have a very hard struggle for existence. For, with the exception of a very few districts, like the Moratsha-Plain and the Zeta Valley, Montenegro is a realm of hard stone.

## II.

"When God set about creating the world, says the legend current among these mountaineers, He made rivers, fields and meadows, and forests. But looking down on the totality of things from His celestial throne, He found the result monotonous. Nature needed a touch of rugged wildness by way of variety, so He resolved to pile hills upon hills and see how they would look. For this purpose He gathered stones from all parts of the universe, and packed them in two mighty sacks, which He threw over His shoulders. But as He strode over the globe the sacks burst, just as He chanced to be where Montenegro now stands, and all the stones fell to the ground. That is how the arid, stony mountain first came into existence. Even now, thirty years after the annexation of fertile stretches of land that belonged to Turkey, there are families living in places two and a half hours' distant from the nearest source of water! And it is characteristic of their love of their old homes that most of the people refused to accept the offer made them to go and live in the new fertile districts.

*(Continued on page 22.)*

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III.

"King Nicholas was still, when I last saw him about four years ago, a majestic, imposing figure. Fifty years ago he married the prettiest girl in the principality, Vilena Vukolich, when he was about nineteen and she just thirteen and six months old. This marriage is said to have been as happy as it was fruitful, and the exemplary couple were blessed with three sons and seven dutiful daughters, who have never lost an opportunity of testifying in deeds their sense of gratitude to their parents. In his youth he won golden opinions abroad—Louis Napoleon's friendship in Paris was one manifestation of them—and the nimbus of a hero at home. His people—the elite of the Servian race—looked upon him as a sort of Messiah, who was destined not only to free them from the Turkish yoke, but to unite them with the other fragments of the race in a great Servian Tsardom. And he certainly had some of the qualities and rendered some of the services of a national Messiah. He was comely, martial, intrepid, and chivalrous. His knowledge of men was subtle, and his way of dealing with them efficacious. He spoke the languages of all those with whom his rôle in life was likely to bring him into contact: Servian, Turkish, Italian and French. He made serious personal sacrifices for the good of the race, and he did not make them in vain."

## SCOTT AND BALZAC

BY GEORGE SAINTSBURY

It would not be a quite unpardonable thing if a person, not wholly ignorant of either of the two great novelists whose names stand above, but not very thoroughly acquainted with either, and not given to critical consideration, were to think and speak of them as not merely different but opposed to each other in every possible way. He might even (if he knew a little more, but not enough) point to the contempt with which both English and French admirers of Balzac have often spoken of Scott; and to the scanty relish, if not the positive disapproval, which not a few English admirers of Scott have shown towards Balzac. Yet Balzac himself, though some of his critics and biographers have ignored or obscured the fact, was a fervent and a life-long admirer of Sir Walter.

The cant of the present day, both in France and England, about Scott is that he was a writer without art, who was constantly under the yoke of a *pruderie bête*, who composed stories possibly capable of amusing savages or our grandfathers, but incapable of satisfying a modern child; sometimes tedious, sometimes extravagant, badly written, characterless, permeated by a detestable affection for royalism, mediævalism, romanticism, and other "isms" equally bad, possessing neither heroes nor heroines, inaccurate in historical detail—and so on, and so on.

The cant (not quite so much of the present day, but still not quite recanted) about Balzac in England is that he has a predilection for the portrayal of vice; that if he is not such an "aristocrat" as Scott politically, he has a snobbish devotion to wealth and, at any rate, a rather suspicious fondness for depicting "high life"; that, as the moral atmosphere of his books is rarely quite pure, so the temperamental atmosphere is seldom cheerful and inspiriting; that his minuteness, both in external detail and internal analysis of character, is oppressive, and other things of the same kind. To which it may be added that, in France itself, there have not been wanting people who said that Balzac also "could not write," and that, despite the immense and enduring critical attention bestowed on him there, it is by no means very easy to trace much direct following of his style in the enormous volume of fiction produced since his death. Let us dismiss all this,

*(Continued on page 24.)*

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and see what, in contrast-parallel as above, the two men were and what they did.

One point of a strictly historical character gives a solid start. In both cases and in both countries—though Balzac had in Scott an advantage which Scott had in nobody—they began novel-writing after a long period of extremely voluminous but very undistinguished practice in it by their predecessors. Although France had got a little the start of us with the novel proper in the later seventeenth and early eighteenth century, she had no such group of novelists as that which illustrated our mid-eighteenth. For nearly fifty years before Waverley, and for quite fifty before "Les Chouans" (Balzac's earlier books are not quite negligible, but may be neglected here), the novel in both countries had been represented by floods of rubbish, with a few better and generally nondescript things—windfalls from Beckford and Godwin and Miss Edgeworth, from Saint-Pierre and Chateaubriand and Constant. But in this muddle, two kinds had been striving to get themselves born—the historical novel, especially in England, and the novel of analysis of character, assisted by description of scene and circumstance, especially in France. Scott almost at once, but, of course, helped by his years of practice in the verse-romance, struck into the line which the Lees, and the Porters, and the Godwins, and, to some extent, the Radcliffes, had been vainly groping for; Balzac, after less agreeable and much less successful preliminaries of search in the actual province of prose fiction, achieved, not exactly in "Les Chouans," but after it, the transformation of the novel of "sensibility" into the acts and scenes of the "Comédie Humaine."

What is most remarkable in Scott, and what distinguishes him most from his predecessors, is that quality of life which is diffused over and throughout his stories. It is quite arguable that, in the twelfth century, Gurth and Wamba would not have talked as they talk in his pages; but it is quite certain that they are, and talk like possible human beings. Then, too, there is the utilisation of all the accessories and et ceteras, the want of which, or the improbability of which, is so obvious and so objectionable in most earlier work. The scenes are agreeably painted and "set"; the dialogue, if open to criticism on strictly pedantic lines, completely escapes from that provoking *in*verisimilitude of conventional lingo which had beset plays and novels so long. The things and the persons are not shadows; they are not types; they are not tracings off a pattern. There is no (or very little) ostensible attempt at elaborate analysis of character and motive; yet an acute French judge, a contemporary of Balzac's and a friend of Browning's, detected, and rightly detected, fugitive touches of *general* observation of life which, as he said, you might read no small number of so-called philosophical novels without finding.

Now turn to Balzac. He tried the romance of incident and history, and discovered that, except perhaps on a small scale, it was not for him, and so he turned to the enormous network-study of contemporary French life, of which he succeeded in constructing so large a part, but which no one could have finished—which, in the nature of things, was interminable. He attended more to construction than Scott did: though, in his constant habit of reworking, he as often obscured as cleared up his first drafts. He, not having poetry to serve as an outlet for his more imaginative creation, suffused the whole of his work with a grandiosity which his extreme precision of detail prevents from being exactly vague, but which has been not improperly called "vignetted"—shading itself off into vastness and infinity instead of remaining clearly and positively outlined like Scott's. But the actual life, the actual utilisation of scene and surrounding; the personality, a little more typical (as being French) than the English writer's, but equally vivid; the absence of suggestion of mere bookishness—in all these things he resembles the great predecessor, whose best work was closed just when his accomplished performance was beginning. He applied, of course, what may be less well called the "method" than the "mode" of Scott to character-presentation, and to a presentation much more elaborate, much more what is called in French *fouillé*, than Scott's. And although he himself was much annoyed at being charged with preferring vicious people (and even most characteristically endeavoured to draw up lists rebutting the charge), it cannot, of course, be denied that his presentation of life is "grimier" than Scott's. It is so, not because it is necessarily truer, but simply because the springs of vicious or faulty conduct are less simple than those of virtuous, and so give the student of character more chance.

But these generalities should, small as is the space for it, be completed by some approximations in detail. Anybody who would like a pleasant and profitable critical exercise may find it in reading not merely "Les Chouans," which is Balzac's closest approach to Scott, but "St. Ronan's Well," which is Scott's closest approach to Balzac, and would, if Sir Walter had not allowed himself to be over-persuaded by Ballantyne, have been closer still. That, in the first case, there is deliberate following, and in the second entire precursorship, only makes the comparison the more interesting. In "Les Chouans" the whole general scheme is "after" Scott: and perhaps the undue slowness of movement which characterises the greater part of the book is an unlucky attempt to imitate that *tour de force* by which Sir Walter manages to confine nearly half of one of his best and busiest novels, "Rob Roy," to the events of scarcely forty-eight hours. On the other hand, the admirable close—the *Jour sans Lendemain*—treats its main motive in the style which Scott deliberately refused. Yet even here the "mode," as it has been called, is more that of Scott than of any earlier novelist—the constant projection of picturesque detail, the vivid succession of striking incident, to give background to the character.

Turn to the other. The plot of "St. Ronan's Well"—as it ought to be, and as it originally was, involving the actual and irreparable wrong to Clara—is quite Balzacian; and the society of the Wells and the village, though he could not have managed its more humorous figures, can be thought out in Balzac's form without any difficulty by anyone who knows the work from the "Chat-qui-Pelote" and "Père Goriot" to the unfinished "Député d'Arcis" and "Petits Bourgeois."

But, it may be said again, "Is not this mere paradox? Does not the fact still stare us in the face that there are no two novelists more different than Balzac and Scott?" Well! that depends on what is meant by difference. The broken ends of a tally, if you hold them up side by side, are very strikingly different; when you put them together you discover that they are parts of the same whole, and that the very action, the very process, which has made the one has made the other. That action, that process, in the case of our two great novelists is partly negative, partly positive—the absolute forsaking of previous convention, and the deliberate adoption of human life, actual or possible, contemporary or antiquated, as the standard, the model, the goal. The way of the one is conditioned by English, of the other by French influence and circumstance. One bases himself mainly on incident and romance; the other mainly on character-analysis and the more strictly defined novel. You can trace differences between them endlessly, and with almost a futile facility. The likeness may be harder to find at first, but it is there; and it is an illustration of the old proverb on which Montaigne wrote his first and not his worst essay, "Par divers moyens l'on arrive à pareille fin." The end of the novel is the presentation of life: and the more abundantly the better.

George Saintsbury.

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# GEORGE MEREDITH IN HIS LETTERS. BY DARREL FIGGIS

One of the difficulties in what is called a co-ordinated philosophy of life is that the very process of co-ordination implies an elimination. It is very seldom that men are content to trust their instincts of worth, however seemingly contrarious, and to have faith in a larger co-ordination in the heavens that shall round up the contradictory parts into their proper beauty. All in a haste they begin to work with rod, level, and trowel to chip away what is not necessary for the co-ordination they wish; and so they come often to deny some of their own instincts for a beauty that is not comprised by their philosophy.

It is a fatal itch from which the very sanest are not immune. Few thinkers have been so sane, in both the larger and smaller meanings of the word, than George Meredith, and he was, moreover, a thinker who was for ever disciplining his thoughts into the orderly shape of a philosophy. Lovers of his books, and readers of his letters just edited and published by his son, Mr. William Meredith, will scarcely need to be told of his perpetual insistence on its need. To Captain Maxse (who is, of course, Nevil Beauchamp, of "Beauchamp's Career") he declares with regard to Victor Hugo, in one of the incidental criticisms of his contemporaries in these Letters: "He is the largest son of his mother earth in this time present. Magnificent in conception, unsurpassed—leagues beyond us all—in execution. Not (nur Schade!) a philosopher. There's the pity. With a philosophic brain, as well as his marvellous poetic energy, he would stand in the front rank of glorious men forever." In another letter, when Captain Maxse (like his other self in fiction, Nevil Beauchamp) would raise hot battle for the oppressed, he says: "You appear to me to want to raise up an extreme party that shall rouse the other party to extremes, and so do battle-fight for a shade; gain what Time would have given you without waste of blood, temper, and divine meditation. Between you Philosophy would have no home on our planet." It threads through most of his poems, and in it he was rather as Descartes and Spencer would have understood the word than as Plato and Bergson have conceived it. He was more than suspicious of the instincts, the intimations of Beauty, that haunt and afflict man always. It is his desire that "the mind in expansion"

> "should prompt us to Change, as to promise of sun,
> Till brain-rule splendidly towers."

So he cries in "The Empty Purse." "I'm more an antique Roman than a Dane," he might almost say with Horatio; to which Hamlet, wilder of blood, would respond:—

> "There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
> Than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

In the novels, and especially in the poems, his effort to display, even often to define, this philosophy of his, is apparent; and since one wonders how far its limitations reflect the man himself, one turns to his letters to see his mind more intimately at work. And then one comes across this wonderful letter to John Morley:—

"I tossed off a letter to St. B. to end the year '77. I greet you in the first hour of the New One, after a look at the stars from my chalet door, and listening to the bells. We have just marked one of our full stops, at which Time, turning back as he goes, looks with his old-gentleman smile. To come from a gaze at the stars—Orion and shaking Sirius below him—is to catch a glance at the inscrutable face of him that hurries us on, as on a wheel, from dust to dust. I thought of you and how it might be with you this year: hoped for good: saw beyond good and evil to great stillness, another form of moving for you and me. It seems to me that Spirit is,—how, where, and by what means involving us, none can say. But in this life there is no life save in spirit. The rest of life, and we may know it in love,—is an aching and a rotting."

Possibly it was this very moment, as it was some such moment, that he celebrated in his poem, "Meditation under Stars," where, night having passed, he comes to Earth with his mind full of the hints of eternal majesty the stars give, and

> "Then at new flood of customary morn,
> Look at her thro' her showers,
> Her mists, her streaming gold,
> A wonder edges the familiar face:
> She wears no more that robe of printed hours;
> Half strange seems Earth, and sweeter than her flowers."

"Sweeter than her flowers"! Yet this was he who once sang:—

> "Into the breast that gives the rose
> Shall I with shuddering fall?"

It was so, too, in that great hour of trial when he knew that his richly happy second marriage was to know the term sternly set by Death. When the blow fell on him he found his solace in his philosophy, and raised that stately, though chastening, temple of stoic comfort, "A Faith on Trial." Here he turns to his Earth for comfort, and learns that

> "Harsh Wisdom gives Earth, no more;
> In one the spur and the curb:
> An answer to thoughts and deeds;
> To the Legends an alien look;
> To the Questions a figure of clay."

"Smite, Sacred Reality!" he says in the same poem, and will have no comfort from hopes for, and instincts of, a richer being beyond the clay. Indeed, he declares roundly in a letter to Mr. Herbert Trench that "the good ship Immortality methinks has served her turn." Nevertheless, the strong heart and desire of the man break through the somewhat severe code of his philosophy into his letters. On the death of his wife he writes to John Morley (in one of the rich series of letters to Lord Morley):—

"Death is death, as you say, but I get to her by consulting her thoughts and wishes—and so she lives in me. This, if one has the strength of soul, brings a spirit to us."

Which is the application to himself of the counsel he gives to his son, the compiler of these letters:—

"I do not doubt that you think of your dear mother. Think of her as alive in the spirit. She is with you in your noblest thoughts—and the nobler they are the more you may be sure of that."

So rich are these letters that it would be possible to take many lines of progress through them. He seldom deliberately speaks about his contemporaries. It is the exception rather than the rule to find him doing so. Yet, one way or another, such men as Carlyle, Ruskin, Dickens, Tennyson, and Mill are touched upon with an incisive pen. And in his attitude to each he naturally defines his own position. There are several letters, moreover, chiefly to Lady Ulrica Duncombe, in which he speaks in some detail of his own work. But in the letters to Captain Maxse and to John Morley he writes out some of the deeper things in him, that shine with a faint mystical beauty scarcely to be found in the delimitations set by his more ordered philosophy. By their aid our ears may be attuned to the discovery of a chord that shall be heard sounding with sudden spiritual meaning in a music that seems too often to be prohibitive of the larger spiritual application. Then becomes "The Great Unseen nowise the Dark Unknown." For though in the severer co-ordination of his philosophy the larger and fairer aspects of his mystical desire are too much apt to be eliminated, yet these letters come to show that it meant far more to him than his work would seem to hint; and so both the novels and the poetry (though especially the later poetry) have a richer significance thrown on them.

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Before me is a pile of exam. sheets fresh from the industrious pens of many pupils.

Here on the top is one from a clerk, who entered for our course of general mental training; he wants to make the best of himself and his chances. His weak point is mind wandering. He says in a note: "I sit down to a book or to work out some figures, and almost immediately I begin to think of something else. I bring myself round again, but in a minute I am off wool-gathering. Can you help me?" We can, and we do.

The next paper is from T. Q. M.—those are not his initials, but they will suffice. He is an M.D. of a great University, and an honours man at that. What is his trouble? No trouble at all really. As an educated man, he knows there is a best way of doing everything, and in organising a hundred and one details respecting the duties of a busy hospital life he wishes to adopt the method that is most efficient.

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The day moves on. Luncheon is over—tea time comes—the pile of papers to be examined has decreased; the end, for the time being, is in sight. I have been dealing with doctors, lawyers, engineers, directors, managers, shop assistants, apprentices, miners, school teachers of both sexes, and many more. As the last paper leaves my hands, I begin to wonder why even more than the thousands who have passed, and are passing, through the school do not enrol for the Pelman Course. Is it because advantages are so numerous that they have become stale? Many pupils tell us that they wish they had had many years ago the benefits our course offers to them; they would then have had many more chances of success.

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# THE LITERARY CONFESSIONS OF MR. ARNOLD BENNETT

I.

There have been few more interesting events in contemporary literature than the gradual emergence and the gradual rise of Mr. Arnold Bennett. Like a conquering hero, he has invaded one after another every province of English letters. And like his favourite personage in the "Card" in whom it is not difficult to recognise many of the author's own characteristics, Mr. Bennett has achieved success in whatever he has chosen to undertake. And he has achieved it with something of the dash and daring and defiance, with something of the luck and pluck of a romantic adventurer believing in his star. Whether he writes a very short narrative or a very long novel, like "Old Wives' Tales," whether he tries to emulate Mr. Bernard Shaw in the drama, or whether he tries to surpass Conan Doyle in the detective story, he pours out a continuous stream of books, invariably successful, nearly always amazingly clever, and always marked with his exuberant personality.

II.

This prodigious success of a writer who is still a comparatively young man, and who at forty-five years of age has already twenty literary campaigns behind him, has seemed to most critics a triumph of spontaneity. And the image which most people form of the author of "Clayhanger" is that of a stupendous Improvvisatore of the Dumas Père type. But this judgment is entirely erroneous, and it is formulated in complete ignorance of the facts. And if in one sense it may be considered an involuntary tribute to his genius, in another sense it does Mr. Bennett a very real injustice. So far from owing his success to the gratuitous gifts of the fairies, he has earned it as the reward of many years of hard toil. Few writers have learned more systematically the technique of their trade. Few writers possess in a higher degree the conscientious scruples of the craftsman. Few writers have served a more onerous and more honourable apprenticeship.

III.

Those years of apprenticeship, those "Lehrjahre," Mr. Bennett has himself described in a volume of literary autobiography of extraordinary interest. The volume appeared under the thin disguise of anonymity, with the significant title, "The Truth about an Author." Strange to say, the book seems to have almost entirely escaped the notice both of the public and of the critics, and until this day it remains almost unknown. Yet I am much mistaken if this book will not outlast, as a human document, many of Mr. Bennett's productions, and if, of all Mr. Bennett's works, it is not the one which enables us to do honest, adequate justice to his genius, and to gain the greatest insight into his personality.

The reason why the "Truth about an Author" has thus remained unknown even to his admirers is partly because English criticism is so often so amazingly short-sighted, and partly because Mr. Bennett himself, after publishing his autobiography, has deliberately chosen to suppress it. And the reason why he has suppressed it is that the book is an absolutely unveiled, irresponsible, and not always edifying confession. It was written in a moment of impulsive sincerity. It was prompted by a mood of refreshing but cynical outspokenness. And when he wrote it, the author had not yet been compelled by an enthusiastic public to take himself as seriously as he does to-day. For since those earlier "Lehrjahre" circumstances have totally changed. The pushing young adventurer and freelance of early days has become the cynosure of two continents. The author has been raised to the pinnacle of fame. And when a man has been raised to that uncomfortable position, he

*(Continued on page 30.)*

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has a part to play, he has a dignity to sustain, and he naturally prefers to divert attention from the indiscretions of his youth. But we, in the humble position of reader and critic, may be permitted not to have the same reasons as Mr. Bennett for suppressing this illuminative piece of self-revelation. And the very motives which induced the writer to throw a veil over his beginnings must tempt us to remove it. The very indiscretions of which the author now repents are precisely what gives the book its psychological value. They will enable us to discover the characteristics of his personality, the secrets of his art, the strength and weakness of his work, and the true reasons of its success.

IV.

The first quality which strikes us in Mr. Bennett and the most obvious reason of his success is his amazing resourcefulness and cleverness. In one sense he is more American than English. He is pre-eminently what the Yankee calls a "smart" writer. In another sense he is more French than English. He possesses that invaluable gift which is so rare in England and so frequent in France—intellectual versatility and pliability. He can turn his mind to the most diverse tasks. He can rise to any emergency. He would have succeeded as a lawyer or as an engineer, if he had not preferred to be a man of letters. As a "freelance" in a provincial paper, he achieved a premature local fame, and staggers the provincial editors by the brilliancy and incisiveness of his topical paragraphs. As an apprentice in a lawyer's office he draws up his bills of costs with such skill that at once he rises to a salary of £200, where his older colleagues must be content with a salary of £80. As the editor of a woman's paper, he guesses by instinct the mysteries of the feminine taste and the vagaries of female fashion.

V.

Combined with this Gallic versatility we find an equally extraordinary practical ability. Bennett is the ideal exemplar of the new business man of letters. His watchword is "efficiency," his object tangible and material results. He is of the earth, earthy. Other contemporary writers like Mr. Wells may be equally matter of fact. Mr. Wells also keeps the practical end in view, but he has social and ethical ideals. He is a teacher and preacher, as well as a successful "business man of letters." We may object to his teaching. He may have varied in his preaching; but whether he preaches the Fabian Gospel of free meals for children or the Gospel of free love for adults, or the Gospel of Good will, or the Gospel of the Great State, we feel there is always a moral background to his work. Mr. Bennett has no such didactic purpose. He may sometimes be concerned with the æsthetics of literature, he is never concerned with its ethics; he is always concerned with its economics. Mr. Bernard Shaw, in a recent message addressed to the German people, claims for the writer of plays that he is the latter-day prophet and apostle. Mr. Arnold Bennett would ridicule such a claim, and he repudiates it in the most candid way in "The Truth about an Author." "My aim in writing plays, whether alone or in collaboration, has always been strictly commercial. I wanted money in heaps, and I wanted advertisement for my books." (Page 178.) Let us, therefore, be under no misconception. On his own admission, the author of "Milestones" writes mainly to make money, and to win the kind of fame which is convertible into hard cash. His scale of literary values is primarily so many pounds per thousand words, and it must be confessed that he has raised his scale enormously. He started with making a guinea by a prize essay; he has finished by making ten thousand by a comedy. Mr. Bennett may congratulate himself on such commercial results, but those who, like the present writer, have the profoundest admiration for his magnifi-

*(Continued on page 32.)*

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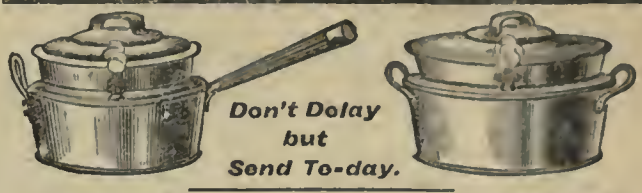


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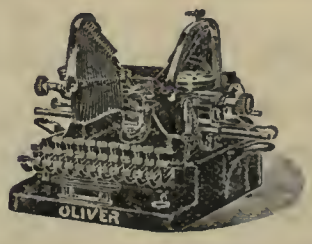


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cent gifts will be most sincere in their regret that he should have sold his birthright as a man of genius for a mess of pottage.

VI.

For to this absorption in practical aims we can trace most of the shortcomings and weaknesses of Arnold Bennett. We may go to him for intellectual stimulus; we shall not go to him for inspiration. He seldom strikes the deeper chords of human nature. He does not open wide vistas. There is little background or perspective. There is infinite wit, there is little humour. It has been said that the world is a tragedy to those who feel, and a comedy to those who think. Mr. Bennett obviously belongs to the thinking kind, and not to the feeling kind. It is the comic aspect of humanity and not the tragic, not the lacrimæ rerum, which appeals to him. There is a hardness of touch and absence of emotional vibration even in his best work.

In his autobiography there is an illuminative passage which illustrates this constitutional and temperamental dourness:—

"My venerable grandfather, who lived at the other end of the town, had been taken suddenly ill, and was dying. As his eldest grandson, my presence at the final scene was indispensable. I went, and talked in low tones with my elders. Upstairs the old man was fighting for every breath. The doctor descended at intervals and said that it was only a question of hours. I was absolutely obsessed by a delicious feeling of the tyranny of the Press. Nothing domestic could be permitted to interfere with my duty as a journalist.

"'I must write those facetious comments while my grandfather is dying upstairs.' This thought filled my brain. It seemed to me to be fine, splendid. I was intensely proud of being laid under a compulsion so startlingly dramatic. Could I manufacture jokes while my grandfather expired? Certainly; I was a journalist. And never since have I been more ardently a journalist than I was that night and morning. With a strong sense of the theatrical, I wrote my notes at dawn."

VII.

But if Mr. Bennett's intense realism is a source of weakness, it is also a source of strength. He has his feet firmly planted on Mother Earth. To him the one function of literature is to interpret life as it is, and not as it ought to be; its highest achievement is to enlarge our vision of reality. Bennett believes in the "human document." From the beginning his sympathies were with the naturalist school. It is characteristic that already, as a youth of nineteen, he copies the "Assommoir," one of the most powerful and one of the most sordid of Zola's novels, and to this day his gods are Turgeniev and Maupassant. And when he ventures on forbidden ground he goes further than Maupassant. On the risky subject of "La Maison Tellier," Maupassant only dares to give us a short story; Bennett has given us the longest of his novels.

We may not like "Old Wives' Tales," but in its strict adherence to reality, in its bold treatment of a delicate subject, there is not only extraordinary artistic power, there is also unmistakable moral power. And generally, although he is never conscious of a moral purpose, Bennett always reveals in a supreme degree one great moral virtue, namely, truthfulness and sincerity. He discards convention. He hates cant and sentiment. He abhors insincerity. The one duty of the writer is to be true to himself, as well as true to life.

VIII.

But it is as an artist that Mr. Bennett above all compels our admiration. He is a craftsman to his fingertips. His French discipline has stood him in good stead. He has learned from Maupassant and Turgeniev the sense of form, the skill of constructing a plot, the art of telling a story. And if he has no exalted moral ideals, at least he always maintains a high artistic ideal. "In literature, but in nothing else," he tells us, "I am a

propagandist." "To have a worthless book in my house (save in the way of business), to know that any friend of mine is enjoying it, actually distresses me. That book must go. The pretensions of that book have to be exposed if I am to enjoy peace of mind."

And as he has a respect for literature, so he has a reverence for the English language. Even in his most rapid improvisations he is never slovenly. He holds that every author has a professional duty to the language which he inherited from his predecessors, and which has been perfected by the labours of generations of artists. If Bennett is not a puritan in his ethics, he is a purist in his style. For his uniformly high level of style, for his rare qualities of form, for the excellence of his workmanship, for those artistic virtues alone, and for that virtuosity, if for no other, Mr. Bennett would be entitled to a first place in contemporary letters.

C. S.

* * *

## FLOWERS OF THE EARTH

Flowers of the Earth,
Children begotten of our mother's bliss,
By whose dear mirth
Upon the airs she wafts us a pure kiss,
I would not have you die
Drooping away, and lie
With those bright cheeks kissed lately of the Sun
Soiled, dishevelled, and dun.
I would avoid that shame;
Therefore I strew you o'er the sharp and quickening flame.

With ritual grave,
With reverent gestures and a holy care,
Each beauty so brave,
Giving its loveliness to the lucid air,
I send back whence it came,
I give to sacred flame.
Back to the Beauty beauty came to show
Each spirit I bid go,
While from beyond the veil
Rich musics float my nimbler senses to assail.

Darrel Figgis.

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# FUTURE ANNOUNCEMENTS

The journal for this issue, owing to heavy advertising, consists of 36 pages—22 of matter and 14 of advertisements; but the normal issue will consist of 32 pages, always with 22 pages of literary matter.

In order to provide for more complete discussion of the greater questions, the Editor hopes to proceed more frequently by the method of symposium, so that great questions may be argued "pro and con" and the opinions of the leaders of thought on most questions can be more clearly expressed. We hope next week to open a symposium on Education, in which the Editor, Mr. A. C. Benson and Dr. W. H. D. Rouse will take part, until the question has been very thoroughly discussed.

The Editor has also arranged a discussion on the Labour Unrest, which will be opened, it is hoped, by Mr. H. G. Wells and replied to by Emile Vandervelde, the Belgian statesman.

The cosmopolitan character of the journal will be seen by the fact that the next number will include an admirable essay by Professor Hans Delbrück on German and English relationships.

It is hoped that the article in this number, "The Future of the Churches," by the Rev. R. J. Campbell, will be the first of a series devoted to a discussion on the Unity of the Churches.

The proprietors hope that a special feature of Everyman will be *Correspondence* from their readers, which they very heartily and earnestly invite. It should be of some service as a ventilation of questions from many standpoints, and one of the great features of this journal will be that it will have an open platform where all questions may be discussed freely.

The Editor will endeavour to present his readers with an artistic story at very frequent intervals.

As has been announced, another feature will be the inclusion each week of a fine pen-and-ink drawing of some literary, scientific, or artistic celebrity, of either modern or past times, by Mr. Will Rothenstein or some artist of high standing, thus forming a gallery of portraits of real value, which will be an unique feature in journalism.

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## HISTORY IN THE MAKING

### NOTES OF THE WEEK.

IN regard to news from the seat of war, the public would do well to exercise a judicious scepticism. The censorship is quite draconian in its severity; only such items of intelligence are allowed to pass which satisfy the official men. For on the authority of Mr. Nevinson (war correspondent of the *Daily Chronicle*), there must be "no unfavourable articles written, no descriptions of defeats, no details as to losses, and no criticisms of the dispositions of the various armies." As we go to press, news comes to hand that a big battle has begun in the neighbourhood of Adrianople. The Turkish troops are said to be advancing, and the Bulgarians falling back with heavy losses, which losses are reported to be 2,000 killed and 4,000 wounded. The Sofia newspapers report, on the other hand, the capture by Bulgarians of several important positions round Adrianople. The Servian forces seem to have met with success. They have captured Prishtina and Kotchana.

The Montenegrins have followed up their earlier successes by taking the towns of Plava and Gusinje. A Turkish force of 2,000 men, mostly Albanians, has been ambushed while marching from Plava to make an attempt to recapture Berans.

---

The Servian army has also invaded Turkish territory, but so far the fighting has not been of a serious nature. The Greeks claim to have gained a brilliant victory in the capture of Elassona. The Bulgarian ports of Varna and Burgas are said to be effectively blockaded by the Turks: while Greece has declared an effective blockade of that part of the Adriatic coast of Turkey lying between Preveza and the northern end of the island of Corfu.

The Turkish island of Lemnos, in the Ægean Sea, is blockaded by a Greek squadron, the Commander having refused to surrender. Greek troops have been landed on the island.

A proclamation of British neutrality has been published.

---

At Constantinople all does not go well. Fears are entertained of intervention by another Power—obviously Russia. In view of this, Kiamil Pasha, President of the Council, appeals to England for fair play. The appeal is no doubt dictated by the dread that Russia may take advantage of the drafting of large numbers of troops into Europe to make a move on the Asiatic provinces. Another disquieting piece of news, so far as the Young Turk is concerned, is the decision to transfer the Ex-Sultan Abdul from Salonica to Constantinople. In view of the fact that the President of the Council, Kiamil Pasha, has always been friendly to Abdul, the decision means more than appears at first sight. A serious reverse to the Turkish arms would be likely to provoke a revolution on behalf of Abdul, whose presence in Constantinople would be highly favourable to the designs of his friends.

---

Emperor William loses no opportunity of magnifying his office. With him the Divine Right theory is more than a theory. It is a comforting fact. Speaking at the unveiling of the Coligny Memorial at Wilhelmshaven, he dwelt upon the relation of loyalty to religion. In his opinion, loyalty to an earthly king flourished only on soil where faith in the Heavenly King held sway.

---

The political world is greatly excited over the Government's new land policy. The land-owning section of the Liberal party are strongly opposed to the method of enquiry which has been adopted. One member of the party, Sir Herbert Raphael, M.P., addressing a Liberal meeting this week, suggested the appointment of a Royal Commission—the enquiry which precedes legislation should not, in his opinion, be conducted by party men.

The Liberal party is seriously exercised on the question of foreign policy. The advanced guard have been dissatisfied for some time with the reticence of the Foreign Office, and have again and again expressed dissent from the policy of Sir Edward Grey. The feeling has been accentuated by the letter of Sir John Brunner, whose position as President of the National Liberal Federation naturally gives his views great weight. Sir John emphasised the necessity of coming to an understanding with Germany. Special stress is laid upon the necessity of Liberals voting for the abandonment of the right to capture peaceful merchantmen on the high seas in time of war. Resolutions on these lines are recommended to all Liberal associations throughout the country.

---

In Committee on the Home Rule Bill the House of Commons on Monday discussed several important points. A motion was made to exclude Trinity College, Dublin, and Queen's College, Belfast, from the jurisdiction of the Irish Parliament.

Mr. John Redmond described the suggestion as unworthy and intensely offensive. The demand Mr. Birrell characterised as unreasonable, but in order to remove apprehensions which did exist, he promised in the report stage to introduce words which would exempt Trinity College and prevent the Irish Parliament diverting the £18,000 a year now payable from Imperial funds to the Queen's College, Belfast. An equally important matter came up for discussion in a motion to reserve for the Imperial Parliament the control over "factories, workshops, and mines, or other trades or industries in the regulation of hours of employment or the rate of wages therein." This was opposed by Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, the Labour Leader, on the ground that sectarian division would be greatly lessened by granting Ireland control of her social and industrial affairs. Mr. Balfour, among others, joined in the discussion. The amendment was defeated by 294 to 198 votes.

---

Representatives of Government departments, municipalities, education authorities, and shipping organisations were present at a national conference in London on Monday. A letter was read from the Chancellor of the Exchequer to the effect that he is at present in consultation with the Board of Trade with regard to providing additional monetary assistance "to promote this most important branch of technical instruction."

---

An agreement of great importance to the mining industry was adopted on Monday by the Coal Conciliation Board for the federated districts of England and North Wales, affecting 400,000 colliery workers. An increase of wages is to be given to the extent of one shilling per week, involving a total increase of £1,000,000 a year.

---

It is announced that out of friendship for Italy the French Government will recognise Italian sovereignty in Lybia without waiting for the regulation of various questions affecting Tunis and Tripoli. Preparations are being made for the departure of Turkish troops from Tripoli.

---

By an overwhelming vote the British Steel Smelters have decided against the federation of all trade unions in the iron and steel trades. Out of a membership of 48,000, about 20,000 were opposed to the scheme.

# PRINCE KROPOTKIN ON "FIELDS, FACTORIES, AND WORKSHOPS"*

By HECTOR MACPHERSON

I.

FOURTEEN years ago Prince Kropotkin published his epoch-making book, "Fields, Factories, and Workshops," in which he gave expression to the view that the cause of our industrial trouble was our excessive devotion to Adam Smith's principle of *division of labour*. In Adam Smith's time the principle was capable of national application, and was productive of good. But with the rise of full-fledged industrialism and its embodiment in the factory system, the principle of division of labour was interpreted to mean that a nation like ours, with an aptitude for manufactures, should aim at becoming—which, as a result of the Napoleonic war, it did become—the workshop of the world. As Nature had evidently intended Great Britain to produce manufactures, so countries like Russia were meant in the scheme of things to grow corn for manufacturing countries. Each nation, in short, was to specialise in its own particular product, and on the basis of free exchange universal harmony was to result.

II.

Unfortunately, the result of excessive specialisation is that, in this country, agriculture has been neglected. Prince Kropotkin maintains that, with the application of science to agriculture, the soil of Great Britain would support all its inhabitants. Compare this with present conditions, when by wholesale emigration the rural districts are being depopulated. Moreover, excessive specialisation in industry, along with a wretched system of land tenure, is largely, if not mainly, responsible for the slums in our cities and towns, which are a frightful commentary upon our Blue Book records of expanding trade.

III.

Prince Kropotkin's idea is that the watchword of the future should be not the division, but the *integration* of labour. Agriculture should be made the foundation of national life, and should decide which village industries will naturally develop. In that way our manufactures, instead of being wholly dependent upon a foreign demand with its recurrent crises and panics of unemployment, would rely upon a steady domestic demand. The present writer has it on the authority of a large exporter that in every way the home trade is more profitable than the foreign trade, which has assumed its present enormous and risky proportions mainly because of the low consumptive power of the home market. Political economy, which has grown up under the manufacturing régime, has concentrated its attention almost exclusively upon the *production*, to the neglect of the *distribution* and *consumption* of wealth. In the hands of humanitarian thinkers, like Prince Kropotkin, economic science is giving increased attention to the human equation. Neither Free Trade nor Tariff Reform seems capable of solving the grave problem of the hour. That can only be done on the lines of a scheme like Prince Kropotkin's, which, by uniting the bitterest antagonistic factors, agriculture and manufacture, will lay the foundations of a national life which will bring within the reach of all the comforts and blessings of civilisation. Prince Kropotkin agrees with Ruskin that "there is no wealth but life," and "that country is the richest which nourishes the greatest number of noble and happy human beings."

* Published in Messrs. Nelson's Shilling Library.

# WHY I BELIEVE IN PEACE BY NORMAN ANGELL

## PART II.

I.

War between States, the imposition of mere physical force by one group upon another, is as ineffective in the moral as in the economic domain; and it is marked by a like irrelevancy. Christendom is at the present time divided by certain conflicting conceptions of life and society—Socialism and Individualism, material and religious sanctions, and so on. The military conflicts of States cannot advance the understanding of these problems one iota; it can, and unhappily does, retard that understanding. Imagine England waging war in favour of Parliamentary government in Europe against Germany: we should then be compelling those in favour of Parliamentary government in Germany to fight against those ideas which we desired them to hold. The thing has, in the opinion of competent judges, actually happened in history. It is at least arguable that the Armada gave the *coup de grace* to Catholic domination in England, and compelled the English Catholics to take up arms in defence of a faith in which they did not believe. Whether the Admiral who led the English navy in the attack on the Catholic Armada was a Catholic or not, its possibility illustrates my point. The outcome of force is an accident.

II.

But the peace preparation for conflict operates against the improvement of ideas as much as war itself. If the conditions under which men live together are to improve, their efforts must be directed to social management. If their Socialism is not to be a form of slavery, their eugenics and the rest of it a very vile form of tyranny, then their collective effort must be given to making their Governments and their States an effective instrument for the management of the community. At present the States of Christendom are formed, not even with the idea of creating an efficient instrument of social management, but mainly with the idea of enabling them to wield physical force as against rival States. The great States of Europe are the outcome of war, not of peace; the greatest sacrifices made by the peoples of Europe are not for improvement, but for destruction; the intensest emotion is centred upon the rivalry of groups, not upon the improvement of their co-operation. Political organisation receives its stamp from the needs of war rather than from the needs of peace. And an instrument which is the outgrowth of one special condition, and which is created for one special purpose, is not likely to work efficiently in an entirely different condition, for an entirely different purpose. At the present moment, for instance, the British Empire is in the process of undergoing a certain transformation. We are taking steps to render it more centralised, more uniform, just as the old military States of the Continent are centralised, and characterised by great uniformity. These qualities may be good or bad, but my point is that the steps we are taking are not the outcome of social needs, they have not been prompted in the remotest way by any intention of better social management—they have simply been prompted by the desire to have a more efficient instrument wherewith to exercise physical force against other groups.

And that force, when exercised, whether in the material or in the moral fields, is both ineffective and irrelevant. Ineffective, futile, for the reasons which I have detailed elsewhere. If we can imagine a complete victory of England over Germany, or of Germany over England, the victor could not achieve by that victory any object which would add to the well-being of his people. Irrelevant, because the real struggle of mankind, the better understanding of the facts of the universe, which enable men to carry on together their fight with Nature, and to live together the fullest lives during that fight, is not advanced.

III.

Despite ourselves, the nations of Christendom have become dependent the one upon the other, and yet they are not a community; and they are not a community because no community can be formed where the units adhere to the use of force the one against the other. You cannot form so much as a pirate crew if the members refuse to act upon some sort of an agreement; if each is in danger of being knifed at any moment by his fellow, if they cannot depend upon abiding by some sort of an agreement concerning discipline, and the division of spoil, they cannot even carry on piracy.

IV.

The first step, therefore, towards the creation of a community is the realisation on the part of the units of the advantage of acting together, and the disadvantage of using force as between themselves. So long as each says, "I am as strong as the rest, and I will enforce my view with the knife," no civilisation will be possible: it is the creed of the Congo and of Borneo. But it is also the creed of our opponents. They say, "If you believe yourselves right, and the others wrong, fight." So says and acts the Dervish, who slits the throat of the Christian infidel. And it is the creed which makes Turkey, and Albania, and Macedonia.

V.

To this our opponents rejoin, "Should not nations, then, defend themselves if they are attacked?" Of course they should. The Christian, who does not urge the use of force, and is consequently justified in trying to prevent its use against himself, should defend himself against the Dervish, and, if need be, kill him. The plea for force in the matter of ideals really amounts to this: "Kill the man who does not live like you, destroy nationalities." For if the political creed of Christendom did not justify this, there would be no need for men to defend their spiritual possessions by force, or for the smaller peoples to fight for their nationalities.

VI.

When Europe, as the result of a better understanding, a more informed public opinion, realises that it is better not to use force in these matters, we shall have achieved an added guarantee for the survival of the highest political ideals.

Christendom has already reached that point in the matter of religious beliefs—the whole paraphernalia of force in religious matters, the inquisitions and the wars, and the rest, have been abandoned. We desire to arrive at a like step in the matter of political differences. And that not merely because the replacing of conflict by co-operation will add to the material wealth of the great mass, and so give an added chance to the widening of their lives, the bringing into them of greater variety, the possibility of leisure, education, travel, adventure; not merely because the completer conquest of nature implies the completer conquest of disease and discomfort and pain; but because it also implies the completer realisation of those essentials of human intercourse upon which depend the quality of the ultimate realities of human life.

# AN EDUCATIONAL SYMPOSIUM

## INTRODUCTION BY THE EDITOR.

Amongst the many problems which force themselves on the attention of Everyman, that of Secondary Education Reform is entitled to a front place. There are few national activities in which drastic changes are more urgently needed. There are few subjects about which it is more necessary to clear up our thoughts and to speak out the truth.

And there is probably no man living better qualified than Mr. A. C. Benson to open a discussion. The eminent son of an illustrious father, who was himself a headmaster of Eton before he became Primate of England, Mr. A. C. Benson, also a former master in the same school, and at present a tutor and lecturer in Magdalen College, Cambridge, has a personal and intimate knowledge of the educational organisation. That a man who has thus inherited the public school tradition, who has been imbued from childhood with the classical spirit, and who is pre-eminently a man of balanced judgment and of Conservative instinct, should rise in rebellion against the old system, is indeed a sign of the times.

From the first line to the last, Mr. Benson's Introductory paper is a protest against the monopoly of the Classical Languages, against the system of classical compulsory feeding, which forces Greek and Latin down the throats of reluctant and refractory schoolboys. He convincingly shows how the present tyranny sacrifices the vital needs of an overwhelming majority to the literary luxuries of a few chosen prize boys. He shows how, as the ultimate result, the present conditions deaden the intellectual curiosity of the average boy, and how they inevitably transform the public school into mere athletic gymnasia and into fashionable boarding-schools.

To put an end to an effete system, Mr. Benson suggests the substitution of a civic education by the State. Most reformers will agree with him that there lies the true remedy. For what is wrong in the public schools is not only what they teach or what they fail to teach; what is wrong is the spirit and the atmosphere of the schools themselves. What is wrong is that they are not really, as they call themselves, "public" schools, but "private" schools, the schools of a caste, controlled by a "Trade Union," schools which are an appendage of the Anglican hierarchy and of the squirearchy.

There is no reason why in the schools of the future the study of the classics should be abandoned for the study of purely utilitarian subjects. Indeed, I am convinced that classical culture is the first to suffer from the classical monopoly; in the reformed education of to-morrow, the ancient humanities will be better taught than in the present-day public schools. Mr. Rouse, in the suggestive paper which follows up Mr. Benson, shows how the classics could be taught without detriment to modern subjects, and could be brought into relation to present-day life.

## I.

## THE BANKRUPTCY OF SECONDARY EDUCATION

By A. C. BENSON

### I.

I have often thought that of all the unfortunate names for harmless and necessary things the title of Secondary Education is the worst; it overwhelms the mind with a sense both of dulness and unimportance. As a matter of fact, it is not a name for a definite thing at all; it is simply a kind of *et cetera*, a rough designation for all education that cannot be defined as Primary.

It is this weltering mass of curricula, utilitarian aims, intellectual ideals, traditions, authorities, monopolies, that needs organising and co-ordinating. It is not an Augean stable at all, but it is a scene of misunderstanding, futile collision, dull obstruction, reactionary prejudice. It is time for the State to lay down a plan of *civic education*, for that is what the absurd confusion is dimly aiming at; to say what the average citizen is to be taught, and at the same time carefully to safeguard and foster special aptitudes and intellectual abilities.

### II.

Now, in the present chaos, intellectual ability is very fairly provided for, and the rest of secondary education is ruthlessly sacrificed to provide for that. The victims of secondary education, the boys who come off badly, are the average boys. They, as a rule, are put to work at things only suited for boys of special ability; and the excuse that is made is that it is necessary to maintain a high ideal of intellectual culture. Secondary education is, in fact, a monopoly, and it is in the hands of what is really a Trades Union, which is none the less tyrannical in its exercise of power, because that power is not consciously applied. The teachers are drawn from the men who have been brought up under the old system, and they are naturally only capable of teaching the subjects they have learned. Thus, the system gets automatically perpetuated, because there is no organised pressure to make the teachers reform their aims and methods. This pressure can only be applied by the State, because the parents who have themselves suffered under the established system have no clear idea what they want, though they have a very clear idea that they have been inefficiently taught.

If we track the evil to its source, it is probably the older universities which are responsible for the worst of the confusion. They impose on the public schools a certain curriculum by maintaining compulsory classics; that affects the public schools, and the other schools to a great extent follow suit. A classical education is a thing for specialists. Boys of real linguistic and literary ability can be effectively trained in the classics; though even so the best classical education is a very incomplete thing, even from the classical point of view, and leaves wide tracts of literature unexplored. But for average boys, the classics, taught grammatically and on literary lines, provide a very elaborate and wasteful method of taking up the time of boys, obliterating their intellectual curiosity, and leaving them with no residue of efficiency or interest.

The ordinary man, when he comes to take his place in the ranks of wage-earners, ought to be able to write and spell his own language accurately, and to be able to express himself clearly in English; he ought to know something of our great national literature, including the Bible. He ought to be able to calculate in arithmetic rapidly and correctly; he ought, if possible, to be able to read easy French, and even to write it; he ought to know something of the world's history, and of its present conditions; to have a good knowledge of modern geography, and of popular science. He would then be a soundly educated man.

### III.

How much of this is attained by secondary education? Very little, indeed, it must be confessed. It is an ample curriculum for ordinary minds, and, if at all

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firmly grasped, it would produce a thoroughly efficient man.

But the effect of the curriculum, as it is administered, is to produce a certain number of able boys, and to leave the mass both inefficient and uninterested. The real deficiency is the total lack of acquaintance with modern conditions, ideas, and problems; and if we are to hold our own in the competition of nations, if we are to retain a foremost place, we must bring up our citizens to be efficient, and to know what is going on. We cannot allow a classical ideal of culture, not understood or felt or attained by most of its victims, to thrust all these urgent and complicated questions into the background.

Of course, it is true that much depends upon the personality of teachers; a good teacher can do more with a bad curriculum, to make minds active and alert, than a bad teacher can do with the best curriculum. It is the effect of our many good teachers, trained in numerous instances on classical lines, which conceals from us how ill adapted the whole system is to educate ordinary minds. But if the universities would set the example of modernising the curriculum, giving more alternatives and higher standards, good teachers trained on modern lines would very soon be forthcoming.

IV.

Another thing which hides from us the deplorable intellectual results of the present system is the fact that the secondary schools pay very careful attention to physical well-being and sound morality. Thus, the product of the secondary schools is a well-developed, energetic, and manly type, which believes in health and strength, in honour and virtue; what it does not believe in is intellectual force. It remembers with pleasure the physical exercise and the social activity of school life; it remembers with indifference and boredom its hours of intellectual work, because the secondary teachers do not, as they do with physical exercise, recognise what the boys enjoy, and build up their training upon that; they force upon the boy subjects which he does not enjoy, and which he does not even feel to be useful. Intellectual work must be built upon use and enjoyment; but, as it is, the best result of the curriculum is that you may get boys capable of doing work conscientiously in which they are not in the faintest degree interested. Intellectual curiosity is not only not encouraged, it is faithfully and elaborately extinguished, because subjects are not sought which the boys can master and feel at home in, but subjects which are outside the range of comprehension and mastery.

V.

What then I plead for is the State settlement of a plan of civic education, based upon modern conditions and modern needs. The State has every right to insist that its citizens shall be made efficient; it is for the schoolmasters to see that intellectual interests shall not be neglected. We cannot afford to follow a *laissez-faire* policy any longer. Life under modern conditions is a very competitive business. We must frankly recognise that first; and next we must not continue to think so meanly of the intellectual capacities of our race. Schoolmasters are too apt to say of boys without any very marked aptitude that it does not much matter what they are taught. It does matter very much, because it is in the school days that intellectual habits are formed. If we pay so much attention to physique and character, can we be excused for neglecting the intellectual side?

The organisation is all ready to hand; the grave fault of the system is its intellectual cynicism. It seems to me that the time has come for the State to intervene, and to say peremptorily that education shall face the problems of the present, instead of dawdling among the memories of the past.

## II.

## HOW TO SAVE THE CLASSICS

By W. H. D. ROUSE.

I.

Mr. Benson has stated clearly some of the faults of our educational system. I call it a system, not a muddle, as it is often called, because, thanks to centralised examinations, it has become a system, very rigid and hard to change. But I am not quite so hopeful as he is that the State will be a Deus ex Machina. In some respects it is a diabolus ex machina. Thus the Act of 1902, well meant, and excellent in many respects, had a fatal flaw—in placing education under the control of the uneducated; local bodies are not only unfit to control education, but they allow political intrigue, and even personal spite, to influence them in this department, as in others of their activity. The State, again, too often means the Minister, and he is too often the puppet in the hands of men who will use our schools as a pawn in the game of politics; the most glowing instance of this are the twenty-five per cent. free places. If the State meant a competent Minister, with power to act as reason to direct, that would be another thing. The State has done a great deal of good, but it has also done much harm, and it may do more.

For one thing, it is likely that a vague cry, like Modernise the Curriculum, would be popular; and yet it might be made to cover a great deal of foolishness. These words generally mean, Cut out the Classics first—they are not modern; put in every kind of natural science—that is supposed to be modern; and let all your training be directed to earning money. Now, it is not certain that all good things are modern and all old things bad; and it is quite certain that, in so far as the learner is conscious of the motive to earn money, his education suffers. He learns an accomplishment for an ulterior end; and the means, whether it be book-keeping, or botany, or Latin verses, or football, is merely thought of in connection with the end. But education should be the cultivation of all the faculties for the pleasure of using them well. Professionalism spoils football, and it spoils everything else in the same way.

II.

My own idea of what is wanted is a scheme which shall include, as far as possible, all faculties of body and mind; the scheme as a whole, and each part of it, beginning with bodily action, and leading up to mental action, moral habits being formed at the same time by the process. I would include not only natural science, of such kinds as are suited to the young, but a large proportion of literary training, and this for two reasons: first, because this alone teaches how to express what is in oneself, and secondly, because this alone reveals to us the best thoughts of others. And I would include not only modern languages, as the gate to knowledge of our fellow-creatures and sympathy with them, but ancient languages, as the key to the past on which our present is built up.

Foreign languages, indeed, are indispensable, if we are to learn how to see what our thoughts really are; and Greek and Latin are indispensable, because modern languages are too like our own to give the searching analysis which is necessary to full knowledge. The practise of expression in Greek or Latin is indeed invaluable, because these languages are so direct and simple that we must say exactly what we think, whereas modern languages are all cumbered with verbiage and dead metaphors which obscure thought. But to attain this end, Greek and Latin must be taught naturally, both by speech and writing, so that the learner may

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*(continued)*

truly express his own thoughts; and by this means he will naturally attain to an understanding of ancient literature, which contains, in compact form, stores of wisdom and close observation of human nature.

III.

It is here that I venture to differ from Mr. Benson. I agree fully that the end is not attained by the common grammar and case-exercise grind; but I know that it is attained by the natural method of speech. And so taught, they are accessible not only to the clever boy, but to those of moderate ability.

Hence I plead for classical study, but I ask only for a very moderate allowance of time, which will leave enough for English, modern languages, and natural science, those modern subjects so dear to this generation. This study is, indeed, peculiarly needed now, in an age of materialism and sentiment; for they represent the ideal, and they deal with real human feeling, not with sentiment or humbug.

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The Publishers cannot help but express their gratification at the kindly reception the public have given to EVERYMAN—four editions having been called for, and the demand still unsatisfied, when they were compelled to lift it from the press. They have to offer their apologies to those who have been unable to obtain the first number, which is entirely out of print, and to say that they are making full provision to meet the increased orders, which are already in excess of those placed for Number One.

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## MAURICE MAETERLINCK

I.

To an outside observer the biography of Maeterlinck seems without incident and almost without events. His life flows like a tranquil river with clear and deep waters through a verdant plain. The only events of his external life, in intimate communion with Nature, are the succession of seasons, the annual migrations from town to country, from the North to the South of France. The only events of his intellectual life are the dates of publication of his works, which mark the stages of his literary career like the milestones on a triumphal road. But that even and uniform external life conceals an adventurous inner life, filled with vicissitudes, culminating in crises and sudden catastrophes, in developments and renewals, in revolutions of thought and revelations of love. What an enormous distance between the starting point and the final goal, between the spectral and terrifying world of the "Princess Maleine" to the luminous and joyous visions of "Joyzelle" and "Monna Vanna," from the "Treasure of the Humble" to the "Buried Temple"! And is it not his own personal experience which he has summed up, when he lays down this proposition, which reappears like a "leitmotiv" in the "Treasure of the Humble" and in "Wisdom and Destiny": that the only true human dramas are the dramas of the Soul, and that the least interesting, the most monotonous, the dullest lives, like that of Charlotte Brontë, are often the most intense, those which are richest in movement and passion?

II.

A Fleming like de Koster, like Rodenbach, like Verhaeren, like Van Lerberghe, like Eeckhoud, singularly enough like most Belgian writers who use French as the vehicle of their thought, born in 1862, in Ghent, the ancient and glorious and turbulent city of Van Artevelde and Charles V., Maeterlinck always remained loyal to the spirit of his native city, and his greatness, like that of the writers whom I have just mentioned, is precisely due to that loyalty which he has retained to the spirit of his country. He has not, like the Belgian writers of the Walloon provinces, allowed his personality and his originality to be submerged by French or Belgian influences. He will be in the history of French letters the representative of the Flemish people, the admirable product of the cross fertilisation of the Teutonic genius, refined in the Flemish people by centuries of culture. Descended, like Goethe, from an old family of honest burgesses, Maeterlinck owes to his descent a rich inheritance of solid qualities, of practical sense, of ponderation, and that faculty of patient and minute observation which is revealed in "The Life of the Bee": in one word, all those gifts which have, as it were, ballasted the winged imagination of the poet. And, finally, a Catholic and a pupil of the Jesuits, he owes to his religious education the preoccupation of what is beyond ratiocination, the metaphysical need, the comprehension of the spiritual life, and of the candid faith of the simple and of the humble, and when in later life he rejected the supernatural, he retained the sense of mystery, and his soul continued to haunt the ruins of Gothic cathedrals.

III.

To indulge the wishes of his family, Maeterlinck followed the study of Law, and eventually became a member of the Ghent Bar. He is even said to have

MAURICE MAETERLINCK, NATUS 1862

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pleaded in the Flemish language the cause of the widow and the orphan. But the pedantry and the formalism of the professors of Ghent University, as he has often confided to the writer of these pages, inspired in him a profound repugnance for jurisprudence, and already on the college benches Maeterlinck turned away from a legal career, with its lucrative prizes, towards the distant and uncertain future of Art and Poetry.

He started in his literary career at the critical and decisive moment when his native country was passing through a complete social and intellectual transformation. In the admirable outburst of talent, which is called "Young Belgium," the first writings of Maeterlinck compelled attention and revealed a new and mysterious force. But it is highly probable that his original and strange genius, both simple and complex, both naïve and subtle, would not have been known outside the esoteric circle of a happy few, and that it could not for a very long time have imposed itself to universal admiration, without the famous article of Octave Mirbeau, published in the *Figaro* in the month of August, in the year of grace 1890. This article revealed to the world that a new Shakespeare had just apeared in Belgian Gaul. Hitherto almost unknown, Maeterlinck, at twenty-eight years, owing to that paper of Mirbeau, suddenly became a star of the first magnitude: a memorable example, let it be said in passing, of the influence of literary criticism on the fate of literary masterpieces.

## IV.

The clarion ring of Mirbeau is like an appeal from literary France to young Belgium. Maeterlinck answers the appeal, and accepts the invitation which is sent to him by France, ever generous and hospitable to genius. He leaves Belgium; but he leaves it not like a writer uprooted from his native soil, but like an ambassador who continues to represent and to defend abroad the dignity of the country which sends him. Henceforth Maeterlinck will be in France and in the world the plenipotentiary of Belgian letters. Moreover, although he settles in Paris, he will not lose himself, like so many other poets, in the whirl of Parisian life. He will not compromise his originality. He will not allow himself to be turned away from his path either by the flattery of literary circles or by the ridicule of the boulevards. As a dramatist, he will content himself with gathering psychological documents, and to study the infinitely diverse stage of life. As a thinker and moralist, he will be content to observe with the detachment of the contemplative mind the most prodigious human agglomeration of our planet. But the observation of the human hive turns him so little away from his habitual occupations that he continues to investigate in his Paris study, in his glass hives, the manners and habits of the City of Bees.

## V.

The ten years passed in Paris are decisive for the intellectual formation of Maeterlinck, and mark the maturity of his genius. In the full consciousness and possession of his powers, in the radiation of glory which, like dawn, illumines his youth, and soon after, in the burning rays of a great love, his thought expands, his art becomes stronger and more precise, more simple and expressive, and reveals itself in works more and more exquisite, more and more harmonious in form, more and more simple and classical, the marvellous blossom of his fortieth year.

But in the very zenith of his fame, Maeterlinck deserts the capital which acclaims him. Even so the Roman general returned to his plough on the morrow of a victory. For Maeterlinck, more so even than his friend and countryman, Verhaeren, has a horror of the "ville tentaculaire"—the "tentacular" cities—and he has the yearning and the nostalgia for Nature. The artist who has written admirable pages on Silence has fled notoriety and noise with as much eagerness as Victor Hugo sought them. Henceforth Maeterlinck lives in the solitude of the country, propitious to long and deep meditation. In his biennial migrations he follows the sun in his course. At the approach of winter he migrates south with the swallows. With the return of spring he ascends again to the north.

## VI.

And as if everything were to be pre-established harmony in this so-well-ordained existence, and as if to provide appropriate surroundings for his genius, Maeterlinck divides the year between the Mediæval and Gothic Abbey de Saint Wandrille and the sunny mansion of Grasse. The ruins of St. Wandrille and Grasse, the City of Flowers! Do these names not symbolise, and do not they render visible the two contradictory forms of that complex genius, both romantic and classical?—on the one hand, the feudal ruin, inhabited by ghosts and tragic memories; and, on the other hand, the perfumed hillsides of Pagan Provence.

## VII.

Thus appears to us in broad outline the life of Maurice Maeterlinck, and the beauty, the simplicity, and the harmony of this life make us surmise that the man is even superior to the writer. No one who has had the privilege of meeting the author of "Wisdom and Destiny" but has been at once conquered by the charm and the moral strength which emanates from his personality, and has been fascinated by the hypnotism of his limpid and steady glance.

The superficial reader who would try to form an image of Maeterlinck from his first drama would probably represent him under the traditional figure of the romantic or decadent poet, pallid and dishevelled, Bohemian and neurotic. It is useless to say that Maeterlinck does not in the least resemble this imaginary portrait. The dramatist who has evoked so many phantoms and visions of terror has nothing about him which is either spectral or transparent, and he does not inspire any terror.

## VIII.

Physically, Maeterlinck is a solid and almost stolid country gentleman, fond of outdoor sports, a fervent lover of boxing, of the motor-car, and especially of the motor-bicycle. And that idealist poet is, in real life, a man of strict order and almost a business man. To borrow an expression from Nietzsche, he comes nearer to the "Apollinian" than to the "Dionysian" type. He has more affinity with Goethe than with Baudelaire or Verlaine. Like Goethe, he has practised his theories, he has lived his philosophy. He is the wise man who knows how to vanquish and control destiny.

# ENGLAND AND GERMANY ✦ ✦ ✦ ✦ BY PROF. HANS DELBRÜCK

(*Professor of History in University of Berlin, Editor of "Die Preüssische Jahrbücher"*)

The majority of Germans believe that the strained relations with Britain are due to British jealousy of the enormous increase of German industry and German trade. This increase is, in point of fact, so considerable that in certain branches British production has already been surpassed by German. If Britain were actually planning to attack and defeat Germany on this account, with the idea of gaining for herself the present German export trade with all its advantages, then all hope of bettering the present state of affairs would be destroyed. For it is certain that the progress of German economic life will not be arrested, but that it will, on the contrary, develop more and more. Britain's jealousy would therefore have to go on increasing, until finally the catastrophe was brought about.

But the entire supposition is a false one. In Germany the circle is ever widening of those who recognise that British competitive jealousy, if it exists at all, is far outweighed by the friendship which every merchant has for his customer. Germany is one of the largest consumers of British goods, and the richer Germany grows, the better customer does she become to Britain. *It is certain that a war between the two nations will never arise from purely economic reasons.*

Exactly the same may be said with regard to the fear of many British people that Germany is preparing an attack on Britain, to make a great raid for the sake of plunder, to impose a huge war indemnity, or to force Britain to cede certain of her colonies. Even assuming that such a plan were in keeping with the German national character, that it were practicable, and that it were to succeed, there is nothing more certain than that Germany would have no benefit from her gains, but would have to pay dearly for them. For a victory over Britain would give Germany the supremacy in Europe. Europe, however, has never yet submitted to such supremacy, and would unite to punish and suppress Germany, just as she did with Louis XIV. and Napoleon I.

Neither Britain nor Germany intends war against the other. The real reason of the strain is that, to protect her growing trade in the first instance, and later to safeguard her interests in world-politics, Germany has built a powerful fleet, and Britain feels that this fleet is a check and a menace to her. The German fleet is not large enough to be able ever to weaken Britain's naval power, but it is large enough to cause her serious trouble if her attention were taken up with fighting in any other part of the world. I do not, indeed, wonder that the British nation should dislike this, but the British nation in its turn should understand that Germany cannot help herself. The German Empire has practically no colonies. It is true that, in spite of its sixty-five million inhabitants, it has no surplus population, scarcely any emigration (about 25,000 yearly), and, on the other hand, a very large immigration. Yet it requires colonies, because it has a very large surplus among its upper classes. The excellent educational institutions of Germany are well known: primary and secondary schools, technical colleges and universities. Thousands of foreigners—Russians, Americans, Asiatics—come to study in Germany (this year there are as many as 5,400), and the more intelligent among the lower classes of the nation are continually rising to swell the ranks of the university-educated. Almost thirty per cent. of the students of Berlin University are drawn from the lower classes. *In the last three years* the population of Germany has increased four per cent., while the number of students increases four per cent. *every year*, and it has been calculated that even at the present day Germany has already 10,000 students too many. With these splendidly trained young men Germany would be in a position to govern and to civilise many millions of people of inferior race or of less advanced civilisation, as the British are doing in India, Egypt, South Africa, and the Soudan. But ever since Germany has begun to make active efforts to obtain possessions of this kind it has been our experience that England again and again comes in our way, and is endeavouring, as far as she can, to make the whole world British. Even at this moment England would appear to be working to bring part of Persia and Tibet under her dominion, and further divisions or redistributions are always in prospect. *In order that they may not fare badly* on such occasions in the future, the Germans have been obliged to build their great fleet. This step cannot be retraced. The question now is, what can be done, in spite of the existence of the German fleet, to better the relations between Britain and Germany? Mr. Asquith said recently that the territory and dominion of England were sufficiently great, and she could not desire to go on increasing her responsibilities. The truth of this statement is obvious. Already 400 millions, *i.e.*, one-quarter of the whole human race, are under British rule. But the course of events is often stronger than human wishes; and it may be that, not because she desires it, but because she cannot help herself, England will bring still further territories under the protection of her flag. But in that case she should remember that the Germans too are a great nation, who have their own claims, and are entitled to have them. The relations between the two countries would at once become less strained if we in Germany could feel assured that Britain was no longer opposing our expansion, but, on the contrary, was furthering it in a spirit of friendship, free of competitive jealousy; in other words, that in any future extension of dominion on the part of England or any other great Power, Germany should not be denied her share. As soon as the Germans see that this principle is recognised in England, the insistence of public opinion that the fleet continue to be further strengthened will relax—an insistence which has been assuming most passionate form since the interference of England in the Franco-German Morocco compromise. And when Germany begins to experience not only the glory which a large colonial empire brings with it, but also the burdens which it entails, she will of her own accord in so far set bounds to her ambition that England will have no further cause for anxiety.

# FRENCH SUPREMACY IN COOKING THREATENED

AND

## The Nineteen Precepts of the French Gourmet

The French nation have suddenly awakened to a great national peril. French supremacy is threatened in the most important and the most practical of all the arts: an art in which it is recognised by the universal consent of civilised humanity: the noble art of cooking. It is becoming increasingly apparent that French cooking is steadily and rapidly deteriorating. The good old traditions are giving way before new-fangled inventions. The subtle and delicate alchemy of Vatel is being replaced by poisonous chemical preparations. Whether the deterioration is due to the wholesale exodus of the great French "chefs," who are bribed in their thousands by English and American plutocrats, or whether it is due to the invasion of English tourists with barbarous palates, or whether it is due to the establishment of big cosmopolitan hotels, one fact seems certain: it is more and more difficult to get a good French dinner either in Paris or in one of the provincial centres, and the best traditions are only maintained in those little out-of-the-way inns which have not yet suffered from the alien invasion.

To meet this imminent peril a Society has been recently constituted, which may be best described as a Committee of national defence for the preservation of the culinary art. For the last few months travellers in France may have been puzzled by the appearance of motor-cars with the inscription in brass letters, "*Club des Cent.*" This mysterious inscription is the title of the new Association. Its members combine a love for motoring with a love for good cooking, and to qualify for membership they must have covered at least forty thousand miles, and must have won an approved reputation as culinary experts! The connection between a passion for motoring and a passion for good cooking may not seem self-evident, but on closer examination it is obvious that the motorist has more frequent and more varied opportunities than any other French citizen of studying in every part of France the progress and decline of the national art. And not only has he a better chance of studying the evil, but he has also a greater power to counteract it. For motorists form a powerful freemasonry, whose support or hostility can make or unmake the fortunes of practically all the provincial hotel keepers of the French Republic.

It seemed impossible to us to let such an important international event as the formation of the Club des Cent pass without due notice, and we shall certainly have a further opportunity to return to this important topic. But for our present purpose it may be sufficient to warn our readers against two misconceptions. The Club des Cent will probably be suspected of being an exclusive and aristocratic institution. For motorists who both have covered forty thousand miles and are adepts in the culinary art are not likely to be recruited from the ranks of the democracy. Yet the new Club is entirely democratic in sympathy and tendency. *For it combats the expensive hotel and patronises the cheap little inn.* With equal injustice would the Club des Cent be suspected of unmitigated materialism. As a matter of fact, it is imbued with high ideals. How high those ideals are will appear from the following precepts, which it has adopted as its guiding principles. They are well worthy of the closest attention of our female readers who want to become adepts in the culinary art.

### The Nineteen Precepts of the French Gourmet.

1. The "Club des Cent" especially favours the good small hotels, the good little inns kept by the "patron."

2. We only recommend costly hotels on condition that their luxury is not paid at the expense of sane cooking. We feed on beef-steaks and not on Louis XV. arm-chairs.

3. The hotel which is only clean, but where one does not eat to perfection, is nothing but a clean hole (n'est qu'une boîte propre).

4. In a good hotel the guest is personally welcomed by the "patron."

5. Le Club des Cent insists on the good old French cooking.

6. Good French cooking is always made with fresh ingredients, fresh vegetables, fresh eggs, fresh butter, fresh milk.

7. One recognises a good hotel from the quality of the coffee it supplies. No chicory! Coffee is made slowly, with boiling water. Any coffee prepared beforehand is necessarily bad coffee.

8. No hotel keeper who has not got some speciality, some receipt in which he excels, is worthy of the support of the Club des Cent.

9. The hotel keeper who does not preserve somewhere in his cellar some fine old bottles for the consumption of the connoisseur is only a vile tradesman.

10. French cooking ignores soups bought in bottles or in tins at the grocer's.

11. Down with gelatine! Down with the glue made of fish bones! Any gelatine concoction is a nest of microbes.

12. No chemical extracts!

13. No sauces fabricated in factories!

14. For the preparation of meals the "Club des Cent" does not admit of any other factory but the kitchen (n'admet pas d'autre *usine* que la *cuisine*).

15. Cooking on a large scale is generally the enemy of good cooking.

16. Down with cookery schools invented in those countries where one does not know how to eat! Cooking cannot be learned in a school. One only learns to cook by having a taste for delicate food, and by experience acquired in a good French kitchen.

17. A cook is not an artisan, but an artist. The cook who considers himself merely an artisan ought to change his trade. He is not worthy of his noble profession.

18. Choose the personnel of your kitchen in your own country. The Club des Cent refuses to patronise innkeepers who employ people with queer accents. Let the Swiss stay in Switzerland, the Italians in Italy, and the Frenchmen in France.

* * *

## WIT AND WISDOM OF HENRY JAMES

"To be young and elastic, and yet old enough and wise enough to discriminate and reflect, and to come to Italy for the first time—that's one of the greatest pleasures life has to offer us."

"She's like a revolving lighthouse: pitch darkness alternating with a dazzling brilliancy."

"The winter was not over, but the spring had begun, and the smoky London air allowed the baffled citizens, by way of a change, to see through it. The town could refresh its recollections of the sky, and the sky could ascertain the geographical position of the town. The essential dimness of the low perspectives had by no means disappeared, but it had loosened its folds; it lingered as a blur of mist, interwoven with pretty sun tints and faint transparencies. There was warmth and there was light, and a view of the shutters of shops, and the church bells were ringing."

"There are not five people in the world who really care for me." "*Really* care? I am afraid you look too close. And then I think five good friends is a very large number. I think myself very well off with half a one. But if you are friendless, it's probably your own fault."

# A HUNDRED YEARS AGO: The Entrance into Moscow

## BY COUNT DE SEGUR *(Aide-de-Camp to Napoleon)*

I.

That very day (September 14th, 1812) Napoleon, being at length persuaded that Kutusoff had not thrown himself on his right flank, rejoined his advance guard. He mounted his horse a few leagues from Moscow. He marched slowly and cautiously, sending scouts before him to examine the woods and the ravines, and to ascend all the eminences to look out for the enemy's army. A battle was expected; the ground was favourable; works had been begun, but had all been abandoned, and we experienced not the slightest resistance.

At length the last eminence only remained to be passed; it is contiguous to Moscow, which it commands. It is called the *Hill of Salvation*, because, on its summit, the inhabitants, at sight of their holy city, cross and prostrate themselves. Our scouts had soon gained the top of the hill. It was two o'clock. The sun caused this great city to glisten with a thousand colours. Struck with astonishment at the sight, they paused, exclaiming "Moscow! Moscow!" Everyone quickened their steps; the troops hurried on in disorder; and the whole army, clapping their hands, repeated with joy, "Moscow! Moscow!" just as mariners shout "Land! land!" at the conclusion of a long and toilsome voyage.

II.

At the sight of this gilded city, of this brilliant knot uniting Asia and Europe, of this magnificent emporium of the luxury, the manners, and the arts of the two fairest divisions of the globe, we stood still in proud contemplation. What a glorious day had now arrived! It would furnish the grandest, the most brilliant recollection of our whole lives. We felt that at this moment all our actions would engage the attention of the astonished universe; and that every one of our movements, however trivial, would be recorded by history.

On this immense and imposing theatre we marched, accompanied, as it were, by the acclamations of all nations; proud of exalting our grateful age above all other ages, we already beheld it great from *our* greatness, and irradiated by *our* glory.

At our return, already ardently wished for, with what almost reverent consideration, with what enthusiasm should we be received by our wives, our countrymen, and even by our parents! We should form, during the rest of our lives, a class of beings set apart, at whom people would only look with astonishment, to whom they would only listen with mingled curiosity and admiration! Crowds would throng about us wherever we passed; they would catch up our most unmeaning words. This miraculous conquest would surround us with a halo of glory; henceforward people would fancy that they breathed about us an air of prodigy and wonder.

III.

When these proud thoughts gave place to more moderate sentiments, we said to ourselves that this was the promised goal of our labours; that, at length, we should pause, since we could no longer be surpassed by ourselves, after a noble expedition, the worthy parallel to that of Egypt, and the successful rival of all the great and glorious wars of antiquity.

At that moment, dangers, sufferings, were all forgotten. Was it possible to purchase too dearly the proud felicity of being able to say, during the remainder of life, "I was one of the army of Moscow"? Well, comrades, even now, amidst our abasement, and though it dates from that fatal city, is not this reflection of a noble exultation sufficiently powerful to console us, and to make us proudly hold up our heads, bowed down by misfortune?

IV.

Napoleon himself hastened up. He paused in transport; an exclamation of joy escaped his lips. Ever since the great battle the discontented marshals had shunned him; but, at the sight of captive Moscow, at the news of the arrival of a flag of truce, struck with so important a result and intoxicated with all the enthusiasm of glory, they forgot their grievances. They pressed around the Emperor, paying homage to his good fortune, and already tempted to attribute to his genius the little pains he had taken on the 7th to complete his victory.

But in Napoleon first emotions were of short duration. He had too much to think of to indulge his sensations for any length of time. His first exclamation was: "There at last is that famous city!" and the second, "It was high time!"

V.

His eyes, fixed on that capital, already expressed nothing but impatience; in it he beheld in imagination the whole Russian empire. Its walls enclosed all his hopes—peace, the expenses of the war, immortal glory; his eager looks, therefore, watched all its outlets. When will its gates at length open? When shall he see that deputation come forth which will place its wealth, its population, its senate, and the heads of the Russian nobility at our disposal? Henceforth that enterprise in which he had so rashly engaged, brought to a successful termination by dint of boldness, will pass for the result of a high combination; his imprudence for greatness; henceforth his victory at the Moskwa, incomplete as it was, will be deemed his greatest achievement. Thus all that might have turned to his ruin will contribute to his glory; that day would begin to decide whether he was the greatest man in the world, or the most rash; in short, whether he had raised himself an altar or dug himself a grave.

VI.

Anxiety, however, soon began to take possession of his mind. On his left and right, he already beheld Prince Eugene and Poniatowski approaching the hostile city; Murat, with his scouts, had already reached the entrance of the suburbs. And yet no deputation appeared: an officer, sent by Miloradowitch, merely came to declare that his general would set fire to the city if his rear was not allowed time to evacuate it.

Napoleon granted every demand. The first troops of the two armies were, for a short time, intermingled; Murat was recognised by the Cossacks, who, being familiar as all nomadic tribes, and as expressive as the people of the south, thronged around him: then, by their gestures and exclamations, they extolled his valour and intoxicated him with their admiration. The King took the watches of his officers and distributed them among these barbarous warriors. One of them called him his *het man*.

Murat was for a moment tempted to believe that in these officers he would find a new Mazeppa, or that he himself would become one: he imagined that he had gained them over. This momentary armistice, under the anxious circumstances, sustained the hopes of Napoleon, such need had he to delude himself. He was thus put off for two hours.

Meanwhile the day was declining, and Moscow continued dull, silent, and, as it were, inanimate. The

# A HUNDRED YEARS AGO *(continued)*

anxiety of the Emperor increased; the impatience of the soldiers became more difficult to repress. Some officers ventured within the walls of the city. "Moscow is deserted!"

VII.

At this intelligence, which he angrily refused to credit, Napoleon descended the Hill of Salvation, and approached the Moskwa and the Dorogomilow Gate. He paused once more, but in vain, at the entry of that barrier. Murat urged him. "Well!" replied he, "enter, then, since they wish it!" He recommended the strictest discipline; he still indulged hopes. "Perhaps these inhabitants do not even know how to surrender: for here everything is new, they to us and we to them."

Reports now began to succeed each other; they all agreed. Some Frenchmen, inhabitants of Moscow, ventured to quit the hiding-place which for some days had concealed them from the fury of the populace, and confirmed the fatal tidings. The Emperor called Daru. "Moscow deserted!" exclaimed he; "what an improbable story! We must know the truth of it. Go and bring me the boyars." He imagined that those men, stiff with pride, or paralysed with terror, were fixed motionless in their houses; and he, who had hitherto been always met by the submission of the vanquished, provoked their confidence and anticipated their prayers.

VIII.

How, indeed, was it possible for him to persuade himself that so many magnificent palaces, so many splendid establishments, were forsaken by their owners, like the paltry hamlets through which he had passed. Daru's mission, however, was fruitless. Not a Muscovite was to be seen, not the slightest noise issued from this immense and populous city; its three hundred thousand inhabitants seemed to be struck dumb and motionless by enchantment; it was the silence of the desert!

But such was the incredulity of Napoleon that he was not yet convinced, and waited for further information. At length an officer, determined to gratify him, or persuaded that whatever the Emperor willed must necessarily be accomplished, entered the city, seized five or six vagabonds, drove them before his horse to the Emperor, and imagined that he had brought him a deputation. From the first words they uttered Napoleon discovered that the persons before him were only indigent labourers.

It was not till then that he ceased to doubt the entire evacuation of Moscow, and lost all the hopes that he had built upon it. He shrugged his shoulders, and, with that contemptuous look with which he met everything that crossed his wishes, he exclaimed, "Ah! the Russians know not yet the effect which the taking of their capital will produce upon them!"

IX.

It was now an hour since Murat and the long, close column of his cavalry had entered Moscow; they penetrated into that gigantic body, as yet untouched but inanimate. Struck with profound astonishment at the sight of this complete solitude, they replied to the taciturnity of this modern Thebes by a silence equally solemn. These warriors listened, with a secret shuddering, to the steps of the horses resounding amid these deserted palaces. They were astonished to see and hear nothing but themselves amid such numerous habitations. No one thought of stopping or of plundering, either from prudence, or because great civilised nations are overawed on finding themselves in an enemy's capital.

Meanwhile they were silently observing that mighty city, which would have been truly remarkable had they met with it in a flourishing and populous country, but which was still more astonishing in these deserts. It was like a rich and brilliant oasis. They had at first been struck by the sudden view of so many magnificent palaces; but they now perceived that they were intermingled with mean cottages, a circumstance which indicated the want of gradation between the classes and that luxury was not generated there, as in other countries, by industry, but preceded it; whereas, in the natural order, luxury follows after commerce.

X.

Here more especially prevailed inequality—that bane of human society which produces pride in some, debasement in others, corruption in all. And yet such a generous abandonment of everything demonstrated that this excessive luxury, as yet, had not rendered these nobles effeminate.

Amid these reflections, which were favoured by a slow pace, the report of firearms was all at once heard. The column halted! Its last horses still covered the fields; its centre was in one of the longest streets of the city; its head had reached the Kremlin. The gates of that citadel appeared to be closed. Ferocious cries issued from within it; men and women, of savage and disgusting aspect, appeared fully armed on its walls. In a state of inebriety, they uttered the most horrible imprecations. Murat sent them an amicable message, but to no purpose. It was found necessary to employ cannon to break open the gate.

XI.

We penetrated, partly without opposition, partly by force, among these wretches. One of them rushed close to the King, and endeavoured to kill one of his officers. It was thought sufficient to disarm him; but he again fell upon his victim, rolled him on the ground, and attempted to suffocate him; and even after his arms were seized and held, he still strove to tear him with his teeth. These were the only Muscovites who had awaited our coming, and who seemed to have been left behind as a savage and barbarous token of the national hatred.

It was easy to perceive, however, that there was no unison in this patriotic fury. Five hundred recruits, who had been forgotten in the Kremlin, beheld this scene without stirring. At the first summons they dispersed. Farther on, we overtook a convoy of provisions, the escort of which immediately threw down its arms. Several thousand stragglers and deserters from the enemy voluntarily remained in the power of our advanced guard. The latter left to the corps which followed, the task of picking them up; and these again to others, and so on: hence they remained at liberty in the midst of us, till, the conflagration and pillage of the city having reminded them of their duty, and rallied them all in one general feeling of antipathy, they went and rejoined Kutusoff.

XII.

Murat, who had been stopped but a few moments by the Kremlin, dispersed his crew, which he despised. Ardent and indefatigable as in Italy and Egypt, after a march of nine hundred leagues and sixty battles fought to reach Moscow, he traversed that proud city without deigning to halt in it, and, pursuing the Russian rear-guard, he boldly, and without hesitation, took the road for Wladimir and Asia.

Several thousand Cossacks, with four pieces of cannon, were retreating in that direction. The armistice was at an end. Murat, tired of this peace of half a day, immediately ordered it to be broken by a discharge of carbines. But our cavalry considered the war as finished; Moscow appeared to them to be its end, and the advanced posts of the two empires were unwilling to renew hostilities. A fresh order arrived, and the same hesitation prevailed. At length Murat, irritated at this disobedience, gave his orders in person; and the firing with which he seemed to threaten Asia, but which was not destined to cease till he reached the banks of the Seine, was renewed.

# FATHER GAUCHER'S ELIXIR ⁂ BY ALPHONSE DAUDET

[Introductory Note.—It is one of the many ironies in the history of the Roman Catholic Church that for generations some of the most ascetic in the most rigorous communities, the Carthusians, and the Benedictines, and the Trappists, have tried to increase the revenue of their order by distilling strong alcoholic beverages. The Benedictine, the Trappist, and Carthusian liqueurs are known to the epicure all over the world. In a Northern Protestant and intemperate country, such a contradiction seems little short of a public scandal. In the more temperate Southern countries the monopoly of the manufacture of liqueurs does not cause offence, and only raises the nice point of casuistry. One of the great story-tellers of France has dramatised this point of casuistry in one of the most exquisite stories in world literature, a masterpiece of general humour and malicious wit.]

* * * * * *

I.

"Drink this, neighbour, and tell me what you think of it." And, drop by drop, with the scrupulous care of a lapidary counting pearls, the curé of Graveson poured out a thimbleful of a golden-green liqueur, warm, glittering, exquisite . . . like a ray of sunshine within.

"It is Father Gaucher's elixir, the joy and the health-giver of our Provence," said the good man with triumph. "It is made at the convent of the Prémontrés, two leagues from your mill. Isn't it worth all the Chartreuse in the world? If only you knew the story of that liqueur, it is amusing! . . . Listen! . . ."

Then in that tranquil presbytery dining-room, with its pretty white curtains starched like surplices, and its little pictures of the stations of the Cross, the good curé began his tale, a tale suggestive of Erasmus or d'Assoucy—innocently sceptical and irreverent.

II.

Twenty years ago the Prémontrés, or rather the White Friars, as we of Provence call them, had sunk into great poverty. You would have been shocked to see their house at that time. The great wall and the Pacôme tower were going to pieces. The pillars round the grass-grown cloister were cracking, the stone saints crumbled in their niches, there was not a window intact, not a door on its hinges. The wind from the Rhone blew through the courtyards and chapels as wildly as at Camargue, putting out the candles, breaking the leaden casements, blowing the holy water out of the vessels. But the saddest part of all was the convent belfry, as quiet as an empty dove-cot, and the poor fathers, with no money to buy a new bell, obliged to ring Matins with little almond-wood castanets.

Poor White Friars! I can see them still at the procession of the Corpus Christi, trooping sadly past in their patched hoods, pale, thin, nourished on "citres" and water-melons, and behind them the Very Rev. Abbot, hanging his head, ashamed that his tarnished crosier and his worm-eaten white woollen mitre should be seen by the light of day. The ladies of the sisterhood wept at the sight, and the burly banner-bearers tittered at the monks and whispered one to another: "Starlings go hungry when they fly in flocks!"

The fact is that the poor White Friars themselves had begun to wonder if it would not be well each man to take flight across the world and seek his own provender.

Well, one day, when this momentous question was being discussed in the chapter, it was announced that Brother Gaucher requested to be heard in the council.

III.

This Brother Gaucher, you must know, was the cowherd of the monastery; that is to say, his days were spent waddling through the cloisters from courtyard to courtyard, behind two emaciated cows which browsed on the grass that grew in the cracks of the pavement. An old witch of Baux, known as Tante Begon, had looked after him till he was twelve years old, then the monks had taken him in. The poor cowherd had never been able to learn anything except to drive his cows and to say his Paternoster, and even that he said in Provençal, for he was hard of head, and his wits were about as sharp as the edge of a leaden dagger. A fervent Christian withal, at peace in his hair-shirt, and when he scourged himself it was with a grand conviction . . . and arms!

As he entered the chapter house, bowing to the Assembly, one leg awkwardly stuck out behind, Prior, canons, treasurer, everyone began to laugh. The sight of his simple face, with its grizzled goat's-beard, was ever mirth-provoking.

IV.

"Reverend fathers," he said, guilelessly, "it is a true saying that empty tankards ring the best—by dint of burrowing in my hollow brain, I believe I have found the means to get us all out of this fix: this is how. You know Tante Begon, that good woman who looked after me when I was little . . . (God keep her soul, the old wretch; she sang uncommonly naughty songs after drink.) I must tell you then, reverend fathers, that Tante Begon in her lifetime knew the herbs of the mountain as well, if not better, than an old Corsican blackbird. Even so, towards the end of her days she had compounded an elixir by mixing five or six simples that we used to pick together on the Alpilles. That is a long time ago; still, I believe, with the help of St. Augustine and the permission of our father the Abbot, that I might be able, by much search, to find out once more the ingredients of this mysterious elixir. Then we would have but to bottle it and sell it rather dear, and little by little the community would become as rich as our brothers of La Trappe and the Grande Chartreuse."

He was not allowed to finish. The Prior had risen and flung his arms round his neck. The canons were pressing his hands. The treasurer, more moved than all the others, was respectfully kissing the frayed edge of his robe. Thereupon they all returned to their places to deliberate, and the chapter straightway decided that the cows should be put in charge of Brother Trasibule, so that Brother Gaucher might devote himself entirely to the concoction of his elixir.

V.

How the good brother managed to discover Tante Begon's recipe, by means of what efforts, what sleepless nights, history does not relate. We *do* know that before six months had elapsed the White Friars' elixir was already very popular. In all the neighbourhood, in all the country round Arles, not a house, not a farm, but had at the back of its storeroom, between the bottles of "vin cuit" and jars of "olives à la picholine," a little brown earthenware pot, sealed with the arms of Provence, with a monk in ecstasy, on a silver label. Thanks to the vogue of this liqueur, the house of the Prémontrés became rapidly rich, the Pacôme tower was rebuilt, the Prior had a new mitre, the church pretty stained-glass windows, and in the delicate lace-work of the belfry a whole company of big and little bells started pealing and chiming in grand style one Easter morning.

# FATHER GAUCHER'S ELIXIR *(continued)*

As to Brother Gaucher, the poor brother whose simplicity used to amuse the chapter so much, he was no more heard of in the convent. No, only the Rev. Father Gaucher was known, a man of brains and great knowledge, who took no part in the petty and numerous duties of the convent, but shut himself up all day in the distilleries, while thirty monks ranged the hillsides in search of sweet-smelling herbs. This distillery, which no one, not even the Prior, had the right to enter, was an old abandoned chapel at the far end of the canons' garden. The good fathers, in their simplicity, imagined it something great and mysterious, and if a bold and inquisitive novice, pulling himself up by the climbing plants, managed to look in at the rose-window over the door, he hurried down again pretty quick, scared at the sight of Father Gaucher, with his necromancer-like beard, bending over his furnace, measure in hand, surrounded by gigantic alembics, crystal tubes, and retorts of pink stoneware, a weird collection, gleaming as if bewitched in the red glow of the windows.

VI.

At twilight, when the last Angelus rang, the door of this place of mystery would be discreetly opened, and the reverend father betake himself to church for vespers. You should have seen his reception; when he crossed the monastery, the brothers stood back to let him pass. "'Sh! he has the secret!" they would say. The treasurer would follow and talk with him, his head respectfully bent. Through this atmosphere of adulation the father would pass, mopping his brow, his wide-brimmed three-cornered hat set like a halo on the back of his head, looking round him with an air of satisfaction at the great courts planted with orange trees, at the blue roofs, on which twirled the new weather-cocks, and through the sparkling white cloisters, between the flowered colonnades, the quiet-faced brethren going past two by two in the new cassocks.

"They owe all this to me!" the father would think to himself, and swell with pride.

VII.

The poor man was well punished, as you shall see for yourself. Would you believe it! one day during vespers he arrived in an extraordinary state of agitation, red, out of breath, his hood on one side, and so upset that he wetted his sleeve right up to the elbow when taking the holy water. At first they thought his emotion was caused by his late arrival; but when he was seen to make deep genuflections to the organ and the tribunes, instead of to the high-altar, then dash across the church like a whirlwind, wander for five minutes in the choir before finding his stall, and when once seated bow left and right, with a blissful stare, a murmur ran through the church. "What is wrong with our Father Gaucher? What is wrong with Father Gaucher?" was whispered from breviary to breviary. Twice the Prior, annoyed, knocked on the flags to demand silence. At the back of the choir the psalms continued as before, but the responses were meagre.

All at once, in the very middle of the Ave Verum, our Father Gaucher leans back in his stall, and with a resounding voice intones:—

"In Paris there lives à white friar,
Patatin, patatan, tarabin, taraban."

General consternation! Everyone rose. "Remove him; he is possessed!" they cry. The canons cross themselves. My lord Abbot's crosier taps excitedly. But Brother Gaucher sees nothing, hears nothing, and it takes two lusty monks to drag him out, struggling like one demented, by the little door of the choir, still vigorously shouting his patatin and tarabin.

Next morning, at dawn, the wretched man was on his knees confessing his fault in the Prior's oratory, the tears streaming down his face. "It was the elixir, my lord Abbot, the elixir which took me by surprise," said he, striking his breast.

VIII.

Seeing him so sorry and repentant, the good Prior was moved himself. "Come, come, Father Gaucher, calm yourself; all this will evaporate like the dew in the morning sun. . . . After all, the scandal is not as great as you imagine; the song was rather, h'm . . . rather . . . We must just hope the novices did not hear it. Now, tell me exactly how it happened; you were trying the elixir, were you not? Your hand was just a trifle heavy. . . . Yes, yes, I quite understand. . . . Like Brother Schwartz, who invented gunpowder, you have fallen a victim to your own invention. . . . But tell me, my good friend, is it quite necessary that you should try this terrible elixir on yourself?"

"Yes, unfortunately, my lord. The test-tube gives me the strength of the alcohol quite well; but for the finishing touch, for the rich mellow flavour, I can only trust my tongue."

"Ah! very good! . . . But one moment more—when you taste the elixir, thus, as a duty, do you take pleasure in it?"

"Alas! my lord, yes," replied the unfortunate father, going scarlet. "For two nights now I have thought the flavour, the aroma . . . it is the devil that is playing this wicked trick on me, that is certain. But I have quite decided, from now onwards, I shall only use the test-tube. No matter if the liqueur is not so delicate, nor so pearly limpid . . ."

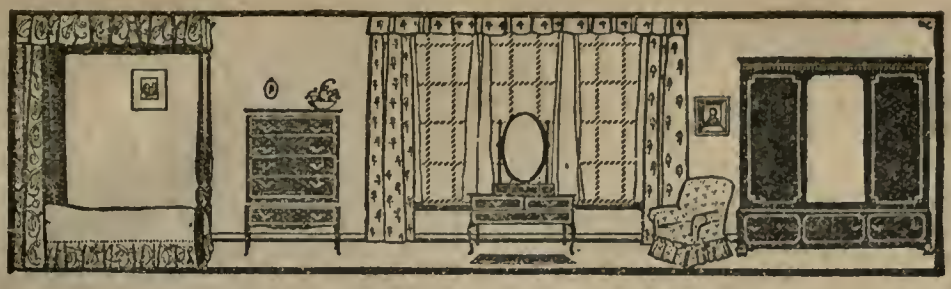
"Have a care!" interrupted the Prior anxiously. "We must not run the risk of displeasing our clients. All you have to do, now that you are warned, is to be on the watch. Let me see, how much do you need to test it? Fifteen or twenty drops? Say twenty drops. The devil must be very cunning if he catches you out with twenty drops. . . . Furthermore, to prevent any possible accident, I exempt you from now onwards from attending church. You shall say vespers in the distillery. Now go in peace, my reverend brother; . . . but remember, count your drops!"

Alas! count as he would, the devil had hold of him, and would not let him go.

The distillery heard some singular services.

During the day all went well. The father was calm. He prepared his furnaces, his alembics, sorted his herbs: the herbs of Provence, delicate grey, lacelike, sun-scorched and perfumed. But in the evening, when the simples were infused and the elixir was cooling in the great copper basins, then began the martyrdom of the unhappy man. "Seventeen, eighteen, nineteen . . . twenty!"—drop by drop they would fall from his blow-pipe into the silver-gilt goblet. The poor father would toss off these twenty drops almost without pleasure. But how he longed for the twenty-first! Then, to escape from temptation, he would fling himself on his knees right at the other end of the laboratory, and bury himself in his Paternosters. But a gentle aromatic vapour would rise from the warm liquid and come wandering around him, and, willy-nilly, draw him back to his cauldrons. The liqueur was of a beautiful golden-green colour. Bending over it with his nostrils distended, the father would stir it gently with his blow-pipe, and in each sparkling bubble, floating on an emerald sea, he seemed to see Tante Begon's maliciously twinkling eyes laughing at him. "Get along, one more drop." And drop by drop the unfortunate man would fill his goblet to the brim. Then, overcome, he would sink into a large armchair, half close his eyes, and abandon himself to the delights of his crime, murmuring to himself with delicious remorse, "I am damning myself, I am damning myself." . . .The worst of it was that at the bottom

(*Continued on page 52.*)



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# FATHER GAUCHER'S ELIXIR *(continued)*

of this diabolical elixir he found, by some witchcraft, all Tante Begon's naughty little songs—"Three little gossips going to have a feast," or "Master Andrew's little shepherdess went off to the wood alone," and always the famous "Pères blancs, patatin, patatan!"

IX.

Imagine his feelings when, the following morning, the monks of the neighbouring cells would say, "Ho! ho! Father Gaucher, you were a trifle merry yesterday when you were going to bed!"

Then followed tears, despair, fasting, the hair-shirt, flagellations. But nothing availed against this demon of the elixir. Every evening, at the same hour, he was once more possessed.

Meanwhile, orders were pouring in on the monastery in a blessed manner. They came from Nîmes, from Aix, from Avignon, from Marseilles. Day by day the convent took on the air of a little factory. There were packer brothers, labelling brothers, others for correspondence, others again for porterage. Now and then there was a little less bell-ringing in the service of God, but I can answer for it that the poor of the countryside were as well cared for.

Well, then, one fine Sunday morning, while the treasurer was reading his report of the past year, and the good canons were listening with sparkling eyes and smiling lips, here comes Father Gaucher. He dashes into the midst of the council, crying: "I have done with it: I shall make no more: give me back my cows! . . ."

"What is wrong, Father Gaucher?" asks the Prior, who had his suspicions about the matter.

"What is wrong, my lord? . . . It is that I am busy preparing for myself a fine eternity of flames and pitchforks! It is that I drink! that I drink! like an outcast!"

"But I told you to count your drops."

"Oh, yes, that is so, count my drops; it is goblets I must count now. . . . Yes, holy fathers, that is where I have come to. Three phials every evening. . . . That sort of thing cannot last. Get who you will to make your elixir. May the fires of God burn me if I take any further part in it!"

Not a smile in the chapter now.

"But, miserable man, you will ruin us!" cried the treasurer, brandishing his huge ledger.

"Do you prefer that I should damn myself?"

At this moment the Prior rose. "Reverend fathers," said he, stretching out his fine white hand with the pastoral ring gleaming, "all this can be arranged. . . . It is in the evening, is it not, my son, that the demon tempts you?"

"Yes, my lord Prior, regularly every evening; and now, when night falls, I am, saving your presence, taken with a sweat like Capitou's donkey when he saw the pack-saddle coming."

"Well, take courage; from now onwards, every evening, during vespers, we shall recite the orison of Saint Augustine, to which plenary indulgence is attached. With that, whatever happens, you are safe; it is absolution during the sin."

"Oh! very well, then, thank you, my lord Prior." And, without question, the father returned to his alembics, as happy as a lark.

X.

So it was, from that time onward, at the end of complines every evening, the officiating priest never failed to say: "Let us pray for our poor Father Gaucher, who is sacrificing his soul in the interests of the community.... Oremus Domine." Then, while all the white hoods were bowed, and in the shadow of the nave the orison ran trembling across them, like a gentle breeze over snow, at the far end of the convent, behind the flaming windows of the distillery, Father Gaucher's ear-splitting song might be heard:—

"In Paris there lives a white friar,
Patatin, patatan, tarabin, taraban.
In Paris there lives a white friar,
Who causes nuns to dance,
Trin, trin, trin, in a garden,
Who causes nuns. . . ."

* * * * * *

Here the good curé stopped, horrified. . . . "Heaven help us! if my parishioners should hear me! . . ."

—*Translated by A. B. Chalmers.*

* * *

# MY MOTHER*

My beautiful mother is dead. Nothing is left of her. She vanished from the world long ago.

When I was a child. I shall never forget what I suffered on the nights that she went to the theatre or was having her hair dressed for a ball. I nearly died of despair. Her driving away from the house of an evening hurt me unspeakably. The Bonne used to say, "There, now; aren't you proud of your lovely mamma?" For no one understood my anguish in the least. Was it not awful that she should go off into a world that I knew nothing about, a world that was not our world, and that she should like to go, even go with joy? It made me desperately unhappy. After she was gone, the room with the wax candles, in which she had dressed, looked to me like a scene of disaster and destruction, wrought by some devastating army. There was the glass before which she had done her hair, the basin in which she had washed her soft, white hands; slippers and dressing-gown lay on the floor. Everything was in confusion, as if it didn't matter at all so long as mamma was not too late for her party. No one had time or understanding enough to concern themselves about my wretchedness; not the kind old cook, or the pretty lady's maid, or the Bonne. They sat down together and gossiped and were in more lively spirits than usual. I had lost my dearest beloved; but they had got an evening "off."

* * * * * *

A few days ago I went and stood in front of the house in the Franzensbrücken street where I was born. I looked up at the windows of the second floor. They were dark. It was at this quiet hour that my beautiful mother had suffered behind those dark windows exquisite pain to bring me into the world. I fancied that I could hear my own first whimper, and see my mother half-dead from the exhaustion of having accomplished her supreme duty to life. Anyhow, I had arrived. The fatality of my existence could not be shunted backwards. I was doomed to blunder ahead in future by endless crooked paths. I screamed, and probably the midwife said, "Healthy lungs."

Now here I stand, looking up at those windows at exactly the same hour of the night, and I hear my mother's sighs. I am growing bald and prematurely aged at forty-eight. In spite of magnificent gifts I have done nothing. . . . My beautiful mother is dead. . . . She vanished from the world long ago. She gave me a sound body, intelligence, and, what's more, a soul. So she performed her duties of motherhood in an ideal fashion. May she rest in peace!

PETER ALTENBERG.

* The above sketch is taken from a slender volume of charming Viennese vignettes by Peter Altenberg, an author probably little known in this country, though on the Continent he has acquired fame as a master of brevity. Peter Altenberg's motto is: "Mon verre, n'est pas grand, mais je bois dans mon verre."

# THE REAL NEWMAN* A FRENCH ESTIMATE

I.

In studying the spiritual crisis which made Newman, at the age of forty-four, leave the Anglican and enter the Roman Church, one is struck by the narrowness of his outlook. For him the whole question turned on which of the two Churches was apostolic in its episcopal succession and doctrine. The previous question as to whether Jesus of Nazareth really commanded His apostles to set up an ecclesiastical organisation at all, did not trouble him. The sceptics of the eighteenth century had stated the problem. It had been studied in Germany, in daring "speculations on the Bible or on theology"—speculations which Hugh Rose, one of Newman's dearest masters, had denounced. Newman did not trouble about them. He paid no attention to these "liberal" speculations, just as at the age of thirty-one he refused to look at the French flag, just as he refused to see the city of Paris when he had to pass through it, just as he deliberately shut his eyes to the beauty of Italy. The question for him lay between a definite and logical sacerdotalism, and an atheism which was alien to his temperament. "There is no alternative between Catholicism and Infidelity to the clear thinker," he wrote to his friend Henry Wilberforce in 1849. (Ward I., p. 238.)

As an Anglican priest he was very devout, but his devotion became even greater when he entered the Roman Church. He accepted the whole Catholic mythology, even the miracle of the *Santa Casa de Lorette*. He was not free from formal superstition, as is shown by the special significance he attached to the number *seven*.

II.

"He limited his Irish Rectorship to seven years: he believed seven years to be the normal term of his intimate friendships. A letter of 1871 to his Mother Prioress of the Dominicans shows him half thinking that the mystic number enters into the computation of the elect in each generation." (Tome II., p. 343.)

The emotional side of his nature, which was apparent even in childhood, became so marked as he grew older that, in order to avoid seeming exaggeration, it seems best to quote the actual words of his biographer:

"Albany Christie walked with him from Oxford to Littlemore when the great separation of 1845 was approaching; Newman never spoke a word all the way, and Christie's hand when they arrived was wet with Newman's tears. When he made his confession in Littlemore Chapel his exhaustion was such that he could not walk without help. When he went to Rome to set right the differences with his brethren of London which tried him so deeply, he walked barefoot from the halting stage of the *diligence* all the way to St. Peter's Basilica. When Ambrose St. John died, Newman threw himself on the bed by the corpse and spent the night there." (Ward I., p. 21.) After learning the bad news about his journal *The Rambler*, in 1858, Acton wrote to one of his friends: "He was quite miserable when I told him the news, and moaned for a long time, rocking himself backwards and forwards over the fire like an old woman with a toothache." (Ward I., p. 481.)

III.

Old age did not alter this temperament. In a letter which he wrote at the age of eighty-two, Newman speaks of his "morbidly sensitive skin." (Ward II., p. 522.) "Morbid" is exactly the right word. Those who are shocked, and who would prefer a politer term, remembering that he played the violin extremely well, may call it an acute artistic sensibility.

"When Canon McNeile, the Liverpool anti-Popery speaker, challenged him to a public dispute, Newman replied that he was no public speaker, but that he was quite ready for an encounter if Mr. McNeile would open the meeting by making a speech, and he himself might respond with a tune on the violin. The public would then be able to judge which was the better man." (Ward II., p. 349.)

This answer shows the real Newman. Whether he accepts a theological challenge, or whether he expounds didactically his own ideas, he does not speak really as a thinker or a scholar, but as an artist. It is always "a tune on the violin." His inherent melancholy took pleasure in language full of sentiment and emotion. Let the reader read over again the impressive ending to his "Essay on the Development of Christian Doctrine."

IV.

"Such," he wrote, "were the thoughts concerning 'The Blessed Vision of Peace' of one whose long-continued petition had been that the Most Merciful would not despise the work of His own hands, nor leave him to himself; while yet his eyes were dim, and his breast laden, and he could but employ Reason in things of Faith. And, now, dear reader, time is short, eternity is long. Put not from you what you have here found; regard it not as mere matter of present controversy; set not but resolved to refute it, and looking about for the best way of doing so; seduce not yourself with the imagination that it comes of disappointment, or disgust, or restlessness, or wounded feeling, or undue sensibility, or other weakness. Wrap not yourself round in the associations of years past, nor determine that to be truth which you wish to be so, nor make an idol of cherished anticipations. Time is short, eternity is long. 'Nunc dimittis servum tuum, Domine, secundum verbum tuum in pace, quia viderant oculi mei salutare tuum.'"

When one considers that such is the conclusion of a book which claims to be history, a book which is lamentably poor from the point of view of scholarship, can one see in it anything more than a "tune on the violin"?

V.

The Roman Church could not fail to bring this magic-worker to the fore; he was to make many converts for her. But Newman was too restless to be as successful in such a sphere of work as many of his contemporaries, such as Cardinal Wiseman, Frederick William Faber, and Edward Manning. Moreover, he did not preach well. The bishops thought that they might utilise him as Rector of a University, purporting to be Catholic, which they were going to set up in Dublin in 1891.

A Catholic University is a contradiction in terms. A scientific conception of the world, the result of a synthesis of all the sciences, and a traditional theology must necessarily conflict in such an institution till the one has overthrown the other. Then, according to the result, the institution will either be a university, Catholic only in name, or it will become a higher grade school, scientific only in name, and purely denominational. The art with which Newman played his "tunes on the violin" could not alter the nature of things. After seven years of difficulties he sent in his resignation. Subsequently he tried, in a Catholic Review, to reconcile orthodoxy and science, the past and the future, to satisfy at the same time progressive and Conservative Catholics. This was a still more hopeless task; and he had to give up his position as Editor.

A. Houtin.

* "Life of Cardinal Newman." By Wilfrid Ward. (2 vols.) Longmans. 36s. net.

# TRUTH AND FICTION AND SIR A. CONAN DOYLE'S "REFUGEES."

It might have been better if Sir Arthur Conan Doyle had not republished a cheap edition of the "Refugees." Sir Arthur has a great reputation to lose, and the "Refugees" can add nothing to that reputation. In this historical novel on the expulsion of the Huguenots and the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, Sir Arthur has not shown that acute sense of reality and that careful attention to fact which have established the fame of "Sherlock Holmes." On the contrary, he has taken unpardonable liberties with history, and indulged in anachronisms which even the most unbridled licence of poetry could not justify. An English novelist writing on French history may presume a great deal on the ignorance of his readers, but treating of a period which is so near to us and so familiar, Sir Arthur has really presumed too much. I do not know of another novel where history is so grossly distorted and where chronology is so grotesquely trifled with.

In the year of grace 1685, when the events narrated in the "Refugees" unfold themselves, the Duke of Saint Simon could not have aired his views on Versailles politics, as the great *Mémoire* writer was only a little boy of ten. On the other hand, Corneille could not have moved in Court circles, for he had died in the previous year, a broken old man of eighty, and his last years were passed in poverty and illness and oblivion. Moreover, every French "schoolboy"—I really do mean every *French* schoolboy, not Macaulay's schoolboy—might have told Sir Arthur that the fatal blunder which brought down the wrath of Louis XIV. was committed, not by Corneille, but by his rival, Racine.

As Sir Arthur confuses Racine and Corneille (what would we think of an English writer who would write a novel on the age of Shakespeare and who could confuse Shakespeare and Milton?), he as hopelessly mixes up Fenelon, Bossuet, and Massillon. Courtiers could not have discussed in 1685 the comparative merits of Massillon and Bourdaloue, for Massillon was still an unknown young cleric, and his success as a Court preacher was only achieved about a quarter of a century later. Sir Arthur is guilty of the same error with regard to Fenelon. Fenelon has not yet appeared at Court. Nor is it Fenelon, but Bossuet, who had leanings to Jansenism. For the future Archbishop of Cambrai from the very beginning was a most bitter opponent of the Jansenists, and his heresy of quietism has absolutely nothing to do with the heresy of the grand Arnauld.

The character sketch which Sir Arthur gives us of Louis XIV. very much resembles a caricature. Sir Arthur has learned from the "Mémoires" of Saint Simon that Louis was very ignorant, and I dare say that the illustration he gives is not improbable. The great King is quite as likely to have confused Darius and Alexander as the novelist himself has confused Corneille and Racine, and the Sovereign was more excusable than the writer. But it is most unlikely that the "Roi-Soleil" should have condescended to a conversation with Corneille on such a slippery subject, even if Corneille had been still alive.

With regard to Mme. de Maintenon, Sir Arthur has been kept straight by the admirable Essay of Doellinger, which, fortunately for the novelist, is not quite as stiff reading as the twenty volumes of Saint Simon. But here, again, how little does the author seem to have understood his heroine, and how ludicrous and psychologically impossible is the love scene on page 88! And here, again, he might have remembered that in 1685 Louis was forty-seven, while Mme. de Maintenon was fifty. Sir Arthur makes the proud Majesty of forty-seven speak to the stately widow of fifty even as a love-sick swain of twenty might speak to a girl of eighteen. He makes Louis ask in a sentimental outburst whether, forsooth, he, the King, was the widow's first love. Even Sir Arthur cannot fail to see that for Louis XIV. and Mme. de Maintenon the age of passion had passed, and that what drew Louis XIV. to Mme. de Maintenon, and what kept the once so fickle lover faithful for thirty years to the widow of Scarron, was not passion, but the moral influence and spiritual magnetism of one of the most extraordinary women of French history.

I am only dwelling on a few of the more glaring errors. There are hundreds of them. Sir Arthur derives most of his information from Saint Simon, but he has read the immortal memoir writer with an absent-minded eye and to very little purpose. The expulsion of Arnauld took place in 1656, thirty years before the period of the "Refugees." Neither the insolence of Pascal nor the last comedy of Molière could have been the topic of the day, for the "Provinciales" of Pascal and the last comedy of Molière appeared an entire generation before. The faithful servant Nanon was not young, but old. It was not Fagon, but Daquin, who was first physician to his Majesty. Louis XIV. rose at eight in the morning, and not at eight-thirty. Louis XIV. did not wholly depend on his *valets de chambre* in the ritual of dress, and he performed it himself with becoming grace and majesty, as Saint Simon is careful to add. Louis XIV. was never lax in the discharge of his religious duties, and he only once missed attending Mass, and that only in the course of a strenuous campaign. It is Louvois, and not Colbert, who created the Invalides. The famous scene of the window of Trianon occurred at a later date, and was, according to Saint Simon, the futile cause of the European War of 1688. Louis XIV. threatened Louvois with pincers, not because he had sent a letter to Lord Sunderland, but because he had ordered the archiepiscopal and electoral city of Treves to be burnt. The Marquis de Montespan only died in 1700. Bontemps could not have called Mme. de Maintenon the "new one," for she had been at Court for ten years, and a favourite for five.

The writer who perpetrates such glaring mistakes in matters of detail is not likely to be more trustworthy with regard to the main subject and purpose of his book. According to Sir Arthur, the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes was the result of a fiendish plot between Bossuet, the Jesuit Confessor, and Mme. de Maintenon. Mme. de Maintenon pledged herself to use her influence over Louis XIV. in order to secure the expulsion of her former co-religionists, and the Churchmen pledged themselves to use their influence to bring about her marriage with the King. So intimate is the connection between one event and the other that in the novel the Revocation takes place two days after the marriage, whereas, in point of fact, the marriage took place in December, 1684, and the Revocation was signed in October, 1685. No doubt the combination of Love and Fanaticism is very melodramatic. Unfortunately, it is absolutely untrue to history. The expulsion of the Huguenots would have occurred without Mme. de Maintenon, and without the Jesuit Father, La Chaise. So far from encouraging the marriage with Louis XIV., Father La Chaise resolutely opposed it.

No act of Louis XIV. has been more generally approved of by his contemporaries than the Revocation. It is not only a big-hearted woman like Mme. de Maintenon, or a gentle prelate like Fenelon, who gave their assent. Even the persecuted Jansenists demanded the expulsion of the Huguenots.

The whole French nation, therefore, are responsible for the deed, and it is grossly unfair, and it is only humouring popular ignorance and popular prejudice, to single out one woman and a bishop and a Jesuit, and make them the scapegoats of a national policy. And what is even more relevant to our general criticism, it is entirely to misrepresent that great historical tragedy, to narrate which was, after all, the main purpose of the author of the "Refugees."

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# THE GERMAN EMPEROR ✦ ✦ ✦ ✦ BY CHARLES SAROLEA

## I.

To write on German politics and to ignore the German Kaiser would be like playing "Hamlet" whilst leaving out the character of the Danish prince. For the Kaiser meets us at every turn. In the words of Victor Hugo, speaking of Napoleon: "*Toujours lui, lui partout.*" It may be found on close examination that his influence on the political drama is much less decisive than appears at first sight, even as in Shakespeare's masterpiece, Hamlet has comparatively little influence on the actual development of the plot. It may be that the Kaiser's part is more spectacular than dramatic. But whether we like him, whether we believe in him, or not, we cannot avoid his august presence.

And even if his absorbing personality did not force itself upon our attention, its study would still present to us a most fascinating problem. For the Kaiser is essentially complex and perplexing, elusive and stimulating, explosive and incalculable. With him it is the unexpected that always happens. He is a bundle of contradictions. He is the war lord of Europe, and yet he has been nicknamed by the war party, "William the Peaceful." He is a German of the Germans, and yet he professes to be the friend of England. He is intensely religious, and claims to be the Anointed of the Lord. Yet in many respects he is a materialist mainly trusting in brutal force. He is picturesquely mediæval, and the Hohenzollern seems to be ever anxious to model himself on the Hohenstaufen. Yet he is pre-eminently modern. He shocks us as offensively theatrical, yet he is unmistakably sincere.

## II.

Anyone who attempts to write on the German Emperor must solve those glaring contradictions. And he will only succeed in doing so if he carefully dissociates the various elements which have entered into his composition. He will only succeed if he separates what the Kaiser owes to his ancestry, and what he owes to his education; what he owes to his inmost personality, and what he owes to his immediate surroundings, and to the age he lives in. It is for want of making those necessary distinctions that so many publicists who have given us biographies and character sketches of the Kaiser have failed to reveal him to us.

And, after all, when every fact has been conscientiously sifted and analysed, even the most careful student cannot be sure of having hit the Imperial likeness. It seems as if the Kaiser each time he sits for his portrait not merely dons a different uniform, but puts on a different moral physiognomy. On three occasions I have made an attempt to draw a pen portrait of William, and each sketch was different from the other; each subsequent judgment contradicted my previous estimate. I do not, therefore, pretend in the present instance to have given a final definition of the German autocrat, for the simple reason that it is not possible to give a final definition. It must be left to the reader to exert his own judgment and to compare my estimate of Emperor William with the estimate of those who have written before me.

## III.

### The Hohenzollern Influence.

First in importance is the Hohenzollern influence.

Few royal families in history possess a more marked individuality. Each member of the dynasty may differ widely from his predecessor or successor. The cynical man of genius, Frederick the Great, is not like the feeble voluptuary, Frederick William the Third, who, again, is very unlike the romantic and mystical dreamer, Frederick the Fourth. And yet as rulers they all have a certain common type. They have created a definite European state, and they themselves have been moulded by that state.

Considering the enormous part they have played in history, and how closely the Hohenzollern have been identified with the fortunes of Prussia, it is natural that their first characteristic should be an overweening dynastic pride. No Bourbon or Habsburg has ever believed more firmly in his Divine Right to govern or misgovern his people. A Hohenzollern may condescend to employ men of genius to assist him in his providential task, but he will only consider those men of genius as tools to work out his own ends, and he will discard those tools whenever they have served their purpose, or whenever they have ceased to be pliable instruments.

## IV.

William possesses in the highest degree the pride of his race. The exaltation of the Hohenzollern is the one *Leitmotiv* of his speeches, and especially the exaltation of his immediate predecessors, and, above all, of William "the Great," of William "the Saint." Every schoolboy knows that William was an honest, conscientious, well-meaning ruler, and not devoid of judgment, whose great merit was to efface himself before his Chancellor, and to give way to Bismarck's policy even when he did not approve of it. Every schoolboy knows that William's relation to Bismarck was very much that of Louis the Thirteenth to Richelieu. But here again Emperor William has changed our interpretation of history. To him the real creator of the new empire is neither Bismarck nor Moltke nor Roon. William, indeed, may graciously condescend to speak of his "Paladines" as we speak of the Knights of the Table Round, or of the Twelve Peers of Charlemagne, but they are only mentioned collectively and anonymously, and it is significant that for many years the name of Bismarck has been taboo in the Kaiser's orations.

## V.

Even as their dynastic pride, so is the absolutism of the Hohenzollern bred in the bone, and transmitted with the traditions of Prussian history. A Hohenzollern impatiently submits to constitutional checks. Most of the political difficulties and anomalies are due to the one cause.

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(*To be continued.*)

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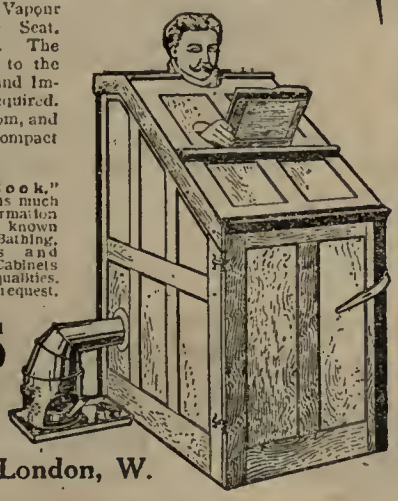

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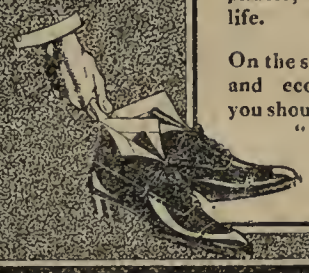



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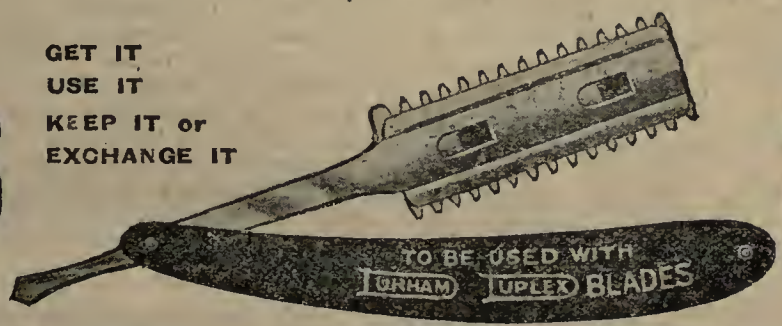


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# THE GOLD IN BOOKS

## A Lay Sermon

By DR. WILLIAM BARRY

I.

A SHARP wit has called our present time "an age of gold, but not the golden age." Millionaires abound, so monstrous in their havings that neither themselves nor those who would disendow them can quite imagine the wealth at stake. It is, however, a matter for reflection that the largest of goldmasters build libraries and set up universities with such income as it fatigues them to manipulate any more. They believe that the people ought to be civilised by reading; or that the democracy is of that opinion; or that it is advisable to seem to think so. Accordingly, the Millionaires' Library is a modern institution, not unlike the mediæval robber-baron's religious house, dedicated to the local apostle of Christianity whom his ancestor slew. In both cases we perceive an act of homage to the ideal, mingled with shrewd, though perhaps vague, hopes of profit otherwise unattainable. There is even a sense of incompleteness touching the power of money or of plunder, in this turning with deference to literature, to religion and their allied motives, as if the big purse and the strong arm could not subdue men for ever. The Money-King dreams of a bargain with poets, prophets, sibyls, philosophers, and other strange folk, who appear to own commodities not negotiable in Wall Street. He fancies that there may be gold in books.

II.

There is, of course—Fairy gold. Practical men have been apt to scorn it as current coin of the imagination, which it is, without considering how the whole world is led by fancy, fixing for all of us the standard of value. When a certain idea puts on the fit expression it works like magic, and things apparently as solid as the core of the globe melt, pass into smoke, and vanish. The money market itself is a product of thought. Adam Smith or some other absorbed student came by his meditation on exchange values to create the commercial age. Deeper thought will bring it to an end. The social order—civilisation, as we know it: a little too proudly—is nothing else than embodied beliefs about man's nature, his duties and destinies, of which the enduring forms have been set down in black and white, on paper, their vehicle and record. That which a nation persistently reads it cannot but hold to be true. Its daily literature becomes its Bible. A few long-headed men, to keep their balance of reason, make it a point to read the other side; but these are active, determined intellects. The crowd is passive. And at present democracy is the crowd. It can be made to affirm, by dint of repetition, whatever is put before it, provided you flatter its self-love. That is an old Greek story; it is the comedy of Demos openly fooled on the stage in Athens and tickled by the sight of his own imbecile attitudes, while the leather-seller and the sausage-seller contend as to which of them shall exploit him for private gain. Aristophanes had never set eyes on a multi-millionaire; but his "Knights" might still be given in New York.

III.

Out of this false democracy the way to escape must be bought with Fairy gold We have to think true thoughts. They are waiting for us, asleep if you will, but ready to awake at a first touch of heroic adventure, in books the most beautiful, wise and sane and happy—our best inheritance. Here is the world's treasure. The nations have not been left without their Bibles. Deathless, invisible teachers speak to them yet in words of exquisite music, with all manner of enchanting figures and lively scenes and inspired sentences, beyond rivalry of to-day, coloured by association with the famous ones that knew and lived upon their charm, long ere we arrived to vex our hearts with questions clamouring for an answer.

Freedom lies in those books, light and deliverance. Our poor millionaires feel it dimly too. They have gotten so much, but all outside them; and as the late very rich Mr. Pullman said, even a lord of capital can wear only one suit of clothes at a time and eat only three meals a day. His great fortune satisfies the sixth sense, which is vanity: it leaves hungry and starved the something else, not appetite and not vanity, dwelling far within him, the sick soul of the man. To found a library is to acknowledge his failure. Pity him. With infinite toil he has made the experiment on himself for you and me, which proves that another kind of value, different altogether from stock certificates, is indispensable to our happiness. Had we not these frightful examples in our sight, who knows but we might have been seduced into the pillories where they stand, a warning to good Christians? Humbly they call upon men of science, scholars, lovers of learning, to go and teach the rising youth a more excellent way than the art of company-promoting. And it is true that those who make money seldom understand how to make anything else. Financiers, not backed by the men of talent they buy cheap, would in no long while ruin society. Thus their universities intimate that a spiritual currency must be somehow restored to circulation if the crowd is not to invade the Stock Exchange and distribute its spoils.

IV.

That easy-going old Frenchman, Montaigne, said, "I seek in the reading of books only to please myself by an irreproachable diversion. If one book do not please me, I take another, and never meddle with any but at such times as I am weary of doing nothing." On this principle railway bookstalls have been devised; and in Germany young ladies leave the trash they have been irreproachably diverting themselves with in the rack reserved to light articles over their heads. Much may be allowed on a journey between Hamburg and Berlin to the weary traveller. But books have a more serious purpose than to kill time. When Matthew Arnold preached—and George Meredith accused him of always preaching—on culture as the cure for anarchy, we may be certain that he was eager to recommend something better than Montaigne's irreproachable diversion. To Arnold the use of books did not signify pedantic scholarship, or examinations, or worship of the past. He meant by reading acquaintance with the wisdom of Life stored up in volumes, tried and tested age after age, in form not less delightful than in their content illuminating, slight or severe, from the epic to the sonnet, from the long-drawn romance to the tale of a few pages' compass. Literature such as Arnold had in view never fails to suggest ideas of Truth, Goodness, and Beauty. These words are hardly more than signs; they need illustration; but let them serve as titles under which to sift and choose out the elements of sound judgment, never called for more vehemently than it is now, when everyone reads and only the few reflect.

V.

To apply the touchstone of an ideal life to literature is the very poor purpose of education. Why do we

(*Continued on page 60.*)

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II.

Unfortunately, it must be confessed that it does miss greatness, not for any want of intrinsic merit, but because Mr. Courlander has not kept the promise of his title. The title promised a novel on the newspaper, on its organisation, on the secret of its mighty influence. Instead of such a comprehensive novel on the problem of journalism, he has only given us a novel on the newspaper reporter. Now, I have every sympathy and respect for that most invaluable member of the journalistic profession, but the business of the reporter is not the whole of journalism, and certainly it is not by virtue of its reporting that a newspaper is "*mightier than the sword*."

After all, the formidable power wielded by the

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*(continued)*

modern Press does not rest on the news or information which it provides, but rather on the ideas it advocates, on the public opinion which it moulds. And on this vital function of journalism, on the manufacture of opinion, on the diffusion of ideals, Mr. Courlander has very little to say. He does not reveal to us the subtle relations between journalism and finance, or between journalism and politics, or between journalism and religion.

III.

With this important reservation, and remembering that the main subject of the book is a picture of the life of the newspaper reporter, it is difficult to overrate the strength of Mr. Courlander's achievement. The one criticism I would venture is that even as a picture of the life of the reporter it is somewhat exaggerated. So far as the reporter is concerned, the paper is represented as a grinding machine, as a devouring Minotaur. Every character in the volume falls a prey to the monster. Humphrey sacrifices to his profession first his love, and then his life. Wratten dies suddenly, a victim to his duty. Another is brutally dismissed after a strenuous life of loyal service. The only reporter who is not a martyr to the profession is the amateur Kenneth Carr, and only because he has prematurely and voluntarily withdrawn from the race.

IV.

The literary qualities of the book are equal to the absorbing interest of the subject. The love story is cleverly woven into the life story of the main character. There are occasional slips in the style and doubtful metaphors ("Kenneth with *beer woven into the fibre* of his being"); but generally the writing is vigorous and incisive. Nothing could be better, for instance, than this satire of that mania for meetings and societies, which is one of the features of our time. I give the passage in full, because it is very characteristic of the author:—

V.

"There were societies and counter societies; there was a society for the suppression of this, and a society for the encouragement of that; there was the Society for Sunday Entertainment, and the Society for Sunday Rest; every one seemed to be pulling in opposite directions, and every one imagined that his or her views were best for the people. Humphrey found the reflection of all this in the advertisement columns of *The Day*, where there were advertisements of lotion that grew hair on bald heads, or ointments that took away superfluous hair; medicines that made fat people thin, or pills that made thin people fat; tonics that toned down nervous, high-strung people, and phosphates that exhilarated those who were depressed. Life was a terribly ailing thing viewed through the advertisement columns; one seemed to be living in an invalid world, suffering from lumbago and nervous debility. It was a nightmare of a world, where people were either too florid or too pale, too fat or too thin, too bald or too hairy, too tall or too short, . . . and yet the world went on unchangingly, just as it did after the meetings of all the little societies of men or women who met together to give moral medicine to the world."

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# CORRESPONDENCE

## THE FUTURE OF THE CHURCHES.

*To the Editor of* Everyman.

Sir,—The Rev. R. J. Campbell's article on "The Future of the Churches" is a remarkable literary production. It reminds one of an essay on "The Future of Naval Power" containing no reference to the British Navy.

Mr. Campbell, in reckoning up the Churches, takes account only of the Established Church and the Dissenting bodies. Surely the Catholic Church counts for something in the world. Materially it is the greatest of existing organisations. As to its position in the British Empire, it is worth noting that of the *five* Premiers of the Overseas Dominions who attended the Coronation of the King, *three* were Catholics. In Germany, the leading power of the Continent, and in the great American Republic the Catholic Church is a force to be reckoned with, a proof that it can flourish alike under the rule of a military Empire and a democratic Republic. It is not "struggling to keep alive." It is ever widening its borders. It sees, not a decrease, but a steady increase of its church attendance. It has at its command an unceasing supply of men and women ready and eager to give their whole lives to social work. And here in England we have had proof enough that in such work Catholics—and Catholic priests and prelates—are ready to give hearty co-operation to men of other creeds. Surely in discussing the future of the Churches it is a strange mistake to leave this world-wide force out of account.—I am, sir, etc.,

A Catholic Layman.

London, October 19th, 1912.

---

## THE CHANCE OF THE PEASANT.

*To the Editor of* Everyman.

Sir,—Your distinguished contributor, Mr. G. K. Chesterton, in his article, "The Chance of the Peasant," states that Collectivism is dead, and advances as the reason the loss of faith by Labour in the intervention of the State in disputes. But the call for State control has been persistently advocated by large bodies of workers. The railwaymen believe in the nationalisation of our railway system, the miners in the nationalisation of the mines. The workers in London are the staunchest supporters of Municipal Collectivism as expressed in the public ownership of our tramway system. It seems as though Mr. Chesterton, between his dislike of the official and the decay of Individualism, accepts for himself a compromise in the shape of Peasant Proprietorship. In the face of the private ownership of land by the few, the peasant proprietor can only come into being through the intervention of the State, and when that intervention comes a State tenancy seems a much more reasonable method of raising the peasantry of our country again than a peasant proprietorship, to which so few of the workers could ever attain.

I agree that "the competing capitalist won't compete," and it is because of this fact that when you really collect the poor they *will* be Collectivist.—I am, sir, etc.,

Francis Skinner.

Palmer's Green, N.

---

*To the Editor of* Everyman.

Dear Sir,—Mr. Chesterton, like most negative critics, is most convincing when he *condemns* the present social system. He is most unconvincing when

## CORRESPONDENCE *(continued)*

he *proposes a constructive remedy*. He only vaguely suggests what might be a possible cure, and tells us that peasant proprietorship ought to be given a chance. If he really believed in the wonderful cure he suggests, it would be unpardonable, on his part, to withhold from the public a secret of such vital moment.

Alas! peasant proprietorship has not the ghost of a chance. Peasant proprietorship cannot be extemporised at the bidding of a politician, and still less at the suggestion of an erratic man of genius like G. K. Chesterton. There exists at present in this country no class from which peasant proprietorship can be evolved. The dweller in the slums is not a potential peasant proprietor. There is not even a desire for peasant proprietorship amongst the masses. And even if the desire did exist, even if the human material were at our disposal, the peasant proprietor class cannot be developed under present conditions. Peasant proprietorship is not the beginning of social and political reform. Rather is it the ultimate conclusion. The French people have achieved peasant proprietorship, but they had to go through a great Revolution before they obtained it.—I am, sir, etc.,

"A Peasant Proprietor."

Colinton, Midlothian, October 19th, 1912.

## THE NEGLECT OF GERMAN.

*To the Editor of* Everyman.

Sir,—The writer of the article, "The Neglect of German," on p. 11 of your excellent first issue, would appear to advocate the more general acquirement of German, partly with the object, apparently, of encouraging Anglo-German friendship. He rightly draws attention to the ludicrousness of a German addressing an English audience in indifferent French. Now, while in no wise wishing to decry the study of German for all those wishing to become more intimate with the thought and sentiment of that nation, I take the opportunity of pointing out that the remedy proposed is hardly likely to be very effective generally, for the ability of making a public speech in German, it need hardly be said, entails for the majority of people two or more years' residence in Germany. There is, however, a much simpler solution of the language difficulty.

The present writer attended a Congress in Antwerp last year, at which were present, besides some three hundred Germans and six hundred English people, representatives of nearly thirty other nationalities. The Congress in question was the seventh international Esperantist Congress. On the occasion referred to, the whole of the meetings were conducted in one language only, *i.e.*, in the international auxiliary language Esperanto. This language, besides being extremely easy of acquirement—it is possible to make a public speech after three months' devotion to its study—has the merit of being absolutely neutral alike for all nationalities. It was not necessary for the Germans present at this Congress to blush while speakers of other nationalities stammered a few words in bad German; all were on neutral language territory, and with equal ease communicated as if in their own national language, the result being that an atmosphere of perfect equality, tolerance, and friendliness existed between all present, irrespective of nationality. I submit, therefore, that all persons having at heart the promotion of Anglo-German friendship could not do better than endeavour to extend the circle of persons throughout the world, already appreciably large, by whom the auxiliary language Esperanto is used. I might perhaps mention that in Germany


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## CORRESPONDENCE *(continued)*

upwards of 200 societies exist for the furtherance of this language—the most effective instrument for the expression of the "Entente" sentiment.—I am, sir, etc.,

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*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

SIR,—May I be favoured with space enough to point out to the writer of "The Neglect of German," and to you who made a note thereon, that German and English too have not their "classical friends"—poor, much-abused creatures—to thank for their neglect, but the strange medley of subjects that go under the head of "science" in our schools to-day? Greek, in Scotland, is at its last gasp; Latin is dying; German died some time ago—and for this alarming mortality science is wholly to blame. When the classics decay, English totters also on its throne, since the foundation thereof is a thorough knowledge of classics.

And yet the "Modernists" are blind enough to combine with the "scientists" against the "classicists," unaware apparently that they are cutting away the ground under their own feet! Ye gods, that there can be such folly!—I am, sir, etc.,

ETHELWYN LEMON.

---

*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

SIR,—There will be many delighted readers of your first number who, like myself, have read this issue at one sitting from cover to cover. Amid much that is of entrancing interest, no article, it seems to me, is so timely and so trenchant as that on "The Neglect of German." I believe that there are few who will deny the contention of the writer that the study of German has been declining for many years, nor the obvious reason for that decline, viz., that German is not a "bread-and-butter" subject.

As a schoolmaster by choice, and by chance a classical scholar, I submit that the article is not altogether free from bias, and is far from fair either to the student of the classics or to the schoolmaster. The last paragraph of the article contains the unwarranted assumption that it is the study of the "dead languages" that have ousted German from its rightful place. On the contrary, I venture to assert that it is *mainly* in the so-called classical schools of this country that the study of the German language and literature is taken seriously, and that the vast majority of those who can read, write, and speak German are just those who have also a working knowledge of French, Latin, and Greek. This at any rate is true of the scholastic profession, so far as an experience of twenty years may justifiably be urged in evidence upon this point. Exclude the modern language teacher from your calculations, and you are not beside the mark in maintaining that on the staff of any secondary school German is a barbarian tongue to all save the classical members. It is rare indeed for the English expert to have even a nodding acquaintance with the sister-tongue, while the science men with whom I have associated—and the circle is not small—would seem to be of opinion that the Germans in science "are sadly to seek." I have examined the bookshelves of my classical colleagues, and have come to the conclusion that *one in three* of their text-books and editions are of German origin and written in the German language. I think, sir, that here may be another clue as to reasons for the ignorance of German on the part of educated

*(Continued on page 66.)*

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## CORRESPONDENCE *(continued)*

Englishmen, and for the decay of its cult in schools. The fact is that German is difficult to those who have studied no language but their own and French: it is comparatively easy to those conversant with the three languages I have named. Further, in these days of intensive culture and lightning methods, when he only is the true teacher, the prophet not without honour, who doles out by spoonfuls milk for babes, prepared foods for infants, and concentrated tabloids in appetising form for maturer minds, there is a danger lest our young charges should be overstrained. In the wisdom of our overseers and taskmasters, our experts in pedagogy and psychology, our professors of method and scientific educationists, we are inhibited, doomed and damned if we dare to suggest to our pupils that a little self-help and personal endeavour are essential to the mastery of any subject. Our leaders are obsessed with the idea that *how* a subject is *taught* is all important; *how much* of that subject is *learned* is immaterial. The blame then for this neglect of German lies neither with "reactionary dons and obscurantist clergymen," nor with classical head masters and students of antiquity. In fairness and equity it must be laid elsewhere.

Too long has the schoolmaster, and especially the classical man, been the butt of journalism and caricature. Too long has the teacher been content with more kicks than ha'pence. With scarcely a soul to call his own, and certainly not a voice in the administration of education, "unwept" when he is gone, and "unhonoured" while he is alive, he is ground between the upper millstone of faddism and officialism and the lower stone of crass prejudice and blatant materialism, as exemplified in the demand of an exigent parent, "I want my son taught chemistry, but only so far as it relates to the manufacture of brown meal."—I am, sir, etc.,

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No. 3. Vol. 1. [REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O.] FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1912. One Penny.


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## HISTORY IN THE MAKING

### NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THE stars in their courses are fighting against the Turks. With dramatic swiftness reverse after reverse is falling upon them. It was known that the objective of the Bulgarian army was Adrianople, but before it could be reached Killissa had to be attacked and captured. After a battle of great fierceness, which raged for the greater part of two days, the town was taken, with many guns and great quantities of munitions of war. To the Turks this is a disaster of the first magnitude, as it enables the invaders to advance upon Adrianople, which is gradually being surrounded by the allied troops. A great enveloping movement is in progress, thereby placing the Turkish army in Thrace in a position of extreme peril. Part of the garrison of Adrianople is said to have retreated to Danotica, on the main Constantinople-Salonica Railway. In fact, the Turks seem to be in a desperate position. The Bulgarians have cut off their line of retreat, and the Ottoman troops are described as being in a state of hopeless confusion.

So far, the most dramatic incident of the war is the fall of Uskub, the ancient capital of Servia. The Turks seem to have offered little or no resistance. No fewer than 113 guns were left behind in their hurried flight. Thus after a lapse of five hundred years the Servians return to their historical inheritance. Moreover, as Uskub is the key to Macedonia, its strategical importance is at once apparent.

The Greeks are making steady progress, and are now placing Salonica in jeopardy. The Montenegrins are finding Scutari a hard nut to crack. They have scored another success, having captured the town of Plevlige, near the Bosnian frontier. Speculation is rife with regard to the attitude of the Powers, in view of the sweeping success of the past week. Not, however, till absolutely decisive results from Adrianople are recorded can the Powers do anything but speculate. One thing is admitted to be certain, that in Macedonia Turkish rule shall cease. The status quo in the Balkans cannot be restored.

The startling events of the past few days are causing uneasiness in Roumania, which has hitherto remained a passive spectator. Russian movements are causing anxiety, and in addressing his Cabinet on Monday, the King said that important decisions would have to be come to, in view of the grave circumstances with which they were confronted. Ex-Sultan Abdul Hamid has arrived at Constantinople from Salonica. He was conducted to one of the palaces on the Bosphorus. Extraordinary precautions were taken to ensure privacy. His presence in the capital may have important developments, as there is considerable dissatisfaction with the Young Turks.

Evidence is to hand of the disastrous effect of the war upon trade. The cotton trade in East Lancashire is already in a depressed state, and two mills are working on short time. Four thousand miners have had to stop work at Cardiff, owing to the stoppage of the loading of Greek steamers.

For some time there has been dissatisfaction over the congestion of business in the Law Courts. The Attorney-General moved in the House of Commons that an address be presented to His Majesty for the appointment of an extra judge. The motion was accepted. It was further announced that a Royal Commission would be appointed to enquire into the cause of the congestion.

Among members of the Opposition the suggestion has been canvassed that in order to call the attention of the country to what they deem the "farcical" discussion of the Home Rule Bill, the Opposition should walk out of the House of Commons. Speaking at a dinner of the Nonconformist Unionist Association, Mr. Bonar Law said the Opposition had no intention of adopting the suggestion.

The Select Committee on the Marconi Agreement, which has held a preliminary meeting, Sir Albert Spicer presiding, have issued a statement that the Committee will hear any person who can bring before them any facts of which they may be possessed with reference to the charges or allegations of corruption on the part of any person or official in connection with the Marconi Agreement. The Committee, it is understood, will ask the House to give them powers to call counsel on behalf of witnesses if they think fit, following the precedent of the inquiry into the War Office contracts.

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A landowner in the ranks of the land-taxers is surely suggestive of Saul among the prophets. At a meeting at Dorset the other night, Lord Ashby St. Leger said that as a landowner he welcomed the movement, which was attracting general attention and had raised high hopes. He was of opinion that the capital value or site-value of land afforded on the whole a broader and more equitable basis for rating than the present method of estimating rateable value. He contended that landowners as a whole had little to fear from the proposal. It was mainly the exploiters of slum property and those who held back land who would feel the pressure. The proposed adjustment would lighten rates in country parishes.

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With two dissentients, Dr. Mahaffy and the Rev T. T. Gray, the Board of Trinity College, Dublin, adopted a resolution on Saturday expressing approval of the amendment to the Home Rule Bill, with a view to excluding Dublin University from the authority of an Irish Parliament.

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The doctors are being greatly exercised over the concessions made by Mr. Lloyd George. The opinion of Sir Wm. Plender, who was chosen by the British Medical Association practically as a referee in the dispute between Mr. Lloyd George and the medical profession, should carry great weight. Sir William thinks the offer is fair—indeed, generous. Though the chemists and druggists do not give an unqualified approval to the Government's new scheme for the payment of the doctors for insurance work, it is thought probable that they will acquiesce in the Chancellor of the Exchequer's proposals.

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In the Home Rule debate in the House of Commons on Monday, the important question of the control of the Royal Irish Constabulary was dealt with. By 306 votes to 208 it was decided that the control of the Constabulary be transferred to the Irish Parliament six years after the meeting of that assembly. Other reserved services, including old-age pensions, national insurance, and labour exchanges, may be transferred at any time by resolution of the Irish Parliament.

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As the result of the Turkish defeats, there is considerable unrest among the native population in India. Hindu agitators, joined by Mahometans, are holding meetings, at which violent speeches are being delivered. A boycott of British goods is being urged, on the ground that Britain is in sympathy with the Balkan States.

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In dealing with their workers, Belfast Corporation are taking a new departure which will be watched with interest. They are instituting a scheme of bonuses for their employees. As far as municipal undertakings are concerned, this is said to be the first experiment of the kind.

# DEMOCRACY AND DIPLOMACY

If the present war of five nations teaches one lesson, it is the lamentable failure of European diplomacy, and to the believer in democracy, causes of that failure are not far to seek. . . .

I.

From the sphere of Diplomacy the ideals and methods of the old régime have not been dislodged. Metternich, a historic representative of the old order, never ceased to express his contempt for public opinion as a factor in Diplomacy, a contempt which was shared by the Holy Alliance, whose self-constituted mission was to parcel amongst themselves the territory of Europe without regard to the racial affinities and national aspirations of the various peoples. The picture which La Brugère drew of the diplomatist of the eighteenth century remains life-like to-day:—"His talk is only of peace and alliances, of the public tranquillity and of the public interests; in reality he is thinking only of his own, that is to say, of his masters, or of his republic."

Canning ventured to break away from the old diplomatic tradition so far as to say that British influence abroad could only be effective when it was backed up by the House of Commons. Manifestly, to secure this it is essential that the Ambassadors who represent this country abroad should be men of acknowledged ability, selected on their own merits, and having the approval and confidence of Parliament as representing the nation. As a matter of fact, the people have no voice in the appointment of Ambassadors. The diplomatic service is a close corporation. It is used as a kind of outdoor relief for needy aristocrats. Now and again a really able diplomatist makes his way to the front rank, but that is an accident, and is not of the essence of the system.

II.

Under such a system, the nation stands small chance of securing the highest talents for the diplomatic service. In his "Final Recollections of a Diplomatist," Sir Horace Rumbold, on this particular point, makes a frank admission. He says: "Ability will not suffice to secure success in the service. In no profession, perhaps, is the man whose duties keep him constantly abroad more dependent on the solicitude of friends and connections at home. Real merit makes its way in Diplomacy, as elsewhere, but it must be of the highest order to hold its own against inferior capacity, subserved by political or family influence."

Surely we have here a most serious state of affairs. In domestic matters we strain every nerve, through our representative system, to send to Parliament men of ability. In foreign affairs, in which, as at the present moment, issues of momentous importance are at stake, we are represented by men of whose capabilities we have no guarantee whatever, and whose incapacity in times of crises may involve the nation in disaster. Time and again the nation has suffered terribly from bungling diplomacy. In the Balkan imbroglio we seem to be suffering from impotent diplomacy, and yet the nation is compelled to stand idly by while the national prestige is being lowered, and the national conscience outraged. The time has come for a thorough reform of the diplomatic service.

Hector Macpherson.

# THE PRESENT POSITION OF POLAR EXPLORATION By Sir E. Shackleton, C.V.O.

I.

The fact that the two great prizes of Polar exploration have been gained—the North and South Poles—undoubtedly tends to rob the ends of the earth of a certain amount of the glamour that has up till now always been part and parcel of Polar exploration; but never has this work been carried on more seriously than at the present time, and the mere conquest of the Poles does not in any way turn aside the serious explorer from working in these regions. There is undoubtedly one great feat and piece of exploration remaining to be done in the Antarctic, which, if accomplished, would make the actual journeys to the Pole and back seem small in comparison. This work would be the crossing of the South Polar continent. Even at its narrowest breadth—from the Weddell Sea to the Ross Sea—the journey would be over 2,000 miles. With the equipment of modern Polar expeditions it would be possible, I consider, to do this; but as yet we know not whether great mountain ranges make a hindrance at the Weddell Sea side to inland travelling similar to the great mountains on the Ross Sea side. To accomplish this expedition successfully, every nerve would have to be strained and every care in equipment would have to be taken. There would be no room for mistakes, and there would be no line of retreat. The explorer going in from the unknown at the Weddell Sea side would work towards the known on the Ross Sea side, and, unless plentifully blessed with money, the journey would have to be made in one season. This would be the last great inland journey that one can expect in the Antarctic. There is another work almost equally important—indeed, in some ways quite as important—and that is the exploration to be made by circling the Antarctic continent, defining its general shape, by sea. This would be a much longer journey and would require two or three seasons to accomplish it thoroughly, but the benefit to hydrographic science would be tremendous. However, these are prospective journeys.

II.

What I have to deal particularly with is the actual position now obtaining in the Polar Regions. There are three expeditions in the Antarctic, working in different quarters, of which we can expect to hear nothing until next March. The last news of Capt. Scott, of the British Expedition, was that he was steadily making his way towards the Pole, and this no doubt he reached about a month later than Amundsen, who arrived at the Pole on 16th of last December. Already the British Expedition has done a great deal of valuable scientific work, and may be fortunate in doing a certain amount of new geographical work in the present Antarctic summer.

Amundsen made an entirely new route to the Pole. Favoured by the fine weather, by his intimate knowledge of the handling of dogs, by the use of ski, and by his splendid organisation and by experience—not only his own but that of his men also—he undoubtedly made the most brilliant of all South Polar journeys. We as Britishers are sorry that it has not fallen to the lot of Capt. Scott to be first at the Pole, yet we cannot but admire the energy and successful achievement of Amundsen, and tender our warmest praise to him.

We can consider now that the Ross Sea side is fairly well known, and that future exploration in this area will be of a more detailed character.

III.

On the inhospitable shores of the north coast of the Antarctic are the two bases of the Australasian Antarctic Expedition. This expedition, which is located due south of Australia, is mainly a scientific one. Its equipment is good, the ground on which it is working is all new, and when it returns it will have no doubt charted in a large part of that unknown coast, and made valuable contributions to geology and to the science of magnetism. There is no doubt that protracted journeys will be made into the interior, and more light will be thrown in a geopraphical way on this part of the Antarctic than has ever been done before.

Diametrically opposite; south of South America, somewhere the German Expedition is wintering. This is the only one of the four expeditions that went South last year which has not been heard of. The German Expedition is splendidly equipped, with a highly scientific staff, and the object is to penetrate as far as possible into the land towards the South Pole from the Weddell Sea side. What they have done up till now, what measure of success they have had, is all conjecture, but that they will also bring back scientific information of value is certain, for the whole organisation of the expedition and method of working is typical of German thoroughness and scientific training. This part of the Antarctic is the region in which Bruce, the Scotch explorer, has worked, and though the Scotch Expeditions under Bruce have not devoted their time and energies to land travelling, it is to Bruce that we owe the hydrographical knowledge of this quarter of the Antarctic—knowledge that is as important to obtain as the knowledge gained on sledge journeys. Quietly, and without fuss or ostentation, for years Bruce has carried out, with his devoted staff, the most arduous and most difficult sort of Polar exploration—that is, by working in these icy seas.

IV.

To sum up the Southern situation, next March we ought to have news of the British, the Australasian, and the German Expeditions. They will have come back having done a certain amount of work, but there will be still left the greatest journey of all—the trans-Antarctic journey.

To turn to the North, there are a number of small expeditions mapping in and linking up the blanks that surround the Polar Ocean; but there is only one expedition of importance, which expects to penetrate right through the North Polar Ocean, and that is the *Fram* Expedition under Amundsen, which will next year set out to journey across the North Polar Sea, hoping to take in the Pole on the way.

Good work has been done by Mikkelsen, who has been in the Arctic for nearly three years, and has made many journeys in the north-east of Greenland. There is not so much to be done in the North as there is in the South, but from time to time no doubt expeditions of various sizes and with various objects in view will be starting out. There is one fascinating journey to be made. Peary on his last march thought he saw, from a lofty cape, land to the north-west of the mainland. He named this Crocker Land. An American Expedition was planned to start for this land this year, but the tragic death of the leader, Borup, who, after going through the hazardous journey with Peary, was drowned near New York, has put back the plans of this expedition for another year.

Thus, briefly, is the state of Polar exploration up to the moment of writing.

E. H. Shackleton.

# THE GERMAN EMPEROR BY CHARLES SAROLEA

## PART II.

### I.

HIS PERSONAL IDIOSYNCRASIES AND VERSATILITY.

WE have tried to set off in full relief the impress of the Hohenzollern tradition and heredity. But it would be to convey an entirely wrong idea of the Kaiser to represent him as a mere replica of a general type. Whether he is a strong man or not it will be for the reader to judge. One thing is certain, that he is a personality, that he has a decided originality, and that his individual idiosyncrasies are so striking that they sometimes almost seem to obliterate the family likeness.

The first trait we associate with the Kaiser is that of an impulsive and irrepressible sovereign.

The impulsiveness of the Kaiser expresses itself equally in his words and in his deeds, in his indiscretions and in his tactlessness. The distinction between his words and his deeds is perhaps more formal than real, because every word of the Emperor is equivalent to a deed. The most insignificant of his utterances may bind or compromise the nation in whose name he speaks. It is unnecessary to point out that the indiscretions of William have been innumerable. He is the irresponsible talker and speech-maker on the throne. There has hardly been a crisis in contemporary German history which cannot be traced to one of the "winged words" of William, and their consequences have often been incalculable. They partly explain the failure of German foreign policy. They explain how, in recent years, with every trump card in her game, Germany has on the whole achieved few substantial results.

The Kaiser has a restless temperament. He seems to be perpetual motion incarnate, and his restlessness at times almost assumes a morbid character, and has often been connected with the hereditary nervous complaint from which the Kaiser suffers.

### II.

The Kaiser's restlessness is not only physical but it is also mental, and one of the forms which it takes is his abnormal versatility. As he is unable to remain in the same spot for two days on end, so he is unable to concentrate on the same topic. He changes his interests from day to day. He claims universal competency. His authority is not confined to the sphere of government, to matters of the army or navy or foreign policy. Every problem, human and divine, comes within his ken. He is an architect and an artist, and has drawn the famous cartoons illustrating the Yellow peril. He has given his support to, or withheld it from, various schools of painting or literature. He has assisted Direktor Bode in deciding which works of art are genuine and which spurious. He has appeared as a Biblical critic, and has lectured Professor Delitzsch on the Bible-Babel controversy. He has pronounced his verdict in the great battle between classical and modern languages, and he has declared in favour of a modern education. He has appeared as an authority on aeronautics, and has proclaimed Count Zeppelin the greatest German of the century.

In the sphere of politics the Kaiser's versatility has brought in its train political instability. His changeableness is not that of the realist and opportunist who adapts himself to circumstances. Rather is it that of the despot who follows the inspiration of the moment. No ruler has so often altered his opinions on persons and events. Again and again he has withdrawn his favour from statesmen or advisers who hitherto had enjoyed his absolute confidence. When a man has served his purpose he discards him. And as he is constantly changing his personal interest in men, so he is constantly shifting his political point of view. He has been in turn Anglophile and Francophile, or Turcophile or Russophile. He has no guiding principles in foreign policy, and he has imparted to German diplomacy that incoherence which has been its main weakness in the last generation.

### III.

It is extraordinary that after all the mistakes he has made, and all the disappointments he has suffered, he should not have been sobered by events, and that after twenty-five years his chequered reign should not have made him a cynic and a sceptic. But the Kaiser remains an optimist. He hates and despises pessimists. He has enthusiasms rather than enthusiasm. He is always speaking in superlatives; and he continues to be brimful of youth. He makes us forget that he has ruled the empire for a quarter of a century. We still think of this father and grandfather of a patriarchal family, sufficiently numerous to fill all the thrones of Europe, as if he were a young man. And, in fact, he still possesses all his early juvenile exuberance.

### IV.

His optimism may be due to his superabundant vitality, but it is due even more to his healthy and superb egotism, to his unshaken belief in himself. He has no misgivings; he is not addicted to introspective moods. He is not "sicklied o'er," like the Danish Prince, "with the pale cast of thought." Even though the whole of Germany were of one opinion, once William has made up his mind he will continue to think that he is right; always reserving to himself the privilege of changing the right opinion of to-day into the wrong opinion of to-morrow. He is not in the least likely to commit suicide, as Frederick the Great threatened to do after a severe defeat. Nor is he likely to abdicate, as William the First threatened to again and again. When Maximilian Harden demanded his abdication, after the *Daily Telegraph* crisis in 1908, the famous journalist only proved how little he understood either the temper of the Kaiser or that of his people.

### V.

The Kaiser's egotism, which might have been dangerous to himself and might have induced the fate of Louis the Second of Bavaria, is tempered by his delightful vanity. All those who have approached him agree that it is *vanity* rather than *pride* which characterises the Kaiser. Vanity may be the characteristic of a weak man, yet to a ruler like William the Second vanity is rather a source of strength than a cause of weakness. For the proud man is satisfied with his own approval. Pride would have isolated William on the pinnacle of power. The vain man depends on the applause of others. The Kaiser's vanity has brought him nearer to his subjects, has made him more human and more sociable.

But there is one evil consequence of the Kaiser's unbounded vanity—namely, that it places him at the mercy of unscrupulous flatterers. All despots are exposed to that danger, but strong characters and enlightened rulers, like Frederick the Second, realising the danger, deliberately invite criticism, and surround themselves with able advisers. William the Second has generally been surrounded with courtiers and sycophants.

### VI.

The boundless egotism, combined with the despotic temper, the vanity of a comparatively weak and amiable

# THE GERMAN EMPEROR *(continued)*

and sociable sovereign depending an applause, have been indulged for so many years that in the course of time it has degenerated into megalomania. In a Wittelsbach prince such megalomania would have led to madness. In the Hohenzollern it has only resulted in extravagance. That extravagance expresses itself in a thousand ways, especially in such striking manifestations as his fifty residences or his three hundred uniforms. It is characteristic of the Kaiser's total absence of humour that with his extravagant habits he is constantly preaching the simple life. It would have been well for him if he had practised a little more what he preaches, and if he had followed a little more the example of his ancestor, Frederick the Great, for he would have escaped the financial worries which have been his lot from the beginning of his reign. The Kaiser ought to be the richest man of his empire. His civil list has been repeatedly increased, yet William finds himself in an almost chronic state of bankruptcy, and his close relations with American millionaires and Jewish financiers have not sufficed to relieve him of his anxieties.

## VII.

The Kaiser's megalomania also explains the theatrical aspects of his personality. All sovereigns love to surround themselves with the pomp and circumstance of the throne. Without it half of their prestige would vanish, and only giants like Frederick the Second or Napoleon could afford simplicity of dress and manner. But there is in the Kaiser something more than the ordinary love of splendour. There is something almost histrionic and Neronian in his composition—*qualis artifex!* The Kaiser loves to astonish, to dazzle his subjects. His appearances and his poses are those of an Imperial actor, and are always studiously calculated to produce a sensation. Hence his surprise visits, his startling appearances in regimental barracks in the dead of night or in the early morning; hence his Eastern journeys; hence, especially, the extraordinary importance he attaches to the ritual of dress and uniform. William the Second is obviously a believer in the clothes philosophy of Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus." No man will understand the Kaiser who does not attach as much importance to this side of his character as he does himself. It has been said that the Kaiser has such a nice perception of the fitness of things in this matter that when he visits an aquarium he thinks it necessary to put on the uniform of an admiral, and that when he eats an English plum pudding he thinks it necessary to don the uniform of the Dragoon Guards. Certainly the three hundred uniforms of Kaiser William will become as legendary in German history as the simple threadbare coat of Frederick the Great.

## VIII.

The love of the sensational and the theatrical also explains the so-called romanticism of William. Although he has often been compared to Lohengrin, his is by no means the romanticism of Wagner. He makes no appeal to the emotions or to the imagination, but only appeals to the senses. He may not be impervious to certain aspects of poetry. Some of his utterances, like the speech on Drake and the Pacific, are distinctly poetical. But as a rule William's romanticism is mainly a certain *Sinn für das Aüssere*—a love for external splendour.

## IX.

"Tell me what a man believes, and I shall tell you what he is," is an often quoted saying of Carlyle. We may safely apply this criterion to the psychology of the Kaiser. For his religion is part of his personality, and, like his personality, it has often been misunderstood. We are continuously told that he is a Christian mystic; but, indeed, there is in his disposition little of the Christian and still less of the mystic. It is true that he delights in preaching sermons, because he has a natural gift of speech, and he delights in preaching just as he delights in yachting, drawing, and painting. But he has none of the *Innerlichkeit*, none of the sense of mystery which characterises the genuine mystic. And he has as little of the humility and of the sense of sin which characterises the genuine Christian. The Kaiser's Christianity is essentially political. It is that of most despots who have used religion for political purposes. Christianity is useful to fight the enemies of the empire, and in these days of social unrest the altar is the necessary prop of the throne.

"I believe that to bind all our fellow-citizens, all our classes together, there is only one means, and that is *Religion*—not, indeed, religion understood in a narrow, ecclesiastical, and dogmatic sense, but in a wider, more practical sense, with relation to life." (August 31, 1907.)

"I expect from you all that you will all help me, priests and laymen, to maintain religion in the people. Whoever does not establish his life on the foundation of religion is lost, and therefore I will pledge myself to-day to place my whole empire, my people, my army, symbolically represented through this staff of command, myself and my family, *under the Cross and its protection.*" (June 19, 1902.)

## X.

The title of Bossuet's famous treatise, "Politics based on Holy Scripture," might sum up the Emperor's political creed. Politics must be based on religion; they are bound up with it. The Kaiser believes in an ever-present Providence, and he believes that Providence has chosen the German people as His people, and has chosen the Hohenzollern as His rulers. He has never doubted that he is the vicegerent appointed by God Almighty to carry out His will. Never did mediæval Pope believe more absolutely in his divine mission:—

". . . in a kingdom by the grace of God, with its responsibility to the Creator above, from which no man, no minister, no parliament can absolve the sovereign." (August, 1897.)

"I see in the people and in the country that I have inherited a talent entrusted to me by God, and which it is my duty to increase." (March, 1890.)

"In our house we consider ourselves as . . . appointed by God to direct and to lead the nations over which it has been given us to rule to a higher state of well-being, to the improvement of their material and spiritual interests." (April, 1890.)

"You know that I consider my whole office and duty as imposed on me by Heaven, and that I have been called in the service of the Highest, to whom I shall have to render one day an account of my trust." (February, 1891.)

And the best proof that the Kaiser's religion is mainly political is that in matters of religion his tolerance verges on laxity. In matters political—that is to say, in matters where men generally are tolerant—he is narrow and intolerant. On the contrary, in matters religious, where a deeply religious mind is almost inevitably narrow, the Kaiser is marvellously broad-minded. *Ex officio* he is a Lutheran, he is the defender of the Lutheran faith. At the same time his sympathies are Catholic, and he has never missed an opportunity of expressing his admiration for a religion which stands for authority and discipline; and he also combines a profound sympathy for Mohammedanism. And being thus equally and impartially sympathetic to Lutheranism, Catholicism, or Mohammedanism, like a very Nathan the Wise, or like a modern indifferent sceptic, he only happens to be intolerant of the one form of Christianity which does not favour his despotic policy. In the famous speech against Stoecker he expresses his abhorrence for democratic Christianity and Christian Socialism. Yet who could doubt that Christian Socialism is one of the most genuine forms of Christianity, and that Pastor Stoecker, whom William so fiercely denounces, is on the whole a more fervid Christian than the official Court chaplains of his Majesty?

# AUGUSTE RODIN BY HENRI MAZEL *(of the "Mercure de France")*

I.

IT has been said that Rodin is the greatest sculptor the world has known since the Renaissance. Even without going so far, it is impossible to deny that Rodin is the greatest sculptor of the present time. No artist in marble or bronze can be compared with him, even remotely, either in France or abroad.

Rodin is now seventy-two years old, and his vigorous and fruitful old age is the admiration of the world. Short, thick-set, broad-shouldered, and wide-faced, he conveys a feeling of calm power, reminding one rather of Victor Hugo, who also was not tall. At first one regrets that his long beard and his eyes half-closed behind eye-glasses seem almost to hide his face; but through his beard one sees his thick, readily smiling lips, and behind the eye-glasses one quickly perceives the expression of his blue-grey eyes, often dreamy, always thoughtful.

II.

He was born in Paris, and has always lived there, except during a few years after the war of 1870, when he had to live in Brussels; and he has always been a sculptor, though early in his career painting seduced him. For long he worked without recognition, unlike so many young artists who are quickly brought into prominence by an amusing or novel exhibit at the Salon. He was thirty-seven years of age when public attention was first drawn to him by his cast, the *Bronze Age*. This work represents a young man, naked, standing apparently awaking from sleep. Rodin wished to symbolise humanity issuing from a condition of primitive barbarism and awakening to a new civilisation, hence his title, *Bronze Age*, which by its mystery was intended to arouse curiosity. Surprise was legitimate, so great was the merit of this work. The beautiful body was so life-like, the chest seeming to rise and fall with natural breathing, that Rodin was accused of simply having moulded his model. He had to convince his calumniators that this was not so, and in 1880 the *Bronze Age*, cast in bronze, obtained the third medal at the Salon. Rodin began to emerge from obscurity: he was forty years old.

One after another he produced *St. John the Baptist*, the *Creation of Man*, the busts of *Jean Paul Laurens*, *Victor Hugo*, *Dalou*; to his friends he showed his casts for the *Gate of Hell* and the *Burghers of Calais*. At the time of the Universal Exhibition of 1889 he was already well known. His fame was further assured by that of 1900. At the immense World Fair, that great exhibition which closed the nineteenth century or ushered in the twentieth, a special pavilion on the banks of the Seine sheltered all the works of the master.

III.

Twelve years have passed since this official recognition, *urbi et orbi*, of the fame of the national French sculptor, and during these twelve years Rodin has never ceased to produce marvels. Sometimes they are finished works, sometimes they are merely roughed out. It is perhaps then that they are most impressive. His productiveness is immense, and none of his work is without value; some of it, at first sight, is of disconcerting originality. Such is his famous *Balzac*, a species of phantom enveloped in a winding sheet, a distorted apparition, which the municipality of Paris did not dare to erect in a public place, and to which it preferred Falguière's more conventional statue. But in spite of this, with the *Thinker*, which stands before the Panthéon and above all the numerous works in the Luxembourg Gallery, a very good idea of the genius of this great sculptor may be formed by even the casual passer-by in Paris. It is in the Luxembourg that the most varied and the most striking specimens of his art are to be found: the *Bronze Age*, so exquisitely youthful; the *St. John the Baptist*, of such dominating power; the torso of the ancient *Helmet-maker*, a miserably wrinkled, shrivelled old woman; and the *Danaïde*, the most delicious crouching back of a young girl that one can imagine; the bust of *Puvis de Chavannes*, in vigorous relief; the bust of *Madame de V.* With the reduced models of *Spring* and the *Kiss*, which are always exhibited in Barbedienne's windows, and the casts of the *Gate of Hell* and the *Burghers of Calais*, which may also be seen in Paris, a sufficient knowledge of the works of the master will be obtained.

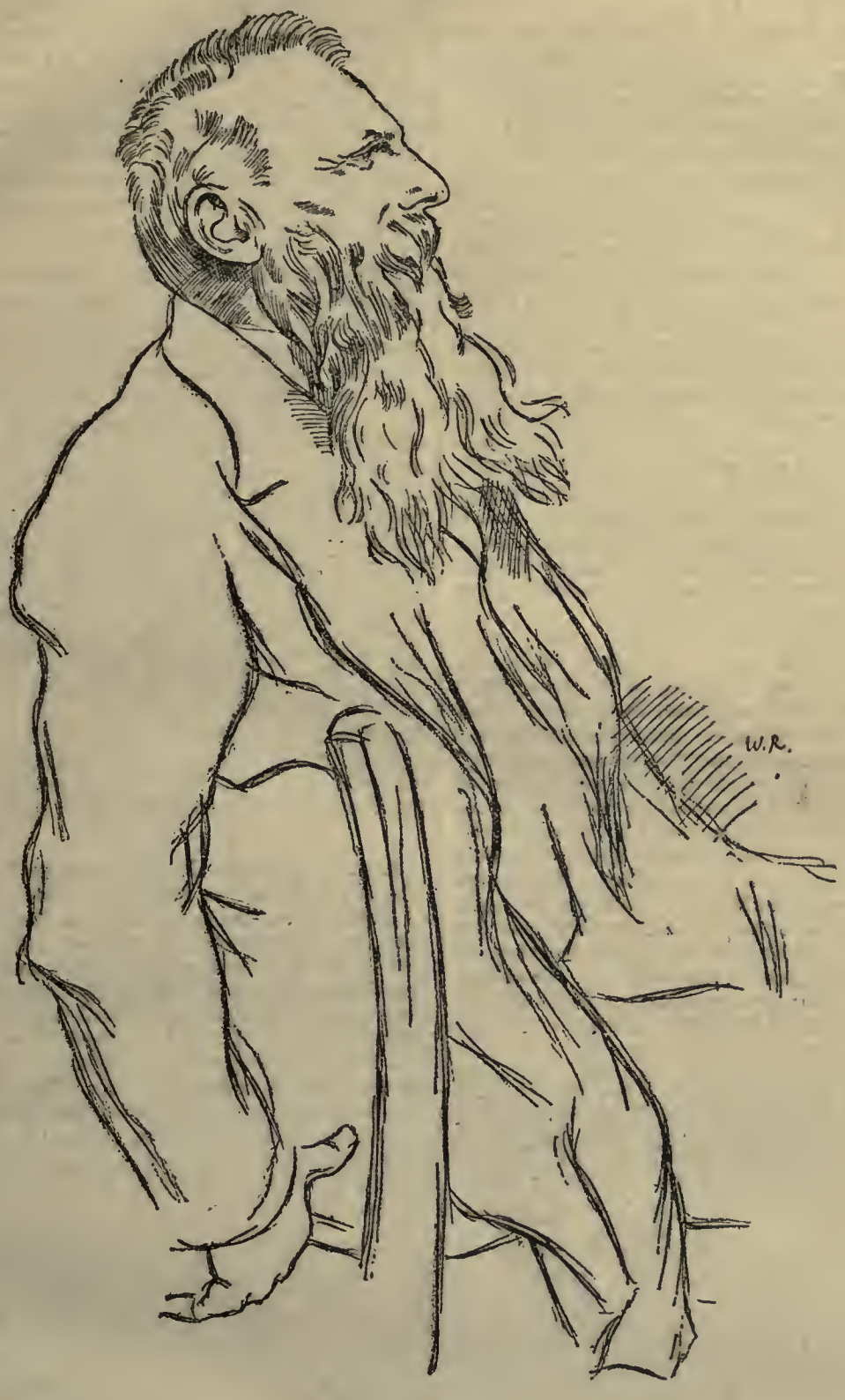
IV.

Rodin explained his work in a conversation which M. Gsell, the well-known critic, has preserved. "I must tell you that I have oscillated during my whole life between the two great tendencies of sculpture, between the conception of Phidias and that of Michael Angelo. I began by following the Classic ideal, but when I went to Italy I was suddenly captivated by the great Florentine master, and my work certainly showed signs of this passion. Since then, especially of late years, I have returned to the Classic." It is the case that Rodin's work towards the middle of his life shows the influence of Michael Angelo very markedly, notably in the *Burghers of Calais*, where we find the same painful effort as in the *Captives* of the Louvre; just as the *Thinker* of the Place du Panthéon, though more agonised, suggests the *Penséroso* of the tomb of the Medicis.

Rodin nevertheless affirms that, as sculptor, he has always implicitly copied nature; he does not even insist on his models posing. This is the habit of all sculptors; but, says Rodin, "by thus violating nature and treating human creatures like dolls, one runs the risk of producing dead, artificial work. As for me, hunter after truth and watcher of life, I take care not to follow their example. I take from the life movements that I observe, but I do not dictate them."

V.

The master is conscious of his genius, and sometimes Parisian taste, which is so subtly discreet, so measured, so inimical to anything the least out of place in a salon, has reproached him with too great a love of advertisement, and a self-esteem almost embarrassing to the mundane vanities of those with whom he comes in contact. Rodin is simple-minded and wise: "Compare me to Rembrandt," said he one day to a friend. "What a sacrilege! How can you dream of such a thing, my friend? Before Rembrandt we must prostrate ourselves; let us set no one beside him!" Even—and this is more difficult to the small-minded—he renders full justice to the great contemporary artists, his fellows. "To think that he lived amongst us!" he murmured, when speaking of Puvis de Chavannes; "to think that this genius, worthy of the most glorious period of art, has spoken to us, that I have seen him, that I have shaken his hand!"




AUGUSTE RODIN, NATUS 1840

# GREAT PREACHERS OF TO-DAY ✦ ✦ ✦ BY E. HERMANN

## I.—THE BISHOP OF LONDON

I.

THE BISHOP OF LONDON: To the man who sees London after William Blake's uncanny fashion, not *with* but *through* the eye, the title conjures up a load of responsibility too grievous, too utterly appalling, to be borne by any mere mortal. To shepherd that vast mixed multitude, of queerly pathetic and more or less hurt and wandering souls, that go to make up his spiritual vision of London is a task no man can face squarely and live. But, both unfortunately and mercifully, the title has long since lost the sharp edge of its first tremendous connotation, and to the average man of to-day the Bishop of London stands for no more than the conventional representative of an established ecclesiastical system no longer "national" in anything more than in name. This attitude may be deplorable, but it is a fact that has to be faced. The average man is not interested in Bishops. They are to him more or less harmless survivals, completely out of relation to his own life, whose only chance of safeguarding their ancient prerogative lies in refraining from its exercise. But if the average man is not interested in Bishops, he is keenly interested in men, and quite ready to ask, even concerning an "ecclesiastical survival," What sort of a man is he?

II.

Not a conventional man, on the face of it, and therefore likely to puzzle, in spite of his transparent singleness of nature. Thus timid Protestants dread him as a "Romaniser," while punctilious Ritualists describe his genuflections as "the merest bobbing," and deplore his blindness to the true inwardness of the Catholic movement, conceived in terms of ceremonial minutiæ. Puritans lament his "worldliness" and the genial ease with which he disports himself at the festive boards of the wealthy. Worldlings relate how, at these same festive boards, he will turn, without any jerk or sense of incongruity, from "a rattling good story" to the most extraordinary of queer talk about "the Grace of God." Bookmen laughingly accord him a place in history as the Bishop with the smallest book bill ever known.

III.

Sticklers for dignity object to the free-and-easy, hail-fellow-well-met air with which he greets not only non-churchgoing, Socialist working men, but "even Nonconformist ministers." Socialists and Liberal thinkers gnash their teeth at his hide-bound ecclesiasticism, and his hopelessly narrow views on such questions as divorce. Through this blur of impressions there comes just one clear, unifying picture of the man—the one picture which has gripped the popular imagination as a whole. It is the figure of the then Bishop of Stepney arraigning the water companies of East London on behalf of a suffering people, and telling how, on a sweltering summer's day, he had to go back half a mile to his house and fetch some of the water he had stored for himself to moisten the lips of a dying slum girl. "Alas for the rarity of Christian charity under the sun," that this kindly act should have bitten into the consciousness of Pagan London as a rare and unforgettable thing!

Dr. Winnington-Ingram is an alumnus of the only school from which a Bishop of London should graduate—the East End. Doubtless he was born with the episcopal soul; but he learnt to possess that soul of his as Head of Oxford House and vicar of St. Matthew's. One doubts if under any circumstances he could have come at a really deep appreciation of intellectual or spiritual subtleties; but what he can appreciate—and that with a sympathy so keen and sensitive as to be almost substitutionary—is that struggle to make ends meet which is the only problem of millions of lives, and the blazing iniquity of the general economic conditions under which "the other half" lives.

IV.

And to-day as Bishop of London, Dr. Winnington-Ingram's work is still nothing more official and statesmanlike than the simple human task of understanding and helping and loving men. As in the old days he Christianised the alienated worker by the sheer warmth and reality of loving goodwill, so in these days he is Christianising the conventional churchmanship of the well-to-do by the same artless magic. He has never made a "problem" of things: he has only tried to help; and that is why he remains the most contagious of optimists. A love that owes nothing to mood or sentiment, and has the driving power of practical ability and administrative passion behind it, can work wonders even in modern London. In the closest and most real touch with its darkest problems, the Bishop is yet the brightest, merriest soul in it. He acts like a splash of colour upon our leaden-grey existence. He enjoys his work—every bit of it and every minute of it. He is in love with life, dips both hands into the stuff of it, and juggles gold out of its very mud. He has a frank relish for all valid pleasure; the most unworldly of men in the deep sense, he need not affect to despise it.

V.

A great preacher Dr. Winnington-Ingram is not. His life has left him little leisure for the cultivation of pulpit gifts, and he has learnt that a man often preaches most strenuously with his teeth shut. Direct and frank he is in the pulpit, with an abundance of homely gesture, and a delightful naturalness which make a popular appeal. Above all, there is indomitable purposefulness. Look and word intend something, and intend it doggedly. Something has got to be proven (though never to the dry intelligence merely), and he proves it so hard that at times the cart goes before the horse. He does not mince matters. His tense, large mouth, piercing eyes, and uncompromising voice tell us that before he has said the thing that crashes into our corrupt respectabilities and pious frauds. His social conscience does not allow him to give the conventional "pew-lounger" a good time. He scourges forward relentlessly, pelts with hot words, cares nothing for verbal artistry, but everything for spiritual and moral effect. At times he fails of this effect by reason of having more temperament than he can adequately express; but sooner or later the sheer driving power of a passionate intention overcomes the paralysis, and sends the shaft straight home. And then, suddenly, when he has spoken his roughest, most shattering word, one divines behind it the love whose sternness guarantees its reality. And one recognises that this downright man, whose pity for "Jenny's case" unlocks the gates of wrath, but breeds no pharisaic hatred of the society which he so fearlessly denounces as her betrayer, has a very real right to be called the Bishop of London.

# THE TRUTH ABOUT CHARLES II ⁂ BY CECIL CHESTERTON

I.

I HAVE just been turning over an edition of Green's "Short History of the English People," which is profusely adorned with illustrations taken from contemporary engravings, woodcuts, portraits, and caricatures. I have, I hasten to add, been looking at these illustrations; not at the book. In truth, they are very much better looking at. Green said nothing that Macaulay had not already said much better; but these pictures say a great many things that both Green and Macaulay conspicuously omitted to say. For instance, there is a representation of the banner of the Covenanters, with the inscription on it of "No quarter." But that is not what I want to talk about.

II.

Among the reproductions in this book I have found a quite extraordinarily good portrait of Charles II. It is from a miniature of Cooper in the Royal Collection at Windsor. I imagine it is not the picture upon which Charles made the famous comment that if he was like that he was an ugly fellow—though it well might be. But I have seldom come across a representation of one long dead that seemed so startlingly convincing. When your eye lights upon it you are sure that just so did he look to those who saw him alive.

III.

It is curious how little things about a man which the historians tend to leave out as personal, accidental, and unimportant change the whole picture when once you get your imagination to grip them and work on them. For instance, I am sure that those who have got a vague idea of Charles II. from the superficial tradition started by his later detractors would naturally think of him as sauntering gracefully through life, and would picture his movements as languorous and even lounging. In fact, he walked at such a break-neck pace that his courtiers panted to keep up with him. I am sure they would conceive him as uttering his polished epigrams in appropriately dulcet accents: they would not associate his personality with a loud voice and a great roaring laugh like Dr. Johnson's. They would feel that such a man as they were thinking of would lie abed late in the morning in soft and luxurious repose. They would not conceive a man who always rose at six, until three days before his death.

IV.

Note again his favourite recreations; how he loved anything that involved working with his hands. Carpentry fascinated him, and he could not rest till he had mastered the craft of ship-building. While his restless brain was keenly interested in the new science which was the fashion of his court, he liked best the manual part of it, dabbling in chemicals or dissecting out tendons and organs. That craving to handle and carve, to deal with material substances in a strong and sure fashion, goes with the same bodily vigour and power of bodily outbreak which were the first things that struck those who actually met the second Charles Stuart.

Yet the fact remains that this very able and very energetic man has left to later ages the reputation of a trifler. That is fact that has to be explained. It is, perhaps, worth while to hazard a guess at the explanation.

V.

To me it always seems that Charles II., with all his brains, with all his vigour of body and mind, and with a great deal that was decent in his character, was spoiled for greatness by the fact that he had no ultimate ties. There was nothing that he quite felt to be worth being great for.

Note with what cruelty fate cut every one of the ties that might have bound him to some purpose or some idea.

His father had been a king—with the great traditions of English kingship. He lost that kingship when the younger Charles was a mere boy, and it never returned. Charles I. rode out of London to set up his standard at Nottingham, the last real King of England. Charles II. returned to London from the Hague a salaried servant of his Parliaments—of the Great Houses. He played the political game against them superbly, and, for the moment, triumphantly. But it was a mere brilliant rally. Kingship had gone down in battle in the previous generation. Charles did not believe in it quite enough to fight for its restoration; and political intrigue, great as were his talents for it, could not make him king, it only made him a highly successful politician.

VI.

As it was with his royalty, so it was with his nationality. He was driven from his country as a lad. Exile, continued until manhood, inevitably made him a cosmopolitan.

Then, he had no legitimate offspring. I am certain that this misfortune was always eating out his heart, and subtly perverting his nature. Had he had a son by his marriage, he would have been a good father—perhaps a good husband too. He lavished tenderness on the children of his loose *amours*, but they could never be to him what a child would have been that could have borne his name and continued his line.

Finally, he had a religion which he sincerely held to be true. The presentation of him which makes him a careless sceptic frightened on his death-bed into piety is certainly and demonstrably false. He was of nature a religious man; but the religion in which he believed he was never till his last hours suffered to profess. He was forced into scoffing as a refuge from hypocrisy.

VII.

Those are the elements of the tragedy of Charles II. It is not always the sovereigns who end their lives on the scaffold whose fate is the most tragic. When all is said, I fancy that Mary Stuart suffered less torments than the Queen who put her to death. And, when I remember all that this man did, and all that he did not do, all that he was, and all that he would have chosen to have been, I am not at all sure that the second Charles Stuart was a more fortunate man than the first—though he was assuredly an abler and probably a better one.

For there were elements of greatness, not only intellectual, but moral, in Charles II. There was magnanimity in him, there was courage. There was charity, and at root not a little humility. Many kings and many subjects have left a very respectable reputation with a less decent moral outfit. Yet so little came of him; he wasted so much, not merely of his substance only, but of his soul.

## THE TRUTH ABOUT CHARLES II

*(continued)*

VIII.

And then I look again at the marvellous portrait of which I spoke at the beginning, and the contemplation of which started me on this train of thought. It shows a dark, ugly, powerful face framed in one of those toppling wigs of the age, which makes it seem even swarthier and more lowering than before. The mouth is large, and at once firm and sensual. It is flanked with deep lines, and its corners are twitched into a half-smile that nothing else in the face reflects. It is a smile of mere irony—certainly not of happiness. The chin is deeply cloven, the jaw square and determined. But the eyes interest me most; one cannot help staring at them; they seem to stare from the page. They are the eyes of a man of genius, and of a humorist. There is irony in them also, but something more than irony, something deeper than irony. I am not sure that I know its name, but I think it is Pain.

Then again, I think of what this man did, but yet more of what he failed to do, of what he was, and of what the deeper part of him wished to be; and again, I look at the imprisoned vitality of the face that stares so convincingly from the pages I have been poring over.

And I am certain that I am right. I am looking at the portrait of one of the least happy of the sons of men.

CECIL CHESTERTON.

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## THE ANSWER OF THE SUFFRAGIST

"WE will die for you in your need, but we will not give you bread,
Nor the wage of bread, though ye seek through the length and breadth of the land,
O Woman, whom we adore!" said the World; and the Woman said:
"This is a hard saying, O World, and we do not understand!"

"But open your doors at least, let us tread an equal way.
Since live we must, we ask no aid; we will fight alone.
For our very daily bread we will fight." But the World said, "Nay,
What will ye do in the mart who should sit crowned on a throne?"

"Alas!" said the Woman; "but thrones we have none, and the years roll by.
Wilt thou keep us then, wilt thou give us aid, lest we spend our youth
Homeless, toiling alone?" But the World said, "Live ye, or die,
For what has the World to do with homeless women in sooth?"

"But ah!" cried the Woman, "World, who adores us, how shall we live,
Since closed is the door of Life, and *thou* hast the key?
Have ye no other gift, no better counsel to give?"
Said the World: "We are old and heavy with slumber; what *has* been, *shall* be."

LADY MARGARET SACKVILLE.

## A NOTABLE FRENCH NOVEL*

I.

THERE is solid satisfaction in hailing the advent of a successful French novel, which is characterised on the one hand by a proper reticence in regard to the *nefanda* of human life, and on the other by rare beauty and refinement, both of tone and feeling and of literary style. To compare this book with the book which, from their common connection with the Goncourt Prize, most obviously challenges it to comparison—the over-praised "Marie-Claire" of Marguérite Andoux—would profit nothing. For, whilst the earlier novel owed much, if not most, of its notoriety to the fact that it was understood to be the work of a sempstress, the later book rests its claim to regard upon literary merits only.

There is about it nothing sensational or exotic, no attempt to pique or stimulate curiosity. For it is, in fact, simply a sober and faithful study of a single normal character, viewed in relation to subsidiary characters, and to its own individual setting or environment. It is true that the author dates this "Story of a Country Gentleman" in the year 1840. But the date seems to me to take away from, rather than add to, the interest of the narrative. For, if we omit one or two incidental references, to bygone modes of travel or of hair-dressing, there is really nothing left which might not be applied to the life of the present day. Be it understood, however, that the life depicted is a very special life—a life in the depths, or wilds, of the country, and of a special country at that: to wit, Le Bocage, which, together with its nobility and their patriarchal relations with their tenantry, has been so well described, as it was at an earlier date, by Madame de la Rochejaquelein.

II.

Monsieur des Lourdines is a landowner, of rather more than middle age, whose energies have been driven inward, rather than drawn out, by the peculiar circumstances of his life. His wife is a self-centred invalid, his son a selfish spendthrift. Neither has early education done much to liberate his character. Yet his nature is deeply affectionate, and demands the warmth of kindly relationships. It is artistic, too, for he is a musician, though without an audience. Under a quaint and somewhat quizzical exterior, he nurses delicate and lofty sentiments, a poet's passion for Nature, a true patriot's love of the soil. There are some respects in which his habits are scarcely above those of the peasantry whose confidence he enjoys, for he will relish a meal in his own kitchen, or turn superfluous space in his own house to account for storing hay.

This story, when all is said, is as brief and slight as it is touching. It is simply that of the man whose code of honour, possibly over-strained, calls him to resign what he most loves. And it is no doubt a weakness in the book that it leaves us unconvinced of the fruitful and abiding character of the spendthrift Anthime's conversion. But it is not upon incident that this book relies for the charm and fascination which characterises its every page. It is rather upon minute and sympathetic analysis of a lovable character, on graphic sketches of peasant-life, on admirable transcripts of the aspects and atmosphere of Nature, and, last, not least, upon a delicate and unfailing literary art.

GEORGE DOUGLAS.

*"Monsieur des Lourdines." Par A. de Châteaubriant. Paris: Bernard Grasset. 1912. English translation. "The Keynote." Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.

# PIUS X.

I.

Everyone knows, or has known, men gifted with no extraordinary talent, but absolutely devoted to their business, who have slowly worked their way through the lower grades, and who, thanks to some lucky chance, have ended by reaching the highest position. This has been the history of the present Pope. The son of poor and honest parents, he was brought up by and for the Church. He drank in its spirit, he made an excellent pupil, an excellent curate. At forty he was still a country priest. His Bishop, having need of a vicar-general, naturally chose this hard-working priest, who knew his theology by heart. The Abbé Sarto made such a good administrator that, nine years later, his Bishop proposed him for the Bishopric of Mantua.

In 1895 Leo XIII., wishing to put an end to the rights of patronage which the Italian Government claimed over the See of Venice, decided to appoint to that See a Churchman against whom the Government could put forward no insuperable objection, and whose appointment they would be forced to accept—compromises such as this being frequent between the Vatican and the Quirinal. The Pope chose Mgr. Sarto, made him a Cardinal on June 12th. Three days later he was proclaimed Archbishop and Patriarch of Venice. Circumstances prevented the Bishop-elect from taking possession of his See for some time, but at length, on November 24th, 1894, the new Patriarch made his entrance into his devoted town.

II.

Eight years later, at the first scrutiny taken at the Conclave after the death of Leo XIII., the votes were divided among ten Cardinals, Rampolla having 24, Gotti 17, and Sarto 5. The Austrian veto having set aside Rampolla, Sarto received an increasing number of votes. His kindly ways and his lack of all ambitious designs rallied to his side the bewildered electors. At the seventh scrutiny Sarto had 50 votes, Rampolla had only 10, and Gotti only 2. The Patriarch of Venice was elected. When he was asked what name he would take, he answered, "Trusting in the support of those holy pontiffs who have honoured, by their virtues, the name of Pius, and who, especially of late, have shown so much courage in the defence of the persecuted Church, I wish to be called Pius!" Thus his mind turned first to the warrior Popes—Pius VI., victim of the French Revolution; Pius VII., the prisoner of Bonaparte; Pius VIII., the enemy of Freemasonry; Pius IX., the Pope of the Syllabus.

III.

Nine years have passed since then. In the recent history of the Church few Popes have suffered, during so long a period, so many insults, so much ridicule. How often have we heard of "poor Sarto"—who forsooth was nothing but a plain country priest, and who had retained the low intellectual level, the cunning and the incapacity of his origin! How many times has he not been compared to his predecessor, the diplomat, whose memory is surrounded with a halo! A low type of anti-clericalism is dominant on the Continent, and its supporters delight in repeating that the Pope is a fool, that the ancient and glorious diplomacy of Rome has failed at last, that the Church is dying. Such things give them pleasure, and further inspire them to continue the fight. But how far do they correspond to the truth?

Pius has at least one characteristic of the country priest, or, rather, of the old type of country priest, which is rapidly disappearing, a strong and simple faith. He certainly has never doubted the divine institution of the Catholic Church. He believes himself to be the successor of Peter and the Vicar of Christ. A strong faith, an absolute confidence in the assistance of the Holy Spirit, the conviction of his own infallibility may have their disadvantages, but they can also inspire a salutary sense of authority, and in dangerous times can carry through successfully difficult negotiations, avoiding the rocks and triumphing in the storm.

IV.

In his first Encyclical (November 4th, 1903) Pius X. gave as his programme "the restoration of all things in Christ"—of course, Christ as understood by himself—Christ as understood by the Papacy—whose image differs from that which has been revered by millions of other Christians, and who differs still more from the historical Christ—this legendary Christ who established a Church, who founded it upon Peter, and who said to Peter, "Feed My sheep, feed My lambs." This programme Pius has laboured incessantly to fulfil.

In order that the ecclesiastical government should be more prompt, more elastic, and better adapted to modern times, he reorganised the Roman Curia—that is to say, the bureaucracy of his spiritual kingdom. He ordered a general revision and remodelling of all ecclesiastical law—an enormous labour, not yet completed, but which has been carried out so admirably that there can be no doubt of its eventual success. He has reformed the education and the instruction of the secular and of the regular clergy, so that the Church may have more capable ministers. And as there exist in the Church "false reformers," sham "modernists," who, having struck out a new line of their own, yet pretend to maintain the continuity of Roman doctrine and tradition, he has reduced them to silence or driven them from the fold.

V.

As to the faithful, he has called them to their one and only duty with a brevity which is entirely apostolic. "The multitude," he has said,* "has no other duty than to allow itself to be led and, like a meek flock, to follow its pastors." The laity are gathered round their Bishops, these in turn surround the Pope, and thus they attain the haven of eternal salvation. Each diocese has to have religious and social activities, which include all the faithful, and in these they are trained, so to speak, from the cradle to the grave—shelters for children, homes for young boys and girls, groups of young Catholics, study circles, associations of workmen, of labourers, of women, whose object is to further piety, or mutual benefit societies, savings banks, etc." Those associations "have to be administered by men who are Catholics, not only in name, but also in deed and spirit, who show in everything the respect due to the Bishop and the Sovereign Pontiff." No one is admitted who might lead the association "out of the narrow path of the Faith." No one unless he is thoroughly orthodox can be elected to their management. These associations must proclaim themselves Catholic. "It is neither straightforward nor right that they should hide their Catholic characteristics, disguising them as if they were damaged or contraband goods."†

VI.

Such is the network of religious and social activities which have to embrace the whole Catholic world, and by means of an extremely detailed inquiry sent to all the Bishops,‡ which they have to answer at set intervals, the Sovereign Pontiff can always know what state his people are in in every diocese.

Marvellous centralisation of the Roman Church! In

* "Encyclique Vehementer," No. 1, February 16th, 1906. "Multitudines officium sit gubernari se pati, et rectorum sequi ductum obedienter."

† Letter from Pius X. to Count Medalgo-Albani, November 22nd, 1905.

‡ "Décret de la Sacrée Congrégation Consistoriale," December 31st, 1909.

## PIUS X. *(continued)*

the Middle Ages, at a time when all Western Europe owned the sway of the Roman Church, national and local usages, rights recognised by lay or spiritual lords, still showed some variety and freedom. Then there existed Catholic unity. Pius seems to be realising the dream of his predecessors—Roman uniformity. Since rapid communication now allows of the immediate transmission of the Papal decrees, since an absolutely obedient hierarchy executes these orders, since a Press carefully organised in all parts of the world can keep these decrees before the public view, one can say that never has the Roman Church known a centralisation so powerful as that which Pius X. has given her.

VII.

"How he deludes himself—that poor old Pope!—worthy of the Middle Ages!" Protestant journalists and anti-clerical writers are heard to exclaim when they read his Encyclicals and Ordinances. And how often have they represented the feeling caused by certain Pontifical restrictions as a check suffered by the Pope! Pius has suffered no check. Certainly, he has not been able to raise the clergy to the moral elevation for which he had hoped, but he has materially reformed them. His decrees, which have caused surprise, and even protest, have become part and parcel of Catholic habits; even those which related to the age of the first Communion, or those which summon ecclesiastics before the tribunals. The decree "Ne Temere," relating to marriage, is carried out even in Ireland and Canada—countries in which, men said, it would arouse serious resistance.

Death can attack Pius X.; age or sickness can paralyse his activity; his name will always stand in ecclesiastical history as that of a great reformer. And when it is remembered that this son of a peasant has slowly won his way through all the degrees of the hierarchy, one can understand, without difficulty, how, having become Pope, he can show himself to be a wise administrator, and how his deep piety has discovered so many ingenious means of remedying the shortcomings which he had witnessed and from which he has suffered. He defended the "Lord's flock" bravely. Has he added to it? Since the success of so many efforts depends on a system of supervision which daily becomes more difficult, one cannot reasonably blame him for not being more successful than Gregory VII. in his attempt to establish a universal theocracy. That he has known how to maintain and to preserve the Catholic Church is sufficient for his glory. ABBÉ HOUTIN.

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## MR. A. J. BALFOUR "AS A PHILOSOPHER AND THINKER"*

I.

NOW that Mr. Balfour has retired from the leadership of his party, it is natural that attempts should be made to sum up his career so far as it has gone. Help in this direction is afforded by the volume of selections from his writings and speeches compiled by Mr. Wilfrid Short. An article in the current number of the *Edinburgh Review* will further assist the reader in understanding the composition of one of the subtlest minds of modern times. We come near to understanding Mr. Balfour if we think of him, with reservations, as a nineteenth-century David Hume. It is not meant that he accepts Hume's conclusions, but that his cast of mind is of the Humian type, analytic and sceptical. Hume reduced the philosophy of his time to chaos by his superb employment of the critical method. He so undermined philosophy by weakening the foundations that the consternation thereby caused drove Kant to the task of reconstructing the science upon an entirely new basis.

In the spirit of Hume, Mr. Balfour, in his "Defence of Philosophic Doubt," deals with the naturalism of modern science. Hume, taking the assumptions of Locke and Berkeley, showed that they could not bear the metaphysical structure erected upon them, and in like manner Mr. Balfour shows the unsubstantial nature of all naturalistic speculations when they are made the basis of a theory of man and the universe.

II.

Having disposed of the scientists, Mr. Balfour, in his latest book, "The Foundation of Belief," directs his critical shafts against German Idealism, as expounded by its Scottish and English advocates. Mr. Balfour has no constructive system of his own. His delight consists in tearing to pieces the constructive systems of other thinkers. Hume was quite content to discredit reason as a discoverer of truth. His agnostic attitude to philosophy he carried over to religion. Mr. Balfour's sense of the seriousness of life prevents him finding repose in the shallow scepticism of the eighteenth century.

Having discredited reason in philosophy and science, he can get from it no guidance in the sphere of religion; consequently, Mr. Balfour is driven back upon a theory which savours of Butler's Probability, as expounded in the Analogy. Mr. Balfour accepts the orthodox system from a feeling of despair of finding anything better. Accepted in this spirit, religion can have no driving power, and the mind is left on the verge of pessimism. And here we have an explanation of Mr. Balfour's political creed. Hume was a Tory because he was sceptical of progress. In his opinion, that form of government was the best which maintained order and kept in subjection the anarchic elements of life. This is the function of Toryism; therefore Hume was a Tory.

III.

For the same reason, Mr. Balfour is a Tory. His negative attitude to science and philosophy he extends to politics. In his Glasgow rectorial address he discourses thus on progress: "The future of the race is encompassed with darkness; no faculty of calculation that we possess, no instrument that we are likely to invent, will enable us to map out its course or penetrate the secret of its destiny. It is easy, no doubt, to find in the clouds which obscure our path what shapes we please: to see in them the promise of some millennial paradise, or the threat of endless, unmeaning travel through waste and perilous places. But in such visions the wise man will put but little confidence; content in a sober and cautious spirit with a full consciousness of his feeble powers of foresight and the narrow limits of his activity to deal as they arise with the problems of his generation." With such a meagre political outfit, with such a pessimistic outlook on human life, Mr. Balfour was bound to become distasteful to the forward section of his party in their desire to recover lost ground with a progressive programme. The Tory party of the day believes in progress in a way of its own, and naturally has no desire to be led by a philosopher, the practical outcome of whose theory of life is political stagnation.

In politics, as in religion and philosophy, Mr. Balfour lacks conviction. His clear, piercing intelligence discovers so many weak points in any system of thought or line of action that his utterances when expounding—not denouncing—a policy teem with qualifications and ambiguities.

[*The Editor does not hold himself responsible for the views expressed in this review.*]

* "Arthur James Balfour as a Philosopher and Thinker." By W. M. Short. (Longmans.)

# THE DREAM OF SAMUEL PEPYS

*December* 1.—Up betimes, and put on my new mulberry breeches and coat, which pleases me mightily. This day, in going abroad, I did see the most amazing of sights I ever did see in my life. All Westminster and the town, so far as I could see, was strange to me, and altered exceedingly, that I could not believe my eyes, but stand gazing with astonishment. All buildings were strange and of a vastness wonderful to behold, and such multitudes of people and vehicles in the streets that I did think a great war must be suddenly broken out. And all people dressed so strangely that it seemeth it must be a great masquerade, or everybody must be mad. I did accost a common lad and did ask him what year this was, to which replied he, who was I getting at? Why, 1912, of course. By which it seems I must be now going out of my right senses, against which calamity God preserve me. 'Tis true no one seemed to notice or molest me, but I was greatly frighted and did return home speedily, and sat gazing from my window the whole of this strange day.

*December* 2.—Up betimes, and ventured forth again, hoping to find that I am now waked, and that yesterday's strange occurrence were but a dream. To my horror I find that it is not, and that London is now a wonderful city such as I have never imagined. What has happened to me I know not, but it seems in some strange way I am arrived in London some 200 years to come. God pity me, for now I know that I am afflicted with witchcraft. But this day I was not so exceeding frighted, and, finding no one molest me or notice me, did go as far as Charing Cross. But, Lord, to see how the place is altered now such as I never could believe. And the houses of such a height that I in mortal fear lest they should fall down upon me. My neck did ache mightily looking up at them. To-day, did stay out till nightfall, and tho' mighty hungry too afeard to get something to eat. And when dark did come, the shops and streets did light up with such a flare of lights that I thought the whole town must soon be a blazing fire. And so, with great fear, home again.

*December* 3.—Up and forth again, still feeling strange, but with less fear than before, and mightily curious to see what this strange place is like; and to further my comfort did put my rabbit's foot in my pocket, which will protect me from evil happenings. So I did now go in my journeyings with more boldness. London, methinks, must now be the richest city ever known, for all the roads and pavements are laid with marble or some smooth stone or other. This is so wonderful to me that I can hardly take my eyes from it, and this day, as I was gazing at it, a tremendous vehicle did rush almost upon me, so that I was like to have been killed. And I was further frighted to see that this vehicle was without a horse, which did strike me dumb with astonishment, until I reflected that as it was certainly moving the horse must be concealed within it. This mishap did so fright me that I entered a place for refreshment, but every victual and drink so strange that I knew not which to choose. A most pretty maid did invite me to have some tea. I knew it not until I remembered that my wife had had some to cure some ill or other. I knew this beverage was mighty dear, but did not like to say anything, for fear the maid should think me a common person, as everybody seems to be of the gentry these days. So I gave her a gold coin, and to my astonishment she gave a great quantity of silver and copper coin in exchange, so I should think there is no drink so cheap as this tea. Except that I scalded my tongue a little, the tea seemed a pleasant refreshment. It seems all shops are kept by the nobility nowadays, for this tea-shop was all of marble tables and fittings, grander than his Majesty's palace almost. So home with my head aching with the ceaseless noise of the town, which nobody seemeth to mind.

*December* 4.—Up and out again, and was exceeding astonished to observe a vehicle going at a very rapid rate, and yet *too small* to have a horse concealed within it. During the day I did observe many vehicles and wagons journeying in this wise, and never a horse that I could see. Some of these vehicles exceeding large and noisy, carrying a great many passengers, but Lord keep me from going on one. It seems true now that these coaches do verily go without horses, and so there must be great dealings with witchcraft these days. It is lucky I have my rabbit's foot safe. I did hardly anything all this day but gaze at these motor-cars, as folk call them. Did have some more tea where my pretty serving-maid is, tho' she is exceeding forward for a serving-maid, yet not unpleasant and mighty handsome.

*December* 5.—This day did venture to stop out late, till the town was well lit up. And such an astonishing blaze of lights, bright and all colours, some forming strange words and pictures on the houses, as I never did see in all my life nor should have believed. And how strange it is to see; nobody seems to think ought of it, nor even looks at these lights. Some of these lights will not blow out or go out with rain or wet, tho' how it is I know not. All the way home down Whitehall there was not a link-boy to be seen, nor was any necessary, it being as light as day by the street lamps.

*December* 6 *(Lord's Day).*—Up, and the town mighty quiet. It seems, then, that the Lord's Day is much as it was in my time. Not a soul to be seen hardly about, which was a great relief to me, and I went a great distance and saw many great streets and fine buildings, quietly and with great content, tho' such a mighty and great place, that I shall never be able to tell in sober language what I see. But, Lord, to see the places all so quiet and shut up did make me think the plague was come again upon us. The streets busier again in the afternoon, when to Westminster Abbey, which is the same as in my day. Dull sermon, and few people at service. Going homeward, I was accosted by a ragged old beggar-woman, a sad sight, for I did not think there were such nowadays. She prevailed on me to purchase some matches, tho' I knew not ought concerning them. Arrived home, I did rub one on the box, as it said, upon which it flashed and made a great explosion of fire in my hand, to my great fright. I did throw the rest away, and now I know that the old beldam was a witch. These days must be very dangerous in some ways, and I am troubled at what may come of this.

*December* 7.—Up betimes, and do now begin to walk very boldly about, and mighty curious to see all I can. With great content of looking at bookshops, tho' the printing of the books be greatly different to mine; yet I can decipher it with little trouble. Some characters mighty quaint, but the beauty of the books nowadays passes all belief. I did ask the price of one with a fine picture on its binding, all done in colours like an oil painting, and it was but a few

## THE DREAM OF SAMUEL PEPYS

*(continued)*

coppers. Indeed, one can purchase a whole closet full of books for less money than it cost for one in the old days. And they do pictures these days such as I cannot think how they are done. I saw some pictures I knew by Lilly done exactly to the painting, yet they were but a few pence.

*December* 8.—To my great surprise, saw to-day what I had not noticed before, that Whitehall Palace was still as it was in my day. And, Lord, to see how small and wretched it seems with such mighty new palaces all round it. But I was so excited to see it, that I did forget myself, and demanded admittance to see the King. A man did make me pay a small coin at a little iron gate, which was strange, methought, and there was nothing within but some strange things I did not understand, except some models of ships and flags very well done. Nobody lives there now, it seems, and I remembered that the people of my day are all dead, which is a sad reflection to me.

*December* 9.—To-day did see a mighty curious monument at Charing Cross, a great pilaster high in the air, very black, with four lions at the corners. It is called Trafalgar Square, and I asked one, To which King is this great monument? And he said Nelson, but I know not who this King Nelson can have been. Again did stay out till the town was all lit, and such a wonderful sight was it, that I never tire of it. At last I came to a great place that was a blaze of lights, and of magnificent proportions, and I asked a lad if this was the King's palace. And says he, No, the King's palace is round the corner; this is the Alhambra. I asked if his Majesty dwelt within, and he laughed and said not half. He did seem to be making mock of me. I saw mighty crowds going into this building, and one informed that it was not the King's palace, but a music hall. I know not what a music hall is, but I think it is a playhouse. I will go to it one night; so to bed.

*December* 10.—Up and out, and thinking of yesterday, what a grand palace a mere playhouse was. I could not imagine what a house the King must live in. So I asked to be directed to the King's house, which was called Buckingham Palace, and was along the Mall. Strange to see the Mall almost as it was in my day, except for the buildings. But when I got to Buckingham House—Lord, what a dull place it seemed, that I could hardly believe my eyes. This is a strange town for the King to live in such a place, methinks; neither is it lit but little at nights. Did walk a great distance in the town, and so home, with snow falling and mighty cold.

This day I did receive another great affright. While walking in St. James's Park, astonished at the great changes all about here, my ears did catch a strange sound in the air, and I observed many folks running and pointing upwards. Whereupon I gazed up, and did see approaching a monstrous bird, yet which did not fly with wings. Then I did perceive it was no bird, but a carriage flying in the air, and did have a man within it. Such fear came over me that I made great effort to be calm without, so that the people should not think me strange. But, Lord, how my knees did tremble, as with ague! How this carriage kept in the air I know not; and I much troubled at the impiety of it, for man was never intended to fly in the clouds.

(*To be continued.*)

## WAITING

SHE could not take the poodle with her to the theatre, so the poodle stayed in the café with me, and together we waited for his mistress.

He took up a position from which he could keep the entrance door in view, and see everyone who came in.

I admired his vigilance, but it struck me as being slightly absurd, for it was just a quarter to eight, and we had to wait till a quarter to twelve.

We sat and waited.

Every passing carriage awoke hopes in his breast, and every time I assured him it wasn't possible. "She can't be here yet," I said. "Don't you see it's quite out of the question?" Several times I murmured to him, "Our kind, charming mistress ——" and this made him sick for longing, and he turned up his eyes to me wistfully. "Is she coming, or isn't she?" he asked.

"She's coming, she's coming, of course," I replied.

Once he abandoned his post, and came and laid his paws on my knee, as much as to say, "Tell me the truth. I would rather know the worst and be done with it."

I kissed him and reassured him again.

At ten o'clock he began to despair, and I said to him, "Dear old boy, don't you imagine that it is not just as bad for me as it is for you? But we must control our feelings."

But he could not control them, and became still more despairing and hopeless.

Then he started moaning softly. "Is she coming, or isn't she?" he asked.

"She's coming, she's coming," I answered, to comfort him.

But he would not be comforted, and now he stretched himself out quite flat on the ground.

He ceased to whine, and fixed his dejected gaze once more on the entrance door, while I leaned back in my chair.

Quarter to twelve! And she came—came with her swift, gliding gait, her sweet, graceful movements, and greeted us both in her cool, self-possessed manner.

The dog whooped and sang for joy, and curveted on his hind legs.

But I helped her to take off her silk opera wrap, and hung it on a peg. Then we all three seated ourselves.

"Did you think I was never coming?" she asked, as indifferently as if she were saying, "How do you do?" or "Yours truly, N. N."

Then she remarked, "The play was simply heavenly. . . ."

I said nothing, only thought to myself. Longing, longing, that gushes from the hearts of men and beasts. What becomes of it? Where does it flow to? Does it take refuge in the universe, as water in the clouds? The air cannot be more heavy with moisture than the world is full of these longings and desires which have flowed forth in rapture and met with no soul ready to absorb them. What is to become of longing, the best and tenderest thing in life, if it finds no soul eager to respond to it, to suck it into itself greedily, and make it part of its own essence and strength? Oh! Longing, Longing, that gushes perpetually from the heart of men and beasts, out into the world, what becomes of you, whither do you flow?

PETER ALTENBERG.

# DEMOS, THE DRUNKEN GIANT

By DR. WILLIAM BARRY

I.

Absolute power always flatters itself and likes to be flattered. Its delight is in adjectives, fulsome, imperial, complimentary to its head and heart. Cæsar and Demos—the Single Person, as Cromwell was described, and Everyman (which I take to be English for democracy) will have this golden cup at their lips all day long, filled with spicy liquor. Well did the poet know that much, when he brought his Athenian Demos on the stage. Sober Nicias doubts whether inspiration is born of wine; but he gets this answer from the sprawling giant:

"I tell you what,
It's a very presumptuous thing to speak of liquor
As an obstacle to people's understanding;
It's the only thing for business and despatch."

Now, what is the daily draught of our modern Everyman, our high-and-mighty Demos, who calls himself the world's master? Though I tremble pronouncing it, I will utter the word—it is Journalism. The printing-press made democracy on a great scale possible. And it threatens to make a sober, wise democracy impossible.

II.

From Aristophanes to Burke and Carlyle the opinion prevailed that a government of the people, "told by the head," was sheer madness. Numbers did not spell wisdom; quite the reverse. A prophet said in his haste, "Everyman is a liar," and he hardly repented. The *hoi polloi* were thought in Greek proverbial language to be scoundrels. Burke once growled an indignant phrase about "the swinish multitude." Carlyle defined his own generation as "mostly fools." When we quote such sayings in the ear of Demos we are bound to smile away their obvious intention, as if they were only the fun of a Gilbert and Sullivan extravaganza. It would be as much as our place is worth to look serious over them in the presence of the sovereign people—the omnipotent, therefore the omniscient, impeccable, infallible, just and kind (dare we whisper in an aside, also the gullible?). Everyman, thus collected and crowned with Cæsar's diadem, is the State which can do no wrong, the Whitehall that educates us, the Cabinet that rules the Commons with a rod of iron, the Golden Horde of financiers that manage the people's money for them. And the voice, the enchanting voice, is that of Journalism, with its hymn of praise while it mixes the liquor, telling Demos not to heed Aristophanes, or Burke, or Carlyle. For is not Everyman the heir of all the ages, and by consequence fittest to survive, inspired to speak and understand oracles? Our giant may drink as long as he will; the cup is inexhaustible. Journalism pours, and sings, and smiles.

III.

Yet the People and their Prophet must be ever the question for all who, loving or hating democratic rule, see it to be inevitable, and want the best they can get. Their giant should have his wits about him. Why should he be a staggering, purblind monster, falling this way and that, a danger to every precious and delicately beautiful thing he stumbles against? Will he never grasp his own problem? It is surely one that gods might undertake with diffidence. What is a crowd in front of cannon, or in a moment of panic? Even that same is an untrained democracy. To be disciplined in such wise that Everyman shall find and keep his place—is not this the one thing needful to popular government, and the most difficult? Who, then, shall teach us how it is to be done? The average journalist, answers England day by day. But, I return, how can you teach if you do not know, and how will you know what is here to be taught without principles, without a sound philosophy of life?

IV.

Let us be fair to the newspaper-man. He does not pretend to have any philosophy at all. He is a seeker after news, not the finder of truth. He works on a treadmill which never has been his property. The vast entrenched monopolies of the world use him, wear him out, and, when he is finished, buy another in open market. Two things are expected of him—to advance the interests of his employers, and to persuade the People that those interests are a national benefit. So he manufactures advertisements, money-articles, leaders, correspondence, the wholesale and retail that make up a great modern daily or weekly paper, to be consumed by the million. Far be it from me to imply that in all this enormous output of mind and pen there is nothing of the true or the Humane. Demos would not taste a draught so nauseous. But to the infinitely clever catches of journalism when it goes a-fishing we cannot add the rare prize of Principle.

There is doubtless a kind of newspaper circulating among the more educated, and there are well-known organs of propaganda, which pursue a definite policy, or which even boast that their aim is distinctly ethical, and therefore revolutionary. But we have to take our journalism as a whole. It usurps the functions once peculiar to the Christian Church, of teaching and informing public opinion. It ought, then, to be in possession of a creed, and to be guided by certain ideals. It has no creed, no ideals, except to interest the crowd by whatever means, to make the largest profits, and to let the world wag as it will

V.

But, oh! my still beloved Demos, when will you digest the wine that you have drunk? You work hard, early and late; you produce all the commodities useful to life that exist in this country, or that serve as exchange for imports of a like nature; and reflect how little of such necessities or luxuries you enjoy. What millions of your families are huddled into single rooms! What massacre of infants is always going on! What filth, disease, and misery your folk wallow in, if contentedly, so much the worse! But I do not find among your unlucky, school-taught myriads the spirit of association much developed which would end these horrors. You are a democracy in name, not in fact. Why do you let yourself be victimised by a terrible system which throws up millionaires at the top and flings off paupers at the bottom? Why do you steep your eyes in the foul offence of the Sunday newspaper? Why are you not awake to the demands of your children for a real education, instead of leaving them to Whitehall, with its pedants and its bureaucrats? If you would only try to reckon up in how many ways you, Demos, are yet a drunken slave—a Caliban, said the late M. Renan, contemplating you disdainfully—perhaps you would begin to think. You have need of journalism, better known as prophecy. The true philosophy of life is even now to be had in wise old books. But reform your printing press, and be not drunken with the dregs of a base liquor, compounded of all uncleanness, distilling at this hour in the columns of unbelief, scepticism, avarice, frivolity, and impurity that are scattered over your land.

Another kind of journalism you may have for the asking. Try it here and now.

# JOHN WESLEY'S JOURNAL BY PRINCIPAL WHYTE

### I.—JOHN WESLEY AS HE IS REVEALED TO US IN HIS "JOURNAL."

Nothing could be better than what Mr. Birrell says of THE JOURNAL in his Essay on JOHN WESLEY. "He began his published JOURNAL on October 14th, 1735, and its last entry is under date Sunday, October 24th, 1790. Between those two Octobers there lies the most amazing record of human exertions ever penned or endured. John Wesley contested the three kingdoms in the cause of Christ during a campaign which lasted forty years. And he did it for the most part on horseback. He paid more turnpikes than any man who ever bestrode a beast. Eight thousand miles was his annual record for many a long year, during each of which he seldom preached less frequently than a thousand times." And Mr. Macdonald, in his excellent Introduction to Mr. Dent's edition, says: "From the time he sailed for Georgia, October, 1735, Wesley's JOURNAL becomes a record of his travels, studies, labours, varied adventures, and intercourse with persons of all kinds, of his views also on questions practical and speculative; and, generally, what had been mainly a religious time-table broadens out into an autobiography."

### II.—AT OXFORD.

In a remarkable letter giving an account of the religious nurture and admonition of her children, John Wesley's mother says, "I resolved to begin with my own children, in which I observe the following method: I take such a proportion of time as I can spare every night to discourse with each child apart. On Monday I talk with Molly; on Tuesday, with Hetty; Wednesday, with Nancy; Thursday, with Jacky; Friday, with Patty; Saturday, with Charles; and with Emily and Luky together, on Sunday." And she began to receive her wages for all that work when Jacky and his brother went to Oxford, and there began such a noble manner of life as led to her two sons and their likeminded companions being nicknamed Methodists, and the Holy Club. That so nicknamed club had this for its constitution and programme of life and service—to read the Greek Testament and the classics together; to converse with young students; to visit the prisons of the city; to instruct poor families on week-days and Sundays; to hold religious meetings in the parish workhouse; to rescue younger members of the University from bad company, and to lead them into a sober and studious life. On Wesley's College life Mr. Birrell has this: "John Wesley received a sound education at Charterhouse and Christ Church, and he remained all his life very much the scholar and the gentleman. No company was too good for John Wesley, and nobody knew better than he did that had he cared to carry his powerful intelligence, his flawless constitution, and his infinite capacity for taking pains into any of the markets of the world, he must have earned for himself place, and fame, and fortune. Coming, however, as he did, of a theological stock; having a saint for his father, and a notable devout woman for his mother, Wesley from his early days learned to regard religion as the supreme business of his life. After a good deal of heart-searching, Wesley was ordained a deacon in 1725, and in the following year was elected a fellow of Lincoln, to the great delight of his father. Whatever I am, said the good old man, my Jack is Fellow of Lincoln." With all his good behaviour, with all his great talents, and with all his hard work, we quite well understand John Wesley when he says in after years that all the time he was laying a foundation of his own beneath the One Foundation that God had laid for him, and for all men, in Zion.

### III.—IN GEORGIA.

In 1735 old Mr. Wesley died, and the Epworth home was broken up. About this time a proposal was made to John Wesley that he should go out on a mission to Georgia, in America, to minister to a body of British settlers there, and to preach the Gospel to the Red Indians around. When he consulted his mother about the proposal, in her widowhood and poverty she replied, "Go! For had I twenty sons I should rejoice to think they were all engaged in such work, though I should never see them more." "My chief motive," said Wesley, as he came to his decision, "is the hope of saving my own soul. I hope to learn the true sense of the Gospel of Christ by preaching it to the heathens."

The pages of the JOURNAL that were written on shipboard are of the deepest interest and importance to the student of John Wesley's inner life. "17th October, 1735. I began to learn their language in order that I might converse with the German emigrants on board." Then follows a circumstantial and most impressive account of his habits of life and work on board ship. But it is in his account of the great storm that fell upon them, and of the way that the several passengers bore themselves in the face of death, it is then that the vivid narrative attains its greatest interest and value to us. The Moravian pietists from Germany contrasted nobly with the English passengers all through that terrible storm. "When the sea broke over us, split the mainsail in pieces, covered the ship, and poured in between the decks as if the great deep had already swallowed us up, the Germans sang psalms all the time, while the most terrible screaming came from the English."

> "God is our refuge and our strength,
> In straits a present Aid;
> Therefore, although the earth remove,
> We will not be afraid.
> Though hills amidst the seas be cast;
> Though waters roaring make
> And troubled be: yea, though the hills
> By swelling seas do shake."

From that day to the day of his death German piety and German preaching took a great hold of John Wesley's mind and heart. So much so, that some of his greatest attainments in the spiritual life, and some of his most powerful and fruitful preaching, are all seen to have had their first beginnings away back in that heart-searching and faith-testing storm on the Atlantic Ocean.

Humbled and self-emptied by the result of his Georgian experiences, Wesley returned home in 1738. "I saw no fruit of my labours. It could not be, for I neither laid the true foundation of repentance nor of preaching the true Gospel. In one word, I did not preach faith in the blood of the covenant." One thing his Georgian JOURNAL discovers to us: the extraordinary clearness of his eye, and the extraordinary soundness of his judgment in treating of the lives of men and of the conditions of human existence. Those pages of the JOURNAL that deal with the agricultural and the horticultural and other external conditions of life in that province read like the report of a competent emigration commissioner, or that of an able consul giving to the home government a complete account of the country put under his charge. All through his wonderful JOURNAL we come on the same clear eye and strong head that first revealed themselves to us in Georgia. Let this suffice for a specimen: "1776. In travelling [preaching remember] through Berkshire, Oxfordshire, Bristol, Gloucestershire, Worcestershire, Warwickshire, Staffordshire, Cheshire, Lancashire, Yorkshire, Westmorland and Cumberland, I diligently

## WESLEY'S JOURNAL *(continued)*

made two enquiries: the first was concerning the increase or decrease of the people; the second, concerning the increase or decrease of trade. As to the latter, it has, within these two last years, amazingly increased, in several branches in such a manner as has not been known in the memory of man; such is the fruit of the entire civil and religious liberty which all England now enjoys! As to the former, not only in every city and large town, but in every village and hamlet, there is no decrease, but a very large and swift increase. One sign of this is the swarm of little children which we see in every place." And so on, all through these four open-eyed volumes till we often call to mind Mr. Birrell's words: "Had John Wesley carried his powerful intelligence, and his infinite capacity for taking pains, to any of the markets of the world, he would have earned for himself peace, fame, and fortune." As it was, what he did earn all the world knows.

*(To be continued.)*

## ZARATHUSTRA

### ON READING AND WRITING

Of all that is written I love alone that which the writer wrote with his blood. Write with blood, and you will learn that blood is spirit.

I hate the reading loafers. . . . That everybody is allowed to learn to read spoils, in the long run, not only writing, but thinking.

Mind was once God; then it became man; now it is becoming a mob.

He who writes aphorisms with his blood does not want to be read, but to be learnt by heart.

There is always a madness in love; but there is always a reason in madness.

### ON FRIENDS

If you would have a friend, you must always be ready to wage war with him; and in order to wage war, you must be capable of being an enemy.

Your friend should be your best enemy. You will be nearest him in heart when you resist him most.

Have you ever seen your friend asleep, so as to learn what he is like? . . . Were you not terrified to see your friend looking like that?

Are you fresh air and solitude and bread and tonic to your friend? Many who cannot escape from their own chains can release their friends.

If you are a slave you cannot be a friend; if you are a tyrant you cannot have friends.

And in the love of woman there is injustice and blindness towards everything that she does not love. Even in the surest love of woman there are surprises and thunderstorms under cover of night.

In woman both slave and tyrant have been hidden too long. Thus woman is not yet capable of friendship; she is capable only of love.

Women have no more idea of friendship than cats or birds.

. . . Those half and half ones, who neither learnt to bless nor curse from the bottom of their soul.

—Nietzsche.

## THE BURNING OF MOSCOW

### By COUNT DE SEGUR

*(Aide-de-Camp to Napoleon)*

I.

Napoleon did not enter Moscow till after dark. He stopped in one of the first houses of the Dorogomilow suburb. There he appointed Marshal Mortimer governor of that capital. "Above all," said he to him, "no pillage! For this you shall be answerable to me with your life. Defend Moscow against all, whether friend or foe."

That night was a gloomy one: sinister reports followed one upon the heels of another. Some Frenchmen, resident in the country, and even a Russian officer of police, came to denounce the conflagration. He gave all the particulars of the preparation for it. The Emperor, alarmed by these reports, strove in vain to take some rest. He called every moment, and had the fatal tidings repeated to him. He nevertheless intrenched himself in his incredulity, till about two in the morning, when he was informed that the fire had actually broken out.

II.

It was at the Exchange, in the centre of the city, in its richest quarter. He instantly issued orders upon orders. As soon as it was light, he himself hastened to the spot, and threatened the young guard and Mortimer. The Marshal pointed out to him some houses covered with iron; they were closely shut up, still untouched and uninjured without, and yet a black smoke was already issuing from them. Napoleon pensively entered the Kremlin.

At the sight of this half Gothic and half modern palace of the Ruriks and the Romanofs, of their throne still standing, of the cross of the great Ivan, and of the finest part of the city, which is overlooked by the Kremlin, and which the flames, as yet confined to the bazaar, seemed disposed to spare, his former hopes revived. His ambition was flattered by this conquest. "At length, then," he exclaimed, "I am in Moscow, in the ancient palace of the Czars, in the Kremlin!" He examined every part of it with pride, curiosity, and gratification.

III.

Two officers had taken up their quarters in one of the buildings of the Kremlin. The view hence embraced the north and west of the city. About midnight they were awakened by an extraordinary light. They looked and beheld palaces filled with flames, which at first merely illuminated, but presently consumed, these elegant and noble structures. They observed that the north wind drove these flames directly towards the Kremlin, and they became alarmed for the safety of that fortress in which the flower of the army and its commander reposed.

IV.

At this sight, a strong suspicion seized their minds. Can the Muscovites, aware of our rash and thoughtless negligence, have conceived the hope of burning, with Moscow, our soldiers, heavy with wine, fatigue and sleep, or, rather, have they dared to imagine that they could involve Napoleon in this catastrophe: that the loss of such a man would be fully equivalent to that of their capital: that it was a result sufficiently important to justify the sacrifice of all Moscow to obtain it? It was at this moment that the furious flames were driven from all quarters towards the Kremlin; for the wind, attracted no doubt by this vast combustion, increased every moment in strength. The

## THE BURNING OF MOSCOW *(continued)*

power of the army and the Emperor would have been destroyed, if but one of the brands that flew over our heads had lighted on one of the powder wagons. Thus upon each of these sparks that were for several hours floating in the air depended the fate of the whole army.

Most of us imagined that want of discipline in our troops and intoxication had begun the disaster, and that the high wind had completed it. We viewed ourselves with a sort of disgust. The cry of horror, which all Europe would not fail to set up, terrified us. From these thoughts and paroxysms of rage against the incendiaries we were roused only by an eagerness to obtain intelligence. All the accounts, however, began to accuse the Russians alone of the disaster.

IV.

All had seen hideous-looking men, covered with rags, and women resembling furies wandering among these flames, and completing a frightful picture of the infernal regions. These wretches, intoxicated with wine and the success of their crimes, no longer took any pains to conceal themselves. They proceeded in triumph through the blazing streets: they were caught armed with torches, assiduously trying to spread the conflagration.

It was necessary to strike down their hands with sabres to oblige them to loose their hold. It was said that these banditti had been released from prison by the Russian generals for the purpose of burning Moscow; and that, in fact, so grand, so extreme a resolution could have been adopted only by patriotism and executed only by guilt.

Orders were immediately issued to shoot all the incendiaries on the spot. The army was on foot. The old guard, which exclusively occupied one part of the Kremlin, was under arms; the baggage, and the horses ready loaded, filled the courts. We were struck dumb with astonishment, fatigue and disappointment, on witnessing the destruction of such excellent quarters. Though masters of Moscow, we were forced to go and bivouac without provisions outside its gates.

V.

While our troops were yet struggling with the conflagration, and the army was disputing their prey with the flames, Napoleon, whose sleep none had dared to disturb during the night, was awoke by the twofold light of day and of the fire. His first feeling was that of irritation, and he would have commanded the devouring element; but he soon paused, and yielded to impossibility. Surprised that when he had struck at the heart of an empire he should find there any other sentiment than submission and terror, he felt himself vanquished and surpassed in determination.

This conquest, for which he had sacrificed everything, was like a phantom which he had pursued, and which, at the moment when he imagined he had grasped it, vanished in a mingled mass of smoke and flame. He was then seized with extreme agitation: he seemed to be consumed by the fires which surrounded him. He rose every moment, paced to and fro, and again sat down abruptly. He traversed his apartments with quick steps; his sudden and vehement gestures betrayed painful uneasiness; he quitted, resumed, and again quitted, an urgent occupation, to hasten to the windows and watch the progress of the conflagration. Short and incoherent exclamations burst from his labouring bosom. "What a tremendous spectacle! It is their own work! So many palaces! What extraordinary resolution! What men! These are Scythians indeed!"

VI.

Between the fire and him there was an extensive vacant space, then the Moskwa and its two quays; and yet the panes of the windows against which he leaned felt already burning to the touch, and the constant exertions of sweepers, placed on the iron roofs of the palace, were not sufficient to keep them clear of the numerous flakes of fire which alighted upon them.

At this moment a rumour was spread that the Kremlin was undermined: this was confirmed, it was said, by Russians and by written documents. Some of his attendants were beside themselves with fear; while the military awaited unmoved what the orders of the Emperor and Fate should decree. And to this alarm the Emperor replied only with a smile of incredulity.

VII.

But still he walked convulsively; he stopped at every window, and beheld the terrible, the victorious element furiously consuming his brilliant conquest; seizing all the bridges, all the avenues to his fortress, inclosing, and, as it were, besieging him in it; spreading every moment among the neighbouring houses; and, reducing him within narrower and narrower limits, confining him at length to the site of the Kremlin alone.

We already breathed nothing but smoke and ashes. Night approached, and was about to add darkness to our dangers; the equinoctial gales, in alliance with the Russians, increased in violence. The King of Naples and Prince Eugene hastened to the spot. In company with the Prince of Neufchâtel, they made their way to the Emperor, and urged him by their entreaties, their gestures, and, on their knees, insisted on removing him from this scene of desolation. All was in vain.

VIII.

Napoleon, in possession of the palace of the Czars, was bent on not yielding the conquest, even to the conflagration, when all at once the shout of "The Kremlin is on fire!" passed from mouth to mouth, and roused us from the contemplative stupor with which we had been seized. The Emperor went out to ascertain the danger. Twice had the fire communicated to the building in which he was, and twice had it been extinguished; but the tower of the arsenal was still burning. A soldier of the police had been found in it. He was brought in, and Napoleon caused him to be interrogated in his presence. This man was the incendiary: he had executed his commission at the signal given by his chief. It was evident that everything was devoted to destruction, the ancient and sacred Kremlin itself not excepted.

The gestures of the Emperor betokened disdain and vexation; the wretch was hurried into the first court, where the enraged grenadiers dispatched him with their bayonets.

## ANNOUNCEMENT OF CONTENTS OF THE FOURTH NUMBER

In the next number of EVERYMAN Principal Whyte will continue his interesting article on Wesley's Journal, and Monsignor Benson will contribute an article entitled "Westward Ho!" Mrs. Sidney Webb writes on the "War Against Poverty," and her wide experience in social work and her knowledge of the masses lends to her article a special importance. Professor Sarolea will discuss "Why Living is Cheaper in France than in England." The number will also give its readers a continuation of "The Dream of Pepys."

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# MOLIÈRE AND MR. SHAW

By ERNEST RHYS.

I.

A FRENCH appreciation of George Bernard Shaw which dubs him straight off and in the very title of the book, "Le Molière du XXe. Siècle"* is clearly more than another sign of the *entente*. M. Hamon, the author, has every reason to know his Shaw well, since he and his wife have been at work translating him for some time, and doing it with an almost uncanny intelligence. A few summers ago the present writer, during a visit to Port Blanc, on the north Breton coast, had the fortune to make M. Hamon's acquaintance in his own abode, which has a very strange name—*Ty an Diaoul* (Devil's House)—so called, I believe, in order to flaunt the superstitious, and defy the religious, traditions that hold fast in the neighbourhood. M. Hamon himself is not exactly to be described, however, as a devil's advocate. Rather he is a devotee, a ferocious humanitarian, a professed anti-militarist, a tender lover of most things which the dark spirit is believed to hate. True, one day he appeared with a gun, and that might suggest Chouan ideas; but he was only going to shoot rabbits, which he probably looks upon as a kind of vegetable. When we discussed Mr. Shaw, his enthusiasm was impressive; and now it is all down on paper in this remarkable book, which first reached this table in MS. a year or two ago, and on a second acquaintance seems even more of a portent.

II.

Apart from its bold, comparative idea—which is hardly to be sustained, seeing that Molière worked from the inside of comedy, while Shaw too often elects to laugh outside—the book is vital biographically, and it is written with a lucid pen and immense conviction. M. Hamon has the sense of the *milieu*, and has cared to envisage his man apart from the dramatic and Fabian issues. His opening has some personal glimpses not unlike others we have had, it may be, but used in a significantly telling fashion. He speaks of the early days in Dublin and the characteristic first London beginnings—at the time when Irish poets like Mr. W. B. Yeats were still unknown, and when, as one recalls, a Sunday night supper at William Morris's house in Hammersmith could be a symposium of incompatibles, with both Mr. Shaw and Mr. John Burns of the number. He tells how Science as well as Art touched his hero: how at first Mr. Shaw helped to induct the telephone; studied Helmholtz and Wagner; eschewed beef and mutton, and became a vegetable eater. He leaves out nothing of importance, the probation as musical critic on the *Star* included, and the writing of a book of prophetic manifesto, "The Quintessence of Ibsenism," in 1891, on the eve of the founding by Mr. Grein of the Independent Theatre. Then came, just as the new theatre was at its wits' end for a new dramatist, the first play, "Widowers' Houses," which saved the situation, and made Shaw famous and, for a time, infamous.

III.

This does not bring us to Molière. But M. Hamon is working towards it. He tends to believe that the comic spirit is justified of itself on the stage when, being kindled by the absurdity of the habitual life and the humbug of everyday ethics, it produces its flame of laughter and explodes the windbag. But in his parallel between the theatres of Molière and Shaw, interesting and stimulating as he makes it, he overlooks one cardinal discrepancy between the two men. If you see or read "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," you are left with the feeling that comedy there was rich, hearty, constructive and recreative. But when you see or read a typical Shaw play, you laugh consumedly at the discords he makes, and you rejoice in his infernally clever art in turning the counters upside down, but you are left without any sense or vision of the humane deliverance to follow.

IV.

This is, I suppose, why a recent too ingenious critic in an Italian paper was led to say that Mr. Shaw was the last word of the British bourgeoisie and the final fulfilment of its ugliness. That is an extravagance. It would be fairer—pushing to extreme M. Hamon's contention that what Shaw really cares about is ideas, and that his theatre is the theatre of ideas—to say that Molière recreates men and women in the spirit of comedy, whereas Shaw has, with four or five brilliantly alive exceptions, only disintegrated them as real beings, or criticised them, humanly and inhumanly, to pieces. This is why, in the end, one is obliged to differ, too, from M. Hamon when he speaks of the beauty of Shaw's theatre, or when he decides that Shaw is a man not of to-day but of to-morrow. There is no beauty in or of Shaw's theatre; he has deliberately eliminated it. Beauty in art is akin to that romance which he thinks anathema, but which does project a vision of the future, painted from the memories of wild life and delightful life and great adventure in the past. Mr. Shaw is a man of to-day, a great medicine-man; and to-morrow will take care of itself; and if a French parallel were wanted, a much more stimulating one than that with Molière would be that with Voltaire, as Mr. Lodge suggested the other day; in which we could play off the Candide of the Gallic, against the Candida of the Celtic, satirist.

* Figuiere et Cie., 7, Rue Corneille, Paris. 3fr. 50.

* * *

# THE SERVILE STATE.

MR. BELLOC'S new book, entitled "The Servile State" (Foulis, 1s.), should be read by everyone who is interested in the ultimate issue of the political and social changes of the day. Its thesis is, briefly, that the existing state of society is in process of gradual conversion, not into a Socialist State, but into what he calls a Servile State—that is, a State based upon the permanent division of its citizens into free and unfree, and the legal compulsion of the latter to work for the profit of the former.

In maintaining this thesis Mr Belloc begins by pointing out that the original basis of European civilisation was servile, and that it remained servile until the Christian Faith, by its indirect operation, converted the slave into an owner. Later Mr. Belloc shows—and this is a most important part of his thesis—that this system was broken, not by the industrial revolution, which, as he says, fell upon a society already capitalist, but by a series of attacks upon it, beginning in the sixteenth century and completely victorious by the eighteenth.

Following upon this historical summary Mr. Belloc examines the condition of society to-day and the proposed remedies, and shows that they all tend to the servile solution. Especially interesting in this connection is his criticism of Socialism. He shows that, while the Socialist theoretically asks for the transfer of property from private to public ownership, no attempt is ever made to give practical effect to this demand, which is inevitably canalised into a demand for the regulation of the relations between capital and labour—that is, for the recognition of two classes of citizens, each with a status defined by law, which is the necessary basis of the Servile State.

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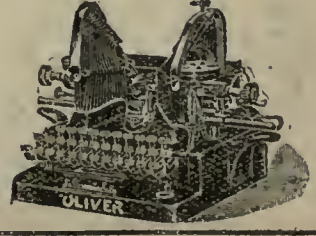

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Notwithstanding Dostoieffsky's supreme greatness, it may be questioned whether, outside those two works, the Russian writer will ever be as universally read in this country as Tolstoy or Turgeniev. Mr. Lloyd tells us that "he will be accepted finally as the Russian voice of the nineteenth century." I am afraid this expectation is not likely to be realised. Dostoieffsky is a Russian of the Russians. To understand a book like the "Brothers Karamazov" implies an acquaintance with the conditions of Russian life which few Englishmen can be expected to possess. On the other hand, Dostoieffsky is too depressing, too morbid, as well as too chaotic, ever to attract the ordinary student, who will be rather disposed to accept the more critical estimate of Prince Kropotkin in his "Ideals and Realities in Russian literature" than the enthusiastic glorification of Mr. Baring and Mr. Lloyd.

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### II.

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To the thoughtless, the easy-going, or the very young man this question may at first glance seem an insult.

Such a one would answer in an off-hand sort of way: "Why, I am in Business—I am a Business man. I know all about Business—or I ought to do so."

Aye, there's the rub. He *ought to do.* But does he?

Let me put the same question to you.

How much do you know about Business? Unless you are a rare and brilliant exception, you will probably own, after a mortifying self-examination, that it is precious little indeed of sound Business knowledge that you really know—confidently and surely enough to bank on.

Yet without this Business knowledge your chances of doing well for yourself in the business world are very poor ones indeed. With it there is

**No Position You Cannot Aspire To.**

Now, what do you know about Business? For instance, do you understand Book-keeping thoroughly? Could you draw up a balance-sheet? Do you understand a profit and loss account? Do you know when recovery of book debts is barred?

Do you know the law as it specially affects your own particular trade, business or calling? Do you know anything at all about manufacturing? Do you know how to figure depreciations? How to check leakage? Do you understand time-keeping systems?

Do you know much about the Income Tax? Do you know Company Law? Do you know all about County Court Business, Judgments, etc.?

Yet these matters are Business Knowledge. And if you want to make money in business you must either know them or know where you can get authoritative and complete and up-to-date information concerning them. What are you to do? You must get the "Business Encyclopædia."

You cannot do without it, whether you are an ambitious young man on the threshold of your commercial life, or a mature business man who dreads that he may be crowded out of the Business fight owing to the present-day stress of competition.

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"Something has been said of the fact that the publishers advertise that their Balzac is 'unexpurgated.' This is of the utmost importance. The charge that a translator 'betrays' is justified where there is a prurient attempt to modify and alter phrases in the interest of Mrs. Grundy. Nothing can justify that. When face to face with a great classic we want the book as near as possible as the author presented it.

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## By T. SHARPER KNOWLSON

**(Pelman Instructor),**

***Author of "The Art of Thinking," "The Education of the Will," etc.***

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To be candid, I am not surprised, nor are the Directors of the School, for they spent much time and money in producing a really interesting and profitable course of mind and memory training. There is nothing dry and overpoweringly technical in these lessons; we teach efficiency by means of the things that form part of a man's ordinary life—his reading, his walks abroad, his conversation, even his games at cards.

I am going to show you what a specimen day's work in the Pelman School is like—a pen-picture of some of our pupils as they appear to us from their correspondence and exam. sheets.

Before me is a pile of exam. sheets fresh from the industrious pens of many pupils.

Here on the top is one from a clerk, who entered for our course of general mental training; he wants to make the best of himself and his chances. His weak point is mind wandering. He says in a note: "I sit down to a book or to work out some figures, and almost immediately I begin to think of something else. I bring myself round again, but in a minute I am off wool-gathering. Can you help me?" We can, and we do.

The next paper is from T. Q. M.—those are not his initials, but they will suffice. He is an M.D. of a great University, and an honours man at that. What is his trouble? No trouble at all really. As an educated man, he knows there is a best way of doing everything, and in organising a hundred and one details respecting the duties of a busy hospital life he wishes to adopt the method that is most efficient.

We are teaching him that method, and he is working out an application of it for his own benefit. In a little while he will be able to remember every detail respecting the patients who pass through his hands; all particulars of medicines and operations will file themselves away in his brain, ready for use at an instant's notice. Efficiency is important for the medical man—just as important for us.

A lady teacher comes next. She has just concluded Book 12, the last of the course. To the test questions she has returned admirable answers; and to the final question (as to definite results) she replies that one of the things she has valued most, next to Mr. Pelman's technical help, is the truth that the sense of fear is the most destructive force in the world. I am glad to notice his, because of its truth and because to realise it makes life a different thing altogether.

The day moves on. Luncheon is over—tea time comes—the pile of papers to be examined has decreased; the end, for the time being, is in sight. I have been dealing with doctors, lawyers, engineers, directors, managers, shop assistants, apprentices, miners, school teachers of both sexes, and many more. As the last paper leaves my hands, I begin to wonder why even more than the thousands who have passed, and are passing, through the school do not enrol for the Pelman Course. Is it because advantages are so numerous that they have become stale? Many pupils tell us that they wish they had had many years ago the benefits our course offers to them; they would then have had many more chances of success.

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# CORRESPONDENCE

## A PROTEST BY ARNOLD BENNETT.

*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

DEAR SIR,—I have been reading the singular article on myself signed "C. S." in your first issue.

The writer states that I have "deliberately chosen to suppress" my autobiography, and he gives the reason: "Mr. Bennett . . . naturally prefers to divert attention from the indiscretions of his youth." "C. S." has no justification for such a statement. It is untrue. The book was remaindered years ago by the publishers, who now probably regret their rash act as much as I always did. If it has not been reissued in England the fault is not mine. I am, and have been, very anxious to restore it to the public. Unhappily, I have not been able to inspire the publishers with my own enthusiasm for a very honest piece of work of which I shall never be ashamed. The publishers control this book. I have reissued it in America, and for years past I have included it in the list of my works which appears at the beginning of all my books. By the way, "C. S." is wrong in supposing that it has "almost entirely escaped the notice" of the critics. It has been utilised in scores of articles about me by scores of critics English, American and French.

The writer further states: "On the risky subject of 'La Maison Tellier,' Maupassant only dares to give us a short story; Bennett has given us the longest of his novels." This statement is scandalously untrue. The subject of "La Maison Tellier" is the licensed brothel and its inmates. Will any reader of "The Old Wives' Tale" come forward and assert that the subject of "The Old Wives' Tale" is the brothel? It is true that a couple of prostitutes appear in the novel as subsidiary characters, but the single episode in which they are concerned occupies forty pages out of nearly six hundred. If "C. S." has read "The Old Wives' Tale" he has a treasonable memory which unfits him for his task as a critic. If he has not, then how shall his conduct be described? Perhaps he has not read it. (He misquotes the very title twice.) In the face of it he says that the comic not the tragic "aspect of humanity" appeals to me. Conceivably "The Old Wives' Tale" may gradually become known as a comic work! Indeed, I should like to know what works of mine "C. S." really has read. He says that I am "never conscious of a moral purpose," and that I have "no exalted moral ideals," and no "didactic purpose." It does just happen that I have published four purely didactic books concerning the right conduct of life. One might almost suppose that "C. S." has read no book of mine except my autobiography. It is difficult to believe that he has read even his own article, which is full of absurd contradictions. For example, in one column I "always maintain a high artistic ideal." But in another column my "scale of literary values is primarily so many pounds per thousand words."

"C. S." amplifies this insult thus: "Those who, like the present writer, have the profoundest admiration for his magnificent gifts, will be most sincere in their regret that he should have sold his birthright as a man of genius for a mess of pottage." It appears that I helped to write "Milestones" "mainly to make money." "C. S." is here guilty of another serious libel. The basis of his accusation is that in 1901, when I was poor and needed an advertisement for my realistic novels, I spent, on my own confession printed at that time, a trifling portion of my leisure in writing plays for money and notoriety. (They were the best plays

## CORRESPONDENCE *(continued)*

I could then write.) On the strength of this candour, he asserts that "on my own admission," in 1911, when I had a great deal of money (for an artist) and more than enough notoriety, I wrote "Milestones" "mainly to make money and to win the kind of fame which is convertible into hard cash." This is the worst libel.

"C. S." ought to be ashamed of himself.

Perhaps I may be allowed to remark, as pertinent to the subject, that though I have not suppressed my autobiography, I have suppressed my early plays, none of which has ever been performed. I have been told by pained experts in these markets that in suppressing them I have incidentally suppressed at a moderate computation some forty thousand pounds.

I make no comment on other gross offences in "C. S.'s" article, and I should not have deigned to offer even this limited protest did I not deem it my urgent if unpleasant duty to do so, and had I not a certain regard for the editorial ideals of EVERYMAN.—I am, sir, etc.,

ARNOLD BENNETT.

14, St. Simon's Avenue, Putney, S.W.,
October 18th, 1912.

## REPLY TO MR. ARNOLD BENNETT.

*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

DEAR SIR,—I very much regret that my article should have inflicted pain and given offence to an eminent man of letters for whom I entertain, and for whom in that very article I have expressed, the most profound admiration. I also regret that my paper should contain one statement which, as Mr. Bennett proves, is not correct, and another which is misleading. These two statements I unreservedly withdraw, and for these I tender my most sincere apologies.

(1) I state in my article that Mr. Bennett, "after publishing his autobiography, has deliberately chosen to suppress it." I reasonably inferred that so fascinating a book by so famous an author could only have been withheld from the public for nine years because the author himself chose to withhold it. But my inference is obviously not correct. It is Mr. Bennett's publishers, and not Mr. Bennett himself, who for some mysterious reason have refused to republish a work of which Mr. Bennett himself anxiously desired a reissue.

(2) I state that "The Old Wives' Tale" deals with the same subject as Maupassant's masterpiece, "La Maison Tellier." Mr. Bennett is quite right in protesting against this misleading assertion. In comparing Mr. Bennett to the greatest short-story writer of France, I meant, of course, to be complimentary, and the lavish praise which I give to the novel could certainly not be interpreted as an insult. At the same time, I admit that the phrase objected to is undoubtedly misleading. It is true the episode referred to seems to me the central and most impressive episode in the novel, and the decisive one in the life story of the heroine, and that its consequences affect the whole second part of the book. But the fact remains that the episode itself only occupies forty pages.

(3) In calling Mr. Bennett a "typical business man of letters," and in dwelling on the preoccupation of the money problem, I have only quoted Mr. Bennett's own words. It might be fairly argued that the author must not be taken too literally, and that Mr. Bennett has not done himself justice. And certainly an author who, like Mr. Bennett, refuses to put on the stage early plays which do not satisfy him, and who thus, as he informs us, has sacrificed forty thousand pounds


# "The World Is After All Not Going to the Devil."

**A remarkable letter sent to the Editor of PUBLIC OPINION by that distinguished artist, Sir Hubert Von Herkomer, runs in this way:**

# SIR HUBERT VON HERKOMER AND PUBLIC OPINION

Dear Sir,—It gives me great pleasure to tell you how your paper, PUBLIC OPINION, answers a purpose in my life. Although I read a great deal, I find it impossible to keep abreast of the trend of higher thought that is going on around me, which can only be gathered from various articles and letters in newspapers, and articles in magazines. But your paper gives me the assurance that I miss nothing which would be of use to me in the train of thought upon which I may just be engaged, and seldom does a weekly issue of PUBLIC OPINION appear from which I cannot cull some useful suggestion. As a lecturer on Art, I need all the suggestions on life that I can get into my hands, for I treat art in all its phases popularly. From PUBLIC OPINION I get to know certain modern authors with whose methods of thinking I am in sympathy, and those I follow up further. Your paper does me the service to point to them.

Your selection of current thought is worthy of all praise, for it gives one the wholesome feeling that the world is, after all, not going to the devil, but contains thinkers and good men and women.

I wish you, with all my heart, continuous success with your paper. Yours very truly,

(Signed) HUBERT VON HERKOMER.

## OBJECT OF PUBLIC OPINION.

Now the object of PUBLIC OPINION is, while focussing the opinions and news of the week as given in the world's best newspapers and magazines and books, to emphasise those movements and opinions which are becoming important, and which promise to loom large in the future.

PUBLIC OPINION emphasises the fact that there is news in ideas as well as in the ordinary facts of life—for ideas rule the world: and is always on the look out for the hopeful thing and the helpful thing, the men and the women and the movements and the opinions which tend to lift the world forward.

# PUBLIC OPINION

Edited by PERCY L. PARKER.

TWOPENCE WEEKLY.

# The Art of Self-Expression.

Speaking approximately, only one person in every hundred develops his capacity for success. The remaining ninety-nine plod along, enjoying but a fraction of the pleasure and personal prestige which might easily be theirs.

In the social world, thousands desirous of being popular fail, not because they lack social qualities, but because they do not know how to use them. They sit glum and awkward because they do not know what to say or how to say it. It is just this knowledge that is the secret of Social Success.

A well-known author has conceutrated in a series of private lecture lessons all there is to know about the rules of self-culture, social progress, the development of your self-expression, and practical common-sense methods of making the best of yourself and your personality.

No handbook ever published contains the exclusive information given in this unique course of postal training.

The student who studies this spare-time self-culture course enjoys the advantages of personal correspondence with the author, and his advice on all matters likely to promote his social progress and prosperity.

If you care to write the Secretary, Practical Correspondence College, 77, Thanet House, Strand, W.C., stating your present aims and needs, and any other particulars about yourself, he will send you a booklet all about this Course, which has done so much for so many and may be as useful to you.

Any way, you risk nothing, and it costs nothing to receive this interesting and descriptive little brochure, and it may mean so much for your future.

The Practical Correspondence College also conducts Courses of Postal Training in Advertisement Writing, Black and White Illustrating, Poster, Showcard, and Magazine Cover Designing, Press Photography, and Journalism.

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# DECEIVED BY DIABOLUS!

The well-known proverb should read: "God sends the Food, but the Devil sends the Saucepans," which boil and wash out the valuable salts, tonics, natural aperients, and life-giving essences of meat and vegetables, which are designed to revitalise and re-invigorate body and brain. On account of this "washed out" method of cookery, many suffer from "Brain Fag," Dyspepsia, Insomnia, Neuralgia, and Anæmia, seeking relief in drugs, stimulants, narcotics, and quack nostrums, in a vain attempt to make up for that which, in folly, has been thrown away. But the evil has been overcome at last by the aid of a Simple, Scientific, and Conservative Cooker, which conserves all the vital essences of Meat and Vegetables. This Cooker is called—

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The Boilerette will make Tough Meat tender and digestible, and Old and Cheap Fowls more tender and delicious than expensive Chickens cooked in the ordinary way.

## THE COOKER THAT LOOKS AFTER ITSELF.

You simply put a complete dinner in the Boilerette, go right away and leave it to take care of itself. When you are ready to dine, it will be found beautifully cooked, ready to serve. Please Note.—These Boilerettes can be left for hours without attention.

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## CORRESPONDENCE *(continued)*

to satisfy his literary conscience, cannot be said to write in a mercenary spirit.—I am, sir, etc., C. S.

October 21st, 1912.

## THE FUTURE OF THE CHURCHES.

*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

DEAR SIR,—All readers of EVERYMAN will feel deeply grateful to Mr. R. J. Campbell for expounding in such eloquent language the vital question of the Union of the Churches. Many thoughtful readers will agree, however, that he has contributed little towards its solution.

Mr. Campbell believes in meetings and gatherings and discussions. Has he not yet discovered that Congresses rather tend to increase religious differences than diminish them? Has his own practical experience not taught him the futility of Congresses for the noble object he has in view? Has he forgotten that the World Congress of Religion in Chicago, which was wonderfully organised, proved so disastrous a failure that it has never been repeated?

On the other hand, Mr. Campbell makes the insistence on dogmas and creeds responsible for the religious divisions amongst men. I beg entirely to differ from him. Men are divided, not because they believe too much, but because they believe too little. Religious impotence is due to religious anarchy, not to religious dogmatism. Indeed, the only Church that is more efficient and more powerful than all the others together—I do not examine whether she uses her power for good or evil—is the Roman Catholic Church. And that is because she is the one dogmatic Church. It is probably for that very reason that Mr. Campbell ignores her marvellous influence.

In this connection I may point out that Mr. Campbell entirely misreads the religious situation of the Continent. In the most intellectual country of Europe, namely France, the Roman Catholic Church is certainly more powerful to-day than she has been for the last fifty years. The premier literary review of the world, *La Revue des Deux Mondes*, is under Catholic influence. The most popular weekly, *Les Annales Politiques et Littéraires*, which is the representative organ of the cultured middle class, would not dare to publish an article with an anti-Catholic bias. Half of the members of the French Academy are professed Catholics.

Do those facts agree with Mr. Campbell's astounding assertion that "men of intellect, especially on the Continent, are almost ashamed to be known as associating themselves with the practice of religion."—I am, sir, etc., SCOTUS NOVANTICUS.

Jedburgh, October 21st, 1912.

## THE NEGLECT OF GERMAN.

*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

SIR,—I have just finished reading the first number of your excellent periodical, to which I became a subscriber the moment I heard of its existence, and its perusal stimulates me to make two observations.

The first is about the neglect of German. I took my degree in the Classical Tripos of 1860. It was the custom at that time for every graduate, who was or wished to be distinguished, to go to Germany and make himself thoroughly acquainted with the language. One of our favourite resorts was at a pension at Dresden.

Anyone visiting this pension in the summer or early autumn would be certain to find there the flower of

## CORRESPONDENCE (*continued*)

young Cambridge, and Oxford as well, gathered within its walls. Alas! few of these are alive to support my testimony. I do not pretend to be specially a German scholar, but during the first twenty-five years after taking my degree I read more in German than any other language. This was the result of a purely classical education. Now, when classical training is decried and education has become modern, German is ignored. The time saved from Greek and Latin has gone into science and sport.

The second observation is about my dear friend Oscar Wilde. When I went to Oxford, in 1876, to stay with my old pupils, George Barnes and W. R. Paton, Barnes said to me, "There's a man at Magdalen named Wilde, who is very anxious to make your acquaintance. He says that he has heard you so much abused that he is sure you must be a most excellent person." He then added, "He's the man who said he wished that he could live up to his Blue China." So that M. Mazel's story is older than he imagines. The friendship thus begun continued to Wilde's death.—I am, your obedient servant,

(Signed) OSCAR BROWNING.

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## THE REAL NEWMAN.

*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

SIR,—In the criticism of Newman in the number of EVERYMAN dated October 25th, M. Houtin remarks upon the narrowness of his attitude at the time of his secession to the Roman Church. He bases this estimate upon the fact that for Newman the whole question turned upon the validity of the Anglican claim to apostolical succession. But surely this is not narrow: or, if it is, then what are we to say of such things as the split between Catholic and Orthodox, or the crisis of the English constitution? For these matters hung upon even smaller technicalities than apostolical succession. The Eastern and Western Churches finally divided on the question of the insertion of the word Filioque in the Nicene Creed, while the whole fabric of the English constitution once depended on whether the royal power could be said to be "over and above," or merely "out of" the law. Such technicalities are trivial in themselves, but they often signify momentous changes. And it is a matter of considerable importance whether or no sacraments administered by the Anglican clergy are valid, which Newman believed to be impossible if the apostolical succession had been broken.

Besides, the stress laid on this very question indicates that he was already, while in the English Church, a Catholic in spirit. And how great a gulf has yet to be spanned before the Vatican is reached by one in this position—a gulf created solely by technicalities—can only be appreciated by those who have stepped across it.

The last two sentences of M. Houtin's article are not a little provocative—at least, they are dogmatic. The progress of science, and the spirit of the rising generation as shown in the universities, seems more likely to refute than to confirm the incompatibility of scientific research with orthodox belief. It is not yet proved that orthodoxy *is* the "past," or science the "future." The pendulum of the young life of England—at the present—is swinging far out in the direction of Rome—a fact which does not seem to alter either their belief in science or their logical abilities.—I am, sir, etc.,

CATHOLIC.

Balliol College, Oxford, October 25th.


## GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY FOR INVESTORS.

**10%, 15%, 20% Return, instead of Paltry 4%**

Dwindling Incomes and Shrinking Capitals have lately been the rule rather than the exception.

Consequently the prudent Investor is reconsidering his position. He is not content to watch his Income slowly fade away into nothingness, neither is he content with a 4% return when, with greater security, he can obtain 10% or more.

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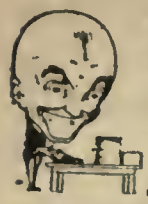

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Anethan, Baroness Albert D'. "Fourteen Years of Dramatic Life in Japan." (Paul, 18s.)
Barclay, F. L. "Through the Postern Gate. (Putnam, 6s.)
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Barker, J. Ellis. "Modern Germany." (Smith, Elder, 10s. 6d.)
Beach, Rex. "The Net." (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.)
Begbie, Harold. "The Lady Next Door." (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.)
Benson, E. F. "Mrs. Ames." (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.)
Bradley, A. G. "The Gateway of Scotland." (Constable, 10s. 6d.)
Bradley, J. Fovargue. "Nonconformists and the Welsh Church Bill." (Pitman, 1s.)
Bradstock, Burton. "Not at Grubbin's." (Lynwood.)
Blake, William. "Songs of Innocence." (Dent.)
Cambridge "History of English Literature." Vol. viii. (University Press.)
Cantley, C. Holmes. "The Weaving of the Shuttle." (Duckworth, 6s.)
Carlyle of Inveresk, The Autobiography of Alexander. (Foulis, 6s.)
Clercq, Pierre le. "The Enchanting Mysteries of Kathleen Carter." (Grant Richards, 6s.)
Crane, Walter. "Robin Hood." (Jack, 7s. 6d.)
Châteaubriand, Alphonse de. "The Keynote." A Translation. (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.)
Comfort, Will Levington. "Fate Knocks at the Door." (Lippincott, 6s.)
Courlander, Alphonse. "Mightier than the Sword." (Fisher Unwin, 6s.)
Crockett, S. R. "The Moss Troopers." (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.)
Cockburn, Lord. "Memories of his Time." (T. N. Foulis.)
Dix, B. M. "The Fighting Blade." (Holt, 6s.)
Doyle, Conan. "The Lost World." (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.)
Dubois, L. Paul. "Contemporary Ireland." (Maunsel, 3s. 6d.)
Duckworth, F. R. G. "From a Pedagogue's Sketch Book." (Fisher Unwin, 5s.)
Figgis, Darrell. "Studies and Appreciation." (Dent, 5s.)
Forster, Mary Ansell. "Happy Houses." (Cassell, 6s.)
Fortescue. "The Royal Visit to India." (Macmillan, 10s. 6d.)
France, Anatole. "Bee, the Princess of the Dwarfs." (J. M. Dent, 7s. 6d.)
Frazer. "The Golden Bough." 2 vols. (Macmillan.)
Garvice, Charles. "Two Maids and a Man." (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.)
Gilbert, W. S. "The Gondoliers." (Bell, 3s. 6d.)
Gouldsbury, Ellen. "Songs Out of Exile." (Fisher Unwin, 3s. 6d.)
Gouldsbury, C. E. "Life in the Indian Police." (Chapman and Hall, 7s. 6d.)
Gran, Gerhard. "Jean Jacques Rousseau."
Grant, Sybil. "The Chequer Board." (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.)
Gregory, Trans. by Lady. "The Kiltartan Moliere." (Maunsel, 3s. 6d.)
Hackwood, W. Frederick. "William Hone: his Life and Times." (Fisher Unwin, 10s. 6d.)
Harraden, Beatrice. "Out of the Wreck I Shall Rise." (Nelson, 2s.)
Hone, Percy F. "Southern Rhodesia." (Bell, 6s.)
Innes, A. D. "The History of the British Nation." (Jack, 3s. 6d.)
Kauffman, Reginald. "Daughters of Ishmael." (Swift, 6s.)
Kennedy, J. M. "English Literature, 1880-1905."
Lamb, Charles. "All the Tales from Shakespeare." Two vols. (Heinemann, 21s.)
Lang, Mrs. Andrew. "Men, Women, and Minxes." (Longmans, 7s. 6d.)
London, John O'. "London Stories." Vol. I. and II. (Jack, 6s. per vol.)
Littlewood, S. R. "The Story of Pierrot." (Herbert and Daniel.)
Lloyd, T. A. F. "A Great Russian Realist."
Lumbrose, A. "Napoleon."
MacLean, Donald. "John Scarlett." (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.)
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Macauley, Rose. "The Lee Shore." (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.)
Mason, A. E. W. "The Turnstile." (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.)
Montessori, Maria. "Montessori Method."
McCabe, Joseph. "Goethe." (Nash, 15s.)
Napier, Rosamund. "Tamsie." (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.)
Nicoll, Sir W. Robertson, LL.D. "The Problem of Edwin Drood." (Hodder and Stoughton, 3s. 6d.)
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(*Continued on page* 98.)

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Life depends upon the liver, that great secretory and excretory organ, which stands sentinel over the blood, but which, sometimes, alas! falls asleep at its post.

When the liver becomes torpid and inactive the physical symptoms are easily read. The tongue becomes rough and furred, the white of the eye takes on a dirty yellow hue, the eyes themselves ooze water at intervals or continuously, sometimes there is actual pain in the right side of the abdomen, often there is headache or a feeling of numbness and pressure in the brain, the whole body seems to curl up and lose all its vigour and elasticity.

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Any doctor will tell you that exercise is the best liver tonic in the world.

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Palmer, John. "The Censor and the Theatres." (Fisher Unwin, 5s.)
Rice, Alice Hegan. "A Romance of Billy Goat Hill." (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.)
Richardson, John. "In the Garden of Delight." (Harrap, 3s. 6d.)
Richards, Grant. "Caviare." (Grant Richards, 6s.)
Rosegger, Peter. "The Forest Farm." (Fifield, 2s.)
Reynolds, Mrs. Baillie. "A Makeshift Marriage." (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.)
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Shott, Beatrice. "Rosemary and Rue." (Sidgwick and Jackson, 6s.)
Schofield, Lily. "Elizabeth, Betsy, and Bess." (Duckworth, 6s.)
Steuart, John A. "The Rock of the Ravens." (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.)
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Strindberg, August. "Legends." (Melrose, 5s.)
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Tempest, Evelyn. "A Rogue's March." (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.)
Vance, Louis Joseph. "The Bandbox." (Grant Richards, 6s.)
Virgil. "The Aeneid." Trans. by Foster. (J. M. Dent.)
Wallace, Mackenzie. "Russia." (Cassell, 12s. 6d.)
Walpole. "Lettres à Horace Walpole." Three vols. (Methuen, 63s.)
Ward, Wilfred. "The Life of Cardinal Newman." Vols. I. and II. (Longmans, 36s.)
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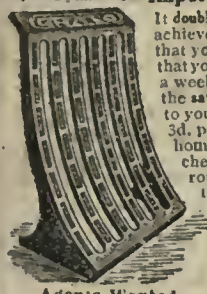


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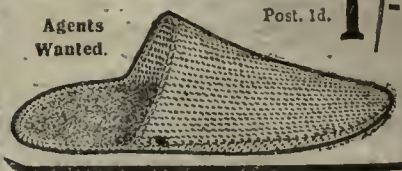

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# EVERYMAN

**His Life, Work, and Books.**

No. 4. Vol. 1. [REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O.] FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1912. One Penny.


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ARTICLES

BY

1. MGR. R. H. BENSON
2. SIR JOHN BRUNNER
3. MRS. SIDNEY WEBB
4. PRINCIPAL WHYTE


## HISTORY IN THE MAKING

### NOTES OF THE WEEK.

WITH the crushing defeat at Lule Burgas vanished the last hope of Turkey's success. It was more than a defeat; it was a rout. "Nothing like it since the retreat from Moscow," is the comment of the enterprising correspondent of the *Daily Chronicle*. During the terrible days of one of the most sanguinary battles in history, 40,000 of the flower of the Turkish Army fell, and 75 of their guns were captured. A Constantinople telegram puts the figures at 20,000 men killed and wounded. The Bulgarians, who seem to have fought with a valour positively irresistible, paid dearly for their victory. On the list of the Ministry of War there are 4,000 dead and 20,000 wounded. The Turkish troops made a stubborn resistance, but at all points the soldiers were hampered by insuperable obstacles. The commissariat and transport services were hopelessly bad; the artillery was no match for the superior guns of the Bulgarians, and the men, weak with want of food, could do nothing to check the tremendous rush of the enemy. The troops, broken and disorganised, have fallen back in the direction of Constantinople, where the last scene in the terrible tragedy of blood and war will be enacted.

In despair the Ottoman Government has invited the Great Powers to interfere. France, in agreement with other Powers, notably Great Britain and Russia, has informed Turkey that her overtures cannot be accepted until she submits definite proposals with regard to conditions of peace, and guarantees for their fulfilment which could be accepted by the Allied States.

The Allied States, for their part, declare that the conditions of peace must be settled with Turkey direct. Flushed with success, the Balkan Armies are naturally anxious to reap the fruits of victory. Meanwhile, as a precautionary measure, warships of the Great Powers have received permission to pass the Dardanelles, *en route* to Constantinople. This has had a reassuring effect on the Europeans in the capital.

On Saturday, King Peter made his triumphal entry into Uskub, the ancient capital of Servia. In reply to loyal addresses, his Majesty assured the late Turkish mayor that the Turkish inhabitants would be unmolested under the new *régime*.

The Greeks are still having a run of success. They won a great battle on the way to Monastir, they have occupied Preveza, which capitulated, and in the course of their march on Salonika they routed a force of 25,000 of the enemy, capturing fourteen guns.

The new situation created by the war has completely upset the calculations of the diplomatists, who are now endeavouring to find a basis for the common action of the Powers. It is stated unofficially that M. Poincaré proposed that the Powers should accept the upsetting of the territorial *status quo* in the Balkans, and agree to the restriction of Turkish sovereignty to Constantinople and the region about the capital, Austria-Hungary, with the support of Germany, it is understood, would not assent to the terms of the French proposal.

The dispute between the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the doctors has been advanced another stage. The Council of the British Medical Association have issued to the divisions and representative body its report on the present position of the medical profession in relation to the National Insurance Act, and on the future action to be taken. In view of the meeting to be held on the 19th and 20th inst., representatives are to be asked whether they will refuse service under the Act or accept under certain conditions.

Particular interest attaches to the Layard Collection which is to be added to the National Gallery, inasmuch as it contains a portrait of Mehemet II., the Sultan who took Constantinople in 1453.

The Admiralty have contradicted the reports which have been circulated as to the mobilisation of his Majesty's ships. No movement of ships in home waters is in contemplation.

An action involving a Constitutional point of great importance has been decided in the Chancery Division by Mr. Justice Parker. Mr. Gibson Bowles claimed against the Bank of England the return of £52 10s., which had been deducted as income-tax from dividends due to him before the Finance Act of the year had been passed. The Judge held that income-tax cannot be deducted from dividends until there is an Act of Parliament authorising it. Judgment was therefore given for Mr. Bowles, and the Bank ordered to pay his costs.

This week the House of Commons in Committee dealt with the important question of the composition of the Irish House of Commons. Following upon the decision to apply proportional representation election to the Irish Senate, a proposal was made to elect the Irish House of Commons by the same method. The proposal, which took the form of an amendment, and which was supported by Mr. Balfour, Mr. Bonar Law, and Mr. T. M. Healy, was rejected by 265 votes to 162. An amendment to reduce the number of representatives was also rejected.

With reference to the statement that the Chinese Government had decided to accept the protest of the six-power group and some of the Legations against the declared intention of the Government to allot a portion of the salt revenue as a guarantee for the payment of the Crisp loan, the Chinese Minister has issued an important correction. Nothing, it is stated, has happened to impair the security of the loan. Out of deference to the protest, the Chinese Government have decided to offer Mr. Crisp some other security. Other revenues have been allotted, to be applied monthly.

The speech of Lord Roberts on Anglo-German relations and on the possible danger of a war with Germany has been provocative in more senses than one. It has provoked no end of replies, both from platform and Press. Following the protest of the Anglo-German Conference comes a strongly worded resolution passed at a meeting of the Council of the International Arbitration League. The Council regards an Anglo-German understanding as the keystone of a lasting European peace, and assures the people of Germany that Lord Roberts speaks for a small section of fanatical militarists, whose violent language is a measure of their failure to place the yoke of conscription on the shoulders of the British people. At a gathering of Germans in Manchester, special reference was made to the speech, which was described as harmful to the good understanding between the two nations. Their friends in Germany were assured that Lord Roberts's words did not reflect the opinion of the majority of English people.

The dear meat agitation in Germany is giving the authorities considerable trouble. The endeavour of the Berlin municipality to provide an adequate supply of Russian meat at reasonable prices is being thwarted by the Berlin butchers. They refused to sell the meat, on the ground that it is of poor quality, and, moreover, does not allow them as much profit as the sale of German meat. This difficulty was being surmounted, when trouble arose from another quarter. A number of the German slaughterers in the Warsaw slaughtering-house, which has been taken over by the Berlin municipality, have gone on strike.

## SYNDICALISM *

As an economic theory and as a practical remedy for the evils of the existing industrial system, Syndicalism, so far, has not commended itself to workers in this country. Trade Unionism is a long-established institution, and Socialism boasts of an increasing number of adherents, but Syndicalism makes few converts. Syndicalism had a momentary popularity during the period when the workers made an attempt to give practical effect to its theory of a general strike. But the actual experience of the miners' strike has led to a change of attitude on the part of the more sensible Labour leaders, who are now placing their hopes on Parliamentary action as the true method of raising the status of the working classes—the very methods which M. Sorel, the French apostle of Syndicalism, so vigorously denounces. The English artisan, unlike his French comrade, does not trouble himself with theories which do not work in practice, and therefore he is in no mood to listen to those enthusiasts who advocate Syndicalism as a short cut to the millennium. Those, however, among the workers who are curious enough to study Syndicalism will find competent guidance in Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's book. As distinguished from Socialism, which would place in the hands of the State the instruments of production and distribution, Syndicalism asks that each industrial group of workers should control the instruments of production which it uses—the railwaymen the railways, the miners the mines, and so on. How is this control to be secured? Socialists hope to achieve their ends by means of political control. By repudiating political methods, Syndicalists are driven to revolutionary methods. The first step is the general strike, which is revolution at the passive stage. Prolong the general strike long enough, and it reaches the active stage—rioting and general turbulence—which brings the military upon the scene. The end may easily be predicted. Suppose Syndicalism triumphed, what of the industrial organisation of the future? "Oh, but," say the Syndicalists, "the general strike is not to be taken seriously." To use Sorel's now famous metaphor, it is "a myth," calculated to fire the imagination of the workers and produce solidarity—just as "the myth" of the approaching end of the world fired the imagination and produced solidarity among the early Christians. But there is this great difference—had the early Christians been told they were dealing with a myth and not a coming reality, their imaginations would not have been fired, nor would solidarity have been produced. Tell the worker that the general strike is "a myth," but that, all the same, he is to treat it as a method of securing his emancipation, and, in this country at least, he will turn and rend those who try to make him play the fool. Mr. J. H. Harley, in his book on Syndicalism in the sixpenny series of Messrs. Jack, puts some pertinent questions on this head which must be answered if Syndicalism is to be other than sheer economic mysticism.

Falling back upon the intuitivism of Bergson, M. Sorel would have us believe that the ramparts of capitalism can be rushed by the great body of workers with no definite plan of campaign, but simply animated by the intuitive belief that the millennium lies along the path of unreasoning enthusiasm. The fundamental defect of Syndicalism lies in its substitution of passion for thought in the creation of a complex industrial order.

* "Syndicalism." By J. H. Harley. The People's Books. (Jack.)
"Syndicalism." By Ramsay MacDonald.
"Syndicalism and the General Strike." By Arthur D. Lewis. 7s. 6d. (Fisher Unwin.)

# WESTWARD HO! By Monsignor R. H. Benson

## PART I.

### I.

There are few books in the English language so deservedly well known, so finely written, so brilliantly descriptive, so passionately patriotic, as Charles Kingsley's "Westward Ho!" It treats of the most stirring period in English history, of the days of Drake and the Armada; its scene is set in the West Country; and it is full of fighting and navigation, of treasure ships and gallantry: it is exactly the kind of book that appeals to romantic boys, and is admirably framed to colour their thoughts and to persuade them by the most subtle of all arts. It is all the more regrettable, therefore, that the whole underlying plan of the book should be that of a polemical religious tract, and its main religious portraiture and argument fallacious and abusive.

It is probably true that in books that are to appeal to patriotism, it is necessary to represent the fatherland as altogether sublime and praiseworthy; "Westward Ho!" is no exception. From the beginning to the end England is God's own country, and its children are worthy of it: their very faults are nearly admirable; Amyas Leigh's anger against the Spaniard is just, though excessive. . . But it ought not to be necessary to belittle or misrepresent the honour of England's enemies, still less that of her children who do not share the religious or political views of their critic. Certainly there are one or two moments of chivalry even among the Spaniards; there is even one tolerable Spanish priest; but, for the rest, the Spaniards are all cruel and devilish, and priests, especially English priests, liars and knaves. For very shame the author has made John Brimblecombe, the parson, ridiculous once or twice, but has taken pains to show him gallant and sincere as well; but Campion and Persons—both of whose names are misspelt throughout—are always ridiculous, except when they are villainous.

### II.

Now if there are two figures of the Elizabethan period about whom we happen to know a good deal, it is these very Jesuits. Both of them lived in England at peril of their lives; both were scholars and gentlemen; Campion, a convert of Oxford, was an exceptionally fine orator, and of such a personality that his disciples and fellow-students gave him an almost adoring hero-worship. Upon his capture he was racked a number of times to compel him to reveal the names of his co-religionists, and was finally half-hanged and disembowelled at Tyburn, when a word of yielding would not only have reprieved him, but set him in a place of high honour. The two men were complementary one to the other—Persons, a deep and cautious organiser; Campion, the ardent preacher; Persons, the experienced man of designs; Campion, the warm-hearted agent. Yet their portraiture in "Westward Ho!" classes the two together as absurd, snivelling, Puritanical skulkers, always futile, always seen through and foiled by honest, deep-hearted Englishmen. There was no need, we are told, for them or their fellows to hide at all; but priests "found a sort of piquant pleasure, like naughty boys who have crept into the store-closet, in living in mysterious little dens in a lonely turret, where they were allowed by the powers that were to play as much as they chose at persecuted saints." The two are always making grotesque fools of themselves: they have "thin shanks," their swords get between their legs, they tumble down, they are run away with by horses, and cry aloud in Latin meanwhile; they are perpetually plotting and absolving and cheating their stupid dupes. The Catholic gentry fare little better: they "give up a son here, and a son there, as a sort of sin-offering or scapegoat, to be carried off to Douay or Rheims or Rome, and trained as a seminary priest; in plain English, to be taught the science of villainy on the motive of superstition." So was Eustace Leigh sent off, "to be made a liar of at Rheims"; he was also a coward and a villain. And this in the days of Topcliffe the tormentor, and Walsingham the unscrupulous!

### III.

Now if Charles Kingsley really believed that all men who refused to be bullied or cajoled into accepting Protestantism must be unpatriotic Englishmen (he makes a grudging exception of Lord Admiral Howard, by the way, who commanded the English fleet against the Armada), and that the object of seminary training was to make men liars, he is justified in saying so. But he is not justified in misrepresenting their religious faith and practice, as he does repeatedly. For example, for the furtherance of their designs, Campion and Persons and Eustace Leigh go to the Protestant service one day. Now this was the very thing offered to prisoner after prisoner as the price of his release. If a Catholic would "go to church," he was troubled no more either by fines (amounting generally to £20 per month) or by torture or death. "Old Daddy Long-legs," says a nursery rhyme of the sixteenth century, "wouldn't say his prayers." That was his crime. Again, there is an amazing paragraph about the confessional. Father Campion demands to hear Eustace's confession instead of the chaplain. "Poor Father Francis" (seminary priests, by the way, unlike Religious, did not use the title "Father") "dared not refuse so great a man, and assented with an inward groan, knowing well that the intention was to worm out some family secrets, whereby his power would be diminished, and the Jesuit's increased." Eustace is finally absolved from no crime except that of being in love—(he is under no vows, by the way, that would make this a sin)—and then entreats Father Campion to come and see the lady, and "judge whether (his) fault is not a venial one." "My son," says the priest, "have I not absolved you already?" This is worthy of Paternoster Row at its worst. Surely the writer must have known that for a priest to worm out family secrets, with a view to using his knowledge and increasing his power, would itself be a crime and a sacrilege. Or, knowing it, did he intend to blacken Campion, who died later for his faith with extraordinary heroism, even further?

### IV.

These are two of the worse blunders. But there are innumerable others. A man dies after making his confession, unabsolved when a word or two would have done it, and Father Persons fatuously says, "Confession *in extremis* is sufficient." A layman brings "the wafer," contrary to Catholic practice, and assists as interpreter of the confession; while a strong Protestant declares, "I can't stand this mummery any longer." A bishop is hanged, entreating for time to make his confession, and, instead of being absolved by a priest who accompanied him, is exhorted by him to confess to God only; (the bishop, of course, is a fat, over-eaten libertine). An amazing letter is given *in extenso*, entitled at the top, "*S. in Christo et Ecclesia*," in which it is said, of such sins as "lying, theft, drunkenness, vain babbling, profane dancing, and singing," "what of these things while the holy virtue of Catholic obedience still flourishes in their heart?" And ends, though it is supposed to be written by a priest, with language worthy only of a Puritan hypocrite in the time of the Commonwealth.

## WESTWARD HO! *(continued)*

Spaniards fare no better. They are, in every place, the persecutors and slayers of Indians; they baptise children, and then brain them in order to send them to heaven; while the English, of course, are the saviours and protectors of the poor savages throughout; and this in spite of the fact that, roughly speaking, in America at the present day, wherever the Latin nations have had dominion, the Indians have survived and flourished, and wherever the English-speaking race has prevailed, the Indians have approached extinction. The Spaniards are the seducers always, and the English the rescuers, of damsels in distress; the Spaniards are the aggressors, and the English the defenders. Drake's piracies are represented either as playful exuberances, or as necessary safeguards to England's integrity; while Spanish rights over countries they have conquered are displayed as unwarrantable claims. Of course, the chief crime of the Spanish nation is that it is Catholic, and, therefore, always wrong; and the glory of England that it is Protestant, and, therefore, always right.

V.

Now it would be unreasonable (as has been said) to claim that in a book written for patriotic ends the full truth should have been told; yet it would surely have been an infinitely stronger case if the writer had hinted at, and repudiated with something of the vigour that he uses against the Inquisition, the reign of terror that Elizabeth maintained. Only once, I think, is the execution of a seminary priest mentioned at all, and then with an unworthy attempt to deprive him of his glory. Mr. Cuthbert Maine, the first of the long line of seminary priests to die for religion, is spoken of, indeed; but it is expressly said, clean contrary to fact, that it was for treason that he was sentenced. And there is not one word, from beginning to end of the book, of the tragedies of Tyburn, and York, and Derbyshire, of Margaret of Clitheroe, pressed to death for refusing to plead lest she should incriminate her fellow-Catholics; of the priests huddled in prisons in the Fleet and at Wisbech and in country gaols; of the ruin of countless families, who preferred faith to wealth; of the rack and the scavenger's daughter, so seldom idle in those very years. Of course, there were Catholics who perished for treason; Ballard and the other conspirators in Babington's plot fully deserved their sentence; and there were others, such as Mr. Bost, upon whom it was attempted to fasten the same crime. But that this was not the real point is shown clearly enough by the offer, repeatedly made to those found guilty of "treason," of their lives being spared if they would but attend a Protestant service. And if the author of "Westward Ho!" was really zealous to tell the truth, why did he make no mention of these things? He must, surely, have known of them, since he manipulates with great skill every doubtful enterprise on which Catholics were engaged, even going so far (without the slightest evidence) as to attempt to connect Campion and Persons with the unhappy raid in Ireland, and using, of course, English prejudice against Ireland to heighten the appeal of his pictures; but he makes nothing of all the rest, and deliberately omits all adequate reference to the appalling brutality used by England against those whom he describes repeatedly as the "Irish savages."

VI.

The fact is, of course, that men's ideas, at that date, on both sides, with regard to the relative values of dogma and human life were completely different from those of the present time. On the one hand, the old religion of England (which was the religion of the rest of Europe, and most emphatically of Spain) became inextricably confused with secular questions, so that Spain became a kind of symbol of Catholicism, as well as its principal supporter; and, on the other side, England stood for Nationalism in religion, that is, for the claim of a nation to determine its own creed. Never for one instant did Elizabeth intend to tolerate individual and private judgment in matters of faith, as is shown by her treatment of the Independents. Both these secular powers, therefore, each confident of the rightness of her cause, used freely methods and policies that would not be for one instant imaginable at the present day. Spain used the Inquisition; England used the machinery of her laws against treason. But, firstly, Spain's methods were continually condemned by Rome, to whom, indeed, refugees from Spain flocked in great numbers; and, secondly, even Spain never used the pains of the Inquisition (as is represented in "Westward Ho!") except for the crime of "relapse." It is as flagrantly unjust, therefore, to charge the Sprituality of Rome with the *auto-da-fé* and the torments of Spain, as to charge Protestantism, *as a system*, with the crimes of Tyburn and York. But Charles Kingsley avoids any difficult argumentation on this latter point by simply omitting the latter facts altogether.

VII.

His book, therefore, stands as a kind of monument of injustice. He consistently whitens England's Protestantism, seeing, no doubt sincerely, his own genial and warm-hearted, if rather vague, principles reflected in his country's history of three hundred years ago, and, equally consistently, he blackens Spain and Catholicism, seeing them through the glasses with which he regarded, from his own private standpoint, every man who would not cry, "My country, right or wrong." He would, no doubt, repudiate fiercely any personal responsibility for the horrors of Tyburn; but he will not allow Campion to have been innocent even of the Irish resistance. Mr. Kingsley is an Individualist, and, therefore, guilty of nothing but himself; Father Campion is a Catholic, and, therefore, guilty, at least by implication, of every crime that can be alleged or imputed against any member of his Church.

It would be absurd to charge Charles Kingsley with deliberate falsification of history; he would have shrunk from that as the most detestable of crimes: truth, or, rather, that which he took to be truth, was the dearest ideal he possessed. But, as was shown in his unhappy conflict with Newman, he was simply incapable of seeing truths with which he had not a temperamental sympathy; it was enough for him not to understand a system to condemn it. And it is probably this intense narrowness (which believed itself broadness) that enabled him to write a romance so enthusiastic, so alight with conviction, and so eloquent as to be one of the best historical novels of the world—historical, that is, only in the sense that its scene is laid in an earlier century than our own. It is a little ironical, however, that one who so greatly loved youth and truth should have succeeded so completely in poisoning the minds of the one by a caricature of the other.

## ANNOUNCEMENT

FEATURES of special interest in No. 5 of EVERYMAN will be "John Knox's Influence on Scottish Education," by Lord Guthrie; an article on Industrial Unrest, by M. Vandervelde; and a continuation of Mrs. Sidney Webb's valuable contribution, "War Against Poverty." We shall also give our readers one of Mr. Stephen Reynolds's inimitable short stories of sea-faring life, and a Nietzsche article by Professor Lichtenberger. The new addition to EVERYMAN's Portrait Gallery will be a sketch of Norman Angell.

# JOHN WESLEY'S JOURNAL BY PRINCIPAL WHYTE

## PART II.

### IV.—In Germany and under Peter Böhler.

What we in England and Scotland owe to Germany can never be told. For myself, Sir, from Luther and Behmen, down to Ewald and Delitzsch and Herrmann, I can never sufficiently confess my daily debt. And what the evangelical Wesleyans owe to Peter Böhler can never be sufficiently told. The John Wesley of Oxford and Georgia would never have been the John Wesley of the whole Wesleyan world but, under God, for Peter Böhler. What that great teacher taught to John Wesley may be put into a nutshell. But the tree that has grown out of that nutshell now covers the whole Wesleyan earth, and far beyond all the Wesleyan borders. "Saturday, 4th. I found my brother at Oxford recovering from his pleurisy, and with him Peter Böhler, by whom (in the hand of the great God) I was, on Sunday, the 5th, clearly convinced of the want of that faith whereby alone we are to be saved. Immediately it struck into my mind, Leave off your preaching! How can you preach to others when you have not attained to faith yourself? I asked Böhler whether he thought I should leave off preaching or not? He replied, 'By no means! Preach faith till you have it, and then preach it because you have got it.' Accordingly, Monday, 6th, I began preaching this new doctrine." And he never left off preaching the new doctrine till he died under the power of it, and though long dead he yet preaches that same doctrine through thousands of eloquent lips.

"Thursday, 4th, Peter Böhler left London in order to embark for Carolina. O, what a work hath God wrought by that man! Such a work as shall never come to an end till heaven and earth pass away." Paul, Luther, Böhler, Wesley. "Not that I have attained," wrote Paul when far on in his apostolic preaching, "but I follow after." "Follow after saving faith like Paul," said Peter Böhler, "and meantime preach nothing else." "Die ettling after faith," said our own Scottish Peter Böhler, Samuel Rutherford.

### V.—On Horseback.

"He did it for the most part on horseback. He paid more turnpikes than any man who ever bestrode a beast. Eight thousand miles was his annual record for many a long year. Had he but preserved his scores at all the inns he lodged they would have made by themselves a history of prices." Most graphic, and most true. But the best remains to be told. It was the unheard-of way that Wesley turned his saddle into a study chair, and his horse's shoulder into a study desk, that makes Wesley an altogether incomparable and unapproachable equestrian. His saddlebags were always full of books of all kinds, and he did ample justice to them, as a thousand entries show. "Sunday, 5th. On the road I read Dr. Campbell's excellent reply to Hume." "Wednesday, 16th. Gave a second reading to that lively book, John Newton's 'Experiences.'" "Monday, 5th. Last week I read over as I rode great part of Homer's 'Odyssey.'" And then follows a comparison of Homer with Milton. "Monday, 4th. Coming and going I read Mr. Guthrie's ingenious History of Scotland." And then follows some pungent remarks taken on his horse's neck about "that odd mixture, King James the First, and upon that much-injured Queen, Mary of Scots." "Wednesday, 17th. In a little journey I took into Radnorshire I finished Dr. Burnet's 'Theory of the Earth.'" "On my way to Wallingford I read Dr. Hodge's 'Esther,'" which is severely criticised. "Monday, 21st. As I rode to Chatham I read Tasso's 'Jerusalem Delivered,'" which is severely censured. "Saturday, 7th. On my way home I finished the first volume of Mr. Hook's 'Roman History.'" "Sunday, 8th. Read a little more of Swendenborg:

> "His mind has not yet lost
> All its original brightness: but appears
> Majestic, though in ruin."

"In riding to Dorking I read Mr. Jones's most ingenious tract." "Tuesday, 11th. I casually took with me a volume called 'A Sentimental Journey,'" which is very severely handled. "On my way to Perth I read the first volume of Dr. Robertson's History of Charles V. I know not when I have been more disappointed." "From Aberdeen to Arbroath I read Dr. Beattie's 'Enquiry after Truth.' He is a writer quite equal to his subject." "Monday, 23rd. In returning to London I read 'Balisarius.' Also, Mr. Hutcheson's 'Essays on the Passions.' He is a beautiful writer, but his scheme cannot stand unless first the Bible falls." "Thursday, 15th. On my way to London I read that strange book, 'The Life of Pope Sextus Quintin,' on whom Wesley's severest verdict is pronounced." And so on and on through the whole wonderful Journal. How could he do it, and preaching every night and every morning! you will exclaim. I will let him answer, your exclamations himself. "How is it that no horse ever stumbles while I am reading? No account can possibly be given but this. I throw the reins on his neck, and I aver that in riding above a hundred thousand miles I scarce ever remember any horse to fall, or to make a considerable stumble while I rode with a slack rein. To fancy that a tight rein prevents stumbling is a capital blunder." And then this is Dr. Hood Wilson's remark: "Wesley continued the practice of reading on horseback for forty years, in this way going the whole round of literature. He thus preserved a freshness and variety in his preaching beyond most evangelists."

### VI.—"Books Read and Noticed by Mr. Wesley."

That is the heading of ten closely packed pages of index in the fourth volume of Mr. Dent's scholarly edition of The Journal. And it is a reproof and a stimulus to read the suggestive and enriching list. At the same time some of Wesley's judgments, both on men and on books, only go to show that with all his ability, and with all his goodness, he was still one of ourselves. As Mr. Macdonald truly and wisely says, "Wesley's Journal, while it is written in perfect honesty and good faith, reveals at the same time some of his limitations and some of his defects." For myself, I have not felt his limitations and defects so much anywhere as when he writes on Martin Luther and on Jacob Behmen and on William Law. I shall content myself with setting over against Wesley's depreciation of Luther's great "Galatians" what John Bunyan says about that, to him, epoch-making book in his classical paragraph in "Grace Abounding." And as to Behmen, all I shall here say is this. If any reader of these lines cares to see what some of the greatest and best men since his day have testified as to their indebtedness to Jacob Behmen, let them read a shilling booklet on Behmen, published by Messrs. Oliphant, Anderson and Ferrier in Edinburgh, and they will get their eyes opened to the Teutonic Philosopher. And if any reading apprentice-boy wishes to know about Behmen, and whose poor mother cannot spare a shilling, if he will send me his name and address he will get Behmen by return, on condition that he will send me a postcard when he has read the little book, telling me about the good he has got from Jacob Behmen, the working shoemaker, but all the same the founder of German philosophy, and one of the saintliest of men.

# MR. PEPYS'S PORTRAIT

By Ernest Rhys

I.

"This day I began to sit," said Mr. Pepys in his vanity, on the 17th March, 1665, "and do almost break my neck looking over my shoulder to make the posture for him to work by." Hales, who had already painted Mrs. Pepys, and had £14 for it, was the artist, and the contract was that the husband's should be as good as the wife's. And now Mr. Caffyn has interpreted Hales's portrait and made it live afresh in pen and ink; and the likeness is warm and cordial. The Indian gown which the sitter had hired to be painted in does not help the illusion; but the face—the shrewd eyes full of business, the well-rooted nose, the appetent, garrulous, sensuous lips, good for eating and speaking—the face is all Samuel Pepys. You see in it the report and abstract of human nature. There is the man who had seen gold bars melted at the Mint, and sat up poring over his accounts, watched a Coronation and feared the plague; who had gloated over his silver chafing-dishes, and enjoyed two dinners and a supper in one day. A breakfast on turkey pie and goose might be added, but that belongs to another day. As for dinners, take that which Mrs. Pepys got ready at my lord's lodgings one January day, namely: "A dish of marrow-bones; a leg of mutton; a loin of veal; a dish of fowl, three pullets, and a dozen of larks all in a dish; a great tart, a neat's tongue, a dish of anchovies; a dish of prawns and cheese." If it seems out of proportion to call up so many of these gourmand's details, you must remember that the amount of eating and drinking in the Diary is really prodigious. It is almost as remarkable as the intermittent orgy that goes on in the "Pickwick Papers," and has helped to endear the book to a hungry public.

II.

Let us turn from food to affairs. If you wish to realise Pepys in his effect as a constructive figure of his time, you would have to paint in his hand, not a piece of music, but a navy account, or, better still, a little ship. Dr. Tanner has edited Pepys's "Memoires of the Royal Navy, 1679-1688," a book to make you appreciate the share this Secretary to the Admiralty had in building up the British Navy; for he did not by any means only conceive of ships on paper, or their names as secretarial items. You may gather the range of his interest from many entries, as from one on the 6th of April, telling how he went to the Tower Wharf to watch the soldiers embarking: "and pretty to see how merrily some, and most, go; and how sad others—the leave they take of their friends, and the terms that some wives and other wenches asked to part with then: a pretty mixture." When he scanned those ships, he did so with a thorough professional eye. He knew what timber was in their sides, whether it were foreign plank, "of the growth of Bohemia, distinguished by its colour, as being much more black than the other, and rendred so (as is said) by its long sobbing in the water during its passage thither," or whether it were of English oak. From some "Resolutions" taken after a confabulation of shipwrights at the Navy Office in April, 1686, we find that the English long planks were not thought so good as the foreign, because of "the general *waniness* and ill method of conversion of our English plank," so that the foreign went much further in the building, and was more durable. Pepys countersigned this document; and all his comments in these Navy *Memoires* prove the good sense their writer brought to bear on what he called the *Sea-Œconomy* of England.

III.

If one thing is more symptomatic than another in Pepys's face, it is the way in which the lines of sensibility pursue the official wrinkles. Those Navy-Office eyes were capable of melting, and of looking disdainful. One May Day, he relates how he got together after dinner his father, his brother Tom, and himself: "and I advised my father to good husbandry, and to be living within the compass of £50 a year, and all in such kind words, as not only made both them, but myself, to weep." Not so long before, he had emptied a bag of £50 with much joy to see he was able to part with such a sum. It is a wise son indeed who can teach Œconomy to his father, and do the spiriting so gently as to make both of them weep. His scornful glance was more rapidly induced, as it would appear, by occasional references to insufficient folk who have no proper spirit or natural curiosity. One of these was Mr. Stankes, whom his father brought to dinner; "but, Lord!" says the chronicler, "what a stir Stankes makes; with his being crowded in the streets, and wearied in walking in London." He did not care to go to a play, nor to Whitehall, nor to see the lions: "I never could have thought there had been upon earth a man so little curious in the world as he is." Pepys's own curiosity is masked, but not altogether lost, in the lineaments Hales gives him. We see him out for adventure on the same day when he wept with his father, riding to Hyde Park; and, finding his own jade too dull, borrowing "a delicate stone horse of Captain Ferrers." On the way he is lucky enough to spy a little crop black nag, with black cloth ears on, and a false mane, which a horse-thief had left for another. That evening he saw morris-dancing, and went to hear Mrs. Turner's daughter play on the harpsichord. A typical Pepys day.

IV.

The mention of the harpsichord brings us back to the piece of music that figures in the picture—Pepys's own song, "Beauty, retire thou," of which he was as innocently proud as of anything he did. He learnt, rather late, to sing, but he sang continually; and even in the street, when it would have hardly been becoming to a Secretary of the Admiralty to sing aloud, he hummed and trilled over a tune that he wished to learn. Music, in fact, played a great part in the lives of the average citizen in that time. Ladies and gentlemen were expected, as a matter of course, to be able to join in a madrigal at sight; that is why the lyric poetry of the time has the singing note in it. And those who have had the good fortune to spend an evening with the Madrigal Club will have an idea of the kind of music and the words in which Pepys revelled. One night he went home, he leading Mrs. Rebecca, who seemed, he knew not why, to be desirous of his favours. There she would needs have him sing. "And I did pretty well," he says. Later there was more music at Captain Allen's; and next morning that gallant man came to visit him, and after doing some business they "withdrew, and sang a song or two, and, among others, took great pleasure in *Goe and bee hanged; that's twice good-bye!*" If one had not seen a Lord Chief Justice sitting at the head of the Madrigal Club, one would say great officials did not woo the muse like that nowadays. But this picture by Hayes suggests many ideas, and one of them is that possibly Mr. Pepys is still with us. No doubt strange things go on, that are not told in the papers, behind the scenes at the Admiralty.

SAMUEL PEPYS, NATUS 1633, OBIT. 1703

# ENGLAND AND GERMANY BY SIR JOHN BRUNNER

I WILLINGLY comply with the request of the Editor that I should further explain my attitude on the Anglo-German question, which I set out the other day in a letter addressed to the Chairmen of Liberal Associations.

I.

Briefly, my position is this. For six years the Liberal party has made unflagging efforts to improve the lot of the people by an increasing warfare against privilege and monopoly, and a whole-hearted support of Free Trade. But foreign affairs have received too little attention. The Foreign Office and the Admiralty have been allowed to break away from the traditional policy of peace and friendship with all nations, advocated by the Liberal party in 1906, until foreign relations have now come to dominate all other issues.

Our understanding with France has been perverted to the injury of our relations with Germany. British diplomacy has used its influence steadily on the side of France, and Germany has been permitted and encouraged to think that we should support France in a war against her.

II.

Great Britain has extended to Russia her special relations with France, and has thus countenanced the oppression of Finland and the attacks upon Persia. German suspicions have been intensified by warlike preparations in this country, unparalleled in cost and magnitude. While Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman lived, the extravagant demands of the Admiralty were to some extent held in check. But, with his death, prudence and economy were completely thrown to the winds. The success of the scandalmongers was seen only too clearly in the naval panic of 1909, when Parliament was misled, and estimates were based upon false reports of German naval construction. Since that time, no less than thirteen millions have been added to the British Naval Estimates, though the German expenditure has increased by only four millions. The feverish preparations on this side of the North Sea have naturally deepened the suspicions of Germany, and German Dreadnoughts have been multiplied with the consent of the Reichstag as a means of protecting German trade against a naval attack from England.

III.

The Morocco crisis a year ago led England and Germany to the brink of war. It has passed by, but the bitter feeling which accompanied it remains. The mission of Lord Haldane to Berlin last spring was marred by Mr. Churchill's bellicose speeches, and the race of armaments continues. The situation, therefore, is extremely serious, and demands the urgent attention of the Government; for if the present disastrous rivalry is allowed to continue unchecked, it will destroy the very framework of society. Vast sums, which are sorely needed for removing slums, for the reform of housing, and numerous other purposes of social regeneration, both in this country and in Germany, will be utterly wasted in expanding armaments, even if the horror of war can be avoided.

In my view, it is the duty of the Government at once to undertake the task of removing the causes which create suspicion and rivalry between England and Germany. It would thus enable a reduction of armaments to be effected. The exemption from capture of peaceful property and shipping at sea in time of war would remove a potent source of mistrust. The main object for which the German navy exists is the protection of the German mercantile marine. With the necessity for protecting shipping would vanish also the necessity which German commercial men feel for a strong fleet. At the same time, our own food supply in time of war would be assured to us, and our immense mercantile marine would be protected against the ravages of hostile commerce destroyers more effectively than could at present be the case. At the last Hague Conference the German delegates supported the proposal of the American delegates to exempt private property from capture, but the British representatives opposed it.

IV.

On the other hand, Germany objected to the proposal which the British Government favoured, of prohibiting floating mines. Why should not both Governments withdraw their opposition, and thus secure an improvement in the rules of warfare in accordance with the march of civilisation?

It rests with the rank and file of the Liberal party to see that an end is put to the intolerable state of affairs. While continuing our friendly relations with France, it should be clearly understood that no understanding or intention is thereby implied as to military or naval action against any other Power. Equally friendly relations ought to be established with Germany, who is our best customer, and has many interests in common with us. To prove that we desire the security of commerce, we should enter into international treaties with the United States, Germany, and other Powers for the purpose of securing all peaceful shipping and merchandise from capture or destruction in time of war.

Only by a policy of international goodwill can we hope to continue upon the path of internal progress and social reform.

## A PAGAN'S TESTAMENT

WHEN these tired eyes are closed in that long sleep
Which is the deepest and the last of all,
Shroud not my limbs with purple funeral pall,
Nor mock my rest with vainest prayers, nor weep;
But take my ashes where the sunshine plays
In dewy meadows splashed with gold and white,
And there, when stars peep from black pools at night,
Let the wind scatter them. And on the days
You wander by those meadow pools again,
Think of me as I then shall be, a part
Of earth—naught else. And if you see the red
Of western skies, or feel the clean soft rain,
Or smell the flowers I loved, then let your heart
Beat fast for me, and I shall not be dead.

THOMAS MOULT.

# "WAR AGAINST POVERTY" BY MRS. SIDNEY WEBB, D.Litt.

## PART I.

I.

I SOMETIMES think the columns of the daily newspapers—especially of the London newspapers—give an altogether false impression of what people are thinking about. This is particularly the case with regard to the great and growing army of working men and working women who are keenly interested in public affairs. There will be next to nothing about it in the *Times* or the *Daily Mail*, but during this autumn, and extending into December and January, there will be going on among the working class, in all the great centres of population, a great deal of keen discussion about the practical means of securing a national standard minimum of civilised life for the whole body of the people. A widespread campaign of propaganda is being started on the subject by the combined forces of the I.L.P. and the Fabian Society, which will be carried on by some four hundred branches, in connection with about ten thousand local working-class organisations all over the country. Whilst the politicians are talking at Westminster, working-class opinion is being moulded on lines quite different from those along which the Parliament men are thinking.

II.

To get passed the legislation necessary to prevent destitution is the object of the present "War Against Poverty." It is of no use talking about the beneficence of the Poor Law. It has just been weighed in the balance—by a Royal Commission appointed by a Conservative Government—and unanimously condemned. What that Commission discovered, beyond any conceivable doubt, was that the Poor Law did not prevent destitution; that it was powerless to stop, or even to lessen, the unemployment and sickness, the feeble-mindedness, or the unduly low wages to which this destitution is due. All that the Poor Law does is to relieve destitution when it has actually occurred, and to relieve it under such deterrent conditions that as few persons as possible care to apply for the help against starvation that we have deliberately made shameful and degrading.

III.

A whole host of charitable organisations are also at work giving relief, sometimes wisely and sometimes foolishly. This great machinery of dole-giving is perpetually face to face with a tragic dilemma: if the doles are given in a lavish and benevolent fashion, then many persons on the brink of destitution actually become destitute, in order to qualify for this relief. If, on the other hand, the relief is given grudgingly, and under conditions which are degrading or painful, deserving and self-respecting citizens, however destitute, refuse to accept it. Meanwhile the great causes of destitution—wages below subsistence level, long and irregular hours, insanitary workshops and dwellings, unemployment and under-employment—all go on adding, daily pressing down new victims into the great morass of destitution.

IV.

Now, we know to-day, a great deal better than our fathers did, how and how far we can, by mere Acts of Parliament, prevent these causes of destitution. Take, for instance, the question of wages and hours. Forty years ago enlightened persons of the governing class believed in leaving wages to be settled freely by "supply and demand." They would have scouted the idea of interfering by a law. No educated person who has heard of the Factory Acts believes that to-day; and when, in the Trade Boards Act of 1908, Parliament made it a penal offence to pay less than a specified minimum wage in certain trades, there was actually no opposition to the principle. Similarly, our forefathers even believed in the inevitability of "the iron law of wages"; they honestly believed, that is to say, that wages and the other conditions of employment have necessarily to fall right down to bare subsistence point, and even below it, in order that the calamitous and ever-present "increase of population" might be checked.

V.

We have now discovered that by raising wages, shortening hours, and improving sanitation, by Acts of Parliament when necessary, we steadily improve the quality of labour, while we certainly do not increase—indeed, it seems that we actually diminish—the number of persons who are born to compete for employment. The respectable artisan, enjoying good wages and permanent employment, having leisure for citizenship and a high level of health and safety in the workshop and the home, is the one who prefers a small number of children, in order to be able to give them greater advantages. It is the casual labourer and his wife, who are perpetually in and out of the Poor Law and charitable assistance, who are found to have the largest family. Even in England, there are, at all times, vacancies for competent men and women which the Labour Exchange cannot fill.

VI.

Moreover, there is plenty of work to be done and plenty of wealth to be produced in our under-populated Colonies by men and women of vigorous bodies and well-trained minds. What these Colonies will not have at any price are the men and women whom we have degraded and demoralised by permitting them, through sickness, unemployment, or feeble-mindedness, to become chronically destitute. And, whilst the old-fashioned objections to a legal minimum wage and a reduction of hours have passed away, we have the positive proof, yielded by the experiments, at home and in our Colonies, that it is feasible and expedient to make a "living wage" and decent conditions of employment the first charge of industry. This means the enactment of a legal minimum wage, and a maximum working day, in all industrial or wage-earning employment. There is no policy so suicidal as permitting machinery to depreciate through bad surroundings except the policy of permitting labour to depreciate through bad conditions. Hence an extension of the Trade Boards Act of 1909, and of the Factory Act, so as to secure to every wage-earner at least the standard minimum wage and the standard maximum day, will be the first of Labour's demands.

# GREAT PREACHERS OF TO-DAY ⁂ ⁂ ⁂ BY E. HERMANN

## II.—MONSIGNOR BENSON

"Monsignor Benson!—oh, he wrote 'Dodo,' of course. . . . . Clergymen do such queer things nowadays, don't you think? But I'm awfully anxious to hear him preach."

I.

The place was St. James's Catholic Church, London; the speaker a Protestant lady visitor, flushed with the unwonted excitement of indulging in a thing which was at once delightfully wicked and reassuringly respectable. One did not feel inclined to correct her, for at least three good reasons: first, because the gratuitous imparting of useful knowledge does not, as a rule, bless either the giver or the receiver; second, because genuine interest in a preacher, even on the score of a book he did not write, is sufficiently valuable to merit considerate treatment; third, because if the lady was endowed with a modicum of sense and sensibility, she would be convinced before listening to Monsignor Benson very long that, whatever he has done or left undone, he has not nor ever could have written "Dodo." So I fell to wondering how many more of those present hailed him as the author of "Dodo" or "The Challoners," and if there were any who credited him with looking out upon the world through a College Window or sowing seeds of gentle and "edifying" philosophy beside Still Waters. To the real student of what may be called "comparative Bensonology," no confusion between the three remarkable sons of the late Archbishop Benson is possible.

II.

Meanwhile Monsignor has ascended the pulpit and snapped the thread of one's meditation. "An impressive preacher" is one's first verdict, and while one has no doubt as to its rightness, it is not so easy to justify it at first sight. Impressive in the palpable, dramatic, dynamic sense, Monsignor Benson is certainly not, nor does his personality make an immediate and inescapable impact upon the consciousness of the hearer. Indeed, it seems easy to escape its influence: whether it really is easy or not remains undecided, for, as a matter of fact, one has no wish to try to escape. What one does try to do is to locate and focus that influence. It is quite unexternal. There is nothing imposing in the figure and bearing of the preacher. There is no magic in the dry, roughened voice, with its crust of ice and its core of fire; no magnetism in the somewhat restless eyes. Yet, after listening to the level torrent of words hurled forth with an energy that makes muscles go tense and veins protrude, "impressive" remains the last as it was the first word about him. Why?

III.

To begin with, because he strikes the note of naked reality from first to last. He is far more than convincingly, burningly sincere. He speaks as one who is naturalised in the Unseen; one with whom the Unseen is not only a vague inspiration but a tremendously influential force, the determining and valuating factor in life. The man whose sole reality is the lust of the flesh and the lust of the eye and the pride of life is met by an equally "live," level-headed, practical man, whose sole reality is found in that which condemns and crucifies the worldling's trinity, and, for the first time in his life, perhaps, he finds it not quite so easy to relegate it to the world of moonshine and pious hallucination. Not a few men possess this vivid and practical realisation of the spiritual world; very few can convey it so convincingly as Monsignor Benson.

IV.

Springing out of this instant sense of eternity brooding over time, the preacher's unsparing insistence upon the stern exactions of any religion worth the name constitutes another essential element of his power to arrest and impress. An emasculate and pedestrian convention, rooted in a sentimental helpfulness rather than in a redemptive passion, has domesticated the fiery spirit of religion into the angel in the house, till it was left to the novelist and the essayist to remind us that the Cross is something other than a symbolical mascot on the chain of kindly family feeling; that "a man's goodness must make him smart"; that religion is "at once a splendour and a nuisance"; or that, to put it in the suggestive words of a Salvation Army street preacher, "Jesus cannot be loved with impunity." Monsignor Benson preaches the same hard but perennially attractive doctrine in the name of a Church whose watchwords are authority and mystery, preaches it with an utter absence of sentiment, and with a hard, dry, unfaltering practicality which grip the man who is impervious to what he would call "pi-jaw," or emotional slop.

V.

When we turn from the preacher to the novelist, we are met by precisely the same elements of power and reality, for the man and his books are one. On the more purely literary side we are struck by his genius for vivifying superficialities and endowing conventional details with a significance that evokes a sense of the terror of commonplace life. He has little of the large, warm kindliness that makes Canon Sheehan's books a healing delight; nor the liberal and disciplined culture of Dr. William Barry; nor, in his more devotional books, the sunny, artless spiritual intimacy and directness of approach by which the late Father Russell lives in simple, loving hearts. Indeed, if his stern conception of eternal demands falls short of compelling force, it is because he does not always root it in that tenderness of love which gives it its sharpest edge. But where he is supreme is in his unflinching vision of the human soul in the light of the supreme call—grim and unlovely in the nakedness of its *défaillance*, yet invested with one outweighing dignity—the possibility of hearing the call of God and responding to it. In nearly all his books that call crashes into the torpor of our comfortable religious mediocrity, and readers who might dismiss his apologia for the monastic vocation with a smile and a shrug are pricked to the heart by his ironic castigation of the religion of the average Englishman. For upon one thing all thoughtful men, of whatever creed, are agreed: that unless we can find a moral equivalent for the hair-shirt and the scourge, our religion will be reduced to one among many efforts to be pleasantly sociable and communicative. To this universal demand for a religion which is not a tea-party, but a holy war, Monsignor Benson speaks with a significant and haunting voice.

# THE DREAM OF SAMUEL PEPYS

## PART II.

*December* 11.—This day did venture on a coach drawn by horses, which I ascertained to be going to the Exchange and London Bridge. At first I was in doubt which seat to take, as the common people seemed to take the top seats, and the gentlefolk inside. But one can see mighty fine from the top, so I on top. Sad to me not to recognise the 'Change, it is so altered, and, Lord, to see the multitudes of folk and traffic; I marvelled greatly one was not killed. To London Bridge, yet neither did I recognise it, there being not a single house on it. But mighty pleased to see the Tower still standing, and alongside it a most singular bridge, which opened in half, like shears, to let some monstrous big vessels through. And here on the water was another wonderful thing, some ships did go at a great speed, with smoke and fire issuing from within them, but with *no sails*. These things do fright me.

*December* 12.—Up and abroad, and find a great fall of snow in the night, and the whole town exceeding dirty. But to see the mighty strange sight of how they cleanse the streets is wonderful to behold: long lines of men run quickly along the road with strange besoms, that squeeze the mud to one side, leaving the road as clean and fresh as new. This day did drink more tea at my pretty serving-maid's, and afterwards to a tavern for some wine in Leicester Square; a most rich and wonderful tavern was it, like a king's palace.

*December* 13 *(Lord's Day).*—To the Abbey to service, and after walked to Hyde Park, which is now mighty fine gardens. A great many folks there, tho' cold. There saw a man who was shouting to the crowd, reviling the Church and King scandalously; it was a great shame the man's friends did not stop him for his good, as it is certain the poor wretch will be drawn and quartered.

*December* 14.—Up and at the bookshops, where I did see, to my surprise, beautifully printed and bound, my own journal, with title "Pepys' Diary." How they deciphered it I know not, and I mighty curious in the reading of it. And to see what a toil I was in, wanting to buy it and take it home, and yet did not for fear my wife should see it. Strange to see so many shops selling things I know not the use of, and some mighty strange looking, it seems for Christmas.

*December* 15.—All day to looking at shops again and in the evening to the playhouse, a house called the Palace. The most magnificent I ever did see inside, and the stage with wonderful paintings for scenes. Yet no play that I could see, only singing of songs, and doing of strange tricks. Neither does the wit seem of any fun in it, the players seeming not to speak such plain language as our day. A girl did perform very pretty and quaint in dancing, and yet with such mighty little clothes on that I did not think well of it. Anon the playhouse went dark, and some pictures came on a great white sheet, and how it was done Lord knows, but I was dumb to see these pictures move just like life, with boats and water and animals so real that I was in mortal fear lest they should jump out at me. I cannot believe it was as I saw, but a trick of the eyes surely it must be. Everywhere one sees witchcraft these days, and no one seems to go in fear of it. So home to bed, merry but with astonishment.

*December* 16.—This day, walking abroad, did come upon a mighty curious thing, a maid, and pretty too, holding forth to some bystanders in the street. I drew near to hear what she said, and it seems she was talking of politics, and did say some very severe words of one Lloyd George, and another Asquith, names I know not. It seems that she and other women of these days do desire to be in the Parliament, and vote like men, so things have come to a pretty pass methinks when womenfolk do interfere in such matters that do not concern them. I came away feeling very vexed at her frowardness, although she mighty pretty.

*December* 17.—Up and out, and did go into a small playhouse, and did see some more of these animated pictures, as they are called. And to see how everywhere nowadays hath the most beautiful printed sheets to announce their shows, so that I know how it is done, all in colours as they are. And I did see and gaze in fear at these pictures to-day, for the most devilish things did happen in them, among other things a scene where everything did go backwards in it, and also a man that did jump into another's hat, and of a piece of dirt that did jump about and form itself into mighty pretty statues. I did try earnestly to see how these things be done, but it do baffle me so that I am forced to believe it is verily magical arts that are used.

*December* 18.—Walking abroad many miles to-day, and now I do perceive that London must extend over the whole world, for I keep journeying and never come to the end of it. I did look for the fields and lanes of Vauxhall, where we used to take many a country walk, but now not a field to be seen, and nothing but houses. And such a multitude of playhouses now in London that I never would have believed. Surely the folk must be more wicked these days with so many playhouses. I will go to another to-morrow.

*December* 19.—Did go this night to a playhouse, "His Majesty's," tho' it is not where the King's house stood in my day. A mighty fine playhouse; but the play did confirm my thoughts that nought is done now but by witchcraft: a scene was shown of Hell, the most terrible I ever did see in all my life, and so many devils and witches in it that I was frighted and I came out, and saw not the end of it. For I am resolved they were real devils and witches.

*December* 20 *(Lord's Day).*—All quiet again and to service; strange to see but few people going to church in town. And with so many playhouses it must seem folk are more wicked. Tho', to say the truth, folk do seem much more civil nowadays; neither do I see one tipsy, or cruel to dogs and animals, such as in my day. It seems there has not been an execution these many days, as I do not see any heads gibbeted anywhere, so it seems that people do not commit so many crimes as formerly.

*December* 21.—I did not know how folk do get to hear the foreign news, but this day did find the reason thereof. It seems common lads do sell printed sheets with the news thereon, and to-day for a small coin I did purchase one of these sheets from a lad that was a-crying "All the winners," tho' I know not what he meant thereby. But such a wonderful printing for such a small coin I should never have believed, and with pictures mighty well

## THE DREAM OF SAMUEL PEPYS

*(continued)*

done. From curiosity I did purchase a many of these papers, and Lord! to see what a lot of reading there is for a few coppers, that would take me all my life to read almost. So home with great content to read my papers.

*December* 22.—To another playhouse, the "Alhambra," and there did see the most splendid scenes and displays I ever did see. One play with no words spoken, yet the players did tell the story with motions and dancing, and a mighty good plot. And some of the scenes were the most wonderful, large numbers of maids dancing mighty prettily in all manner of costumes and jewels, which must have cost millions of pounds. The maids did so attract me that, thinking of Knipp and the others, I did go round to the stage door as a gentleman to be introduced to some of and perhaps escort one to supper. But I was reproved mightily by the doorkeeper, and I remembered sadly I knew not one to introduce me. So was disappointed, but home, nevertheless, mighty merry.

*December* 23.—Up, and the weather very cold, and all the bustle in the town is now preparing for Christmas, which it seems is a great festival to what it used to be. All the shops full of the most strange things, and I did go into a big place called a bazaar, which was crowded with folks a-buying of gifts and toys for children. And I did see a small box with a kind of trumpet on it, and the shopman did start it going, and yet, tho' it was but a few inches in size, I swear there was a man within it that did sing a song, at which I marvelled greatly. And again the shopman started it, and lo! there was a band of musicians within it. Doubtless the shopman was a magician, though he seemed but ordinary.

*December* 24.—Out again, and great multitudes of people in the streets, and all the talk is of Christmas, and buying of puddings and favours. To-day I saw a strange sight: a great crowd of men in poor clothing marching with flags with "We are Hungry" on them. It seems these men have no money, not having work to do, which is mighty strange, methinks, with such vast stores of wealth and business about that I did think there would not be enough people to do all the work. Strange to see soldiers marching with these men, dressed in blue, but without arms. I did not think there were any poor folk these days, but now perceive there are many. The town all lit at night and the noise and merry bustle past belief.

*December* 25 *(Christmas Day)*.—Up betimes and out early, all eager to see the festivals and merry-making. But all strangely quiet, and all the way from Westminster to Oxford Street and the Strand, hardly a living soul to be seen. All the shops closed, and everything so strange that I think a great calamity must have happened. Some taverns I did see open at midday, but not many folks in them, though all decorated for the festival. So it was all day until evening, when some of the great coffee-houses did open in the West End. Many coaches and motors about of people going to dinners, but no festival that I did see. In the evening I went for my Christmas dinner to a dining-house of such magnificence and grandeur that it was better than a king's palace—it was named the Savoy, and near where the old Savoy Stairs were in my day. And there had a mighty fine dinner, and such wealthy appointments that I thought they would charge me fifty guineas, but they did not. And so home mighty merry, but no festival that I could see.

## EDUCATIONAL SYMPOSIUM

By OSCAR BROWNING, M.A.

I.

I HAVE been asked to take part in the Educational Symposium inaugurated in the second number of EVERYMAN by Mr. A. C. Benson and Dr. Rouse. I should like to see the term Secondary Education abolished, and that there should be one public education, for which I should have no objection to use Mr. Benson's term "Civic Education." My friend, Prof. Earle Barnes, who came from America to England to study our educational system, told me that after three years' careful investigation he was unable to attach any distinctive meaning to secondary education. He had asked many authorities to tell him the difference between secondary and primary schools, and all he had gathered from them was that the term secondary implied a higher social status and a greater devotion to sport. Indeed, there are at present two classes of secondary schools, entirely different in character: one, public schools and those which are derived from them; the other, schools which spring from our primary schools, and have raised themselves to a higher standard.

II.

Nowhere, perhaps, is this distinction between primary and secondary more senseless than in Training Colleges. The method of training teachers is one and indivisible, and the only difference between these two departments is that the secondary training is much more expensive and far less effective.

In the course of a long life I have had unusual opportunities of seeing every kind of education in the working. I was for fifteen years a master at Eton, where I was educated as a boy. I was for more than thirty years engaged in University and College work at Cambridge, and for eighteen years of that time I was Principal of an elementary Training college.

III.

I do not hesitate to say that, in my opinion, the best and most successful of these three systems of education is the primary; the worst and the least successful, the secondary. It is often held that intending teachers educated in primary schools will be improved by being sent for a time to secondary schools. My experience teaches me that those who do this are much more likely to be corrupted than improved, and that they learn in secondary schools a passion for sport and habits of idleness from which in primary schools they would be free.

IV.

I must now deal with the curriculum, and especially with the classical languages. I am a devoted supporter of what is called "compulsory Greek," that is, that the Greek language should be an essential part of the training of all those who aspire to the higher culture and the best standard of education. For myself, I was brought up, to the age of three-and-twenty, on the strictest classical diet, and I taught classics as an Eton master. In spite of this, I have an intimate knowledge of French, German, and Italian. I can talk them fluently, and am well acquainted with their literature. I wrote the articles on Dante and Goethe in the tenth edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica. I am perfectly certain that my capacity for learning these languages is due entirely to having had a thorough classical education.

V.

There is no more fatal mistake than to suppose that giving less time and thought to Greek and Latin will

## EDUCATIONAL SYMPOSIUM *(continued)*

increase the knowledge of German and French. It is admitted that the knowledge of German, which fifty years ago was the mark of a scholar, is rapidly dying out; that Italian, which a hundred years ago was studied by all cultivated English men and women, is now entirely neglected; and I doubt very much whether French is as familiar to Englishmen as it used to be. The best way of learning French and German is to begin with Greek and Latin.

VI.

What, then, do we recommend? A parent who sends his son to an expensive school ought to have some guarantee that he has spent his time there profitably, and has been properly taught. This can only be effected by the establishment of a State leaving examination, not for honours, but for a pass—not one which it is a credit to have passed, but one which it is a disgrace *not* to have passed. Let this examination be of three kinds: one including Greek and Latin, one Latin without Greek, one with neither Greek nor Latin.

These examinations should also include, in different degrees, a certain amount of history, mathematics, and science, and should exhibit a power of writing English. When these examinations have been established, it should be determined to what occupations they should be the necessary avenue, to what University degrees they should give access, for what professional examinations, of which there are now a bewildering number, they should be a substitute. An examination of this kind would organise primary and secondary, better called civic, education as it has never been organised before.

VII.

To sum up, I recommend three things for the improvement of our national education. First, that the distinction between primary and secondary education should be entirely abolished; secondly, that Greek should be regarded as an essential part of the highest school education; and thirdly, that proficiency in school work should be tested by a leaving examination of different degrees, closing the school career and admitting to such occupations in after life as shall be determined upon after careful consideration.

* * *

## MOTH AND RUST

I.

I SUPPOSE there are times when all of us feel the spirit within us, the mysterious denizen of eternity, beating against the flesh that imprisons it, and crying, like the caged starling, "I can't get out! I can't get out!" The weary monotony of bodily life becomes maddening; the burden of a mechanism that cannot do as the spirit wills is intolerable. The body must be fed and washed and dressed and put to sleep. When there are hills to climb, it must lie down; when there is work to do, it wants to sleep; it is unreasonable and unmanageable; it can even prevent you from thinking and from feeling happy by some absurd ache or some obscure disorder in its mechanism. It thinks itself so intelligent and so useful, but what a hindrance it can be! You want to hear the morning stars singing together for joy—and it compels you to listen to the barrel-organ in the street. You desire to behold the very soul of the fire springing up in marvellous shapes of wing and leaf and wave—and your detestable body persists in seeing all the surrounding man-made squalor of an ordinary fireplace. The ugliness of all that the body desires is so outrageous that most of us must sometimes have longed to be in our native eternity to be rid of it all. Knives and forks, easy-chairs, coal-scuttles, wall-papers, teapots, how laboriously full of petty and fatiguing detail, how senselessly elaborate in grotesque ugliness are one and all.

This unnecessary cumbrous horror of furniture and fine clothing, this burdensome detail of the belongings of our dying carcases, drives us at times to revolt. Why should we be condemned to pass our time among such things? We are built for eternity, and eternity is all beauty. Nothing eternal can be meaningless, nothing unnecessary. But an umbrella or a coal-scuttle are horrible in a mean way, and no man can be the better for them. We long to escape from them and to be at rest.

The more civilised we grow, the worse it is. Kipling may try to make us believe that machines are beautiful; it is but another specimen of his perverted ingenuity. Machines are subtle, marvellous, monstrous, and irredeemably ugly. Put a machine made by a man beside a machine made by God, such as a bird, and judge for yourself.

II.

What caddis-worms are we, covering ourselves with scraps and patches, sticks and straws and stones, till we barely leave a crack to see the sky through. How much longer must we accumulate rubbish around us, and call it civilisation? We cannot store honeydew in a Thermos flask, or preserve the heavenly manna in the most cunningly devised refrigerator. The sword of the spirit is not welded in the vast and smoky furnaces of Sheffield. Surely those hermits, now so much out of fashion, were wiser than we; they hid in caves, with the barest necessaries of life, which are therefore the most beautiful of perishable things, and in solitude fixed their "inward eye" upon Eternal Beauty.

We have need in this century, more than ever before, of the Franciscan ideal: an ideal of simplicity and poverty, a heart fixed on the realities of life. These are strange days, when men will fast for the good of their stomachs who would never do it for the good of their souls; when men will lead the "simple life" for a whim, and spend what they save thereby on fresh luxuries when the whim is over. We have need, now more than ever, of object-lessons in the true "simple life," led with the single burning aspiration for the true full life of eternity: such a life as that of the religious orders now taking refuge in England from persecution abroad, whose example can do us nothing but good. Here are men and women who believe in Eternity, who have faith in the glorious abundant life after death, and who have given up human joys for joys spiritual. There are spirits like these among Protestants. Let them ungrudgingly welcome their fellow-spirits, and take fresh heart from their faith. The same vision sustains Salvation Polly and Sister Mary Joseph, and a great white angel has charge of each. But what angel can abide in the luxurious dustbin that is a modern house?

The nearer we come to bare necessaries, the nearer we come to true beauty; for true beauty is serviceableness. A cottage kitchen, with its table and dresser and settle by the fire, its pewter and plain crockery, is a far more beautiful place than a modern drawing-room. In such surroundings life is life, to be faced willingly, with the knowledge that the day's work brings the day's wages, and that moth and rust will find little to corrupt of all the treasure we leave behind us when we go.

DORA OWEN.

# "LARGELY EMOTIONAL"

By DR. WILLIAM BARRY

I.

WE speak of "the People" as a man; but journalism always proceeds on the supposition that democracy is, in fact, a woman, and to be treated accordingly. For the man, however ill-trained, has by nature some capacity for reasoning; he professes to argue the merits of his case, to be a judge, not a mere special pleader. Not so the pattern woman. Her glory is in feeling and in obeying the impulses of her heart. This, too, is a democratic watchword, or, as Americans would phrase it, a slogan. "The great heart of the People" decides all issues at last, and decides them rightly. So we are told by the orator on countless platforms, in election addresses, from the lips of men as unlike as Robespierre was to Lincoln, or Gladstone to Gambetta. It is Rousseau's first principle, "the People are naturally good"; and goodness here means kindness, benevolence, incapability of hurting a fly, unless he belonged to the opposition. A more cautious thinker than Rousseau would perhaps be led by observation of history to apply to mankind thus envisaged what was said of Diderot, "How good he is! and how bad he can be!"

II.

To prove that their candidate, Mr. Roosevelt or Dr. Wilson, is the only right one, American electors scream themselves hoarse during twenty-five or forty-five minutes without taking breath. In this primitive form of affirmation we may detect the antecedent of all election cries, posters, placards, flags, cockades, true-blue favours, emblems green, red, orange—the whole of that fighting heraldry which goes back to Totemism, and which is pictured for our delight in the "Seven against Thebes." The monsters open their jaws, threatening to devour, hissing out death and destruction to the other side, whence an equal storm of menace comes back on the instant. Emotion is at the height, but where is reason? We ought to be very sure of our cause and its righteousness before we cultivate an epileptic seizure, to be spread through the crowd over half a continent in its behalf. These lightning speeches, whirlwind campaigns, and appeals to the chaos that lies couching beneath our hard-won civilisation, are dangerous. They do not make for progress. They are an insult to the principle of democracy, which takes even the multitude to be in some degree rational. Is it a small thing to say that they are vulgar? Not so, I think. Why should the apostles of true freedom, of justice and humanity, come before the public stripped of decorum, having torn off the last shreds of good manners, as if they were dancing in the presence of South Sea Islanders? Yet to this undignified and demoralising sight a past or possible American President is required to treat the most advanced of democratic nations.

III.

These humours of the American election are symptoms, broad enough in their grotesque indecency and inanity, to arrest the gaze and to provoke the somewhat discouraged thought of an old Liberal like myself. I, too, believe in the great heart of the People. But I do not hear it beating in such a ghastly tumult of unreason as the wire brings to my ears across the Atlantic. Democracy, as I learnt it half a century ago, was not wanting in emotion. It may be said to have sprung from the passion of pity, stirred into a crusade of deliverance by the awful wrongs that had been endured for ages under bad laws, stupid governments, a self-seeking propertied class. But its appeal was to the Higher Law, and to the common good. These are matters of principle which determine how we shall feel; they lead us to the heart of ethics, not to the hysterical frenzies and wild contortions of a Zulu medicine-man whose god drives him to foam at the mouth. In 1789 there was first a question of the Rights of Man which, if they exist, belong to him in virtue of his manhood—that is to say, of his personality. And personality is a fact in quite another rank of ideas and of truths than feeling. Right is right, whether I feel it, or you, or none of us. No doubt, from the very make of our bodies and souls, it incarnates itself in emotions, it creates an imagery to illustrate its claims, it has a befitting language, Miltonic in height and eloquence. But if we take emotion for our guide, we shall never know the way we are going. Yesterday we were all swearing our great oath of freedom in the Field of Mars; to-day we are executing Madame Roland in the Place of the Revolution, while she murmurs, "O Freedom, what a fool they have made of you!" It was all emotion, the swearing and the guillotining; "France got drunk with blood to vomit crime," exclaimed the English poet, bearing hardly on a chivalrous and refined nation which had been captured by maniacs.

To reason with one man is not difficult, with a dozen not impossible. But how with a whole people? This task Providence has given over in the present age to writers mostly anonymous, to speakers mostly impromptu. It must be granted that rhetoric tends to sacrifice truth on the altar of effective expression; and that the tongue is not the natural instrument of a statesman or a philosopher. Free speech means too often "folly doctorwise controlling skill." An orator like W. E. Gladstone or Mr. Roosevelt can say what he chooses; the audience will applaud and believe. He may be sophist, cynic, hypocrite; but give him the eloquent tongue and he can persuade his people to march on catastrophe, cheering. He has done it before now.

IV.

Rhetoric, by itself, is a poor thing. An emotional, improvised philosophy is absurd. We want religion, then we may let rhetoricians play round it a little—religion applied to democratic problems. Whatever have been the faults of the Christian pulpit, we must allow that it did not prophesy smooth things, but told rich and poor the most unpalatable truths in stern language. It put into the hearts of men and women strength, not weakness. In its palmy days it was so far from indulging sentiment that its occupants went to the other extreme and preached as if the heavens were thundering, then and there, upon guilty heads. But emotion followed faith instead of being made a substitute for its absence. What is the faith, the living faith, of democracy? What it once was, I know. If we are to judge faith from its reading and its amusements, its leaders and its spokesmen, to-day, it has arrived at a critical point, and is falling under the spell of motives which are hard to withstand, but which it would be the ruin of ideal and spiritual aims to accept. Since it can be true to itself only so long as it is true to the principles out of which it sprang, there is something better for its advocates to do than to shriek in one another's faces by the hour. Let them find out the meaning of justice and freedom, and see by what laws they can be reconciled under modern conditions. Emotion will not greatly help them; reason and religion will

# THE OMISSIONS OF MR. NORMAN ANGELL ⁂ BY CECIL CHESTERTON

THE two articles which Mr. Norman Angell has contributed to EVERYMAN on his favourite subject of the inutility of war possess a special interest, since, while the first one is merely in the main a statement of that position with which he has long familiarised the public, that war is commercially unprofitable, the second makes, for the first time, some attempt to meet those critics for whom this conclusion, even though proved, is inconclusive.

In regard to the first point, I find it extraordinarily difficult to get near enough to Mr. Angell's point of view to discuss the matter with him. There is a hoary anecdote about a man who asserted that any honest person could always answer a plain question with a plain "yes" or "no," and who was promptly asked: "Have you left off beating your wife?" The feelings of that unfortunate controversialist bear some resemblance to mine when I am confronted with what is in essence Mr. Angell's query: "Should usurers go to war?"

I may say, in passing, that I am not clear that even on the question thus raised Mr. Angell makes out his case. His case, broadly stated, is that the net of "Finance"—or, to put it plainer, Cosmopolitan Usury—which is at present spread over Europe would be disastrously torn by any considerable war; and that in consequence it is to the interest of the usurers to preserve peace. But here, it seems to me, we must make a clear differentiation. It may easily be to the interest of a particular usurer, or group of usurers, to provoke war; that very financial crisis which Mr. Angell anticipates may quite probably be a source of profit to them. That it would not be to the interest of a nation of usurers to fight is very probable. That such a nation would not fight, or, if it did, would be exceedingly badly beaten, is certain. But that only serves to raise the further question of whether it is to the ultimate advantage of a nation to repose upon usury; and whether the breaking of the net of usury which at present unquestionably holds Europe in captivity would not be for the advantage, as it would clearly be for the honour, of our race.

To sum up briefly that side of the question, it may be stated thus. A certain number of cosmopolitan money-lenders (mostly of Asiatic origin) have recently preached the doctrine that paying certain Europeans to fight for the economic advantage, not of the fighters, but of the said money-lenders, is for those money-lenders a good investment. Mr. Norman Angell endeavours to convince them that it is a bad investment. I hope he will succeed. The sword is too sacred a thing to be prostituted to such dirty purposes. But whether he succeeds or fails in this attempt, it will make no difference to the mass of plain men who, when they fight and risk their lives, do not do so in the expectation of obtaining a certain interest on their capital, but for quite other reasons.

I turn to the much more interesting question which Mr. Angell raises in his second article, the question of the moral effect of war. Mr. Angell is of opinion that war has never succeeded as a method of enforcing ideas. My own view may be briefly expressed by saying that I do not think that any other method except war has ever decisively so succeeded.

Mr. Angell's latest appeal comes, I think, at an unfortunate moment. I wish to be strictly fair to him and to his views, and I therefore readily admit that he has not maintained that war is impossible to-day, but only that it would be impossible if the combatants calculated their chances of advantage with due intelligence. But the present conflict in the Balkans cuts much deeper into Mr. Angell's theory than that. It is not merely that the Balkan States have refused to be convinced by Mr. Angell as to their chances of commercial profit from the war. It is that if Mr. Angell had succeeded to the fullest extent in convincing them that there was not a quarter per cent. to be made out of the war, nay, that—horrible thought!—they would actually be poorer at the end of the war than at the beginning, they would have gone to war all the same.

And here is a living example of the futility of Mr. Angell's attempt at a second line of defence. It is tenable that neither Bulgaria, Servia, Montenegro, nor Greece will have more money as a result of their victories. But to say that no result will be produced by those victories is to say something palpably absurd. At the end of the war, if the success of the allies continues, this solid fact will remain. Where the Turkish Pasha, the Turkish soldier, the Turkish Bashi-bazouk was for four centuries, he will no longer be. That may make no difference (or an unfortunate difference) to the cosmopolitan financiers. But it will make a great deal of difference to the people who live in Macedonia, Albania, and Thrace. And that issue will have been decided in the only way in which issues are generally decided in the long run. It will have been decided by the sword. The sword established Turkish rule in Europe; after centuries of futile diplomacy have failed, the sword may, perhaps, destroy it.

Since Mr. Angell's argument clearly applies as much, or more, to civil as to international conflicts, I may perhaps be allowed to turn to civil conflicts to make clear my meaning. In this country during the last three centuries one solid thing has been done. The power of Parliament was pitted in battle against the power of the Crown, and won. As a result, for good or evil, Parliament really is stronger than the Crown to-day. The power of the mass of the people to control Parliament has been given as far as mere legislation could give it. We all know that it is a sham. And if you ask what it is that makes the difference of reality between the two cases, it is this: that men killed and were killed for the one thing and not for the other.

I have no space to develop all that I should like to say about the indirect effects of war. All I will say is this, that men do judge, and always will judge, things by the ultimate test of how they fight. The German victory of forty years ago has produced not only an astonishing expansion, industrial as well as political, of Germany, but has (most disastrously, as I think) infected Europe with German ideas, especially with the idea that you make a nation strong by making its people behave like cattle. God send that I may live to see the day when victorious armies from Gaul shall shatter this illusion, burn up Prussianism with all its Police Regulations, Insurance Acts, Poll Taxes, and insults to the poor, and reassert the Republic. It will never be done in any other way.

There is one further thing which I wish to say. Mr. Norman Angell is much too clear-headed a person not

to see that war can only be finally suppressed by declaring war upon it. To take the parallel which he himself adopts, private war between individuals was not put down by preaching to them the duty of being "charitable" or cowardly, or even by pointing out to them that they would not ultimately make money by blacking their neighbours' eyes. It was put down by erecting a thing called the State, sufficiently powerful to restrain individuals. If arbitration is ever to take the place of war, it must be backed by a corresponding array of physical force. Now the question immediately arises: Are we prepared to arm any International Tribunal with any such powers? Personally, I am not.

The only terms upon which any free man (and, similarly, any free nation) will consent to allow such power to be exercised against them is that the tribunal exercising such power is administering a clearly defined law, to which they are consenting parties. We have drifted dangerously far from this condition in England to-day; but even here we should not tolerate a legal system under which a particular judge could take away the property of one man and hand it to another on the ground of certain vague preferences personal to himself. Very well. Your International Tribunal must be administering the law; and the only law that it can possibly administer is the law as defined by existing treaties.

Now turn back some fifty years to the great struggle for the emancipation of Italy. Suppose that a Hague Tribunal had then been in existence, armed with coercive powers. The dispute between Austria and Sardinia must have been referred to that tribunal. That tribunal must have been guided by existing treaties. The Treaty of Vienna was perhaps the most authoritative ever entered into by European Powers. By that treaty, Venice and Lombardy were unquestionably assigned to Austria. A just tribunal administering international law *must* have decided in favour of Austria, and have used the whole armed force of Europe to coerce Italy into submission. Are those Pacifists, who try at the same time to be Democrats, prepared to acquiesce in such a conclusion? Personally, I am not.

I do not trust an International Tribunal. I know very well that that tribunal will be representative, not of the peoples of various countries, but at best of their Governments. At worst, it will be representative of the wealthy cosmopolitan financiers who have lent those Governments money. I am inclined to agree with Mr. Norman Angell that it will be to the interests of such financiers to strengthen such a tribunal.

But I am quite sure that it will be in the interests of the peoples who are caught in their net to break it in pieces.

## THE CHANCE OF THE PEASANT.

### A REJOINDER.

THE article under this heading in the first number of EVERYMAN was interesting, and, like most contributions to the discussion of the social problem, open to question. The writer begins by asserting that "two very extraordinary and rather unexpected things have happened in the recent political thought of this country," and goes on to say that the two things in question are the simultaneous collapse of (1) "the thing called Individualism," and (2) "the thing called Socialism." Now, is either of these statements correct?

So far as Individualism is concerned, would it not be true to say that the main current of British thought would have taken a very extraordinary and rather unexpected turn, politically and economically, if it had continued to exercise its former influence? And, though I agree with the writer that Individualism has practically collapsed, I differ very materially from him when he says that its collapse was extraordinary and unexpected. If he means this in the Pickwickian sense, then I agree, but not otherwise. He tells us that "Individualism has been destroyed by Individualists, not by Socialists." Exactly. But it is only to the extent that the destroying Individualists became Socialists that they caused the destruction or collapse of Individualism. And may I suggest that the reason why Socialists did not accomplish what he credits Individualists with accomplishing is this, that the former had only the will, whilst the latter had both the will and the power. Is it necessary to add that it is only given to those possessing both these qualifications to either build or destroy?

Then, if, as he says, Individualism has collapsed, why does he wish to revive it by establishing peasant proprietors? If this is not Individualism, what is it? Peasant proprietorship has had a chance in Ireland, and does the writer seriously contend that, because this is so, therefore there is no Irish labour problem? Is it not a fact that the labour problems of Ireland are as real and as acute as are the labour problems of any part of Great Britain? And is it not apparent that, once Home Rule is conceded, one of the very first things the Irish Legislature will have to consider is the living conditions of those who possess no land, viz., the town and country labourers of Ireland? Peasant proprietorship may be all right so far as it goes, although even on this point I have grave doubts; but the trouble is, that it doesn't go far enough. In other words, we cannot all become peasant proprietors, because there isn't enough land to go round. In view of these circumstances, it would be intensely interesting to hear from the writer first of all, since he doesn't believe in Socialism or Society or Committees, what sort of agency he would set up to divide the land; secondly, upon what principle he would have this agency distribute it; thirdly, what is to be the relationship between those who get land and those who don't; and lastly, what sort of stake is the landless man to have in the country.

Then, so far as Collectivism is concerned, certainly things would have taken a "very extraordinary and rather unexpected turn" if it had collapsed; but is it true that it has collapsed, or that the workers have lost faith in Socialism or Society?

I question very much if he is right when he states that Collectivism has collapsed, and that its collapse is due to the fact that the democracy of Britain lacked faith in it. I submit that the very opposite is the case. Is it not a fact that the whole trend of all that is best in British thought at the moment is in the direction of Collectivism? In support of my contention, I point to the unification of the labour forces throughout Britain; the advent of the Parliamentary Labour party, and to all the recent ameliorative industrial and social legislative enactments. What has he to say in support of his assertion? He says, "among all those miners" and "all those dockers," and I suppose he would permit me to add "all those factory workers" who have asked for higher wages lately (and he might have added, have not got them), most would have preferred to have no wages, and would prefer to have a piece of private capital. He then goes on to talk of miners owning "a garden no bigger than a carpet," and of dockers "owning a loose boat in some little harbour." Is it necessary to remind him that the tendency is for

all British industries, such as mines, factories, and docks, to be conducted on a large and ever-increasing scale, and that this tendency is not peculiar to Britain, but is world-wide? A corresponding tendency is for the workers engaged in these industries to become highly specialised, and, though highly specialised, still, in many cases, performing very simple functions, which, at any moment, might be rendered unnecessary through the adoption of some ingeniously devised labour-saving device. In this way the most highly skilled artisan is in hourly danger of the industrial scrap-heap, just as a modern destroyer is in hourly danger of becoming obsolete immediately it is launched. To talk, as the writer does, about "the chance of the peasant," in view of recent industrial developments, is simply begging the whole question so far as contributing to the solution of the problems of modern industry is concerned. There is not much wisdom in his talking about a miner or docker liking a private interest in preference to receiving wages, if he fails to show how this interest is to be acquired. I certainly want the workers to have an interest in the industries of the country, but I cannot see how it is possible for them to secure anything but a collective one. And since it is a question of all, and since the writer of the article under review has only in it provided for some getting a private interest in their country, perhaps he will tell us what is to happen to that other some, which is by far the greater part of the whole, who, under no conceivable circumstances, could possibly have "the chance of the peasant."

F. McL.

* * *

## THE LOWER DECK*

THE bluejacket, unlike the soldier, whose daily round has formed the theme for so many popular tales, hitherto has been left very much in obscurity, so that this book, materialised as it has at so opportune a time, should be the more warmly welcomed. We strongly recommend it, first, to the lower deck themselves, if only that they may see how strenuous an advocate is pleading their cause; secondly, to the naval officer, since its pages put forth with moderation the views of his subordinates; and, lastly, we recommend it to the owners of the Navy, the great British public, who, nurtured on the idea that a sailor's life is one of ease and sunshine, of merry songs and hornpipes, are lamentably ignorant of the real life between-decks. Their admiration of the bluejacket, based as it is on the "pretty-pretty" of naval tournaments and reviews, lacks stability. Let their pockets be threatened, and they burst forth into a tirade against "swollen armaments." Moreover, sailors have no desire for cheap admiration, and say, in their own inimitable lingo, "Damn your sympathy; give us the brass." No doubt, after a great naval disaster, the public subscribe liberally to relief funds, but such emotional and spasmodic charity does more harm than good in the long run, in that it creates a vicious circle, for the wider the public open their purses on these terrible occasions, the tighter will the Admiralty and Treasury clutch theirs. As Nelson pointed out:—

> "Our God and sailor we adore
> In time of danger, not before.
> The danger past, both are alike requited—
> God is forgotten and the sailor slighted."

Landsmen, with fatal obstinacy, refuse to believe that the lower decks of our magnificent ships are seething with discontent—a state of things that, as Mr. Reynolds shows, is largely due to the extremely bad pay in the Navy. Bluejackets, as a rule, are ultra-conservative in all things, even in politics; and, recognising that most Service improvements in the past have been due, not to Liberals but to Conservatives, they vote, like the practical men they are, for those most likely to ameliorate their lot. Nevertheless, the present First Lord has won golden opinions amongst them by his personal investigations into their grievances; besides, they trust a man who, on many occasions, in submarines and destroyers, has subjected himself to the same risks they themselves have to face. He is, indeed, the type of man to instil confidence into sailors. Hence, when he promised increased pay, the murmurs of discontent were hushed from one end of the Fleet to the other, and the old-time cheerful patience was restored. But this patience cannot be strained indefinitely, as the nation may discover should the long-promised improvements not be forthcoming. Mr. Reynolds says: "My own impression is that Mr. Churchill would have done more and have made more sweeping changes but for obstacles placed in his way." It is an anomaly that a Liberal Government should be so illiberal as to place obstacles in the way of meting out justice to those who so uncomplainingly dedicate their lives to the maintenance of the Empire's integrity.

Mr. Reynolds recounts an amusing anecdote in connection with a recent visit of the First Lord to one of the ships: "Said Mr. Churchill to a stoker, 'D'you like your job?' 'I can't say I do, sir,' replied the man. 'Well, what's wrong with it?' asked Mr. Churchill. 'What's wrong with it?' repeated the stoker, looking very frankly into his face; 'well, what's right with it?' And for once Mr. Churchill was nonplussed."

One grievance that Mr. Reynolds has against the Admiralty seems somewhat illogical. He requires Admiralty sanatoria for men invalided out of the Service with consumption. Now, when a bluejacket joins the Service, he knows full well that, should his health fail in this respect, in view of the infectious nature of this fell scourge, he is bound to be invalided out. It is a case of being cruel to be kind; the individual must be sacrificed for the welfare of the total force. Once invalided, all public hospitals and sanatoria are as open to him as to his non-naval *confrères*.

Lord Charles Beresford is the idol of the lower deck, simply because, having realised that there are genuine grievances, he works with bulldog pertinacity until those grievances are removed. "How is it," we once asked Lord Charles when he was an admiral afloat, "your fleet returns show so small a percentage of leave-breakers as compared with those of other fleets under similar conditions?" "Because," came the answer, "I endeavour to look upon my men as human beings, and not as so many movable pieces on a chess-board." Mr. Churchill has given due consideration to the question of punishments, and has caused to be removed some of the more harmful and irritating. Again, his scheme of promotion from the ranks will be a great encouragement to men to keep clear of the defaulters' list, as well as an inducement to ambitious boys to enter the Navy. Into all questions of discipline the personal equation enters largely, and this may mean all the difference between justice and gross injustice. As Mr. Reynolds so aptly says, "The Navy is a maze of wheels within wheels, all of them greased or gritted, where they intermesh, with the personal factor." One commanding officer, possessing tact and common sense, will have a happy and well-behaved ship, a principal contribution to fighting efficiency; another, swollen but empty-headed, will

* "Men of the Lower Deck." By Stephen Reynolds. 1s. (Dent.)

bring into being phenomenal punishment returns and mess-decks rankling with dissatisfaction.

Enough has been said, we hope, to stimulate the reader to look more closely into the matter, and he cannot do this better than by reading Mr. Reynolds's book, and, having read it, we feel convinced he will be determined to see fair treatment administered to these cheery but long-suffering defenders of our shores. To modify the words of a great philosopher: "Posterity will cry shame on us if we do not at once remedy this deplorable state of things. Nay, if we live but a few years longer, our own consciences will cry shame on us."

NAVAL OFFICER.

## "THE TURNSTILE"

By A. E. W. MASON

CAPTAIN RAMES, the hero of Mr. A. E. W. Mason's latest novel, "The Turnstile" (London: Hodder and Stoughton), is a naval officer and an Antarctic explorer. He tries to reach the South Pole, fails gloriously, returns to England, and gets married at the age of forty. Mr. Hemming, his lieutenant on *The Perhaps*, sets off to make a fresh attack on the South Pole, also without success. Whereupon Captain Rames hears once more the "call," and, leaving his wife and a promising political career behind, sails for the Great White South. Now readers of Mr. Mason—and they are no small company—need no reminding that Captain Scott, R.N., conducted an expedition to the Antarctic in 1900-4, that one of his officers on that occasion, Lieutenant (now Sir Ernest) Shackleton, led a new expedition towards the South Pole in 1907-9, that Scott, in 1910, started on another voyage, hoping to attain the hitherto unattainable; and "Who's Who" will give them the further piece of information, if they do not already possess it, that Captain Scott was married in 1908, at the age of forty.

Under these circumstances it is scarcely surprising that Mr. Mason considers some explanation necessary. It takes the form of a brief note on the back of the title-page: "In view of recent events, I think it proper to say that this book was planned and the writing of it begun by the spring of the year 1909." Some, no doubt, will see in this a subtle form of self-praise: "How true a prophet I was!" The more charitable will read Mr. Mason's foreword as a sort of apology, or excuse: "You must not blame me if fact has followed closely in the footsteps of fiction."

Of course, others before Mr. Mason have grafted romance on reality; have borrowed for the purposes of fiction living characters and actual current events. Meredith, for instance (to take only moderns), introduced relatives, under a thin disguise, into his novels; the "Dop Doctor" draws freely on the story of Mafeking and its defenders; Mr. Kipling has been made the hero of an able French novel called "Dingley"; Mr. Barrie used to embarrass friends and acquaintances by bestowing their names in full upon the creations of his fancy.

Obviously, Rames (a not very likable man) is not, and is not intended to be, a character-sketch of any living explorer. Yet, somehow, one regrets Mr. Mason's making the Scott-Shackleton situation the framework for his story. The prefatory note offers no valid excuse. Shackleton had married and gone out again when Mr. Mason began his novel; Scott was not long married, but it almost stood to reason that he would not rest till he had the South Pole under his heel. Had Mr. Mason's story been a masterpiece of fiction, one would not have minded, perhaps; but it is not. "The Turnstile" is quite an interesting story; the story of the clash and reconciliation of a husband's grim ambition and a wife's romantic enthusiasm, of a relentless summons of an unfinished, dangerous task, just when love has come to life.

Mr. Mason, in fact, has been making "copy" out of the people he has seen and heard, and events that have been taking place during the last year or two. Much of it—his election scenes and sketches of the different types of M.P., for example—is very entertaining "copy," but even the best of "copy" rarely makes durable literature. Had the artist in Mr. Mason kept the journalist in restraint, fewer readers might have gone through "The Turnstile" to-day, but more would have done so to-morrow.

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Craftsman, the old houses stand,
And the new endow the land.

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With subtle tools, and arms that ache,—
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For now, the leases being run
Of war's ordained destruction,—
The Golden Bough should feel the sun.

The mystic carpenter that drew
The line that ran the zenith thro',—
He is content, and lives in you.

And Lucifer's lost energy,
That falls from heav'n eternally,
Is reborn in your carpentry.

And Adam's delving, Eve's delight;—
The moonward rapture of the bright
Rebellious wave;—the fall of night;—

The wintry dawn that hears a noise,
Like Cheops' hammer sound and rise;—
They lend a measure to your eyes.

And for that paradise, or aisle
Of youth, you dreamt of all the while,
What if it lay within a mile?—

And pipe should play, and tabor beat,
And you should find it at your feet,
At your own door, in your own street?

For old roads end where new began,
And the new road turns where the old one ran:
*These are the words of Everyman.*

E. R.

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# A NEW POWER ARISING IN THE EAST

I.

THE startling triumphs of the Bulgarian armies recall to memory a prophetic remark which was made to me in 1906 in the course of an interview with the then Prime Minister, M. Petkoff, the peasant patriot, the little man with the mutilated hand, who was murdered shortly after my visit by a political fanatic. I had just travelled through Bulgaria, and had been intensely impressed, not only by the beauty of the scenery, but by the thriving aspect of the country. I ventured to communicate my impressions to the veteran statesman, and to say to him, by way of compliment, that the countryside of Bulgaria, with its smiling orchards and market gardens, reminded me of the prosperity of the Flemish Provinces of Belgium. The little man with the mutilated hand straightened himself in a movement of protest, and said in a tremulous voice, in which indignation was mingled with contempt: "My dear sir, if you mean this as a compliment, allow me to say that Bulgaria has a higher ambition than to be merely as prosperous and as impotent as Belgium; *she wants to become the Prussia of the Balkans.*"

II.

Little did I know how soon this phrase of Petkoff's would become a reality, but even at that time I could read a very definite meaning in his utterance, for, coming from Belgrade to Sofia, I had been struck, as every traveller must be struck, with the startling differences between the national characteristics of the Servians and those of the Bulgarians. These differences are similar to those which divide the Prussian and the South German. Like the South German, the Servian is artistic, emotional, imaginative, impulsive. Like the Prussian, the Bulgarian is dour, matter-of-fact, silent, restrained, disciplined. He is a descendant of those wild hordes, those "Bougres" who struck terror into mediæval Europe, and the admixture of the Tartar element in his blood, the iron in his composition, has given the Bulgarian a toughness, a hardness, and staying power which is lacking in the Servian.

III.

The sudden expansion of new Bulgaria is certainly one of the miracles of recent history. We are familiar enough with the mushroom growth of American cities, but here it is not a single city, it is a whole nation which has grown up in less than a generation. Only thirty-four years ago Bulgaria was under the heel of the Turk, groaning under misgovernment; she could only be liberated by the help of Russian power. To-day the Bulgarian people are provided with all the organs of civilisation. They are highly educated, well administered. Notwithstanding a crushing military expenditure, their credit stands high, and it is morally certain that to-morrow the Bulgarian nation, reaping the fruits of victory, will become one of the decisive factors in European politics, will indeed become the "Prussia of the Balkans," thus opening a new chapter in international relations.

IV.

What are the causes of this wonderful expansion of Bulgaria? No doubt, they are primarily moral. The Bulgarians have learnt the invaluable lesson of discipline in the only school where such a lesson can be learnt—the school of experience. The ever-threatening perils of the present have kept burning the flame of an exalted patriotism. The sufferings endured during centuries of oppression have inspired the people with a stern idealism; they have made them realise the blessings of liberty. They have caused them to submit to sacrifices from which older and richer nations would have recoiled. Both the memories of the past and the aspirations of the future have made them into a nation of citizens and soldiers.

V

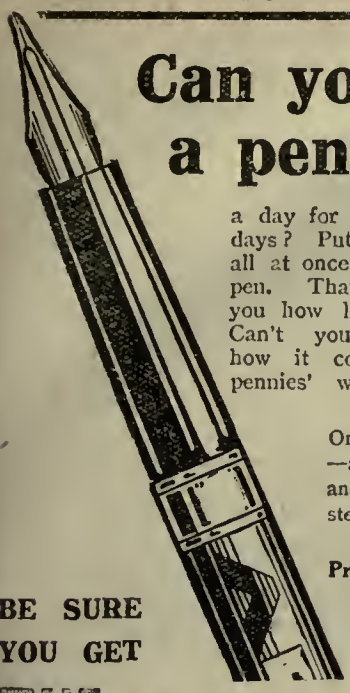
But, whilst giving due prominence to the moral and military factors, we must not forget the economic and social causes of Bulgarian greatness. If Bulgaria has succeeded, it is largely because it is built on the solid foundations of a rural democracy. There does not exist a more democratic State in Europe. There is no aristocracy; there is hardly a middle class. There are only six thousand industrial workers in a population of over four millions. The Bulgarians are not only a nation of soldiers, they are in a literal sense a nation of peasants and of peasant proprietors.

And the establishment of this rural democracy has been the result of a deliberate policy. If things had been left to chance, the Bulgarian peasant proprietor would probably have disappeared, as he has disappeared in Roumania, before the encroachment of the landlord or the usurer. But in Bulgaria statesmanship has done everything in its power, first to call into being and then to maintain that rural democracy. The present Prime Minister, M. Gueshoff, explained to the writer of this article how the Bulgarian Government has systematically fostered agriculture and protected the peasant against his enemies and against his own ignorance. He explained how they got rid of the great landlords, the *tchorbadgis*, how the large estates, or *tchifliks*, were broken up; how in 1889 the Bulgarian Government adopted the Code Napoleon, which in all countries which adopted it has always resulted, and must inevitably result, in the dividing of large estates. He explained how, out of 546,804 proprietors, *there are only sixty-six men owning more than two hundred and fifty acres.* He explained how the Agricultural State Bank defended the peasant against the moneylender, and how the State Railways (1,200 kilometres of the railways out of 1,600 belong to the Government) ensured cheap rates and a market for the agricultural produce.

VI.

There lies the true lesson of the Bulgarian victories. To different observers, the war must necessarily convey different meanings. To some it means merely a failure of European diplomacy. To others it may mean the collapse of German military prestige. For have not the vanquished Turks been the trained pupils of Von der Goltz and German officers, and have not the victorious Bulgarians proved the superiority of the French artillery?

But to the student of politics, the victory of the Balkans means something much bigger. It means the victory of true democracy; it means a victory of peasant proprietorship. The Bulgarians have achieved military power because they had previously achieved political liberty; and they achieved political liberty at home because they had secured that economic independence which is the only foundation of political independence. Bulgarian patriotism has worked wonders because every Bulgarian peasant has a stake in the soil of his native country.



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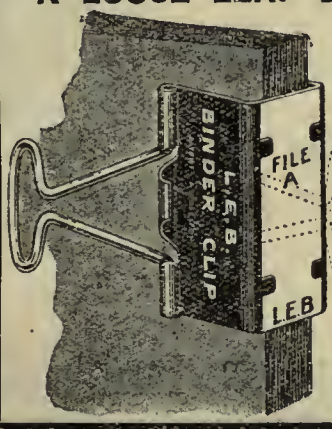


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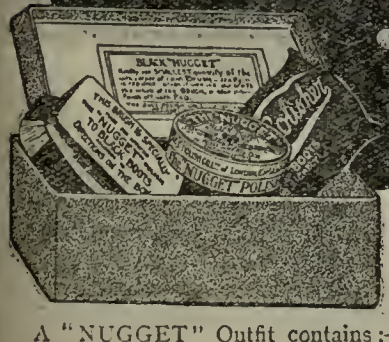


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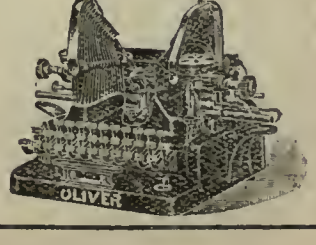

# THE TRUSTWORTHINESS OF ANDREW LANG*

By A. BLYTH WEBSTER

I.

If the late Samuel Butler had been persuaded to write a History of English Literature (which, I admit, is most unlikely), the result might have been curiously near Mr. Andrew Lang's vivacious seven hundred pages, "From Beowulf to Swinburne." There would have been the same wealth of unexpected allusion and irrepressible digression; the same waggish charm to so many pages; the same trick of half-hidden scholarship beneath the flippant epithet; the same incomprehensible omissions; the same disdain for leadership; the same refreshing freedom from the virtues of the specialist; the same frank suspicion of the bizarre, the esoteric, the pretentious; the same striving to rescue the subject from bigots and prigs and pedants; the same sunlit paganism, as of a happier Italian Renaissance.

II.

Butler, for an instance at random, might have written, and would have joyed to read, so cool a comment on the Meredithian profound: "The preluding sonnet to *Modern Love* may contain the secret; it closes thus:—

> "'But listen in the thought, so may there come
> Conception of a newly added chord,
> Commanding space beyond where ear has home,
> In labour of the trouble at its fount,
> Leads up to an intelligible lord
> The rebel discord up the sacred Mount.'

We 'listen in the thought,' but conception of a newly added chord does not readily arrive—not where ear has home, at all events, and nothing leads us to an intelligible lord, if that means an intelligible poet. Persons cultivated enough to love English poetry more obscure than an 'unseen' piece of Pindar find much matter in lines like these." Also, if Butler would have given less space and a scantier honour to the dreary Americans who bulk so largely in Lang's later sections, he would have been pleased with this analysis of the similes in *The Psalm of Life*: "You meet some shipwrecked brother, who, though he has piled up his bark on some reef, is still sailing o'er time's dreary main, and taking comfort in observing, through his glass, that somebody has left footprints on the sands."

III.

You may doubt how far Lang was temperamentally the man to write history at all. Certainly, when Latimer and Nicholas Breton, Peter Pindar and Hannah More, Godwin and Lord Chesterfield, Cobbett and Clough escape even mention, to make room for Ouida, Harrison Ainsworth, William Black, and Mrs. Henry Wood, there is ground for complaint. In the same way you may doubt if Butler was temperamentally the critic to discuss the authorship of the *Odyssey*, or make a way through the mysteries of the Shakespearean sonnets. You may, with the best will in the world, tire of Mr. Lang's interspersed and repeated little essays on Homer, Mary Queen of Scots, Joan of Arc, and Charles Wogan, just as you would probably have heard more than enough about the machinations of the late Charles Darwin from *Erewhon's* author. But unless you are woefully stricken with the heresy of "impartial" criticism and "impersonal" history, you may perceive that this same tart uncovering of likes and dislikes achieves, within its limits, a style of history that may be fairly called trustworthy. Now, trustworthiness—that creation of a writer's individual responsibility—is what no amount of impartiality and impersonality need ever be expected to achieve.

IV.

That there has ever been such a thing as impartial history is open to doubt. That there has been, and can be, such a thing as trustworthy history may be maintained. And I am coming to think that it was written by Cobbett, by Froude, by Macaulay, by Carlyle. It is mere fallacy to say these men are unreliable through their obvious prejudices. It is simply because their prejudices are so obvious and so healthy, so little withheld from the reader, that to people not wholly ignorant or wholly stupid their histories are in the end reliable. If Andrew Lang cannot be counted among the greater combative historians, it is because he lacked their genius for sustained and effective narrative. If he can be thought of in connection with them, it is thanks to a fine set of picturesque faiths he was prepared to fight for, and because he understood the honour and chivalry of the fight.

"Impartial history," Lang writes, in a page on Froude, "is notoriously dull." But it is worse, it is monstrously misleading. If a man writes for the pleasure of praising what he loves and the fun of fighting what he hates, he can be trusted as well as appreciated. But if, like the barber in George Eliot, he starts out thanking God (or Evolution) that he will not fetter his judgment by entertaining an opinion, he will trap you on every page.

* "History of English Literature." By Andrew Lang. 6s. (Longmans. 1912.)

* * *

# "THE LIFE OF GEORGE TYRRELL"*

I.

The "Life of the late Father Tyrrell," the famous Modernist thinker and writer, whose convictions led at last to the severance of his connection with the Jesuit Order, has just been published by Messrs. Edward Arnold. The first volume consists of an autobiography left in MS. by Father Tyrrell, and covering the period of his life from his infancy and youth in Ireland until his mother's death, the latter event having occurred after her son had become a distinguished member of the Jesuits of the English province.

The second volume, which includes much valuable correspondence by Father Tyrrell with persons all over Europe, is compiled by the authoress, Miss M. D. Petre. Unlike de Lamennais and many other Catholic leaders of thought who have been condemned by Rome, George Tyrrell claimed to the end to be—as, by the terms of his will, he is styled on the headstone of his grave at Storrington—a "Catholic Priest."

II.

However opinions may differ as to the possibility of Catholicism undergoing such an evolution as to represent a synthesis which should include the *progressive* and *liberal* as well as the more *static* and *traditionalist* elements of religion—the combination and persistence in Tyrrell's subtle and powerful brain, as well as in his imagination and affections, of ideals, so often deemed contradictory by shallower natures, such as those involved in organic Catholicism, and in intellectual, spiritual, and social progress—is a remark-

* "The Life of George Tyrrell." By Miss Maud Petre.

(*Continued on page* 124.)

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## "THE LIFE OF GEORGE TYRREL"
*(continued)*

able phenomenon, and probably one more intelligible in the present than in any previous age.

It is interesting to note that Father Tyrrell was an Irishman, born in Dorset, Dublin, of a family of gentlefolk in very poor circumstances. His parents and brother were persons of high intellectual capacity and literary gifts. His father was a journalist, his brother (long ago deceased) was one of the most distinguished Greek scholars ever produced by Dublin University.

III.

George Tyrrell was the close friend of another Irishman, noted in a very different department of religious activity, the Anglo-Catholic—Father Dolling, the well-known Mission priest.

The warm sympathies of both were with progressive Democracy, although Father Tyrrell did not come into the same close practical connection with the problems of poverty and labour that his friend Dolling did in the slums of Portsmouth. But, like the latter, the illustrious ex-Jesuit must be counted among the sympathisers with Irish Nationalism and Home Rule.

Baron von Hügel, the most learned of Tyrrell's host of friends, has described the latter as having a "German brain and an Irish heart." Few men so profoundly philosophical in cast of mind have had affections so deep and hearts so warm.

* * * *

## MR WELLS ON MARRIAGE.*

"I'M a spiritual guttersnipe in love with unimaginable goddesses," said that child of the age, George Ponderevo, in "Tono Bungay." That is the answer to those who, touching life with the coarseness of the sentimentalist, cry out that this is the age of materialism, and that men are turning from things of the spirit. The moral unrest of the day is the result of the conviction of modern men and women that, tested by some mystic, absolute standard outside themselves, life is not fine enough. "Marriage," Mr. Wells' last book, represents this spiritual dissatisfaction brooding over the dinginess that has come between us and the reality of Love. With the exception of the more brutal ascetics, people have always realised the value of love. To avoid its profanation they adopted the rough-and-ready test of marriage; outside the circle of the wedding-ring all relationships were evil, within it all were sacred. It was a good working hypothesis. But now, when we have developed a more determined thirst for beauty, it seems too brutal and mechanical a law. It is not only because it falls so heavily on so many delicate flowers of the spirit that men such as Mr. Wells rebel against it, though of that aspect he spoke in "The New Machiavelli." It is also the licence, which is the necessary corollary of law, which disgusts him. With a sharp sense of the values of life, he cannot bear the artificial sanction given to gross, destructive, mutual raids on personality which often form marriages.

The blame for the ignobility of marriage he places primarily on the modern woman. He finds her guilty, first of all, of a carelessness of destiny, even as regards her motherhood. As old Sir Roderick Dover says: "If there was one thing in which you might think woman would show a sense of some divine purpose in life it is in the matter of children, and they show about as much care in the matter—oh, as rabbits! Yes, rabbits. I stick to it. Look at the things a nice girl will marry; look at the men's children she'll consent

* "Marriage." By H. G. Wells. 6s. (Macmillan.)

## MR. WELLS ON MARRIAGE *(continued)*

to bring into the world. Cheerfully! Proudly! For the sake of the home and the clothes. . . ." That was the crime Marjorie Pope was about to commit when the book opens. She was a creature compact of gallantry and sweetness, with a vigorous, beautiful body, and a quick mind stimulated by University discipline. Yet, simply because she was afflicted with an intolerable father, who could not be allowed to carve the chicken because he "splashed too much and bones upset him and made him want to show up chicken in the *Times*"; and because she had got into debt at Oxbridge, she was on the verge of marriage with Will Magnet, the humorist, "a fairish man of forty, pale, with a large, protuberant, observant grey eye—I speak particularly of the left—and a face of quiet animation, warily alert for the wit's opportunity."

Then Professor Trafford appears, and his coming is symbolic of the promise of beauty and dignity he brings to Marjorie's life. While she is playing croquet to an obligato of facetiousness from Mr. Magnet, Trafford plunges down from the skies in an aeroplane. Overcome by the clear magic of this man, who has taken great risks, who is disciplined by mental work to athleticism of character, she elopes with him.

At first sight it seems like a fine sacrifice of this girl, with her warm, purring love of ease, to marry the scientist whose long-inspired days in the laboratory brought him only a few hundreds a year. But Marjorie was one of those who make the best of both worlds. By her quiet, graceful pursuit of her own tastes, she robbed from him all peace that made his brain smooth and quick to work; then she drove him into breaking up his laborious day by desperate money-making excursions into lecturing and journalism; and finally she took him from his work altogether, and turned him into a busy commercial prostitute, perverting his splendid, fearless research to a reticent and hidden investigation of synthetic rubber for a Jewish syndicate. For she sucked him dry of money. She begins by furnishing her house too richly, and goes on to lead him into preposterous social obligations. She uses the love that brought them together as a barrier behind which to level this relentless attack on his genius. She dangles her babies at him and preens herself on the majesty of her motherhood to avert discussion. And though she knows that her latter prosperity has been bought by the joy of his life, she does not relent.

In the end he rebels, and takes her away from this "busy death" in London to the quiet snows of Labrador, to think out the hopeless riddle of their irritating existence. He finds the secret of the shabby haste of the modern world in the victory of the grabbing spirit over the spirit of pure research into life. And he attributes—as did that vulgar and vital genius of America, David Graham Phillips—the unseemly scramble of latter-day human activity to the efforts of men to satisfy the spendthrift passion of women. It seems to him typical that Marjorie should have killed his passion for the remoter beauty for truth by her thirst for the trivial immediate beauty of a well-ordered house. And her triumph was so petty: it was like the work of the Yellow Book School, who sacrificed the difficult beauty of issues of the soul to the trivial loneliness of phrases and episodes.

The Traffords' marriage was what that Chatterton of philosophy, young Otto Weininger, said the relationship of men and women in the world must always be, "the binding of eternal life in a perishable being, of the innocent in the guilty." REBECCA WEST.


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DEAR SIR,—As one who has withdrawn from the Church's fold, permit me a reply to Mr. Campbell's article on "The Future of the Churches."

Too often this discussion is maintained between the supporters and opponents of religion or faith. Too seldom do we hear the point of view of those (and they must now be many) who, while acknowledging the eternal and spiritual in life, feel that the necessity of its organised expression is now passing away.

Mr. Campbell would have carried greater conviction had he not so confused religion with its organised expression. He commences by speaking of "organised religion as represented by the Christian Churches"; he finishes by identifying the Church with that communion which throughout all time has testified of the soul and its relations in time and eternity. Now that spirit may belong to every or to no denomination. Like the wind, it bloweth as it listeth. Or, to make the metaphor more perfect, like the wind, it obeys laws which are beyond man's laws.

Therefore, when he turns round in a spirit of optimism, and says that "the Church of Christ has a marvellous way of righting itself," he leaves us in some doubt whether he means merely the organised body or the living witness to the truths which Christ taught.

But many of us are in no doubt whatever. We do not believe in "the Churches," but in the Church, and not in the Church as distinct from the State, but in the Church as the spiritual aspect of the State. We believe in the City of the future, the New Jerusalem, in which "there shall be no Temple, for the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb dwell there." Or, in the words of another, and a more modern seer: "In my dreams it is a country where the State is the Church, and the Church is the people; three in one, and one in three."

We believe at the present day the form of organised Christianity has served its purpose, and is a source of division, and not of union. We think that a state which is animated by Christian ideals has no need of another organised body to keep it up to the mark. It dissipates power. It absorbs the wealth and energy of men, who might be doing useful service in perfecting national and municipal life. It performs a round of duties of supposed special sanctity which compete with claims of more fundamental urgency.

But is there no danger that, apart from a combined witness to the things eternal, things transitory and mundane will prove irresistible? Will not people desire some outward expression of their faith, some communion for devotion and worship? That is just what no organised Church can secure. People do not cease to be less mundane because they sing Hebrew psalms and medieval chants. They only become archaic—they are obsessed by old thought forms. He only has the spirit of the eternal who can bring the spirit of the past into the forms of the present. The pulpit and the so-called "service" are becoming obsolete, and those who see the modern trend, the purpose of man's evolution, will assist, and not hinder, the change. They will bring the dignity and beauty of worship into their work. They will cease to maintain an arbitrary division into sacred and secular. Whatever common meetings they may hold, we may be sure that they will not be organised expressions of a fixed ritual, or a series of regular addresses by a specially trained caste. Whoever has a message will


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**TWOPENCE WEEKLY.**

## CORRESPONDENCE *(continued)*

find an outlet. But the professional exponent of spirituality, and the organised "Church," will no longer be required.—I am, sir, etc., CHAS. E. SMITH.

Cobden Chambers, Birmingham.

## HOW TO SAVE THE CLASSICS.

*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

DEAR SIR,—You cannot save a dead language by attempting to teach it, as though it were a living one, through the medium of speech. This is not the natural method, surely. Nor is Greek or Latin "so direct and simple" as Mr. Rouse would have us believe. Materialism is a shibboleth that is invariably used by those who urge the retention of the classics. The classics, surely, have not the monopoly of culture. A very large percentage of the boys who have spent the best part of their lives over Greek have wasted their time on the language and scarcely entered the broad field of literature. Scarcely one man in ten of those who have taken an Honours degree at Oxford or Cambridge read Greek for pleasure in after life, schoolmasters excepted. Then we must recognise that these languages are beyond the capacity of the average schoolboy. The study of the mother tongue has for him a far greater culture value than the study of any foreign language. The æsthetic training to be given through the medium of our literature is a more potent antidote against the present materialism than the study of the classics.

What Mr. Benson says is, of course, far truer of the Public School than of the ordinary Secondary School. The aristocratic institutions lag behind the times longer than the democratic schools. When the large public schools are subjected to the same criticism and inspection as the ordinary secondary school, then, and not till then, will there be any advance.—I am, sir, etc.,

43, Oakfield Road, A. S. ROBERTS.
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## "THE NEGLECT OF GERMAN."

*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

SIR,—If you can still find space for any further correspondence on this subject, I should much like to supplement the admirable letters of this week's issue from the point of view of a private person whose knowledge of German has been acquired without reference to scholastic or commercial requirements, which in my case did not exist.

The love of scholarship and literature which led me to make the nearer acquaintance of the German tongue was implanted in me solely by the studies of my youth in the Greek and Latin classics. My experience, moreover, coincides exactly with that of "Hinterschlag." At school, and at the University, the best, or perhaps the only, English students of German whom I met were classical men. And when the question is discussed from the point of view of general culture, love of learning, or of literature, we could surely hardly expect that we should find anything else. The man whose intellectual life has been nurtured on the highest and noblest thoughts of the ancients is the most likely person to love and appreciate the great German masters of a more recent day.

It seems a poor and short-sighted policy, in the supposed interests of the scholarly study of modern languages, to sow dissension between those who have every reason to feel themselves natural allies.—I am, sir, etc., VERBORGEN.

London, October 26th, 1912.

## THE REFUGEES.

*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

SIR,—The slashing attack made on Sir A. Conan Doyle's novel, "The Refugees," by your anonymous contributor raises a point of great literary interest and dispute, discussion of which might merit a little space in your columns. This question, put briefly, is: In what relation does the historical novelist stand to the history on which he bases his story, and in what measure is he justified in departing from the accurate course of events as investigated and proved by the historian and antiquarian? Sir Philip Sidney, in his eloquently poetical and "ever praise-worthie" "Defence of Poetry," makes a point in this connection: the poet, he says, never lies, because he never pretends to give an account of the truth (in dealing with incidents, of course, for the remark would not apply where the poet is dealing with ultimate realities); and Sidney was not thinking of verse-writers only when he wrote "poets." We do not go to the Waverley Novels, to Dumas, to G. P. R. James, Ainsworth, Lytton, or Reade, if we desire to study the history of any particular period in the spirit of the historian, whose search is ever after the truth: for that purpose there are text-books in plenty. A novel, as much as an epic or a drama, is a work of the imagination, which will not be bounded by the limits of actuality; and if the novelist finds that a re-arrangement of circumstances satisfies his artistic sense more completely than the historical facts, I hold that he is justified in making that re-arrangement. If space permitted, I could produce a long list of inaccuracies in Scott, the so-called "father" of the historical novel, apart from the general kind exposed and condemned by Froude in his remarks on "Ivanhoe"; yet who comes away from a "Waverley" novel in the spirit which "The Refugees" has aroused in your contributor? I admit that there is some excuse for a learned reader becoming irritated when he comes upon anachronism after anachronism, and his sense of accuracy is buffeted at every turn. But let him reflect, and cease from attacking a writer for not doing something he never set out to do. How many readers of "The Refugees" know that Corneille died in 1684, or that Massillon and Fenelon had not emerged into publicity in 1685? If readers went to novels to learn history we might make it a capital crime to write or publish a book like "The Refugees"; but, fortunately, they don't, and never will, as long as one can discriminate between two kinds of literature.—I am, sir, etc.,

THOMAS HUFFINGTON.

Leeds, October 26th, 1912.

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## ARTICLES

BY

LORD GUTHRIE
MRS. SIDNEY WEBB
JOHN MASEFIELD
PROF. LICHTENBERGER
NORMAN ANGELL


# HISTORY IN THE MAKING

## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THE war news continues to be a record of Turkish defeats. The Turks, driven back to the Chataljan lines, are being hard pressed by the Bulgarians. A great battle is in progress. The number of wounded arriving at Constantinople indicates that a fierce resistance is being offered by the Turks. The situation at Adrianople grows increasingly critical. Two important forts have been captured by the Bulgarians, and the fall of the city is regarded as imminent. The great event of the war, so far as the Greeks are concerned, is the fall of Salonika, the news of which was received at Athens with great rejoicings. Meanwhile great anxiety exists in diplomatic circles with regard to the new situation created by the success of the allied armies.

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An important statement was made by Mr. Asquith on this head at the Lord Mayor's banquet at the Guildhall. The Balkan armies, he said, were in effective possession of Macedonia and Thrace. Salonika was occupied by the Greeks, and we might at any moment hear of the fall of Constantinople. It was the business of statesmen everywhere to accept the accomplished fact. The map of Eastern Europe had to be recast, and it might be that ideas, preconceptions, and policies which were born in what was now a bygone era would have to be modified, reconstructed, and even go altogether by the board. Upon one thing, continued the Prime Minister, "I believe the general opinion of Europe to be unanimous—that the victors are not to be robbed of the fruits which cost them so dear."

---

The sweeping victory of Dr. Woodrow Wilson has elated the progressive party in the United States. Importance is attached to the fact that Democrats will also have a majority in the Senate, and thus control legislation. As the result of the State Elections, woman's suffrage will probably be extended to four more States in the Union.

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Something like a political panic was created on Monday night by the defeat of the Government on an amendment by Sir Frederick Banbury to the financial resolutions of the Home Rule Bill. The division resulted in placing the Government in a minority of twenty-two. On the motion of the Prime Minister, the debate was adjourned.

After a meeting of the Cabinet, an official statement was issued announcing that the amendment carried in the House of Commons was not regarded by the Government as involving any modification of their programme. The division was clearly a snap division on a motion which had not even been put upon the order paper, and was handed in without notice in manuscript. It is recalled in the official statement that the Prime Minister, in his speech at Ladybank on October 5th, stated that his course would not be affected by snap divisions in the House of Commons.

---

The problems growing out of the war are likely to tax European diplomacy to the utmost. Between Austria and Servia there is likely to be friction. Servia desires access to the Adriatic—a desire that seems counter to the designs of Austria. Austria is said to be backed by Germany and Italy.

The Bulgarian semi-official journal, *Mir*, says that the recognition of Servia's demand for an Adriatic port is a *sine qua non* of a solution of the Balkan question. M. Daneff, the President of the Bulgarian Chamber, has arrived at Budapest on what is regarded as an important mission, and has been received by the Emperor Francis Joseph, the Archduke Franz Ferdinand, the Heir-Presumptive, and Count Berchtold, Austro-Hungarian Foreign Minister. It is semi-officially stated that the chief object of M. Daneff's mission is to ascertain the views held in authoritative circles in Austria-Hungary regarding the situation created by the successes of the Balkan Alliance.

In the course of his examination before the House of Commons' Select Committee into the contracts between the Government and the Marconi Company, Sir Alexander King, Secretary to the Post Office, with reference to the rise in the value of the shares, said he did not ascribe it to the contract. It occurred when the company acquired the business of the United Wireless Company of America.

---

The report of the Royal Commission on Divorce is now issued. In the majority report the Commissioners recommend the decentralisation of sittings in England for the hearing of divorce and matrimonial causes; to enable persons of limited means to have their cases heard locally; the abolition of the powers of Courts of Summary Jurisdiction to make orders for the permanent separation of married persons; the placing of men and women on an equal footing with regard to grounds for divorce; the addition of five grounds for divorce which are generally recognised as in fact putting an end to married life; the addition of grounds for obtaining decrees of nullity of marriage in certain cases of unfitness for marriage. The Commissioners also recommend the amendment in several details of the present law of procedure and practice, and the making of provisions with regard to the publications of reports of divorce cases. It is accompanied by a minority report signed by the Archbishop of York, Sir William Anson, and Sir Lewis T. Dibdin. The signatories recommend that, subject to the recognition of equality between the sexes, the law should not be altered so as to extend the grounds of divorce.

---

In presenting a civic mace to Glasgow the other day, Lord Rosebery made his usual ironical reference to party politics. His Lordship said he had no connection with party politics, but if ever he did join any other political association or league, it would be one for the suspension of all legislation for two or three years. The body politic, as well as the body physical, ought to have time to digest what it had devoured.

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The Provost of Trinity College, Dublin, has received an assurance from Mr. Birrell that Mr. Campbell's amendment excluding Dublin University from the authority of an Irish Parliament will be inserted in the Home Rule Bill in the report stage.

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In reply to a question in Parliament, Mr. Masterman said the cost to the Exchequer next year of the national health insurance scheme—including the new grant of £1,650,000 for medical benefit—is estimated at just over £6,000,000. The cost of unemployment insurance to the State for the year is estimated at £766,000. These sums are exclusive of the cost of buildings, printing, and stationery.

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In the House of Commons Mr. Asquith announced that it had been decided to appoint a Select Committee to inquire into the legality of Sir S. Samuel retaining his seat in the House, his firm having carried through a contract for the Government.

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At a Liberal meeting held at Stafford, Mr. Pease, President of the Board of Education, claimed that the Insurance Act was the greatest measure of social reform ever passed. He admitted that the Liberal Government had increased the expenditure of the country, but he claimed that under Mr. Lloyd George's Budget nobody was a penny the worse.

# THE LESSON OF THE AMERICAN ELECTIONS

THE triumph of the Democratic party in the United States has exceeded expectation. That Mr. Taft would be defeated was a foregone conclusion. By chaining himself to the chariot wheels of the moneyed interests he had effectively reduced himself to impotence. As a candidate Mr. Taft's doom was sealed when, in 1909, he cynically departed from his electoral pledges by accepting the Payne-Aldrich tariff, which was expressly framed in the interests of the moneyed "bosses." Mr. Roosevelt's candidature introduced a disturbing element into the contest. A man of undoubted magnetic power, vast ambitions, demagogic instincts, and great driving force, he started on a pilgrimage of passion with many things in his favour. He has failed. His whirlwind methods, his revolutionary projects, and his spread-eagleism could not make the people forget that while in office he did nothing to lighten the terrible pressure of the high tariff system, which has caused a revolt, not only among the consumers who suffer severely from the increased cost of living, but also among a section of manufacturers who find the tariff operating seriously against them. Sufficient explanation of Mr. Roosevelt's apathy is found in the fact that the moneyed interests were huge contributors to the Republican party funds. So effectively had the financial "bosses" silenced the progressive section of the Republicans that it is said that seven-tenths at least of the colossal fortunes now in the possession of men attached to these interests are directly due to the political privileges bestowed upon them by Congress or by the State legislatures. More than fifty years ago De Tocqueville predicted the rise in America of a plutocracy which would be more dangerous to society than the old aristocracy. His prediction has surely been fulfilled when, as the result of a Commission appointed to report on the concentration of capital in the United States, we are told that, by means of what is known as the "interlocking system," more than one-third of all the active capital and resources of the United States is under the control of two men, Mr. Pierpont Morgan and Mr. J. D. Rockefeller.

President Wilson's victory is an expression of popular revolt. In entering upon his office he is confronted with a Herculean task. A man of pronounced ability, the representative of cultured America, possessed of high ideals, he will make a strenuous effort to purify the political life of the United States. The task which lies immediately to his hand is the reduction of the tariff in the direction of Free Trade. For this task, what are the forces at his command? The Democratic party commands both Houses, and were it unanimously bent on tariff reform on the lines of the President's ideal, the present elections would prove epoch-making. It must be remembered that in 1894 the Democrats, under Cleveland, failed to take advantage of the opportunity they then had of dealing with the tariff. Cleveland was openly thwarted by a group of Democratic senators, who also put a check upon the Democratic majority of the House of Representatives. It is difficult to see how the tariff can be radically reformed so long as the economic control of the nation is in the hands of a few men who live and move and have their being in an atmosphere of financial greed and political intrigue. President Wilson will make for himself an enduring reputation if he succeeds in introducing a new and a less commercial spirit into American politics.

HECTOR MACPHERSON.

# PRESIDENT WOODROW WILSON BY A. F. WHYTE, M.P.

I.

THREE years ago the State of New Jersey was controlled by corrupt bosses manipulating its representative institutions for their own private ends. To-day the bosses are out of the saddle: popular control is a reality. The change thus wrought was the work of one man, who was given the power to accomplish it in a curious manner. Early in 1910 the strategians of the corrupt party became aware of a formidable movement of public opinion within the State which threatened to undermine their power by sweeping away the old indirect methods of popular election and substituting machinery which would place the control of the legislature under the direct influence of public opinion. Now public opinion, especially that enlightened public opinion which has grown so rapidly in America during recent times, is the worst enemy of corruption, and the bosses knew this well. They therefore cast about to find a leader for the coming campaign who could clothe their operations with a mantle of respectability; and in their search they lighted upon Dr. Woodrow Wilson, President of Princeton University. In the person of this scholar they found a public man whose reputation for sound doctrine in the region of political *theory* stood high, and whom they secretly believed they could lead into their own paths when the time came for political *action*. They rubbed their hands in glee when they found that the reformers—whom they feared—also welcomed the Princeton President as a suitable nominee for the office of Governor of New Jersey in the interests of the Democratic Party: and after the first ballot of the Democratic Convention, Woodrow Wilson was declared official candidate for the Governorship. The bosses were satisfied; the reformers were satisfied; and everything seemed to augur well for the secret plans of the former. Wilson was summoned to the convention to receive nomination. He appeared and accepted it in a speech which swept the delegates off their feet, and echoed from end to end of the American Union. His final words showed where he stood:—"I did not seek this nomination," said he. "I have made no pledge, and have given no promise. Still more, not only was no promise asked, but, as far as I know, none was desired. If elected, as I expect to be, I am left absolutely free to serve you with all singleness of purpose. It is a new era when these things can be said."

II.

The bosses were somewhat uneasy at this smiling independence of their puppet candidate; but they had made their choice, and now comforted themselves with the conviction that they could "manage" him as they had "managed" his predecessors. So Woodrow Wilson embarked on his first campaign, and soon showed that he was a campaigner of no common kind. He spoke to the voters of his State in clear and simple language, which carried conviction because the thoughts of the speaker were sincere and the speaker himself fearless.

Woodrow Wilson and his doctrine of the public good won the election, turning a Republican majority of 82,000 into a Democratic majority of 49,150. But a fiercer campaign was in store for the new Governor. Within a week of the election, the leading boss of New Jersey visited Governor Wilson and asked for his support as candidate for the United States Senatorship, presuming, no doubt, that the Governor would grant him this *quid pro quo* after the work he had done in placing him in the Governorship. Wilson refused, and requested the boss, James Smith, to abandon the idea, as it would certainly split the Democratic vote. Another and better candidate was in the field already, accepted by the party, "and by me," added Governor Wilson. "*His* nomination was a mere joke!" said Smith. "Not to me," said Wilson; "and if his nomination was a joke, his election by the Legislature to serve in the United States Senate is going to be a serious reality." The interview closed. Smith announced his candidature and rallied the full power of the corrupt "organisation" to support him. The party as a whole was sharply divided; and once more Governor Wilson intervened with a private message to Smith to say that, unless he relinquished the contest, he would denounce him as the agent of corruption. Smith persisted in his candidature; and Wilson immediately took the field against him. Making full use of the interval of time which must elapse before the Legislature assembled, he appeared before great audiences in all the principal cities of New Jersey, and told the people to see that their representatives voted right in the election of the Senator to represent the State of Washington. "You have been taught to fear and obey the 'machine' and the bosses," he declared. "Do not be dismayed. You see where the machine is entrenched, and it looks like a real fortress. It looks as if real men with real guns were inside. Go and touch it. It is a house of cards; and those are playthings that look like guns. Put your shoulder to it, and it will collapse."

III.

New Jersey followed its Governor, and the machine collapsed. It was the first of a notable series of triumphs which showed not only that Woodrow Wilson as Governor stood by the pledges by which he won his place, but that he was more than a match for the politicians at their own game. The news of his exploits sped across the United States and made his name a household word among reformers of all kinds; and, though he stood as a Democrat, he achieved his splendid work by appealing beyond the circle of his party to the public spirit of his fellow-citizens. By the time that the Democratic Convention met in Baltimore last summer Woodrow Wilson had proved that he was the national leader for whom the party had yearned, and he was nominated Democratic candidate for the Presidency in a scene of indescribable enthusiasm. His message to the United States is best summed up in his own words: "We have been calling our Government a Republic, and we have been living under the delusion that it is a representative government. That is the *theory*. But the *fact* is that we are not living under a representative government; we are living under a government of party bosses who, in secret conference and for private ends, determine what we shall have and shall not have. The first, the immediate thing that we have got to do is to *restore representative government*. . . . We are going to cut down the jungle in which corruption lurks. . . . That is what the people of New Jersey have meant as they have flocked out, rain or shine, not to follow the Democratic party—we have stopped thinking about parties—to follow what they now know as the Democratic idea, the idea that the people are at last to be served."

# "WAR AGAINST POVERTY" BY MRS. SIDNEY WEBB, D.Litt.

PART II.

I.

The second of Labour's demands will be continuity of employment. Here, too, although the ordinary Member of Parliament is still usually ignorant about it, we know now that it is possible confidently to demand a Parliamentary solution which would set our administrators to work. Unemployment is not any abstract "state of the labour market," but the dismissal of a workman from his situation, the breach of continuity in his employment, involving, as this does, so serious a dislocation of his own life and of all the conditions of his family existence. It is obviously better to prevent a man from losing his situation, if this can be done, than to let him be thrown out of work, with all the delay, trouble, loss, and dislocation involved in getting him into a new situation. Can this large proportion of quite undesired dismissals and quite involuntary losses of situations be prevented?

II.

The answer of the economist and the practical administrator now is that, to a very large extent at any rate, it is within the power of the Government to *prevent them from happening*, by rendering them unnecessary. It is impossible in a few sentences to explain the method by which unemployment can be administratively prevented. How to do it is well known to the Board of Trade, and only the hesitation of the Cabinet stands in the way. The Government can, if it chooses, prevent the greater part of all the present unemployment and under-employment by which the nation is afflicted. Those who are interested in this question should get the special literature publishing by the Standing Committee of the I.L.P. and the Fabian Society, which is now passing into the hands of hundreds of thousands of workmen.

III.

So much for the able-bodied man or woman. What about the sick, the neglected children, and the mentally defective? I have no room to detail the proposals—which are really those of the Government experts on these questions—by which we can set going a really national organisation to prevent sickness, to prevent child neglect, and prevent the increase of mental defectiveness. What the working men and working women are asking is that these things should be attended to without delay, instead of the present unnecessary destitution of health and character being permitted to continue. What is needed, in a word, is to take the sick, the neglected children, and the mentally defective *out of the Poor Law*, which does nothing to prevent, and to transfer the responsibility to local authorities having both the power and the duty of prevention as well as of provision.

IV.

This is a matter which it makes me sick at heart to think about. The condition of, literally, millions of children whom to-day we allow to fall below the national minimum of child nurture will be regarded with shame and horror by future generations. Forty years ago we set up a Local Education Authority to enforce throughout the length and breadth of the land a minimum standard of intellectual attainments. But hundreds of thousands of children are still so insufficiently fed, and in such a neglected condition, that they are wholly unable to obtain full advantage of the instruction that we force upon them. "I do not know how many children I examined among the poorer sort," reports the doctor who inspected the schools of one great city in 1907, "who were in a sort of dreamy condition, and would only respond to some very definite stimulus. They seemed to be in a condition of semi-torpor, unable to concentrate their attention on anything and taking no notice of their surroundings, if left alone. To give an example of what I mean; if I told one of these children to open its mouth, it would take no notice until the request became a demand, which sometimes had to be accompanied by a slight shake to draw the child's attentions. Then the mouth would be slowly opened widely, but no effort would be made to close it again until the child was told to do so. As an experiment, I left one child with its mouth wide open the whole time I examined it, and never once shut it. Now that shows a condition something like what one gets with a pigeon that has had its higher brain centres removed, and is a very sad thing to see in a human being." This scandalous state of things, which continues to-day, proves conclusively that our Poor Law, whilst making no attempt to prevent destitution, does not even relieve it—does not even relieve the destitution of thousands of little children who are obviously destitute through no fault of their own.

V.

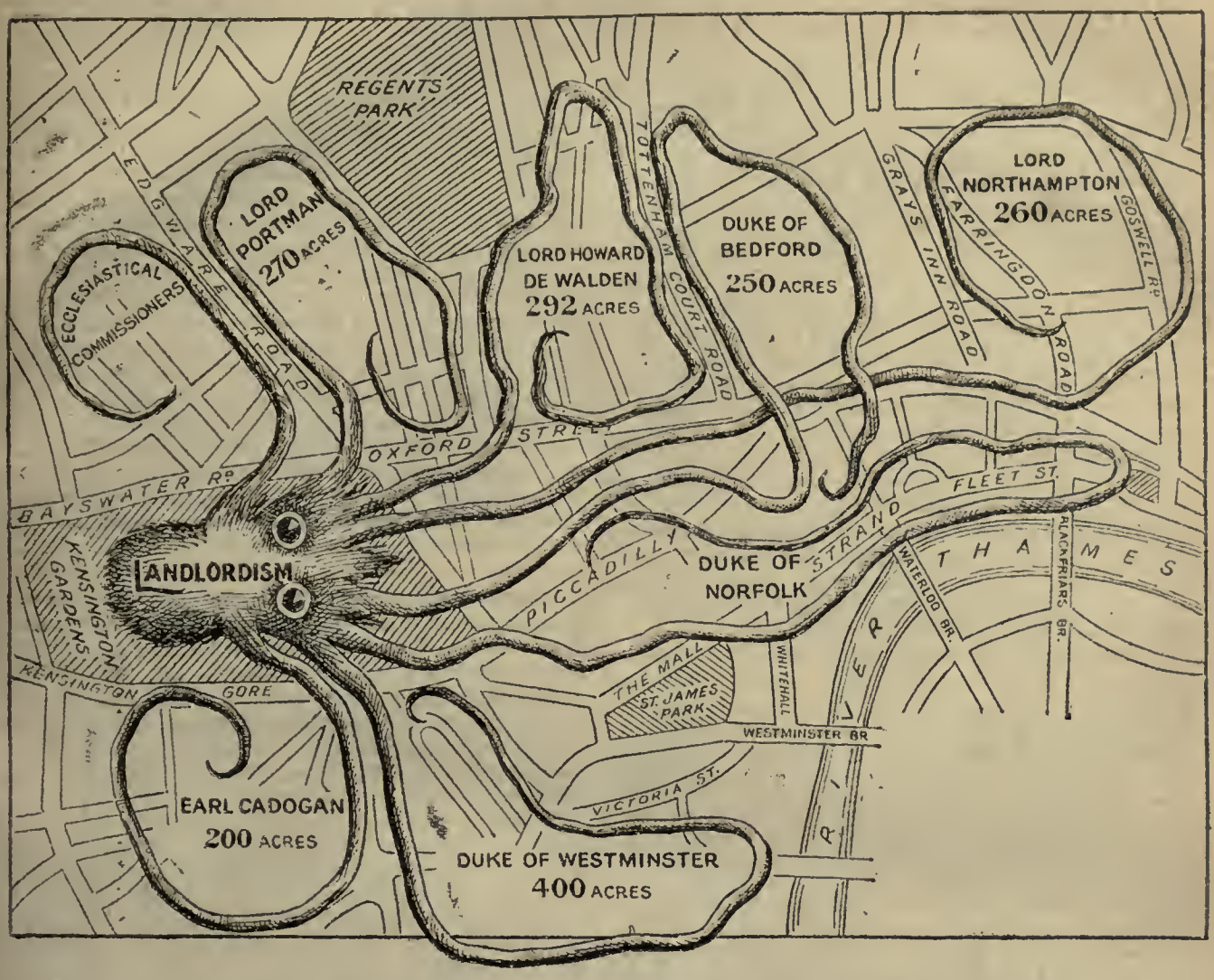
The truth is that child neglect can only be discovered and prevented by a local authority which has, necessarily and automatically, all the children under its observation. Such an authority is the Local Education Authority. What we propose is that, with regard to children of school age, that the Local Education Authority should, definitely and obligatorily in respect of all forms of child destitution, assume the same sort of control, enforce the same sort of responsibility, and proceed along the same lines as it has in respect of illiteracy. Incidentally, we propose that all children of school age now in receipt of any form of poor relief should be, in the fullest sense, "taken out of the Poor Law," relieved of all stigma of pauperism, and made instead the wards of the Local Education Authority.

VI.

Finally, there is the problem of the slums. The nation can no longer neglect the housing problem, in town or country.

These, then, are the seven points of the new charter, which, if I mistake not, the working men and working women of this country are demanding, and which (despite all the sophistry of the professional politicians) they regard as the real issues of politics. What they ask from Parliament *next Session* is a legal minimum wage, a legal normal day, the administrative prevention of unemployment and proper provision for those for whom employment cannot be found, complete provision for sickness and mental defectiveness on preventive lines, the enforcement of a national standard minimum of child nurture, healthy homes in sufficient number to enable every family to have, as the minimum for decency, "three rooms and a scullery," and the final abolition of the Poor Law.

# THE LONDON OCTOPUS




## THE LAND MONOPOLY

"It is certainly impossible," remarks the Hon. G. C. Brodrick, in his essay on Primogeniture, "to ignore the grave political danger involved in the simple fact that nearly all the soil of Great Britain, the value of which is incalculable and progressively advancing, should belong to a section of the population relatively small and progressively dwindling."

Circumstances of a political, social, and industrial nature within the last few years have directed public attention to the grave problem to which Mr. Brodrick refers. In order fully to realise the gravity of the problem, it is best to take a concrete case, like that of London, where the land monopoly is seen in its extreme form. So glaring is the monopoly that years ago the London *Observer* admitted that "legislation in some form will be necessary to reform a system under which nine-tenths of the inhabitants of the metropolis have no interest in their own houses, and the soil of London is rapidly passing into the hands of a few millionaires." It has been calculated that the agricultural rental of the land upon which London is built is about £250,000; yet the capital value of that land, without the buildings which have been erected upon it, is put at the enormous sum of £30,000,000.

In his "Work and Wages" the late Professor Thorold Rogers says: "I could show that land for two miles round St. Paul's has increased during the last fifty years a thousandfold in value.

Who profits by this enormous increase in the value of land? The fortunate owner of the land profits; and how he profits was well illustrated some years ago in the House of Commons by a member of Parliament—Colonel Hughes. He said: "In the parish of Plumstead land used to be let for £3 an acre. The income of an estate of 250 acres in 1845 was £750 per annum, and the capital value at twenty years' purchase was £5,000. The Arsenal came to Woolwich; with the Arsenal the necessity for 5,000 houses; and then came the harvest of the landlord. The land, the capital value of which had been £5,000, now brought an income of £14,250 per annum. The ground landlord has received £1,000,000 in ground rents already, and after twenty years hence the Woolwich estates, with all the houses upon them, will revert to the landowner's family, bringing in another million, meaning altogether a swap of £15,000 for a sum of £2,000,000."

In London, which is mainly a leasehold city, the land monopoly is seen at its worst. As is well known, the terminable leasehold system provides that all buildings erected on lease, with the permanent improvements and the goodwill of the business premises, shall, at the

## THE LAND MONOPOLY *(continued)*

end of the term, fall into the possession of the ground landlord. This was brought about by means of private legislation in the old days, when the landed interest was dominant in Parliament, when ground landlords were empowered to lease their building land for terms not exceeding ninety-nine years. It is in this way, as the author of "Our Old Nobility" remarks, that the enormous revenues of the Duke of Bedford, Lord Howard de Walden, and other ground landlords have grown up. If the reader will study carefully the accompanying diagram he will get a more vivid idea of what land monopoly means in London than from pages of statistics. He will notice that the Duke of Westminster owns 400 acres; Lord Howard de Walden, 292 acres; the Duke of Bedford, 250 acres; Lord Northampton, 260 acres; Lord Cadogan, 200 acres, all with fabulous rentals, utterly disproportionate. It is quite unnecessary to point out the connection of this flagrant monopoly with the slums, the poverty, and the huddled mass of misery which makes London the despair of social reformers. Octopus-like, the land monopoly sucks the life-blood of the people of the richest city in the world. Social reforms can do little so long as twelve landlords own London, taking as their share of the realised wealth a sum computed at £20,000,000 as an annual payment "for permission merely to occupy the swampy marsh by the Thames which London labour makes so productive."

In dealing with land monopoly, progressive politicians are in the habit of viewing it mainly from the standpoint of labour—as it affects, so to speak, the question of congestion in the towns and depopulation in the country. It is well, however, to dwell also on the cramping effects of land monopoly upon capital. Take as example the doings of the land monopolists when railways were being introduced, as narrated by Smiles in his "Lives of the Engineers."

When the London and Birmingham Railway Bill passed the Commons and went to the Lords, Committees were open to all Peers, and the promoters of the Bill found, to their dismay, many of the Lords who were opposed to the measure as landowners sitting in judgment to decide its fate. The Bill was thrown out. The promoters forthwith made arrangements for presenting it in the next session. Strange to say, the Bill then passed, almost without opposition. An instructive commentary on the way in which these noble Lords had been conciliated was the simple fact that the estimate for land had been trebled, and that the owners were paid about £750,000 for what had been originally estimated at £250,000. In this connection Professor Thorold Rogers remarks: "In the early days of railway legislation owners constantly got forty or fifty times as much as their property was worth, and, I regret to say, constantly in exchange for their votes in Parliament. One of these persons, a man of rare integrity and honesty—the late Lord Taunton—actually refunded to the Great Eastern Company £100,000, which he inferred had been paid to him for land in excess of its value." Taking the railways as a whole, Mr. Arthur Arnold, in his "Lords as Landowners," calculates that the landowners received £100,000,000 over the market value of the land. If, he remarked, the railway system had not been unduly burdened, agriculture might have had less reason to complain of railway rates, and the industry of the country would have been spared a burden it must now sustain. And thus the land octopus sucks the life-blood of capital as well as of labour.

## A QUESTION PUT TO FIELD-MARSHAL VON DER GOLTZ

THERE is a general impression on the Continent that the rout of the Turk will considerably affect the military prestige of Germany, for the Turkish army has been for the last thirty years organised and trained by German officers, under the direction of Field-Marshal von der Goltz.

The Pan-Germanist *Gazette of the Rhine and Westphalia*, which is considered to be the official paper of the Krupp firm, publishes a violent article under the title of "A Question Put to the Field-Marshal." Because events have proved Field-Marshal von der Goltz to have been in the wrong, and because this has been taken notice of in Paris and elsewhere, the Pan-Germanist paper writes:—

"The Turkish army, with the exception of some scattered divisions, has been totally destroyed in a week. This very army has had the incredible stupidity—instead of concentrating all its strength in an attack on the most important point—to march at the same time against the Bulgarians, the Servians, and the Montenegrins; and this is what is called German strategy! This is the blunder which Field-Marshal von der Goltz, it is said, has caused the Turks to make.

"No one will believe such an improbable tale, but the danger is that the French may believe it. That rumour has spread in France from town to town, from village to village, and has been repeated, with sneers, with vengeful joy and a boasting laugh.

"It is to be feared that the prestige of German military authority will be destroyed in the eyes of a people who up till now have been prevented from declaring war against us by the apprehension of a second Sedan.

"The danger grows in proportion with Field-Marshal von der Goltz's hesitation to publicly demolish those French fairy tales. He has wielded his pen with great vigour in favour of the Turks during the Tripolitan war. He has no right to remain silent when the whole world is waiting to hear why the Turks suffered this dreadful defeat. The fate of the German nation perhaps depends on the Field-Marshal's utterance."

* * *

## A PERFORMANCE DE LUXE

"THE complete realisation of an artist's dream" is Richard Strauss's own verdict on the recent performance of his latest opera, "Ariadne auf Naxos," in Stuttgart. Certainly, from all accounts, there was nothing wanting to contribute to the perfection of the *ensemble*. Strauss was fortunate in having a delightful theatre at his disposal, and in having *carte blanche* to gather together from all points of the compass the most brilliant singers, actors and instrumentalists in the world.

The orchestra in "Ariadne auf Naxos" played on instruments that altogether represented a sum of 300,000 marks. There was a 'cello by Amati, of Cremona, two Stradivarius violins dated 1673 and 1703, and also Amati violins. The text of the opera has been written by that deft renovator of ancient classic drama, Hugo von Hoffmansthal. The introduction of Molière's "Bourgeois Gentilhomme" in the first act affords scope for some of Strauss's most characteristic comic music; while the pathos of the scenes which centre round Ariadne are tremendously Straussian. No precedent exists for this mingling of *opera seria* and *comedia della arte*, but in Strauss's "Ariadne" there can be no question of its triumphal success.

# CONFESSIONS OF NIETZSCHE BY PROFESSOR LICHTENBERGER

I.

NIETZSCHE'S autobiography, written a few weeks before the crisis which put an end to his conscious life, and which has lately been placed within reach of the public by his sister, Mme. Foerster-Nietzsche, is a strange and striking book. The approach of the catastrophe which was to darken that noble intelligence is manifest. When one reads the strange titles of certain chapters, "Why I am so wise," "Why I write such good books," "Why I am a fatality,"—when one sees in the preface phrases such as this, "With Zarathustra I have bestowed on humanity the finest gift that has ever been given"—when, further on, we hear Nietzsche say that his "Transvaluation of Values" will be a "thunderbolt which will cast all the earth into convulsions"; or assure us, "I am not a man; I am dynamite,"—one has the painful sensation of the tragic hour in which the book was written, of the dark tide of madness drawing near, which in an instant was to engulf his whole being.

II.

Nevertheless, it is a work of prodigious lucidity. Never has Nietzsche found more luminous formulas in which to paint himself; never has he conceived more moving accents in which to tell of his hopes and of his enthusiasms; never has he proclaimed his entire acceptance of life, his magnificent faith in the sovereign efficacy of human thought and human will, with a more religious fervour. The shadow of madness hovers over this work, and it is at the same time a marvel of wisdom, of clearness, of serenity, of nobility.

By his state of health he was condemned to a wandering life—obliged to seek for sun or coolness, according to the time of year, in the Engadine or on the Riviera, at Nice or at Mentone; nowhere might he take root. One by one he sees his old friends break away from him, alarmed at the boldness of his thought, and unable to follow the advance of his ideas. New friendships seem to have sprung up, which, when tested, proved unstable, and caused him painful disillusionment. Even his sister, always his dearest confidante, left him to follow her husband, Bernhard Foerster, to Paraguay. There was total void, absolute silence around Nietzsche. From 1886 onwards, his sister relates, all communication was, so to speak, severed between himself and the living world.

III.

This isolation became an intolerable torment to him. His letters contain plaints one cannot read without a tightening at the heart: "Oh! Heaven," he wrote to his sister, "how lonely I am to-day! I have no one with whom I can laugh, no one with whom I can take a cup of tea, no one to give me friendly comfort." And again: "Ten years have already gone by since all sound ceased to reach me—it is like a world without rain. One must have a great fund of humanity not to perish in such a drought."

Repulsed by the external world, driven back on his "ego" by the hostility of his surroundings, Nietzsche from this time onwards shuts himself more and more into the world of his inward thoughts; he takes refuge in his marvellous dreams, in them he seeks oblivion of his sorrows. He loses all sense of the real and concrete world whilst leading this unnatural existence. He exaggerates, not the value of his individuality—he never had a shadow of personal vanity—but the value of the world of ideas which he bears in himself, and which ends in becoming to him the only truth. His philosophic work takes untold dimensions in his imagination.

IV.

The "*creator of new values*," the contemplator in whose brain are formulated the directing ideas which govern human life, appears to him as a superior being towering above ordinary humanity, dominating men of action who, without knowing it, are subject to the influence of his ideas, and merely give expression to his conceptions and dreams in the visible world. Jesus Christ is a contemplator whose thought has resounded prodigiously throughout the history of man: He was the Prophet of the first great "transvaluation of values." To Him, Nietzsche, the prophet of the second great "transvaluation," compares and opposes himself. He believes himself to be the continuation—that is to say, the destroyer—of the work of Christ; he is His successor, and His "best enemy"; he is at one and the same time Antichrist and a second Christ, who, like the Galilean, has known solitude and suffering and the hatred of the "Good and the Just," and, like Him, he is a fatality for innumerable generations to come. Through him Christianity must perish by "auto suppression," giving birth to something superior to itself.

V.

This imaginary relationship between himself and Christ was present in his mind with ever-increasing definiteness during the last weeks of his conscious life. His whole being was in a state of exaltation. (His genius at the moment of eclipse shines forth for the last time with almost supernatural vividness, and seems to surround itself with a golden nimbus before disappearing to all time.) He feels happy, free, light; he sees himself soaring at an infinite height above the life of man; he believes in the all-pervading power of his creative thought (and announces that in "two years the earth will be in convulsive throes"). Across the centuries he stretches out his hand to his Forerunner, Jesus Christ, whose work he achieves by annihilating it. He entitles his autobiography, "Ecce Homo." At the moment when the abyss of madness suddenly gapes before him, he signs his last letter to Brandes, "The Crucified!" . . . .

VI.

I saw Nietzsche, for the first and last time, two years before his death. It was at the modest villa at Weimar, where, faithfully watched over by his sister he was ending his life. From his invalid chair his eye could wander over the panorama of the town gilded by the fires of the setting sun, or follow the calm and gentle outline of the Thuringian hills which edged his horizon. Suffering and illness had, no doubt, set their mark upon his face, but had in no wise degraded it. The forehead remained fine. His expression, which seemed as though turned inwards, was of an indefinable and profoundly moving quality. Hans Olde's admirable engraving has caught in a most expressive manner the look of these, Nietzsche's last days. Reading "Ecce Homo" has strangely revived this memory. When I read this supreme confession of Nietzsche's, I seem again to see him in his tranquil verandah, following I know not what obscure dream, with half-closed eyes, as if collecting his thoughts in peaceful meditation before laying for ever his sufferings as a man and his ventures as a thinker in the arms of kindly death.

# NORMAN ANGELL: A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

I.

It is now three years ago since a distinguished journalist, hitherto unknown outside Fleet Street circles, published an epoch-making treatise, which may well prove as decisive in the history of international politics as the treatise of Grotius proved in the history of International Law. Like the treatise of Grotius, it focussed truths hitherto only dimly perceived and, as it were, floating in the atmosphere, and it combined into a system facts hitherto disconnected. Long before Mr. Angell the cause of peace had enlisted many enthusiastic workers. As far back as the end of the eighteenth century, the greatest philosopher whom the German race has produced, Emmanuel Kant, a Prussian and a subject of Frederick the Great, wrote a plea in favour of perpetual peace. The message of Nicholas II. has been succeeded by the Transvaal War, the Russo-Japanese War, the Italo-Turkish War, and the present War of Five Nations, and has been attended by a development of military armaments such as the world has never seen.

II.

Norman Angell, this latest pioneer of a pacifist propaganda, was born in England in 1874. He was educated at the Lycée de St. Omer, in France, and afterwards went out to Western America in search of adventure. It was here that he formulated those ideas and political doctrines which were destined later to make such a deep impression on the world.

Probably his open-air life as a frontiersman in the Wild West taught him more than he ever learnt at school, for the qualities of readiness for action and decision of purpose necessary to make a successful cowboy and rancher are also of inestimable value in the field of authorship. There is a distinct foreshadowing in a journal which he kept during this time of intimate communion with Nature of the ideas embodied in "The Great Illusion." After travelling a good deal in Spanish America, Norman Angell took up journalism in Paris, and became connected in the French Capital with the management of a great newspaper undertaking. This enterprise brought him into relation with all the great political and commercial movements of the day, and kindled his enthusiasm for the work of peace and reform. Such, in brief outline, were the twenty years of preparation for the book which, in the truest sense of the phrase, has been called "epoch-making."

III.

A few months ago he returned to England. He is still a man of action, and to be found in the open air when circumstances will allow, boat-sailor, skater, rider, and scoutmaster. He was the only scoutmaster in France holding General Baden-Powell's warrant. He did not awake to find himself famous the instant that "The Great Illusion" was published. At first the work into which he had concentrated years of patient thought and study fell flat, and the reviewers and public alike received it with indifference, whereas at the present moment it is being translated into at least seventeen languages.

The whole idea of the book is that war is unprofitable—a bad investment, rather than a crime.

When all rational arguments have broken down, the Militarist ultimately appeals to what one might call the mystical and theological argument. With Joseph de Maistre, he extols the transcendental virtues of war. War is a mysterious dispensation of Providence, it is the crucible of character, the condition of moral greatness, the source of individual heroism.

Now, it is quite true that the wars of the past did provide a heroic discipline, and was a school of endurance and sacrifice. Half of the masterpieces of universal literature deal with the heroic aspect of ancient and mediæval and even of modern warfare. We still draw inspiration from the military deeds of the Crusaders and of the soldiers of the Revolution. The education of the younger generation even to-day is still largely based on the military civilisation of the ages of chivalry. And Mr. Angell would probably have strengthened his case if he had frankly recognised this point.

But those who extol the age of chivalry forget that in discussing the moral value of war we are concerned with the wars of the present, and not with the wars of the past. The heroic wars of the days of chivalry are gone, and gone for ever, and our modern warfare has absolutely nothing in common with the wars of old. The wars of Antiquity and of the Middle Ages were individual. They were a struggle between man and man. The modern war is anonymous; it is collective and mechanical. In the old wars the soldier did face his foe. In the modern war the enemy has become invisible. In the old naval battles the crew of one ship boarded that of another. In a modern naval battle one Dreadnought fires at another at a distance of many miles, and a fleet can be sunk in the dead of night by a few mines or submarines, as it may be sunk to-morrow by bombs thrown from an aeroplane. The old war was a triumph of endurance, the new war is partly a triumph of technical skill, and mainly the victory of chance and luck. The old war was human, even when it was not humane. The new warfare is even less humane, and has ceased to be human. It has ceased to be heroic; it is cowardly and treacherous.

IV.

There is no missing link in the demonstration of Mr. Norman Angell. Nor need we fear that in dispelling the "Great Illusion" of war, he will fall a victim to another intellectual illusion, namely, that it will be sufficient to demonstrate by a logical process the ghastly failure of modern warfare to put an end to its horrors. War, alas! is too established a human institution. It is too intimately bound up with human passions and human prejudices and vested interests for us to expect its immediate abolition. Still, a great beginning has been made, and the beginning has been made at the right end. Mr. Angell in his apostolate has first endeavoured to win over the politician, the financier, the merchant. Conversion must begin with the educated. Moral movements may ascend upwards, or spread by emotional contagion. Intellectual movements must slowly percolate downwards. The good seed has been sown, and in a few years has already made wonderful growth. Already there are certain solemn political commonplaces which no self-respecting publicist will dare to defend any longer. The time will soon come when they will disappear from the columns of our newspapers, until they will be removed from the school-books of our children, the last refuge of our military philosophy. When a new generation is brought up to read a new meaning into the history of the modern world, and has been taught to think out a new political philosophy, and to use a new phraseology, the ghost of war will be exorcised.

NORMAN ANGELL, NATUS 1874.

# THE FUTILITY OF WAR

## A REPLY TO CECIL CHESTERTON BY NORMAN ANGELL

I.

MR. CECIL CHESTERTON says that the question which I have raised is this: "Should usurers go to war?"

That, of course, is not true. I have never, even by implication, put such a problem, and there is nothing in the article which he criticises, nor in any other statement of my own, that justifies it. What I have asked is whether peoples should go to war.

I should have thought it was pretty obvious that, whatever happens, usurers do not go to war: the peoples go to war, and the peoples pay, and the whole question is whether they should go on making war and paying for it. Mr. Chesterton says that if they are wise they will; I say that if they are wise they will not.

I have attempted to show that the prosperity of peoples—by which, of course, one means the diminution of poverty, better houses, soap and water, healthy children, lives prolonged, conditions sufficiently good to ensure leisure and family affection, fuller and completer lives generally—is not secured by fighting one another, but by co-operation and labour, by a better organisation of society, by improved human relationship, which, of course, can only come of better understanding of the conditions of that relationship, which better understanding means discussion, adjustment, a desire and capacity to see the point of view of the other man—of all of which war and its philosophy is the negation.

II.

To all of this Mr. Chesterton replies: "That only concerns the Jews and the moneylenders." Again, this is not true. It concerns all of us, like all problems of our struggle with nature. It is in part at least an economic problem, and that part of it is best stated in the more exact and precise terms that I have employed to deal with it—the terms of the market-place. But to imply that the conditions that there obtain are the affair merely of bankers and financiers, to imply that these things do not touch the lives of the mass, is simply to talk a nonsense the meaninglessness of which only escapes some of us because in these matters we happen to be very ignorant. It is not mainly usurers who suffer from bad finance and bad economics (one may suggest that they are not quite so simple); it is mainly the people as a whole.

Mr. Chesterton says that we should break this "net of usury" in which the peoples are enmeshed. I agree heartily; but that net has been woven mainly by war (and that diversion of energy and attention from social management which war involves), and is, so far as the debts of the European States are concerned (so large an element of usury), almost solely the outcome of war. And if the peoples go on piling up debt, as they must if they are to go on piling up armaments (as Mr. Chesterton wants them to), giving the best of their attention and emotion to sheer physical conflict, instead of to organisation and understanding, they will merely weave that web of debt and usury still closer; it will load us more heavily and strangle us to a still greater extent. If usury is the enemy, the remedy is to fight usury. Mr. Chesterton says the remedy is for its victims to fight one another.

And you will not fight usury by hanging Rothschilds, for usury is worst where that sort of thing is resorted to. Widespread debt is the outcome of bad management and incompetence, economic or social, and only better management will remedy it. Mr. Chesterton is sure that better management is only arrived at by "killing and being killed." He really does urge this method even in civil matters. (He tells us that the power of Parliament over the Crown is real, and that of the people over Parliament a sham, "because men killed and were killed for the one, and not for the other.") It is the method of Spanish America, where it is applied more frankly and logically, and where still, in many places, elections are a military affair, the questions at issue being settled by killing and being killed, instead of by the cowardly, pacifist methods current in Europe. The result gives us the really military civilisations of Venezuela, Colombia, Nicaragua, and Paraguay. And, although the English system may have many defects—I think it has—those defects exist in a still greater degree where force "settles" the matters in dispute, where the bullet replaces the ballot, and where bayonets are resorted to instead of brains. For Devonshire is better than Nicaragua. Really it is. And it would get us out of none of our troubles for one group to impose its views simply by preponderant physical force, for Mr. Asquith, for instance, in the true Castro or Zuyala manner, to announce that henceforth all critics of the Insurance Act are to be shot, and that the present Cabinet will hold office as long as it can depend upon the support of the Army. For, even if the country rose in rebellion, and fought it out and won, the successful party would (if they also believed in force) do exactly the same thing to *their* opponents; and so it would go on never-endingly (as it has gone on during weary centuries throughout the larger part of South America), until the two parties came once more to their senses, and agreed not to use force when they happened to be able to do so; which is our present condition. But it is the condition of England merely because the English, as a whole, have ceased to believe in Mr. Chesterton's principles; it is not yet the condition of Venezuela because the Venezuelans have not yet ceased to believe those principles, though even they are beginning to.

III.

Mr. Chesterton says: "Men do judge, and always will judge, by the ultimate test of how they fight." The pirate who gives his blood has a better right, therefore, to the ship than the merchant (who may be a usurer!) who only gives his money. Well, that is the view which was all but universal well into the period of what, for want of a better word, we call civilisation. Not only was it the basis of all such institutions as the ordeal and duel; not only did it justify (and in the opinion of some still justifies) the wars of religion and the use of force in religious matters generally; not only was it the accepted national polity of such communities as the Vikings, the Barbary States, and the Red Indians; but it is still, unfortunately, the polity of certain European states. But the idea is a survival, and—and this is the important point—an admission of failure to understand where right lies: to "fight it out" is the remedy of the boy who for the life of him cannot see who is right and who is wrong.

At ten years of age we are all quite sure that piracy

# THE FUTILITY OF WAR *(continued)*

is a finer calling than trade, and the pirate a finer fellow than the Shylock who owns the ship—which, indeed, he may well be. But as we grow up (which some of the best of us never do) we realise that piracy is not the best way to establish the ownership of cargoes, any more than the ordeal is the way to settle cases at law, or the rack of proving a dogma, or the Spanish American method the way to settle differences between Liberals and Conservatives.

IV.

And just as civil adjustments are made most efficiently, as they are in England (say), as distinct from South America, by a general agreement not to resort to force, so it is the English method in the international field which gives better results than that based on force. The relationship of Great Britain to Canada or Australia is preferable to the relationship of Russia to Finland or Poland, or Germany to Alsace-Lorraine. The five nations of the British Empire have, by agreement, abandoned the use of force as between themselves. Australia may do us an injury—exclude our subjects, English or Indian, and expose them to insult—but we know very well that force will not be used against her. To withhold such force is the basis of the relationship of these five nations; and, given a corresponding development of ideas, might equally well be the basis of the relationship of fifteen—about all the nations of the world who could possibly fight. The difficulties Mr. Chesterton imagines—an international tribunal deciding in favour of Austria concerning the recession of Venice and Lombardy, and summoning the forces of United Europe to coerce Italy into submission—are, of course, based on the assumption that a United Europe, having arrived at such understanding as to be able to sink its differences, would be the same kind of Europe that it is now, or was a generation ago. If European statecraft advances sufficiently to surrender the use of force against neighbouring states, it will have advanced sufficiently to surrender the use of force against unwilling provinces, as in some measure British statesmanship has already done. To raise the difficulty that Mr. Chesterton does is much the same as assuming that a court of law in San Domingo or Turkey will give the same results as a court of law in Great Britain, because the form of the mechanism is the same. And does Mr. Chesterton suggest that the war system settles these matters to perfection? That it has worked satisfactorily in Ireland and Finland, or, for the matter of that, in Albania or Macedonia?

For if Mr. Chesterton urges that killing and being killed is the way to determine the best means of governing a country, it is his business to defend the Turk, who has adopted that principle during four hundred years, not the Christians, who want to bring that method to an end and adopt another. And I would ask no better example of the utter failure of the principles that I combat and Mr. Chesterton defends than their failure in the Balkan Peninsula.

V.

This war is due to the vile character of Turkish rule, and the Turk's rule is vile because it is based on the sword. Like Mr. Chesterton (and our pirate), the Turk believes in the right of conquest, "the ultimate test of how they fight." "The history of the Turks," says Sir Charles Elliott, "is almost exclusively a catalogue of battles. Their contributions to science, art, and literature are practically nil. Their destiny has not been to instruct or to improve, hardly even to govern, but simply to conquer." Because of the Turk's touching faith in physical force, because of his belief that, if only there were enough of it, it would solve for him the whole problem of existence, he has never learned any trade but that of conquest; he can neither build a bridge, nor run a post office, nor organise a bank, nor a court of law. He has lived (for the most gloriously uneconomic person has to live, to follow a trade of some sort, even if it be that of theft) on tribute exacted from the Christian populations, and extorted, not in return for any work of administration, but simply because he was the stronger. And that has made his rule intolerable, and is the cause of this war.

Now, my whole thesis is that understanding, work, co-operation, adjustment, must be the basis of human society; that conquest as a means of achieving national advantage must fail; that to base your prosperity or means of livelihood, your economic system, in short, upon having more force than someone else, and exercising it against him, is an impossible form of human relationship that is bound to break down. And Mr. Chesterton says that the war in the Balkans demolishes this thesis. I do not agree with him.

The present war in the Balkans is an attempt—and happily a successful one—to bring this reign of force and conquest to an end, and that is why those of us who do not believe in military force rejoice.

The debater, more concerned with verbal consistency than realities and the establishment of sound principles, will say that this means the approval of war. It does not; it merely means the choice of the less evil of two forms of war. War has been going on in the Balkans, not for a month, but has been waged by the Turk daily against these populations for 400 years.

VI.

The Balkan peoples have now brought to an end a system of rule based simply upon the accident of force—"killing and being killed." And whether good or ill comes of this war will depend upon whether they set up a similar system or one more in consonance with pacifist principles. I believe they will choose the latter course; that is to say, they will continue to co-operate between themselves instead of fighting between themselves; they will settle differences by discussion, adjustment, not force. But if they are guided by Mr. Chesterton's principle, if each one of the Balkan nations is determined to impose its own especial point of view, to refuse all settlement by co-operation and understanding, where it can resort to force—why, in that case, the strongest (presumably Bulgaria) will start conquering the rest, start imposing government by force, and will listen to no discussion or argument; will simply, in short, take the place of the Turk in the matter, and the old weary contest will begin afresh, and we shall have the Turkish system under a new name, until that in its turn is destroyed, and the whole process begun again *da capo*. And if Mr. Chesterton says that this is not his philosophy, and that he would recommend the Balkan nations to come to an understanding, and co-operate together, instead of fighting one another, why does he give different counsels to the nations of Christendom as a whole? If it is well for the Balkan peoples to abandon conflict as between themselves in favour of co-operation against the common enemy, why is it ill for the other Christian peoples to abandon such conflict in favour of co-operation against their common enemy, which is wild nature and human error, ignorance and passion.

# THE BELOVED VAGABOND*

I.

"YOU must not be vexed at my absences. You must understand that I shall be a nomad until my days be done. I *must* be a bit of a vagabond. You shouldn't have had a tramp for a son." So Stevenson wrote to his mother from a London hotel in 1874. He was then but on the verge of his wanderings. For near a score of years thereafter he was to roam by sea and land, always under sentence of death, yet always gay and faithful, until, "cast out in the end, as by a sudden freshet, on these ultimate islands," he found three years' respite in Samoa e'er the end came. As he lay in bed, in a darkened room, with a clinical thermometer in his mouth, his dream was "to be the leader of a great horde of irregular cavalry (some five thousand strong) following me at a hand gallop up the road out of the burning valley by moonlight." Such was the man they wanted to make first an engineer and then a lawyer of. Once, when almost choked with blood, and unable to speak, he signed to his wife for paper and pencil, and wrote "in a neat, firm hand": "Don't be frightened; if this is death, it is an easy one." It was not death. The hand was still to write "Kidnapped," "Catriona," and "Weir of Hermiston." When death did come, it was with merciful swiftness. It found him laughing and talking gaily of work still to be done. "The noise of the mallet and chisel was scarcely quenched, the trumpets were hardly done blowing, when, trailing with him clouds of glory, this happy-starred, full-blooded spirit shot into the spiritual land." Surely Stevenson was Wordsworth's Happy Warrior. He was in love with life, and would tolerate no shadow in the eyes of his mistress. She must be as a bride adorned for her husband. And he

> "Was happy as a lover; and attired
> With sudden brightness, like a man inspired."

II.

The appearance of a shilling edition of Mr. Graham Balfour's "Life of Stevenson" is another sign of the privileges enjoyed by the present-day book-buyer. And one wonders, sometimes, if he is alive to his privileges. Do the purchasers of this attractive-looking little volume experience anything of the thrills that agitated younger men fifteen years ago as they waited for the circulating library copy of the book that was to tell them all about a writer who had made them as personal friends? It may be doubted. Very likely the men who handle this shilling book most tenderly are the men who recall an experience. It re-awakens the sense of personal loss that smote men everywhere when the black tidings came from Samoa in 1894; yes, and the pride with which they learned how much of heroism was packed away in Stevenson's slight and fever-stricken frame, and what deliberate resolution lay behind his gay smile. Of these great qualities, of course, they knew something. He had written: "It is better to waste life like a spendthrift than to waste it like a miser. It is better to live and be done with it than to die daily in a sick-room. By all means begin your book; even if the doctor does not give you a year; even if he hesitates about a month, make one brave push and see what can be accomplished in a week. It is not only in finished undertakings that we ought to honour useful labour. A spirit goes out of the man who means execution which outlives the most untimely ending." But the full revelation came with the publication of the life story.

III.

Perhaps nothing bears such tribute to Stevenson's heroism as the fact that most of his finest Scottish work was written in exile. A consumptive, driven to every climate of the world in search of health, he carried in his heart his love of Scotland and his devotion to his exquisite gift. "I feel like a gomeral," said Alan Breck, "to be leaving Scotland on a day like this. It sticks in my heid. I would maybe like it better to stay here and hing. No but France is a fine place, but it's someway no the same. It's brawer, I believe, but it's no Scotland. I like it fine when I'm there, man, yet I kind of weary for Scots divots and the Scots peat reek." It is surely of the nature of tragedy that the man who wearied for these, more than any man of his time, was compelled to live at health resorts. "The Pavilion on the Links," commenced in London, was finished in California. "The Merry Men," begun among the hills at Pitlochry, was completed at Davos. "Kidnapped" was written at Bournemouth, "Catriona" and "Weir of Hermiston" in the centre of the Pacific, "The Master of Ballantrae," of all books in the world, at a place called Waikiki.

IV.

It is a record that entitles Stevenson to be ranked among the greatest of Scottish exiles. In Samoa he sees "the profile of the towers and chimneys" of Edinburgh, and "the long trail of its smoke against the sunset," and hears "the sudden cry of the blackbird in a suburban lane." In California his word is this: "I'm a Scotchman; touch me, and you will find the thistle." The aspect of the Adirondacks became tolerable because it reminded him of Scotland, though "without the peat and the heather." When he was tempted to think that tropic nights were lovelier than nights in the North, he "felt shame, as at an ultimate infidelity," and immediately did penance by fancying himself in a Highland loch. When he heard a bell ring on the far shore of Pagopago, the sound suggested "the grey metropolis of the North, a village on a stream, vanished faces and silent tongues." Only once, perhaps, did Stevenson permit his poignant longing for home to master him—when he wrote, "Home, no more home to me; whither must I wander?" But to him, with his artist's eye for the light and shade of life, his exile must often have seemed a queer, romantic thing. He could admire and bow his head "before the romance of destiny." "Like Leyden, I have gone into far lands to die, not stayed like Burns, to mingle in the end with Scottish soil." There never was such homesickness as Stevenson's. Yet never a touch of puling sentimentalism. Instead of sighing over the unattainable, he joyously made a Scotland for himself wherever he went.

V.

Heroic in his fight with death, Stevenson was no less heroic in his determination to pass nothing from his hand but the best. When the mood was on him he wrote in a kind of ecstasy, but behind the ecstasy lay hard discipline. In his apprenticeship days he "slogged" at his work "day in and day out," and could say, with a fine modesty, "I have done more with smaller gifts than any man of letters in the world." Some chapters in "Prince Otto" were written five or six times; one chapter, eight times. It may be that

* "Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson." Edited by Sidney Colvin. Four vols. 5s. each. (Methuen.)
"Life of Robert Louis Stevenson." By Graham Balfour. 1s. (Methuen.)

in this excessive care we face a defect. Stevenson had nothing of the large ease and splendid casualness of Scott. Indeed, it was to him a limitation in his great forerunner that, while "of the pleasures of his art he tasted fully, of its toils, and vigils, and distresses no man knew less." To Stevenson, Scott was "a great romantic—an idle child." Yet it cannot be doubted that Stevenson's fastidious pruning and almost feverish compression tend to destroy at times the romantic illusion. He felt this himself. "I am always cutting the flesh off their bones," he said of his stories. And, notwithstanding the fact that he had Meredith's approval in this—"I admire the royal manner of your cutting away of the novelist's lumber"—it may fairly be said that there are times when Stevenson gives us an exquisitely chiselled piece of statuary rather than a flesh-and-blood being. Lumber is often the hiding-place of romance. Yet no one knew better than Stevenson that "art cannot compete with life," whose "sun we cannot look upon, whose passions and diseases waste and slay us," and, further, that literature does but "drily indicate that wealth of incident, of moral obligation, of virtue, vice, action, rapture and agony with which life teems." That in his brief day he caught so much of this amazing pageant, and rendered his impressions so perfectly, is Stevenson's glory. "I never was bored in my life," he wrote once. And here he gives away much of his great secret.

W. R. T.

* * *

## THE WORLD'S DEFENCE

A REPLY TO LADY MARGARET SACKVILLE

YOU read not our meaning truly, oh, Woman, whom we adore!
Have we not opened all paths to you, and only closed one door?
For yours are the ways of honour, of art, and sacrifice,
Of influence, skill, and service, beyond a measure or price.

And yet you would help to frame the laws, the laws that bind and make,
Forgetting your nobler mission, of binding the hearts that break;
Of soothing the suffering children, and giving the intimate touch
Of your womanly love and sympathy, that mean, oh, mean so much.

We are not slothful to mark the time—yours the delay and blame;
We try with patience yet to prove the wisdom of your claim.
But not by riot and ruin, by taunting threat and noise,
Is injustice changed to freedom and woes to highest joys.

'Tis you, oh, Woman, whom we adore, who holds the golden key
Of life, and love, and power, and the city that is to be;
'Tis you who must nourish the hidden good, with your work, and prayer, and tears,
And hasten the harvest of righteousness, the glory of future years.

C. W.

## AN APPEAL TO THE WOMAN'S MOVEMENT

By DR. WILLIAM BARRY.

I.

ADDRESSING a company of women journalists, not many days ago, Lord Northcliffe told them that, without the large regiments which they now supply to the Press, modern newspapers and magazines would never have attained to the enormous circulation that is a wonder of the age. More than fifty per cent. of journalists, he added, were women. It is equally certain that those who write and those who read novels are of the same sex; and the novel, as a form of literature, exceeds in popularity any other which the world has ever seen. The short or the long story has ousted from the circulating library most other books except works of travel, and biographies are more or less known in proportion to the scandalous gossip they contain. Women's novels, formerly but a small item in the list, now predominate. Long before votes for women were discussed, an army of writers, rushing upon the footsteps of Charlotte Brontë and George Eliot, had come to the front; and they fixed at once on the love-story as their field of conquest.

II.

Feminism in literature is the note which sounds everywhere in our ears. Poetry, philosophy, history, criticism, all masculine achievements, are giving place to the subjects that take women's hearts captive; but even motherhood yields to love-making. The theme is not any longer Faust and Marguerite, but Marguerite and Faust. Neither is any prologue demanded in Heaven, or a prelude to announce the student's despair of knowledge before he falls in love. It is true that most of these plays and stories are problems in a sense. But not the large problems of life. They turn on the same question always, which, with Goethe, we may call that of elective affinities; yet these affinities not being considered stable, our chemistry or alchemy of the passions tends to appear as a series of moving pictures. Goethe was too simple for the complex twentieth century.

III.

Anyone who looks over a railway bookstall may convince himself that current literature appeals to much the same instincts as the music-hall caters for, and in a fashion not unlike. On the covers of magazines and novels we discern the music-hall face, with its well-known type of allurement, which is also made the common feature in wall-posters, in playbills, and in newspaper advertisements. The letterpress corresponds to the pictorial art. There is seldom any other theme, except murderous adventure; and this, too, springs from thwarted passion. The change that has taken place in illustrated commercial puffery of quack medicines or of cheap clothing would have scandalised mid-Victorians, both men and women. No doubt such unpleasant Holywell Street methods are deliberately invented for purposes of exploitation. But although not solicited by the public, that they should be tolerated without one word of protest, and that great sums should be spent in spreading them over whole pages of our daily prints, are signs not very difficult to interpret. When literature, art, and commerce make such an appeal on every side to an indolent or amused people, we know what is happening.

IV.

If now we open one of the numberless novels thus commended to our study, we shall not expect to find

## AN APPEAL TO THE WOMAN'S MOVEMENT

*(Continued)*

in it any lofty, austere, bracing lesson. The women that write for women under these covers appear to be, in the strict significance of the term, anarchists. For such there is no law. Marriage is an association, not a contract. The affinities of their heroines, which justify whatever they do, are many and various, but never to be condemned. A wife may desert her unoffending husband, leave her little child to die, pursue and run down the man she fancies, quit him for another, be divorced, and take up with as many more as she chooses; yet this edifying tale, a woman's composition, will be accepted with joy by an eminent publishing house, and in cheap editions crowd our bookstalls. To say that Free Love painted with vivid imagery, told of in a language by no means reserved, with praise, with conviction, will leave readers, themselves young and impressionable, as it found them is neither hypocrisy nor sophistry, but a falsehood. One must answer, like Talleyrand, "Who is taken in here?"

V.

To read nothing but the tale of love, though unspoilt by lower motives, is to relax the nerves of self-control. To deal with questions of life and conduct as merely matters of sex-attraction is profoundly inhuman. To weaken respect for the marriage-bond, making it subject to caprice, to passages of feeling, and to appetite, is a crime for which the writer (who cannot help teaching, whatever be the imaginative form selected) must answer to God and man. To woman also; and if it is a woman that sins in this manner, does she not commit treason to the sisterhood? Sentiment, avowedly changeable, invoked to justify freedom, will never have the force of law; and when desertion ceases to be illegal, it is not the man who is likely to suffer most. Break up the family by unlimited divorce, make it impossible by elective affinities ranging far and wide, the moral anarchy would be such as no civilisation could endure and live. Yet such is the aim of these female incendiaries, ethical *petroleuses*, who employ the pen or the typewriter instead of the torch, and are paid handsomely by a thoughtless public for their work of destruction. One pities the poor girl who sells herself to get a meal; one cannot pity these adepts in a worse than courtesan literature.

VI.

They are deadly to the character, as they would ruin the happiness, of their fellow-women. But here is the task awaiting those feminine leaders who want votes and privileges hitherto denied them in order to protect the innocent, the helpless, whom man-made laws have neglected or trodden down. Let them cleanse the literature of women from these exceedingly foul stains. Men cannot do it. The standard of female purity, in romance as in reality, must be fixed by women themselves. It is in their power to check the circulation of unwholesome books in our libraries if they will. They, by a vast majority over men, determine what kind of novels shall be in demand. This free leprosy, as it has been well called, is scattered abroad, thanks to their approval or connivance. It owes all its success to the deliberate propaganda of vice on one side, and to the prurient curiosity or disdainful acquiescence in bad customs on the other, which a movement like that for women's suffrage ought never to leave unassailed. With opportunities of action comes the duty of acting aright. Is Lord Northcliffe justified in saying that from fifty to sixty per cent. of journalists are women? If so, they must elevate the tone of this incessant teaching, or it will degrade them. Unhappily, the ideals of womanhood have been so fiercely called in question that the trumpet gives an uncertain sound. Many women prefer, so they declare, to escape the burden of maternity in marriage. And the strange, nay, the horrible, conditions that prevail in our crowded city life tell upon every class, but do not make for virtue.

VII.

In the woman's movement there is need to affirm continually that instinct should obey law—not the changing law of Congress or Parliament, but that law which is the very nature of Humanity, and in which alone is moral freedom. These energetic leaders want to do away with white slavery in all its forms, knowing it to be the slavery of their own sex. Well, in the novels and sketches that preach an unfettered passion, that decry marriage, and glorify suicide when lust cannot be otherwise appeased, they have the subject of a great crusade. Any library list, any open bookstall, will give them instances and specimens of that which they are to attack. I am not addressing prudes or Puritans. I do not invoke principles which are peculiar to one or other Christian denomination. I rely on the common faith which we all share that human affection is more than brute feeling; that marriage ought to be a life-long contract; and that motherhood is its crown. To the women called by a foolish name suffragettes, to the thousands engaged in journalism, I say, Do not praise, do not suffer, books or illustrations which tend to destroy marriage and motherhood by advocating Free Love.

* * *

## TWO POEMS BY JOHN MASEFIELD

### THE HARP

(From the Spanish of Don Gustavo A. Bécquer)

In a dark corner of the room,
Perhaps forgotten by its owner,
Silent and dim with dust
I saw the harp.

How many musics slumbered in its string,
As the bird sleeps on the branches,
Waiting the hand of snow
That could awaken them?

"Ah me," I thought, "how many many times
Genius thus slumbers in a human heart,
Waiting, as Lazarus waited, for a voice
To bid him rise and walk."

*

### DEAD CALM

(From Goethe)

Deep peace holds on the water,
Without stir the sea sleeps,
And the shipman grieves to see it
How calm the water keeps.
No wind from any quarter!
It is death still like a pall!
In all that width of water
No wave stirs at all.

# TRAMPING AFLOAT ⁂ A STORY BY STEPHEN REYNOLDS

To everyone's surprise, Stokes won the humorous old boys' event at the school sports. He squatted down before his little heap of potatoes; peeled them as if, since leaving school, he had worked in a cookshop; satisfied the judging committee of ladies that his rinds were not too thick; and took for his first prize a quite good morocco pocket-case. By evening, at the old boys' supper, where his prize was passed round for a chaffing inspection, he had already placed inside it a seaman's certificate of discharge, on which—again rather to our surprise—his character for conduct and character for ability were both stamped "Very good."

"That's what won me the prize," he said; "that and the Leghorn drinking water and a sea-cook. I served my tatie-peeling apprenticeship at sea. Had to. . . . It's perfectly true!

"When I left school, you know, I wanted to go to sea, and I didn't go; and ever since then I've been bothered with a wish that I had; or, at any rate, I wished it until last spring, when I did go. Yes, and I still wish it, right at the back of my mind, only—well, I don't intend to go. I got cured of that.

"But I did go—once—just to see what it was really like—and I had an idea, although I was over-age, of worming myself into the merchant service somehow. So I shipped as purser in a little Welsh tramp, which took sticky coal-dust out to Italian ports and brought home onions, hides, bark-extract for tanning, and rotten, frost-bitten oranges. Phew! the combined stink! She is one of the smallest steamers that goes regularly across the Bay to the Mediterranean—a good deal under a thousand tons register. All the five officers were Welsh-speaking Welshmen—Evan Williams, or William Evans, mostly, by name—and her crew consisted of a couple of Greeks, a couple of English boys, steward, cook, and seven Spaniards, not one of whom could steer, except in big S's. You *pointed* the course to them on the compass-card; they hadn't any English worth mentioning.

"A rusty little cargo-box of a ship. . . . Her sister-ship foundered with all hands in the Bay while we were coming up through it, and there wasn't any sea to speak of; we only rolled and rolled till we woke up with sore ribs. It might just as well have been us with Davy Jones—a Welshman originally, no doubt.

"Whether our old biscuit-box paid her shareholders, I don't know. She paid the shipping people who managed her, insured her against desirable wreck, and rushed her in and out of port so that her officers hardly knew their own children.

"Seeing I was paid a nominal wage of a bob a month, in order not to come under passenger regulations, I wasn't expected to do much. But I made myself pretty useful. I took one of the steam winches adrift and cleaned it, and kept parts of watches on the bridge, while the mate winked and the skipper dossed, and in the engine-room, while the chief engineer, who stood his watch in that ship, kept an eye on the mate's navigation and the mate chivvied the Spaniards round. Also I acted as interpreter ashore. You ought to have seen us buying eggs in Bastia market. The steward, in Welsh, told the skipper what was wanted; who told me in English; who told the old egg-woman's daughter in French; who told the old woman herself in the Corsican dialect of French and Italian mixed. She wanted to sell us nineteen eggs for twenty, because, she said, they were big ones, and the steward wouldn't have it. For half an hour or so we haggled, backwards and forwards along the line, and, by the time we compromised on something else, I was sweating all over.

"Besides that, I took on ship's doctor, after the skipper had nearly poisoned me with his doses of quinine. And I had my suspicions of that Leghorn drinking water. It came aboard so dirty from the little water-tank steamer. I refused to drink it except from the boiler in the galley. The others did, and they were all bad—horribly bad—with cramps in their insides and so forth. The skipper, a jolly little man, rounder than he was long, who had started his sea life as a ship's cook, and who used to light one pipe after another, saying dismally, 'More nails in me coffin!'—he thought his coffin *was* going to be nailed down. The mate was morosely unwell, but drove on with his work. A poor old chap, grey and solid—a thumb-like man, just out of an asylum and beyond hope of a command—he knew how to work his calculations, but his addled brain couldn't do the arithmetic, and, on the quiet, he used to get me to add and multiply for him. Otherwise he'd have lost his berth. He didn't seem a bit grateful, but one afternoon he took me along to his cabin (the mate's cabin swarmed with bugs) and pointed to a photograph on the wall of a stout, motherly-looking woman.

"'My wife,' he grunted.

"It was his mark of confidence, his thanks.

"The chief engineer, too, was rather ill: a fine little chap who used to read Latin and Greek for pastime. The second mate was indisposed, but nobody troubled much about him. He was so deep in love, and saving so hard for his furniture, that he used to send us all ashore for cigarettes, and invariably forgot to pay up. The steward sang hymns to console his interior, but I almost felt it served him right for giving us tinned tripe for dinner in blazing hot weather because he liked the beastly stuff himself.

"Several of the crew were more or less ill. One of the Spaniards came aft, complaining violently by signs of a sore throat and chest. 'Me bad—bad—much bad!' The skipper gave him castor oil—and more castor oil. 'That's the stuff,' he said, 'for them Spaniards. He knows we're calling at Valencia, and wants his discharge in his own country. Castor oil cures that if you make 'em drink it often enough.' The Spaniard, however, refused to get better, and at Bastia, as a safeguard, the skipper notified the Consul, who sent aboard a grubby French doctor with a long, square-cut, chestnut beard.

"'Un peu de bronchite,' said the doctor. 'Bronchitis—yot!' said the skipper. 'Them Spaniards ain't got no right to have bronchitis.' The doctor sent some medicine. The skipper continued the castor oil treatment all the same, and the Spaniard did get better.

"But it was a different matter when the cook, a young Welshman, hardly more than a boy, was taken ill with a throat and fever. That disarranged everything. The medicine chest was on the floor in the saloon, alongside the stove, and the skipper had a chair brought him, in which he sat and pondered over the chest, smoking his pipe, reading the book of plain directions—very plain directions—and fingering the bottles. He picked out a clinical thermometer.

## TRAMPING AFLOAT *(continued)*

"'That's for fever, isn't it?'

"'Yes,' I explained. 'It's for taking the temperature—for finding out how much fever there is.'

"'Can you work the thing?' he asked. And on my telling him I could, he said, 'Well, you better come to the fo'c'stle 'long with me, and try it. That damn young cook belongs to the next village to mine.'

"'Outside the fo'c'stle door there was a litter of vegetable garbage that the ship's boys hadn't cleared away, and inside . . . . Good Lord! To sleep in it! To be ill in it! A sort of dim triangular steel cellar, with wooden bunks, like sacks, up the sides. The rusty iron walls were running with condensed breath and moisture, on which the light made little flickers of rainbow colours, as it does on a sluice. Two or three of the Spanish stokers had turned in, without washing, under their dirty brown blankets, and while they slept the sweat was trickling down the black on their faces. The atmosphere—well, one knows what atmosphere is considered good enough for seamen. They have to get used to it, and they couldn't have opened the ports there, because the sea was beating up the bows of the ship.

"The cook's temperature was nearly six above normal. So far as one could see in the light, his throat had greyish patches in it, and next day the greyish scum had spread all over his throat. It was diphtheria right enough.

"Very secretly I told the skipper. His eyes went almost as round as his round face, and he decided *not* to have the cook aft. 'If it's only them Spaniards catches it——'

"And, being odd man about ship, I took on part of the cook's job. That's to say, I acted as scullery-maid to the steward, and peeled a big bucketful of potatoes every day—got rather a dab-hand at it. Then I saw what sort of messes the crew used to fetch away from the galley in the pannikins for food. A sporting dog, fed once a day and well exercised, might have relished it. I wasn't sorry I grubbed with the skipper, though we, too, had plenty of salt junk. But one gets rather to like the flavour out of the soft woodenness of that. I could do a bit now.

"The skipper and I kept the diphtheria a dead secret between us, each for his own reasons. *He* didn't want to be held up in quarantine, and I . . . . You see, I'm sort of engaged——"

"To Elsie Turner?"

"Why not? Confound you! But I hadn't decided when I went for that voyage whether I'd take to sea-life, which would have meant, of course, postponing any actual engagement. Then I decided quite suddenly and definitely that I couldn't go to sea, and after that I was keen to get home and get engaged—or try my luck, anyhow. *I* didn't want to be held up. By Jove, I didn't—not when I'd come to a decision! We watched and nursed the cook. . . . Lord, how we watched him! One could feel all the time the presence of that infernal diphtheria up in the fo'c'stle. It was like a ghost aboard.

"But we weren't held up. He got well enough for us to make out a clean bill of health at Liverpool, and, having tipped the dock-gate policeman half a dollar, I drove out with my Corsican tobacco, unsearched. The tobacco went bad, or something, but I won the fair lady, as they say, and I've won the tatie-peeling prize."

"And that," we said, "is all you wanted of sea-life? You didn't think much of the sea, after all?"

"It's the finest life on earth," Stokes replied. "Or it would be if the land sharks didn't spoil it. Only I reckon you want to start young. I don't much wonder at the cry for boys to go to sea. They wouldn't go older, unless they were starving. *I* wouldn't. I don't mean to say I didn't have a jolly fine time myself. Ripping little dinners we used to have ashore—the skipper, the chief engineer, and myself—even when we had to draw poached eggs on a piece of paper because we didn't know what Spanish recently-laids called themselves. But I wouldn't live in a fo'c'stle like that, and eat their grub, besides doing their work and taking their risks in well-insured ships. No. By no means. It made me uncomfortable to have to see it under one's nose. Have you ever noticed that, on the whole, the trades carried on under the worst conditions are those out of sight, out of mind; in which men start youngest; where the youngsters get ground-in early and tied up to the job; and where the oldsters, instead of bettering things, can turn round on the youngsters and say, 'I had to go through it. Why shouldn't you?'"

* * *

## THE NEGLECT OF GERMAN.

*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

SIR,—I have read with much interest the articles on the neglect of German.

It has always appeared to me that the study of foreign languages could be made much easier if other methods could be adopted than those generally in vogue.

By placing the original in juxtaposition with a translation the student would be given a better opportunity of studying that foreign language which it is his endeavour to master.

I now send you a poem by one of our best German poets, with a translation attached.—I am, sir, etc.,

Wiesbaden, October 29th, 1912. BOTHMER.

### NACHTS

By JOSEF, FREIHHER VON EICHENDORFF, 1788-1857

(Translated from the German by Count Alfred von Bothmer)

Ich wandre durch die stille Nacht,
Da schleicht der Mond so heimlich sacht
Oft aus der dunkeln Wolkenhülle,
Und hin und her im Tal
Erwacht die Nachtigall,
Dann wieder alles grau und stille.

O wunderbarer Nachtgesang:
Von fern im Land der Ströme Gang,
Leis schauern in den dunkeln Bäumen
Wirrst die Gedanken mir,
Mein irres Singen hier
Ist wie ein Rufen nur aus Träumen.

[ENGLISH TRANSLATION.]

### NIGHT

I wander through the peaceful night,
And silently the pale moon's light
Athwart the banks of dark clouds creeps,
Now and then in the vale
Awakes the nightingale,
And then again all nature sleeps.

How wondrous the night's music seems:
The distant sound of flowing streams,
The gentle shivering of the leaves
Perplex my ev'ry thought,
My utt'rances are wrought
Like fitful sighs a slumberer heaves.

# GREAT PREACHERS OF TO-DAY ⁂ ⁂ ⁂ BY E. HERMANN

## III.—BISHOP GORE

I.

When Canon Gore was appointed Bishop of Worcester, not a few voices were raised in dismay at the prospect of so fiery a spiritual force being extinguished beneath a mitre. Canon Gore himself, indeed, gave some excuse for gloomy prognostications, for had he not said that a bishop could not be a pioneer; that one of his chief functions was to be conservative, to maintain unity, to hold things together, to be, in fact, a moderator? But while it may be a bishop's part to be conservative, while it was undoubtedly the chief glory of the then Canon of Westminster to be revolutionary, the prophesied tragic combat between prophet and administrator, in which both might perish but the former would never come off victor, never took place. For Charles Gore had long before embraced the ideal of Community life, and so learnt the lesson that a man can only do his duty by a wise and severe neglect of "duties." This art and grace of holy neglect he brought to his episcopal task, and soon recognised how many of its duties were meant to be dutifully shirked, which, in practical ecclesiastical language, works out to at least a couple of Suffragans, a secretary with brains, and an expert stenographer. By whatever means he secured it, the Bishop of Oxford stands to-day as free from the incubus of mechanical administrative activity as a man can be in this machinery-ridden world of ours. He is not an oiler of ecclesiastical machinery, but a generator of driving power; a prophet first, then an official, and a very unofficial one at that.

II.

In two main ways Bishop Gore has captured the attention of the age—as a liberal theological thinker, a "higher critic," if we like that much-abused word, and as a Christian Socialist. There are, indeed, some ultra-modern twentieth-century persons who would contend that these two things are rapidly becoming "back numbers." They would tell us that, with the passing of the nineteenth century, theology has passed from criticism to reconstruction, and Socialism from a sentiment to a policy. Like most plausible young generalisations, this is not nearly as true as it looks. As a matter of fact, few men were so palpably ahead of their time as Bishop Gore, and, looking over his early utterances, one is struck by what, for want of a better word, might be called their "recency." These things which bear dates of a generation ago might have been said yesterday; some of them, indeed, are going to be said to-morrow by men who were not yet born when Canon Gore uttered them. In theology, for instance, the combination of a broad, critical attitude with the most passionate devotion to the dogmas of the Church is anything but nineteenth-century; it is, if one may venture to prophesy, mid-twentieth. Or, to come to the more popular ground of social doctrine, how many out-and-out nineteenth-century Socialists grounded their convictions upon the sanctions upon which Canon Gore grounded his? Nothing was more characteristic even of Christian Socialism in the nineteenth century than its inadequate basis of humanitarianism, its constant appeal to the rights and brotherhood of man. There were few who, on being told that they were responsible for their brethren, asked, Responsible to whom, and to what? Canon Gore, from the first, as a Christian Socialist based his Socialism upon the mystery of the Incarnation; not upon the cry of wronged men, but upon the grace of a redeeming God. He stood for the only Christian Socialism that can co-exist with the dry, hard, materialistic Socialism which has supervened upon the early sentimental stages. And he would be a bold man who would maintain that this severe and searching type of Christian Socialism, at once awesomely mystical and quite uncomfortably practical and radical, has "arrived," even at this late day, in any wide, general sense.

III.

To hear Bishop Gore preach is to realise, once and for all, how little great preaching owes to oratory. With little grace of language or delivery, with no startling turns of thought or posing of paradoxes, he achieves that dynamic effect which spells greatness. When we attempt to penetrate to the ultimate factors in this effect, we recognise on the surface unusual gifts of forcefulness, directness, and understanding of the complex needs of men. He speaks simply, earnestly, quietly, without a trace of assumption or pretentiousness, but his words strike home where oratory often misses the mark. Delving below that, we come upon the characteristic humility of the born teacher, whose ambition it is not to show of his own knowledge, but to make his pupils understand; not to be brilliant, but to help dull minds into the kindgom of knowledge. Like every true teacher, he is not afraid of repeating himself, and never dreams of apologising for his repetitions. That is what he is there for: to say the same thing over and over again till it is grasped. But with this humility goes a more imperious thing—the note of authority. He is more than a pedagogue: he is a bearer of the Divine Word, a mediator of mysteries. That this authority makes no show and does not clamour for recognition only serves to increase its power. It is self-evidencing and self-authenticated. And tracing this unshakable and mastering conviction of authority as deeply into the recesses of the preacher's personality as a stranger can and may, we are left gazing into the clear yet unfathomable waters of a soul that lives in a first-hand intimacy with the things it proclaims. Sometimes this revealing glimpse comes suddenly, perhaps in the midst of one of his trenchant indictments of social unrighteousness. In an instant, through the passion of his vivid sympathy with the wrongs of man, one catches a flicker of that interior light which is the life of the man: one divines a "withdrawn" soul, and is granted a sudden look into its real world, the mysterious and profound world of instant spiritual communion.

In the next number of Everyman we shall publish an article by Mr. Hilaire Belloc on the "Servile State." We hope that M. Emile Vandervelde, the distinguished Belgian, will start a symposium on the burning question of Industrial Unrest, to which Mr. H. G. Wells will contribute. Canon Barry's article will deal with "Feminism in Literature." The number will also include, among other items, a sketch of Joseph Conrad, by Richard Curle, and a short story.

# JOHN KNOX'S INFLUENCE ON SCOTTISH EDUCATION

## BY LORD GUTHRIE

I.

The public and the experts equally acknowledge John Knox as Scotland's greatest churchman, constructive as well as destructive. But it is not so universally admitted that, through his influence on Scottish education, he was also her most influential statesman.

Before the Reformation, the Roman Church in Scotland was perhaps more vulnerable than in any other country, because she was less true to her own ideals, and because she was comparatively wealthier; accordingly, her defence was feebler, and her fall more sudden and complete than elsewhere. Her vast possessions—about half the wealth of the nation—tempted the powerful; all the more because these possessions, lands, buildings, gold and jewels, had been, in many cases, extorted, through superstitious fears, from the impenitent and the dying, whose successors had thus a plausible excuse for their forcible recovery. The support of the common people was alienated by the licence and dishonesty of the Church's officials (with shining exceptions), their undisguised use of sacred office for selfish ends, and their neglect of the poor and of the education of the young. In 1549, eleven years before the Reformation, a Provincial Council of the very Scots Catholic clergy themselves found that the two roots and causes of the troubles in the Church were "the corruption of morals and profane lewdness of life in churchmen of almost all ranks, together with crass ignorance of literature and of all the liberal arts." And Sir David Lyndesay, Lyon King-at-Arms, Knox's contemporary and friend, thus described them :—

"They grew so subject to Dame Sensuall,
And thought but pain poor people for to teach."

Notwithstanding, lay education was not, as some seem to assume, introduced into Scotland for the first time in 1560, at the Reformation. There were educational reformers, churchmen and laymen, before Knox, although their vision was less democratic. Of the four Universities, Edinburgh alone is Post-Reformation. St. Andrews, Glasgow, and Aberdeen were founded during the previous century. Secondary schools cannot fairly be credited to the Reformation; for there were none in Scotland worth the name till the nineteenth century. The junior classes in the Universities did their work.

What can be credited incontestably to Knox and his associates is the splendid stimulus given by them, directly and indirectly, in theory and eventually in result, to the quantity and quality of elementary education among the masses of the Scottish people.

Before the Reformation there were Grammar Schools in Edinburgh, Glasgow, Aberdeen, Perth, Stirling, Dumbarton, and Haddington. Perth Grammar School, in the sixteenth century, had 300 boys in it; of whom, by the way, it is told that, shortly after 1550, influenced by Sir David Lyndesay's biting "Satire of the Three Estates," they hissed down a friar, who was denouncing the Reforming preachers. And, at a time when the population of Scotland, instead of nearly five millions as it is now, did not exceed half a million, there were, according to Archbishop Spottiswoode's list, one hundred and twenty convents and twenty-three nunneries in Scotland, many of which had a school attached. No doubt the large majority of the boys in these schools were destined for the Church, but not by any means all of them. The point is that most of the boys in Pre-Reformation schools, who were not embryo priests, were the sons of the gentry, and not of those whom the old Scots Psalter calls "the humble folk." It was to the latter that this man was sent from God, whose name was John Knox. The Reformers' cardinal principle of the right and duty of private judgment (however much ignored in practice) made it essential that every member of the Church, lay as well as clerical, should be able to read for himself the Book which was to be the final standard. From a more mundane point of view, Scotsmen have always appreciated Bailie Nicol Jarvie's opinion that "the multiplication table is the root of all useful knowledge!"

As to Knox's contemporaries, the acknowledged leader of every enterprise, whether a Reformation, a campaign, or an exploring expedition, inevitably carries off most of the credit. Thus to Knox alone are usually attributed the views and utterances which were, in truth, the joint views and utterances of the able and learned men, lay and clerical, who, with Knox, held the helm and worked the guns of the Reformation ship.

These views and utterances are to be found in "The Book of Discipline," prepared by the Scots Reformers and discussed at a Convention of the Scots Estates in 1560-61, but never adopted by Parliament, which the historian, Professor Hume Brown, calls "in many respects the most important public document in the history of Scotland." It treats at length of universities and secondary schools, and of many other matters, human and divine. But its most famous passage deals with elementary education, and runs thus :—"This must be carefully provided that no father, of what estate or condition that ever he be, use his children at his own fantasy, especially in their youth-head. But all must be compelled to bring up their children in learning and virtue." Knox was the chief driving-force in the whole Reformation movement, and no doubt the Book of Discipline was dominated by his masterful spirit; but these words may just as likely have been Master John Row's or John Erskine's, Laird of Dun, of whose interest in education we have, in the case of both, the strongest evidence.

Even the idea of Compulsory Education was known in Scotland before the Reformation. By the very remarkable Act of the Scots Parliament, dated in 1496, in the reign of James IV., seventeen years before that cultured monarch fell at Flodden, it was "ordained that all Barons and Freeholders that are of substance put their eldest sons and heirs to the schools."

Yet the contrast between this passage and the one quoted above from the Book of Discipline will be at once apparent. The Act of 1496 had in view schooling for the eldest sons and heirs of nobles and wealthy commoners. The Book of Discipline insisted on education for all boys of all classes, without limitation to eldest sons and heirs. Although Knox was a scholar and had been accustomed, as a chaplain of Edward VI., to the atmosphere of one of the most punctilious Courts in Europe, he was throughout a man of, and for, the common people. In antagonism to the whole spirit of the times, he wrote : "Have respect unto your poor brethren, the labourers of the ground."

In the Book of Discipline, Knox and his colleagues appear at first sight to demand compulsory education regardless of sex, because, in the passage above quoted, they use the term "children" in contrast with "sons" in the Act of 1496. But, alas! this view cannot be supported, for the passage goes on : "The rich and potent may not be permitted to suffer their children to spend their youth in vain idleness, as heretofore they have done. But they must be exhorted and, by the censure of the Church, compelled to dedicate their *sons*

(*Continued on page* 152.)

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to the profit of the Church and to the Commonwealth"; and there is a corresponding statement about the poor. There is no sign in the Book of Discipline of the modern idea, now rapidly revolutionising society and destined in time to receive universal, if reluctant, acceptance, that girls and women are entitled, not only in elementary but also in secondary schools and Universities, equally with men, to the benefits of education, and to the opportunities and careers, private and public, which education makes possible. Knox's acquiescence in the prevalent view was the less excusable when it is remembered that his first wife, Marjorie Bowes, of the great English county family of Bowes, of Streatlam, in Durham County, as well as his second wife, the Hon. Margaret Stewart, daughter of Lord Ochiltree, were both well-educated women.

II.

Another fallacy in connection with Knox's influence on Scottish education is the idea that his views received immediate and full effect. Instead of this, the leading principle in the Book of Discipline—that elementary education should be provided by the State for all boys of school age, of all classes, in all parts of Scotland—received comparatively little effect, outside populous centres, till 1696, when schools were finally organised, on a parochial system, all over Scotland, by the "Act for Settling of Schools," enacted by the Scots Parliament in that year. It did not receive full effect till the passing of Lord Young's Education Act of 1872, severing all connection between the Church and Education, and setting up a popularly elected School Board in every parish in Scotland. The design and effect of Lord Young's Act was to supersede the voluntary system; whereas the English Education Act of 1870 was intended, as Mr. Forster said in the House of Commons, "to complete the voluntary system, and to fill up gaps, not to supplant it."

Knox's other great principle, that of compulsory education, received little popular favour till the nineteenth century, and no statutory recognition till the passing of the 1872 Act. Only thirty years before 1872 it was advocated by my father, on an Edinburgh platform, before an unsympathetic audience. When he sat down a Scotch Episcopal Bishop said to him that he also approved of Compulsory Education. "Then why do you not get up and say so?" asked my father. "Get up and say so! They would think me mad!" was the Bishop's reply.

The fact is that, until last century, for a variety of reasons, neither principle was capable of anything like complete application in any part of Scotland, not even in the Lowlands. In the Highlands and Islands there were the barriers of the Gaelic language and the want of bilingual teachers, the absence of means of communication by land or sea, the poverty of the people, their fatal contentment with their wretched conditions, physical and intellectual, and their suspicion of any thing, civil or ecclesiastical, however good, coming out of the Nazareth of the Lowlands. In a lesser degree, all these causes operated in the Lowlands, except the language question, and the provincial jealousy. In addition, there was the opinion (still held by some among the so-called "better classes," but nowadays, except in anonymous newspaper letters, seldom expressed) that education takes working men and women "out of their rightful place," disqualifying them for their proper duties, and not fitting them for higher callings. It was not the fault of the authors of the Book of Discipline that the share of the endowments of the Roman Church, which they wished to be assigned to education—university, secondary, and elementary—was appropriated by the Crown and the nobles. It is all the more to their credit that, notwithstanding, they and their successors provided Scotland with a system of education that, with all its shortcomings, gave her an advantage over every other country in Europe. In 1820, Lord Brougham, introducing his "Bill for the better education of the poor in England and Wales," stated that "in Scotland, every parish has one or more schools; while, in England, out of 20,000 ecclesiastical parishes, 3,500 have no school."

The educational principles of the Book of Discipline were among the great formative influences in the national development of Scotland, supplying, down the generations, a "stimulating ideal," to use Dr. Hay Fleming's phrase in his "Reformation in Scotland." Their adoption throughout by the Church, although not until recently by the State, made the absence of education, at least to the extent of being able to read the Bible, a reproach in the Lowlands of Scotland, among the poor, as well as among the well-to-do, as it never was, and is not now, in England. There is no feature, in decent Scottish peasant and artisan life, more singular and more hopeful than the value attached to education, even in the most unlikely quarters.

In addition, sufficient educational credit has never been given to the Presbyterian Church, which Knox and his coadjutors helped to found. At no period in the history of Scottish Presbyterianism, whether within or without the State Church, has any man been able to obtain orders, unless in the most exceptional circumstances, without a lengthened University course in letters and divinity. In the case of the laity, every Presbyterian congregation, Established and Dissenting, in every Scottish parish, has its body of elders (an office which is looked on as the supreme mark of a neighbourhood's confidence and respect), and, for the office of elder, a certain amount of education has always been required. All this has reacted on the people; thus Daniel Defoe, writing in 1717 about his visit to Scotland, reported:—"In a whole churchful of people, not one shall be seen without a Bible, a custom almost forgotten in England. In a Church in Scotland, if you shut your eyes, when the minister names any text of Scripture, you shall hear a little rustling noise over the whole place, made by turning the leaves of the Bible."

It must ever remain a matter of wonder how the men of the Reformation and their successors (the ministers and the Burgh magistrates, to their everlasting honour, leading and stimulating the State) contrived, with their meagre resources, to make Scotland, one of the poorest countries in Europe, into the best educated. Perhaps Oliver Goldsmith, himself an Edinburgh medical student, was right when he suggested that the slender incomes of the Scotch University professors stimulated them to industry! If so, the same must have happened with the elementary school teachers, if one can judge from the Education Act passed in the Parliament of 1803. By that Act, the minimum salary of the Scotch parish schoolmaster was raised to £16, and the maximum to £22, with, in addition, a house "not consisting of more than two apartments, *including the kitchen!*" The latter part of the Act, however, incurred the strenuous opposition of many landed proprietors. As one of them picturesquely, if parsimoniously, expressed it, he did not feel it his duty "to erect palaces for dominies!"

We may sum up the whole matter either with the grudging admission of Ernest Renan, or with the sympathetic tribute of Thomas Carlyle. Renan wrote: "Il nous est bien permis, au XIX^e^ siècle, d'être pour Marie Stuart contre Knox. Mais au XVI^e^ siècle, le Protestantisme fanatique servait mieux la cause du progrès que le Catholicisme, même relâché." Candid students of history, whatever their theological opinions, or even if they have none, will prefer the spirit of Carlyle's words: "Honour to all the brave and true! Everlasting honour to brave old Knox, one of the truest of the true, that, in the moment while he and his cause, amid civil broils, in convulsion and confusion, were still but struggling for life, he sent the schoolmaster forth to all corners, and said, 'Let the people be taught!'"

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# FRANCIS PARKMAN AS THE NATIONAL HISTORIAN OF CANADA.*

I.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN are bringing out a dainty pocket edition in twelve volumes, on India paper, of the complete works of Francis Parkman. With the single exception of the "Conspiracy of Pontiac" (which already appeared in Everyman's Library), the works of Francis Parkman have hitherto been issued in expensive editions inaccessible to the wide reading public. We, therefore, gladly welcome the appearance of this edition, if only as an indication that the national historian of Canada is at last going to receive that popular recognition which has been too long withheld.

II.

We hear a great deal about the growth of Imperialist feeling. It is passing strange that this feeling should be so little reflected in the literary tastes and instincts of the present generation. Already Macaulay, in the famous opening pages of the Essay on Lord Clive, deplored the scandalous ignorance of the history of India, even amongst the educated. What is true of India is true of Canada. What was true seventy-five years ago is still largely true to-day. If Parkman had devoted his magnificent powers, like Grote to the history of Greece, like Motley to the history of the Netherlands, or like Prescott to the history of Spain, he would have secured a universal popularity. But because he chose to concentrate for forty years with a singleness of purpose almost unrivalled in the history of letters to the investigation of Canadian history, he condemned himself to comparative obscurity, and he had to wait for fifty years before he came into his own. The "Conspiracy of Pontiac" appeared in 1851. Yet we find that in the standard history of American literature, by Professor Nichol (1882), which otherwise is so complete and so trustworthy, the immortal historian is not even mentioned by name.

III.

This is not the place to analyse either the literary qualities of Parkman or his qualifications as a historian. The task has been admirably done by Mr. Thomas Seccombe in his brilliant Introduction to Dent's edition of the "Conspiracy of Pontiac." But even the most superficial examination must convince the reader that Parkman must rank with the great names of historical literature. He has most of the qualities of Macaulay, without his defects. He is stately without being rhetorical. He unites movement and animation with classical restraint. He combines the gifts of the story-teller, a picturesque imagination, a delight in prowess and adventure, with the gifts of the philosopher: a capacity for generalisation, wide sympathies, and a singularly penetrating insight into the deeper significance of history.

IV.

If from the analysis of the literary qualities of Parkman we pass on to consider the intrinsic interest of the subjects and themes he has chosen, we shall wonder still more why his work should hitherto have been reserved to the happy few. Surely, there are few subjects in universal history more fascinating than the annals of Canada. Those annals, as they unfold themselves in the twelve volumes of Parkman, strike one as a magnificent epic, or rather as a dramatic trilogy. In the first part, we follow the explorations and the evangelisation of the Jesuit missionaries. In the second part, we trace the colonisation and settlement by the administrators of the French Monarchy.

* "Francis Parkman." Pocket edition, 12 vols. 6s. net. (Macmillan.)

The third and concluding part gives us a picture of the epoch-making struggle which resulted in the supremacy of the Anglo-Saxon race and of Protestantism in the New World.

V.

The colonisation of Canada possesses the unique originality that religion has been its main motive and inspiration. Although Christopher Columbus was also actuated by religious zeal, yet Spanish colonisation was soon deflected from its original purpose, and soon degenerated into treasure-hunting, even as English colonisation soon degenerated into slave-trading. It is the eternal honour of the Canadian missionaries that they were imbued from the beginning with a single-hearted devotion to their Christian propaganda, and that they aspired to no other reward but the crown of martyrdom. The volume in which Parkman recounts the heroic enterprise of the Jesuit pioneers is one of the most thrilling in the whole series. "That one book, 'The Jesuits in Canada,'" says Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, "is worth a reputation in itself, and how noble is the tribute which those men of Puritan blood paid to that wonderful order." Considering the sympathy and administration of this Protestant historian for the Jesuits, it is all the more strange that, after recounting their marvellous exploits, he should come to the conclusion that Jesuit enterprise resulted in complete failure. Surely, from their point of view, they reaped an ample harvest. They did not, indeed, evangelise the Red Indians, but they achieved this durable result, that Canada has remained until this day the most Catholic country in the world.

VI.

It is the third act of the Canadian drama, and it is the concluding volumes of the history of Parkman, which, above all, must arrest our attention. Here we are confronted not only with the romance of warfare between the Red Man and the White Man—a story as thrilling as any to be found in the romances of Fenimore Cooper—but we are also confronted with another struggle of world-wide significance, and affecting the whole future destinies of the human race. After the Peace of Paris, Voltaire dismissed the final defeat of French policy with the jesting remark that, after all, France had lost only a few acres of snow in the New World. The clever Frenchman failed to realise that the real issue was whether France or England, whether liberty or despotism, were going to be supreme on the American continent. And the magnitude of the contest was matched by the heroic quality of the combatants. All the sympathies of Parkman are with the Anglo-Saxon victors, but he does not grudge his admiration for the vanquished. To the student of French politics, in the second half of the eighteenth century, it is an unspeakable relief to turn from the scandals of Madame de Pompadour and Madame du Barry to the splendid personality of Montcalm and his companions, who were fighting in a forlorn cause for an ungrateful King. France owes it to those heroes that, although she lost a continent, she at least saved her national honour.

* * *

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science, he cannot escape comparison with others, which is not altogether to his advantage.

True, "The Lost World" is a highly entertaining book, and, once begun, it does not allow itself to be lightly laid aside. It is ingenious, it is circumstantial, it is amusing, it is mildly satirical, it is harmlessly exciting, and, within certain limits, it is instructive. But the satire and verisimilitude are not those of a Swift or a Defoe; the science and adventure are not those of a Verne or a Wells; the humour and inventiveness are not those of a Cyrano or an Anstey.

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* * *

# CORRESPONDENCE

## WESTWARD HO!

*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

DEAR SIR,—I feel that Monsignor R. H. Benson's criticism of Kingsley's attitude towards the Jesuits in "Westward Ho!" in this week's issue of EVERYMAN should not pass unchallenged. In the first place, I believe that the reverend gentleman forgets that historical setting must be in line with the attitude of the Englishmen of the period towards the acts and opinions of the instigators of the counter-Reformation. Does M. Benson deny that Loyola taught his followers not to stop at crime to gain the glorious object of reinstating the Holy Catholic Church? And does he deny that the Jesuits *did* commit crimes in accordance with this teaching? Surely Kingsley, then, has interpreted the contemporary feelings of Englishmen aright when he depicts his Jesuit characters in, undoubtedly, their worst light. Praiseworthy though the earnestness and ultimate motives of the Jesuits were, yet such motives as were theirs could not be tolerated in this country; a fact which is conclusively proved by the failure of the Jesuits to obtain any permanent footing in England.

Lastly, I don't think M. Benson can regard "Westward Ho!" as a general attack upon the Roman Catholic Church, for Kingsley wrote his book as a novel, with full licence from the point of view of the unity of his book, and in the portrayal of rough, honest sea-dogs, and not theologians.—I am, sir, etc.,

D. HY. GRIFFITH.

Dyffryn, Goodwick, November 9th, 1912.

## POPE PIUS X.

*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

SIR,—I have just read, with mingled feelings, the article in your issue of November 1st by M. Houtin. It would appear, if one had to accept this article as strict truth, that the Church of Rome has progressed enormously during the last nine years in unity, and that Pius X. had really known "how to maintain and to preserve the Catholic Church."

Although, when elected, Pius X. did announce as his ambitious programme, "Instaurare omnia in Christo,"

## CORRESPONDENCE *(continued)*

yet we have to look at the facts to see if this "millennium" (for such would the realisation of these words mean) has actually come to pass.

According to M. Houtin's article, one might think it was actually being realised. Yet how very different is the case! During the *régime* of this "Sovereign Pontiff" we have seen some of the most humiliating political checks and diplomatic ruptures between the Vatican and the so-called Roman Catholic countries ever witnessed. France has severed all official connection with the Papal authorities. Spain and Portugal have had quarrels with Rome, and have thrown off the Papist yoke.

We are told the Pope believes in his own infallibility. If this is true, why was the "Ne Temere" decree withdrawn in Germany, and why is it not in active force in England, since it was to be enforced in the British Isles?

Again, "the decree 'Ne Temere' is carried out even in Ireland." This fictitious statement is made in face of the words of Judge Kenny, who, in a recent test case in Dublin, said, "Although, in the eyes of the Church of Rome, the mother is degraded and the child illegitimate, the decree of the Council of Trent and the 'Ne Temere' decree against mixed marriages has no legal effect."

The terrible Putumayo atrocities took place under the very eye of the representatives of Rome, yet it was not until these devilish cruelties were brought to light by the representative of a Protestant King and nation that we heard of them.

Such, then, is the "brave" way which this "poor Sarto" has defended the "Lord's flock"!

The enemies of Rome and lovers of Christian *Truth* cannot wish more than that Pope Pius X. might live long to occupy the pontifical throne.—I am, sir, etc., WILLIAM J. PLATT.

Horwich, Bolton.

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## OSCAR WILDE.

*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

DEAR SIR,—There seems some doubt about the origin of the Oscar Wilde blue china story, recalled by M. Mazel and Mr. Oscar Browning.

The first time I saw the jest was in *Punch*, where it appeared beneath a Du Maurier drawing satirising the æsthetic craze. A young bride, very simous and very intense, is looking up rapturously into her husband's face. He has in his hand, holding it with a kind of reverence, a china teapot. The words, as far as I remember, were:—He: "Isn't it exquisite?" She: "Oh, Algernon! Let us try to live up to it."

Of course, *Punch* may not have originated the story. The doubt as to its origin gives added point to a witticism attributed to Whistler.

The great Impressionist was at the R.A. private view, or some similar function, and, seeing Wilde, he took him by the arm and led him up to Du Maurier. Then, gravely looking from one to the other, he inquired blandly, "Which of you two invented the other?"—I am, sir, etc., H. J. A.

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## THE FUTURE OF THE CHURCHES.

*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

DEAR SIR,—"Scotus Novanticus," in EVERYMAN of November 1st, is in error in stating Mr. Campbell makes the insistence on dogmas and creeds responsible for the religious divisions amongst men. He


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## CORRESPONDENCE *(continued)*

does not, although he might justifiably have done so.

Again, anarchy flourishes best where tyranny is strongest, and all the Protestant Churches are in a state of anarchy in relation to the Roman Catholic Church. "S. N." should then attack anarchy by seeking to remove its cause.

Because men are not prepared to accept all the Roman Catholic dogmas, it does not follow that they believe too little, and are consequently divided. The cause of religious divisions has ever been the imposition of dogma and the suppression of private judgment and individual liberty in matters spiritual.

Moreover, it is a mistake to suppose there are no divisions in the Roman Catholic Church, for they are continually recurring, and up to the Reformation movements were allowed to develop within the Church until they became dangerous sects; then they were often suppressed in blood.

In more recent years Rome has multiplied her dogmas and improved the inquisition of her government, so that, at the present time, the tests being keener and the issues clearer, heresy is more readily detected, and excommunication inflicted. Thus, the evil is nipped in the bud or compelled to conceal itself. One of the greatest divisions in the history of religion occurred when the Roman Church was shaken to its foundation at the Reformation.

"S. N." unblushingly says, "The most popular weekly, *Les Annales Politiques et Littéraires*, which is the representative organ of the cultured middle class, would not dare to publish an article with an anti-Catholic bias." In Britain we are accustomed to hear all sides of a case, biased or otherwise. Perhaps these facts at once explain the strength of Roman Catholicism among the readers of the above popular weekly, and its weakness among the natives of these islands.

I write with no feeling of bitterness towards the Roman Catholic faith, but with the recognition that a Church which has awakened the saintly soul of gentle Francis and attracted the brilliant intellect of Newman—to mention only two out of an innumerable host of profoundly spiritual men—a Church which has held aloft the banner of Christ all down the ages, must have strong claims upon the hearts and minds of all Christians, irrespective of creed.

May no one, indeed, ever hope for the realisation of that beautiful dream, the reunion of Christendom, under which men of independent judgment may render service to God, and thus remove at least one of the barriers to a glorious future for the Christian Church?

Does Rome block the way?—I am, sir, etc.,

Glasgow, November 2nd, 1912. CURTIS MARTIN.

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## ENGLAND AND GERMANY.

*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

DEAR SIR,—Interesting all through as are the first two numbers of EVERYMAN, there will be many readers, I think, who will regard Professor Delbrück's article, "England and Germany," as the most important feature in them. It is but rarely that the average Englishman, who is not acquainted with the German language, is able to read a clear statement of German opinion in regard to the relations between the two countries, from the pen of a German. Perhaps the blame for this may be assigned to the "neglect of German" in English education.

Professor Delbrück, we shall all agree, is perfectly sincere, and Englishmen should be considerably indebted to him for his trenchant presentation of his case. At the same time, most of us will entirely dissent from some of his conclusions. The statement that Germany has increased her navy so greatly in recent years "to protect her growing trade" and "to safeguard her interests in world politics," is to British minds a little vague and unsatisfactory. Both these things could be assured without such a huge navy as Germany has thought fit to build. But the main point that I wish to emphasise is in regard to German expansion, and it is here, I think, that Professor Delbrück is misleading, and appears to share some of the common prejudices of many of his countrymen: prejudices from which we might expect a man of his culture and attainments to be free. The charge that " . . . ever since Germany has begun to make active efforts to obtain possessions of this kind"—*i.e.*, colonies to relieve her of her surplus population—"it has been our experience that England again and again comes in our way," is utterly unfounded. When has England obstructed rightful German expansion?

Legitimate expansion on the part of Germany: expansion which is not detrimental to the interests of other countries, and which conforms to the principles of international justice and morality—that never has been and never will be checked or frustrated by the British nation.—I am, sir, etc., E. F. P.

Plymouth.

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## THE NEGLECT OF GERMAN.

*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

SIR,—What you say in your first number about the neglect of German in your country, and of English, too, is true to the very last word. Americans think, and act, differently; they are building up an admirable system of modern language schools. Young America is ahead of dear old England!

It is no business of mine to praise up my native language to Englishmen. If England can do without German, it does not matter to Germans. But I consider it my patriotic duty to do my utmost to promote the study of English in this country, so that every educated German may know what is written in both languages, may think with two souls, and work with two brains.

I am a lover of Greek, not only of Homer and Sophocles, but also of Plutarch and Heliodor. But why should that interfere with my study of English? There is no need to say, "either Greek or English"; I prefer to say, "both Greek and English."

Respectability is a fine thing. It is considered most respectable to stand up for compulsory Greek. But sometimes it is expensive to keep up respectability. Germany cannot afford it. Our people find that they want English, and French, and also Italian, and they flock to modern language lectures. In this University there are no fewer than 600-700 modern language students, and still we are not able to supply the demand of our secondary schools for such teachers. In addition to Western languages, Russian has just been introduced as a subject in the secondary schools of the eastern provinces of Prussia. I do not feel that it lowers our respectability.

England is right to increase her iron fleet, in order to keep off any possible enemy. We increase our mental fleet by calling in the brain-work of our neighbours, in order to fight our battles against ignorance and poverty.

Welcome, friendly invaders!—I am, sir, etc.,

ALOIS BRANDL, L.L.D.,
Professor of English in the University of Berlin and Founder of the German Shakespeare Society.

Berlin, October 25th, 1912.

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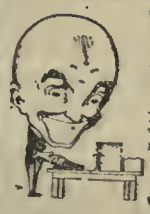

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## CORRESPONDENCE *(continued)*

### A HUNGARIAN PLEA FOR THE TURK.

*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

DEAR SIR,—Having read the article, "Who is Responsible for the War?" in your newspaper, EVERYMAN, I have something to say about the matter, from a Hungarian point of view.

We Hungarians know better the nations which are now at war. We are partly their neighbours, and partly, in respect to Turkey, are brother-nations.

Yes, it was the fault of the Great Powers' diplomacy that the situation was aggravated, that these four small nations could provoke, and without acceptable reason, Turkey, who did nothing else in her present state of transformation, defending only her life. It is not her fault that she is the most dangerous spot in Europe. It is not her fault that she is a Mohammedan Empire. But it is the fault of the European Great Powers, that they cannot wait for the time when the state of Turkey will be settled; that every one of these Powers has something to do in Turkey.

I am always amazed reading English opinions respecting Turkey. Why does not Europe's greatest nation sympathise with this Power? This nation, who once was the greatest Power in Europe, and whom not to like should belong first to us, to Hungary, and whose sun is now going down, perhaps to rise again as brilliantly as in the olden times—this nation is worthy of our attention. Turkey has a special situation among the other European States. She has no friend around, when she should have many. In the days of transformation, when every interior power should work together, we see she has interior conflicts. And among such circumstances, how could she fulfil her work, the transformation? It is, apart from these circumstances, very difficult for Turkey, who has such a topographical situation. Among the mountains there live the greatest enemies of everything which comes from the Turkish Government—the Albanians and the Macedonians. And can you believe me that the causes from which the war arose, according to the notes of the four Balkan Powers, are true? That they—the four Powers—cannot endure the sufferings of the Albanians and Macedonians? That they cannot bear that these nations have no autonomy? We Hungarians, who know these nations, we do not believe it, simply because neither Albania nor Macedonia are as civilised as the other nations of Europe, and cannot govern themselves. They, these mountaineers, are still sons of the eternal war, are still amidst very primitive social circumstances. Behind them there must stand—and stand ever—a more mighty power.

Therefore, first, not the Great Powers, but these four small Powers, are responsible for the present Balkan war. This war is as unjust as the Italian aggression against Turkey. Not for the purpose of delivering the Albanians and Macedonians, because they can never settle these matters, only to cause confusion and to operate there, therefore they commenced the war.

But the greatest fault belongs to an unknown Power, who stands behind these small States, without whose assistance none of them would have dared this undertaking.

We Hungarians sympathise with Turkey because we see the things as they are. This nation is a very unfortunate nation, whom everybody will "repay," but for what and why we do not know. Perhaps for the misdoings of the Great Powers?—I am, sir, etc.,

Pecs, October 23rd, 1912 J. LEWIS TGAZ.

### JOHN WESLEY'S JOURNAL.

*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

SIR,—In your issue of November 1st Principal Whyte quotes Mr. Birrell's saying with respect to John Wesley's journeys: "He paid more turnpikes than any man who ever bestrode a beast."

It may interest some of your readers to be reminded of another famous Wesleyan, Robert Newton, who, a generation later, travelled, it is computed in the Minutes of the Society, not less than 6,000 miles a year, when transit was comparatively slow, and in later years some 8,000 miles. The Minutes go on to declare that it is probable that he collected more money for religious objects than any other man. He was four times President and nineteen times Secretary of the Wesleyan Conference.

The following curious story is told in his life. Whilst residing in Manchester during a period of political and social unrest, Dr. Newton became a marked man for much opprobrium, and fear for his safety was felt by his friends. One night he had to return from Cheetham Hill to Manchester, then a lonely road. He refused all company, and proceeded alone, when he was almost immediately joined by a large dog, which continued to follow his footsteps closely. The story goes on to tell how two suspicious-looking characters, who had apparently purposed to molest the traveller, were arrested by the sight of his huge canine companion, and, dividing to right and left, permitted him to pass. I give the story as it stands, without any further comment. That Newton himself saw in it an act of divine intervention on his behalf goes without saying.—I am, sir, etc.,

A GREAT-GRANDSON OF ROBERT NEWTON.

Bournemouth, November 7th, 1912.

### MESSAGE OF "EVERYMAN."

*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

DEAR SIR,—I have been much interested in the "message" of your first number, and take the opportunity you offer by your invitation to correspondents to express a reader's keen appreciation of your aims.

As you say in that "message," "We are living in a wonderful age, when every landmark is being swept away, when every belief is being questioned, when every established institution is on its trial, when reform is the order of the day." And you point out that, "whether all this will lead to a peaceful and orderly reconstruction of society, or whether that reconstruction shall be preceded by a revolutionary catastrophe," will largely depend upon those writers who are moulding and directing public opinion.

This raises a very definite point in connection with such a possible reconstruction of society as the result of the greater width and freedom and generosity of ideas which indisputably characterise the present day. That point is the danger attending a one-man influence in literature during a period of active evolution of thought. Rousseau is charged, I believe, with much responsibility for the ferocity of the French Revolution. Whatever his merits as a philosopher, he was unsafe as a guide or a leader. Bearing all this in mind, it is good to find that you show in your new paper a great catholicity of feeling in the choice of writers and subjects which you propose to introduce. The civilised world was never more in need of full and accurate knowledge, of intelligent, balanced criticism on all that occupies human thought and endeavour, than it is now. Still down the ever-widening corridors of Life comes resounding that first mighty cry, "Let there be light!"—I am, sir, etc., R. W. COMPTON.

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*There is no entrance fee*—it costs a halfpenny stamp to write for gratis examination paper, and a penny to return it filled up. You are under no further liability whatever.

The successful students will not only earn back much more than the fees paid, and incidentally receive a first-class practical training free, but will acquire proficiency that may be worth from 15s. to £10 a week to them.

### Clever and Enthusiastic.

The scholarships will enable the P.C.C. to secure one hundred of the brainiest readers of EVERYMAN—clever, enterprising, and enthusiastic men and women whom it will be a personal pleasure to teach, and who will eventually be numbered amongst the College's most successful students.

Every reader stands a chance of succeeding.

Many who are not considered clever at figures, office routine, or ordinary work at which they are employed for want of better openings, are full of bright ideas which, turned to account in advertisement writing, would earn guineas.

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The act of writing for particulars to-day may prove to be the turning point in your career.

## CORRESPONDENCE *(continued)*

### PEACE AND WAR.

*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

DEAR SIR,—When I say that I am a member of the Society of Friends, you will at once understand that I entirely sympathise with Mr. Angell's strong and able denunciation of force as being the greatest deterrent to the progress of true civilisation. You will also, I expect, understand why I am unable to endorse the conclusion he arrives at, because it seems entirely illogical from his former premise, that Force is necessary to maintain progress and civilisation; for that, it seems to me, is what he means when he says it is absolutely necessary to be armed to prevent the other man doing something he says—and Mr. Angell says—he does not want to do, and that it would do him more harm than good to do.

May I also point out that there is, in my opinion, a much better simile of the relations between Britain (not "England," by the way, please) and Germany than the one Mr. Angell is in the habit of using? He says they are like two men who are angry with each other, and stand ready to fight, armed to the teeth. Does he not think they are much more like two neighbours who are on perfectly friendly terms, visiting and doing business with each other; but—*but*—they both have some idle, mischievous boys, who are continually on the look-out for something to quarrel about, and to throw stones at each other; and they each have some pugnacious bulldogs, that are snarling and growling at each other, and straining at their chains to get at each other's throats? John Bull was the first to get these dogs, and Cousin Fritz, seeing how they worried other people's chickens, cats, etc., feared they would also attack his, so he got his dogs too. Now, would not the wisest thing for John to do be to spank his boys, and give them some good, honest work to do, and send his dogs—well, to the Cat and Dog Home, if you like? Fritz would soon see that it would be to his best interest to do likewise, for, by Mr. Angell's showing, John has nothing to lose from an attack by Fritz, for Fritz would hurt himself most. As I verily believe he would. Now, consider, who is it that, in either country, is trying to stir up strife? Is it not your ignorant puppy young journalists—mere boys, as I know many of them are—and your Military Leaguers and Navy Leaguers, as well as your pro-conscriptionists, and other bellicose fire-eaters? Find some way of shutting the mouths of the "Yellow Press" on these matters, and I think much will have been done to prevent irritation on either side. It is not the merchants, manufacturers, or agriculturists in either country; neither, certainly, is it the working classes. These are what, *I* hold, represent most truly the nations. It is not these, I contend, who want to fight. Therefore, give the others who are trying to bring it about some better occupation, or—send them to Botany Bay.—I am, sir, etc., R. B. M.

Johnstone, November 3rd, 1912.

## LIST OF BOOKS RECEIVED

Ammon, C. G. "Christ and Labour." (Jarrold, 1s.)
Barclay, F. L. "The Wheels of Time." (Putnam's Sons, 1s.)
Barry, Canon. "Literature—The World of Life or Death." (Cassell, 6d.)
Benn, A. W. "History of Modern Philosophy. (Watts, 1s.)
Bennett, Arnold. "Mental Efficiency." (Hodder and Stoughton, 1s.)
Bennett, Arnold. "The Human Machine." (Hodder and Stoughton, 1s.)
Bennett, Arnold. "Literary Taste." (Hodder and Stoughton, 1s.)
Besant, Mrs. A. "Theosophy." (Jack, 6d.)
Canton, W. "A Child's Book of Warriors." (Dent.)
Chapman, G. T. "Political Economy." (Williams and Norgate, 1s.)
Chapman, J. "Bishop Gore and the Catholic Claims." (Longmans, Green, 6d.)
Clouston, Sir T. "Morals and Brain." (Cassell, 6d.)
Creighton, Mrs. "Missions." (Williams and Norgate, 1s.)
Davidson, A. F. "Victor Hugo." (Eveleigh Nash.)
De la Pasture, Mrs. H. "Erica." (Smith, Elder.)
Doyle, A. C. "The Case of Oscar Slater." (Hodder and Stoughton, 6d.)
Drawbridge, C. L. "Old Beliefs and New Knowledge." (Longmans, Green, 6d.)
Drawbridge, C. L. "Training of the Turk." (Longmans, Green, 6d.)
Figgis, J. N. "The Gospel and Human Needs. (Longmans, Green, 6d.)
Fouard, C. "The Christ." (Longmans, Green, 6d.)
" " "St. Paul." (Longmans, Green, 6d.)
"Fruit." (Blackie, 1s.)
Goodrich, E. S. "Evolution." (Jack, 6d.)
Gore, C. "Roman Catholic Claims." (Longmans, Green, 6d.)
Gregory, J. W. "The Making of the Earth." (Williams and Norgate, 1s.)
Hobson, R. A. "Some Kiddies." (Blackie, 1s. 6d.)
Hobhouse, L. T. "The Labour Movement." (Fisher Unwin, 1s.)
Johnstone, Hilda. "Oliver Cromwell." (Jack, 6d.)
Johnston, Sir H. "Pioneers in India." (Jack, 6d.)
Jones, A. J. "Eucken." (Jack, 6d.)
Kapp, G. "Electricity." (Williams and Norgate, 1s.)
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Magee, E. "Le Livre Rouge." (Blackie, 1s.)
Meyer, Rev. F. B. "Religion and Race Regeneration." (Cassell, 6d.)
Millar, G. "Some Fruits of Solitude." (Hamilton, 1s.)
Mockler, G. "Our Friend Jim." (Blackie, 1s. 6d.)
Moore, G. E. "Ethics." (Williams and Norgate, 1s.)
Morris, A. T. "More About the Empire." (Blackie, 1s.)
" " "Merry Days at the Farm." (Blackie, 6d.)
Newman, Cardinal. "Apologia." (Longmans, Green, 6d.)
Pat. "Economics for Irishmen." (Maunsel, 1s.)
Robertson, W. A. "Insurance." (Jack, 6d.)
Robinson, C. H. "Studies in the Character of Christ." (Longmans, Green, 6d.)
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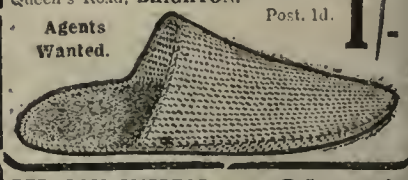

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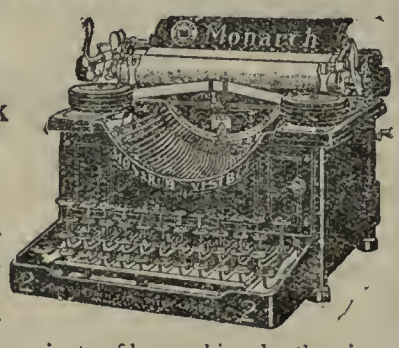


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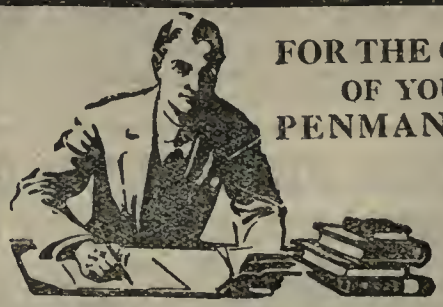

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## ARTICLES

BY

1. G. K. CHESTERTON
2. EMILE VANDERVELDE
3. RICHARD CURLE
4. PROF. A. G. PESKETT


# HISTORY IN THE MAKING

## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

EVENTS in the Near East are moving towards their inevitable end. The end is foreshadowed by the fall of Monastir and the surrender of 50,000 Turkish troops. The prisoners include three Pashas, one of them being Fethi Pasha, a former Turkish Minister to Servia. The Turks at first offered a desperate resistance, but were compelled to capitulate. With the fall of Monastir practically ends the campaign in Macedonia. There is little to report from the Bulgarian Army. So strict is the censorship that little is known beyond rumours of heavy fighting. The Turks claim to have driven the Bulgarians back, and to have captured a number of guns. Operations at Chatalja lines, so far as the Bulgarians are concerned, seem to be checked by the strength of the fortifications and the weakening of the army by disease. The ravages of cholera among the Turkish troops are described as appalling, and suggests the thought that the conclusion of the war may be brought about by disease rather than by military methods. King Ferdinand has sent for an eminent German physician to help to combat the epidemic among the Bulgarian troops. As a preventive measure, detachments of the international fleets have been landed at Constantinople. The relations between Austria and Servia continue strained. Germany and Italy have made representations to Servia similar to those made to Austria-Hungary regarding Servia's claim to an extension of territory after the war. Count Berchtold, in a speech on Austro-Hungarian policy to the Austria Delegation at Buda-Pest, declared for an autonomous Albania. On this point, he said, the Cabinets of Rome and Vienna were agreed.

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The political crisis, with its resultant disorder in the House of Commons, is ended, thanks to the intervention of the Speaker. At his suggestion, the Prime Minister found another way out of the difficulty created by the Banbury amendment to the Home Rule Financial Resolutions. On Monday night Mr. Asquith outlined his proposals. The Government, he said, still thought that the simplest and most direct way of dealing with the matter was to ask the House to rescind the decision it came to. But partly from a repugnance to the possible recurrence of disorder, but still more because they did not feel it consistent with their duty to ignore the invitation extended from the Chair, they had decided to take another course. They proposed to negative the whole Financial Resolution, and to set up again the Committee on the finance of the Bill. The proposal was unanimously agreed to.

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At the close of questions Mr. Chiozza Money called attention to the Speaker's ruling, when, in consequence of the prolonged cries of "Divide," "Adjourn," etc., by members of the Opposition, he declared that "a state of grave disorder had arisen," and he accordingly adjourned the House. Mr. Money submitted that if the Speaker was right in adjourning the House, then the members in question must have been guilty of grave disorder, and could each or all of them have been suspended from the service of the House. In reply to a question by Mr. Money, the Speaker said he had reconsidered his decision, and he still thought he was perfectly right. The Speaker or the Chairman, he added, in reply to Mr. Leif Jones, must be guided by the circumstances of the case.

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The opposition of the medical profession to the Insurance Act does not seem to be lessened by Mr. Lloyd George's proposals. From all parts of the country come reports which show that the doctors are still determined not to work the medical benefit under the Act.

At a meeting in London of the National Unionist Association, Lord Lansdowne made an important pronouncement. On the question of Tariff Reform he gave two undertakings. One undertaking was that they would specify the limits for taxation, and not exceed those limits without authorisation; and the other that the revenue from such taxation should be used to alleviate other burdens on the taxpayer. At the annual conference resolutions were carried condemning the Goverment's Home Rule policy, emphasising the need of Tariff Reform, and pledging the party to repeal the Parliament Act. Mr. Austen Chamberlain moved, and the delegates adopted, a resolution in support of the Unionist policy of State assistance for the creation of occupying ownerships of land.

An important Board of Trade Return dealing with changes in wages and hours of labour has been issued. The number of workpeople affected by changes in wages during 1911 was 916,366 (exclusive of railwaymen). Of these, 507,207 received increases amounting to £46,247 per week, and 399,362 sustained decreases amounting to £11,669 per week. The net result of all the changes was thus an increase of £34,578 per week. In 1910 changes affecting 548,938 workpeople resulted in a net increase of £14,534 per week. The changes in the hours of labour in 1911 affected 155,407 workpeople, of whom 4,351 had their aggregate working time increased, and 151,056 had it reduced, the net effect being a reduction of 715,459 hours in the weekly working time of the workpeople affected. With the exception of 1902 and 1909, the figures for 1911 were by far the highest of ten years.

On receiving from the Committee for the Disestablishment of the Church in England and Wales a resolution expressing grave concern at the rumours that the Welsh Bill would possibly be dropped, Mr. Asquith has replied that "there is no truth in the rumours."

Dr. Woodrow Wilson has lost no time in taking the American people into his confidence in regard to Tariff Reform. He intends to convene a special Congress in April to deal with the question. How far the new President will go in the direction of Free Trade is not known, but, according to the *Times* Washington correspondent, there has not as yet been found a single competent authority who expects that the impending Tariff Bill will be other than Protectionist, albeit less rigorously protective than the Payne Law.

The funeral of Senor Canalejas, the Spanish Prime Minister, who was shot dead by a young man as he was on his way to a meeting of the Cabinet, took place at Madrid amid general expressions of grief. King Alfonso followed the funeral car on foot from the Chamber of Deputies to the Partheon.

Count Romanones, the new Spanish Prime Minister, states that he intends to carry on without alteration the policy of Senor Canalejas.

The suffragists who travelled on foot from Edinburgh to bring a petition to the Prime Minister reached London on Saturday. After taking part in a meeting in Trafalgar Square, they went to Downing Street, where their petition was received by one of Mr. Asquith's secretaries.

It is stated from Cape Town that South African Ministers have under consideration a proposal that six small cruisers should be built, equipped, and maintained by the British Admiralty for service in South African waters at the cost of the Union Government.

# THE PROBLEM OF DIVORCE

HISTORY bears abundant testimony to the fact that upon the structure of the family life mainly depends social stability and national well-being. Indeed, so important is the family that knowledge of its structure at given periods gives us the key to the evolution of civilisation. Corresponding to the various stages, from tribalism to our present advanced civilisation, family life, beginning in something like promiscuity, and passing through the successive phases of polyandry and polygyny, reaches its final form in monogamy. Sociologists agree that monogamy is the ideal form of family life, but in the present state of society in very many cases the reality falls painfully short of the ideal. In its purity, marriage means the lifelong union of husband and wife in the bonds of mutual affection. Where the mutual bond is broken, domestic conditions become intolerable. Hitherto gross unfaithfulness has been recognised as sufficient reason for breaking the legal bond; but, according to the majority who signed the Divorce Commission Report for making divorce easier, other reasons must now be added.

In addition to placing men and women on an equality before the law, the Commissioners approve of divorce for the following:—Desertion for three years; incurable insanity after five years; penal servitude for life where there has been a death sentence commuted; cruelty and habitual drunkenness. It is not surprising that a minority of the Commissioners should have grave doubts as to the effect of these reforms upon family life, which undoubtedly shows disintegrating tendencies, owing to the encroachment of the State on the domestic sphere. The supreme questions come to be this: Will increased facilities for divorce tend to the strengthening or the loosening of the family tie? In the ancient world, especially in Rome, we learn from writers like Lecky and Milman that the elasticity of the divorce laws was "the corroding plague of Roman society"; and something of a like dread is expressed in America, where the family, as a social unit, is in danger. Mr. Roosevelt declares that the loosening of the marital tie is one of the most "unpleasant and dangerous features of American life."

"It appears," says the Minority Report, "from the United States Government statistics, that whereas in 1867 there were 9,937 divorces, in 1900 there were 55,751, the rate having risen from 27 per 100,000 population to 73 (or, omitting limited divorce, 72). To realise the magnitude of this rate it should be borne in mind that the corresponding rate in England and Wales for 1900 was 2 per 100,000 population. By 1906 the number of divorces in the United States had risen to 72,062, and the rate per 100,000 to 86." This seems formidable enough, but it is open to advocates of reform to reply that increased facilities for divorce do not create domestic incompatibility; they are, rather, of the nature of a remedy for an intolerable state of matters. It is argued that where the natural bond between husband and wife is broken, nothing but havoc comes from preserving the legal bond. Herbert Spencer, in his "Principles of Sociology," puts this aspect as follows:—"As monogamy is likely to be raised in character by a public sentiment requiring that the legal bond shall not be entered into unless it represents the natural bond, so perhaps it may be that maintenance of the legal bond will come to be held improper if the natural bond ceases." Spencer's view is evidently shared by the majority of the Commissioners.

HECTOR MACPHERSON.

# THE COLLAPSE OF SOCIALISM BY G. K. CHESTERTON

I.

There is one trick of words of which I confess myself weary, and which has turned many current controversies to mere waste. It is that of taking some word used by an opponent in its practical and useful sense, and asking whether it might not be used in a more vague (and useless) sense. Thus, suppose I say "The Christians are conquering in the Balkans." Someone is sure to say in remonstrance, "Well, I don't call it very Christian to," etc., etc. To which I reply, with even greater impatience, "My good sir, don't call them Christians then. Call them Christy Minstrels, if it amuses you. There is a detachable body of men who have been baptised, who are doing something, right or wrong, in regard to people who have not been baptised. It is of *them* that I am talking; and I say that *they* are conquering." It is just the same with the first criticism offered by "F. McL." upon my article called "The Chance of the Peasant." He begins by saying that Peasant Ownership is Individualism. I begin by saying it isn't. In neither case will the mere words help us. The verbal meaning of Christianity is being the anointed; so that all people who have oil on their hair might be Christians: which is manifestly the reverse of the fact. The verbal meaning of Individualism is something which cannot be divided: so that if we tied the whole human race together by a rope, that enormous caterpillar would be an individual. It is not so that men use words when they are talking about things. We *might* use the word Individualism about a Peasant State—or about a Socialist State. All three aim at the happiness of individuals, not of shapeless masses of human blood and bone.

II.

We could so use it; but we do not. We do use the word "Individualism" as describing one definite historical event; a positive theory and practice which is also called the "Manchester School." This theory maintained that men would reach the fairest consumption and the fittest employment possible to them *through* competition; through the liberation and acceleration of exchange, and especially through that form of exchange which we call employment: the exchange of one man's technical labour or talent for a fragment of another man's capital. By this process, as was sincerely believed, competition would ensure most men pretty cheap prices, and the division of labour would ensure most men pretty appropriate occupation. This, I say, was Individualism: and this, I say, has broken down. It is perfectly plain to-day that, so far from the thing providing proper food or fit employment, it has ended in most citizens having hardly any breakfast, and being tied to one trade and class almost as completely as if they were literally slaves. Now, whether a Peasant State would, for other reasons, be equally unhappy is what we ought to be discussing. But the Peasant State is not Individualism, or anything remotely like it, because it has never founded itself on this quite clear Individualist theory. It did not claim that particular type of success. It does not exhibit that particular type of failure.

III.

Individualism is very nearly the opposite of the Peasant State—certainly more than Individualism is the opposite of Socialism. The distinction is not simply religious or atmospheric (though it is this also). The distinction can be defined. The root idea of Individualism was that the more men exchanged goods the better, for thus they would all at last get what was good for them. The root idea of the Peasant State is that, though exchange, of course, is necessary, the less there is of it the better; the more a man makes what he likes and enjoys what he makes, the better. The root theory of Individualism was that a man should be sacked from all trades at which he was amateurish, until everyone fitted into the trade for which he was professionally as perfect as possible. The root theory of the Peasant State is the opposite: that a man should be protected (as far as possible) by some small accumulation of capital or leisure, so that he may be amateurish, and do several things at once. Last, but not least, the root instinct of Individualism was that prices ought to be cut and undercut, for the sake of the consumer. The root instinct of the Peasant State is that prices ought to be kept level by custom or co-operative rule, for the sake of everybody. Individualism and the Peasant State, in short, are utterly antagonistic. Individualism and Collectivism are much closer together: they are both the well-meaning fads of the wealthy in a solely industrial society. That is what I have to say against "F. McL.'s" first complaint touching Peasant Proprietorship. As to how it can be brought about, I may say a word later. As to *whether* it can be brought about, it is not, perhaps, wholly irrelevant to remark that it already exists, at this minute by the clock, over the larger part of this planet.

IV.

I will take next my critic's touching belief that all that is best in British thought now tends to Collectivism. "In support of my contention," he says, "I point to the unification of the Labour forces throughout Britain; the advent of the Parliamentary Labour Party, and to all the recent ameliorative industrial and social legislative enactments." To which I answer, with hearty cordiality, that he is quite welcome to have all the Collectivism—or all the Cannibalism—he will ever get out of such tinkering and time-serving Parliamentary snobbery. I think he must have been on a Continental trip for the last year or two. What has most publicly happened here during that period has not been "the unification of the Labour forces throughout Britain," but violent and repeated quarrels between the rank and file of Trades Unionists and their own leaders, who on every occasion sold them to the capitalists. The essential thing that has occurred has not been "the advent of the Parliamentary Labour Party," but the final decision of that party to be a Parliamentary party and to cease to be a Labour party.

V.

That there have been a great many industrial and social legislative enactments lately is very true. One of the first of them enacted that jailors may henceforth keep a beggar in prison beyond his term, without pretence of judge or jury, if he has stolen a piece of bread three times in his life. One of the last of

them has enacted that anybody who cannot explain his sexual relations to the spiritual satisfaction of the nearest policeman may find himself in danger of a penalty which all humane people (about a year ago) would have classed with thumb-screws and boiling oil. These enactments are certainly social in the profoundest sense of the word. Whether they are ameliorative is a matter of opinion. But that they are not Socialist is a matter of fact. Not one of them has made the private capitalist less of a capitalist.

I now pass on to a crucial point. I will not say of my enemy, like Cromwell, that the Lord has delivered him into my hand. For that is Calvinism, and I am not a Calvinist, as Cromwell was. I am a Christian convinced of Free Will: therefore I say that he has delivered himself into my hand. He mentions miners and dockers, and then asks my permission (I can't think why) to mention factory workers.

VI.

Then he says that these have asked for higher wages lately, and that I "might have mentioned" that they have not got them. Why, of course they have not got them! There is no need for me to "mention" the chief thing I maintain. I said, and I say again, the workmen cannot get justice from their employers, and therefore Individualism is dead. But I also said, and I say again, that they cannot get justice from the State, and therefore Socialism is dead. I implore my very intelligent opponent to take off his Collectivist-smoked spectacles and look at the plain facts before his eyes. The railway men got nothing out of the Railway Strike; but this was because they got nothing out of the Railway Commission—that is, the State. It is entirely possible that a powerful paralysis in rails or coal would really have conquered the capitalists and freed the poor. It was prevented by Government intervention. That Government intervention has not granted one jot of the Labour demands, but has strictly respected the monopolies of the capitalists. The holy State *has* stepped in, and the poor are rather poorer, the rich (if anything) rather richer than before. It is quite true that until very lately the Railway Men's Union would probably have voted for an abstract resolution in favour of the nationalisation of railways. So should I, for that matter. Only I have been awake while "F. McL." was asleep. And the cold fact is that, for the ruck of railway men, faith in the State could no more survive the last Railway Commission than faith in the friendly soldiers could have survived the Massacre of Glencoe.

VII.

The whole explanation is very simple. There is no State. There is a despotic, or a democratic, or a patriarchal State, as the case may be. Ours is a plutocratic State, and will always intervene on the plutocratic side. The only way to make the State democratic is to make it cease to be plutocratic: till then, a politician will merely mean a plutocrat. Therefore we must get property better divided *before*, and not after, we give greater powers to Government. There are only two ways of doing this: one is civil war; the other is specialising everywhere in encouraging the sale of land, etc., from big men to small. My critic is quite right in saying that even then there will be a margin of mercantile and urban people; there is in all Peasant States. But wherever the peasant is the primary thing, the others tend to independence also, and organise themselves into guilds. And a guild only means a Trades Union which has gained that "recognition" which the State stamped on, when our railway men asked for it last year.

Therefore I repeat my thesis with rather increased conviction. Democracy detests both the Social Statesman and the Individual Capitalist—because they are the same man.

* * *

# ENGLAND AND GERMANY

## A REPLY TO SIR JOHN BRUNNER

I.

THE warlike preparations in this country, unparalleled in cost and magnitude, which Sir John Brunner so much deplores, were necessitated by the cheeseparing policy of Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman, who so reduced the Navy Estimates of the former Unionist administration that our naval supremacy began rapidly to disappear, and the two-power standard has already vanished. At the very time we were reducing our Estimates, those of Germany were increasing by leaps and bounds; and it was because the Government could no longer shut its eyes to these facts that, in 1909, it voted increased Estimates for the Navy. These increased Estimates are not considered nearly sufficient by many of our experts.

Sir J. Brunner states that the German navy exists mainly for the protection of her mercantile marine. If this is so, why does Germany concentrate all her forces on one naval base in the North Sea, and that the nearest to the shores of Great Britain, and why are her battleships built with so limited a coal capacity that their operations are restricted to within about one hundred miles of a coaling depôt? This concentration within a few miles of Great Britain is considered so great a menace to us that the Government has recalled the Mediterranean Fleet, and has added it to the Home Fleet. We are now compelled to retain practically the whole of our navy in home waters, a state of affairs which is in itself a sufficient answer to Sir J. Brunner's assertion that the increased demands of the Admiralty are extravagant and unnecessary.

II.

Germany, then, is building her fleet to attack Great Britain, and her reason is not far to seek. Germany has an enormous population, increasing at the rate of nearly one million per year. She at present possesses no colonies of value, and her emigrants are therefore lost to her, becoming citizens of foreign States. A suitable colony, to which she could send her surplus population, is therefore one of her greatest needs. But all colonies worth having are already in the possession of other States, and Great Britain owns the best and most valuable. Canada or Australia would be priceless treasures to Germany, and it is for this reason that she is preparing for war. She will not strike till she is perfectly ready. She knows Great Britain will not take the initiative, because at the present time we have everything to lose and little to gain by a war with her. But when she has completed her preparations, Germany will declare war.

Sir John Brunner suggests that we should enter into international treaties with the Great Powers to secure peaceful shipping and merchandise from capture or destruction during war, and that the States should thereupon reduce their expenditure upon armaments. But he should remember that treaties are observed so long only as it suits those who entered into them to comply with them. If we reduced our Navy, what guarantee have we that other States would keep their promises? It is certain that if we could not make a display of force, our protestations would be ignored.

G. F. FOULSTON.

# INDUSTRIAL UNREST

## By Emile Vandervelde *(Leader of the Belgian Socialist Party)*

I.

I do not pretend to be sufficiently well versed in English affairs to enter into discussion with Wells, or with anyone else, on the subject of the labour unrest, its causes and remedies. But the crisis through which the mother of capitalist nations is now passing is a phenomenon of world-wide interest. No one can remain indifferent; and, on the other hand, it may be of interest to the English reader to learn what impression the events which are happening around him make on the outsider.

All the countries of Western Europe are at the present moment faced with the same problems. But these problems present themselves with varying degrees of clearness, acuteness, and dramatic interest in the various countries. There is always one country towards which all eyes are turned, because the others think they see enacted there what will shortly be their own history. To take an example, in religious questions it was France, at the time of Combe's ministry and the separation of Church and State. To-day, in political and social questions, it is England, whose democratisation, so speedy and yet so complete, chains some, rejoices others, and gives food for thought to all.

When the English Cabinet effected its master stroke of cleverness, the pursuing of a policy of radical reform with the most mixed majority that ever Government had, a wave of sincere enthusiasm passed over Liberal Europe. The Belgian Liberals, in particular, swore by Lloyd George. Feeling certain that they also were on the eve of coming into power and of having to govern with the help of the Parti-Ouvrier, they hailed him as a forerunner. They proposed to follow his bold initiative and his noble impulses. Already one of the Liberal members of Parliament had brought in a Bill, modelled almost exactly on the English Old Age Pension Scheme. Other schemes, due to the same inspiration, were to follow. No reform was any longer feared. A confidence was felt in English Radicalism as complete as the lack of confidence in French Radicalism. At Brussels a most sympathetic welcome was extended to the delegates of the Eighty Club, who had come to explain to the Institut Solnay the agrarian, fiscal, and social policy of the Government.

Trusting in those who recommended this policy to their Continental co-religionists, they did not confine themselves to expecting from it the very real advantages which it was obtaining for workers; they expected from it in addition, and indeed mainly, the consolidation of social peace and, by the intervention of legislation, the softening of class antagonisms.

But this early impression was modified when, one after the other, the first dockers' strike, the railway strike, and especially the great coal strike, came to dispel the illusions of an all-too-superficial optimism. The English middle classes had thought to purchase social peace at the price of a few reforms, and, lo! at the very moment these reforms were coming into force, the workers, instead of showing gratitude, embarked with alarming unity upon the strife of class with class. This was enough to turn the tide. In one brief night the enthusiasm died down. The ardour of the middle classes cooled. Their conservative instincts regained the upper hand, and there is little doubt that the lesson of the English strikes had something, perhaps a great deal, to do with the failure of the Belgian Liberals in the general election of June 2nd, 1912.

In the labouring circles, on the contrary, the course of the English strikes was followed with an even more ardent sympathy and interest.

For some ten years the militant members of the Labour syndicates in Belgium had been getting accustomed to expect very little from the federalism of the Trades Unions, and had been directing all their attention to the powerful centralisation of the German "freie Gewerkschaften." It was no longer to London but to Berlin that they looked for their models. 1911 and 1912 changed that. When, for instance, a million miners were seen holding out for weeks, and forcing the Government of the most powerful Empire in the world to reckon with them, *people understood that in the struggle between capital and labour the form of the organisation is of secondary importance. What matters is the moral solidarity*, the steadfast will to fight to the end, the obstinate determination to lay upon themselves the hardest sacrifices possible, for the sake of the cause; and these qualities the English proletarians possess to a degree which has been surpassed by no other proletariate in the world. This was seen at the time of the coal strike, and has been perhaps even better seen at the Port of London, during the long, painful, but heroic death-struggle of the second dockers' strike.

Nor are these events by any means new. For the last century England has been experiencing many strikes, as prolonged and almost as alarming. But these were strikes for the purpose of obtaining some particular benefit, without touching the principle of capitalist society. And that is precisely why the labour unrest fills the "*beati possidentes*" with such alarm. The English worker was formerly conservative, held up as an example to the turbulent workers of the Continent. To-day he is represented in the *Daily Mail* and the *Morning Post* as a revolutionary, a rebel against discipline, whose doings threaten to lead England into anarchy and ruin.

The same thing has been said in all countries, when the labouring class passed from a purely practical syndicalism, fighting for questions of wage or hours of work, to a syndicalism followed up by political action, leavened by Socialism, and banding all workers together for the attainment of a common ideal. In short, what is happening at the present moment in England, where Socialism has taken so long to penetrate to the lowest strata of the proletariate, is very similar to what happened in our own country some twenty-five years ago: the same "labour unrest," the same alarm in Conservative circles, the same suggestions for re-establishing social peace by "the union of all men of good will."

II.

I have read with interest in the *Daily Mail* the letters of Wells which deal with these problems. The illustrious novelist presents two alternatives to his fellow-countrymen: either the triumph of Socialism, or the realisation of a national scheme for assuring to the workers the place which is their due.

I am obliged to confess that I do not at all believe in the latter of these alternatives.

I am interested, as everyone is, in garden cities. I am willing to recognise the merits of proportional representation. I can wish for nothing better than to see the increase of conciliation boards and arbitration councils, provided, of course, that arbitration is not compulsory. I am ready to applaud the efforts of those who are trying to draw up precise formulæ for the practical realisation of Socialistic aims, and from this point of view the Fabian Society, for instance, has already rendered, and will, no doubt, continue to render, signal services to the workers. But to believe that by such means as those the labour unrest can be allayed, the social problem solved, and associated labour substituted for salaried labour, is to forget that never in all the course of history was the emancipation of any parti-

cular class brought about except by the efforts of the class itself: it was the serfs and not the nobles who freed the serfs; it was the bourgeois and not the privileged classes who freed the bourgeois, and in the same way it will be the proletariat and not the moneyed classes who will free the proletariat.

The English workers have understood this; and it is because they have so understood that the present agitation is not a passing phenomenon, but a crisis of long duration, a crisis of growth, to which they see only one possible solution—the taking over by the nation of the principal means of production. It is, indeed, a fact worthy of note that the railway strike in 1911 and the coal strike in 1912 should have been the starting-point of a proletarian movement in favour of the nationalisation of railways and of mines.

But it is not sufficient merely to formulate these demands. They must be made to triumph. And they can only be made to triumph by a gigantic effort on the part of the working classes, fighting at the same time both on Syndicalistic and political ground.

We are well aware that in England, as on the Continent, the close union of political and Syndicalistic action is not approved by everyone; there are Socialists who believe only in political action, and there are Syndicalists who will hear of nothing but "direct action." But both these types of exclusiveness are on the decline, at least in countries where the workers have already had experience of their drawbacks and their dangers.

Some years ago, in France, the revolutionary Socialists and the Reformists, the Gnesdistes and the Millerandists, so far apart in other respects, had this in common, that they relied almost solely on the State, revolutionary or reformist, for the emancipation of the workers. At that time it was a hard-and-fast belief that a Parliament could do anything short of changing a man into a woman or a woman into a man. Now, if there is a sociological truth firmly established at the present day, it is that *a Parliament cannot do everything*. It would be just as incapable of changing by its own unaided efforts capitalist society into Socialist society, as of changing a man into a woman or a woman into a man. And if anyone has doubts about this, we would only ask him to look at the lamentable importance in the matter of reform which is characteristic of all present-day Parliaments, without exception. It is true that in certain countries, as, for instance, France and England, the importance is attributed to the defective methods of election. If the Parliaments do nothing, the fault lies, it is said, in the system of majorities, and Jaures in France and Wells in England promise us miracles on the day when proportional representation is established.

There could be no more mistaken idea.

In Belgium we have proportional representation—which, by the way, I support—and I can safely say that complaints about the lowering of the Parliamentary level are as general and as bitter here as in the countries where the system of majorities and the uninominal election are still in force.

The truth is that if the legislative assemblies of the present day do nothing, or next to nothing, for the people, it is chiefly because the middle-class majorities which rule them are silently but firmly resolved to do as little as possible. There is only one really effective way of forcing them to act, namely, by means of external pressure. The English miners know something of that. They might have waited till the end of time before the minimum wage was established by law, if they had not fought to obtain it. And it is because Parliaments do not *carry out* reforms, but confine themselves to placing them in their statute book, that in all countries the working class has learned to rely more and more on itself, on direct rather than on Parliamentary or legislative action. It is the rebirth of self-help, but of self-help *collective* instead of *individual*.

Only let us take care not to rush from one extreme to the other, and, as the French revolutionary Syndicalists have done, change a blind faith in the omnipotence of legislation for a no less blind faith in the omnipotence of the workers' syndicates.

Syndicalistic action, indeed, is not, any more than Parliamentary action, sufficient in itself. The one must supplement, and not oppose the other. Because it has not understood this, the "Confédération Générale de travail" ("C. G. T.") in France finds itself at this moment in difficulties; and if better relations are tending to be established between it and the Socialist party, long years will, no doubt, have to elapse before these relations become quite normal.

The English workers, on the contrary, have had the good fortune up till now not to be divided among themselves, not to know this division of opinions between Syndicalistic and political forces.

Their Labour party is the direct representative of their trades unions. It has sprung from the very heart of the workers' organisations, and it remains as their continuation.

May this *entente cordiale* be maintained, and extend to all the living forces of the proletariat and of Socialism.

The day when in England a united Socialism is established, once and for all, or when, under the influence of this unity, the Labour party will have finally cut the cords which still unite certain of its members to one of the great bourgeois parties, and when, on the other hand, *class conscience* takes the place of *class instinct* in the realm of trades unions, the English proletariat, thanks to its admirable organisation, will be able, perhaps better than any other, to strike a decisive blow at the capitalist class. A few deserters from the ruling classes will doubtless help, as the deserters from the nobility once helped the French bourgeois to accomplish their Revolution. But may this aid never cause them to forget the watchword which, fifty years ago, Karl Marx gave to the workers' International: "The emancipation of the working classes will be the work of the working classes themselves."

* * *

# AN ANSWER TO "MOTH AND RUST"

"THIS," said I, "must be written with smoking pen, dipped in the boiling blood of indignation!

"If I linger over the beauty of form—the outward-seeming fairness of this most seductive mood—I shall, Ulysses-like, struggle to clasp each Syren-sentence to my heart, caring nothing for the bitterness and death that lurks beneath."

Is this crusade against the coal-scuttle merely a glorious mood or a sober outlook on life?

If it is a mood, born of some shy subjective memory—the recluse of a moss-grown brain-cell—the very beauty of it must be its excuse for emerging from its secluded hermitage into this whirling, evolving earth.

I would bind Everyman to the mast of the present, and row him speedily past the phase to the future, bidding him look and love, but heeding not his struggles to reach it, for fear of the death lying in the embrace of the Syren-thought.

If, on the other hand, it is an outlook on life, and such it seems to be in the heart of it, then Everyman

had safer pity it, spurn it, or deride it, according to his nature, and pass it by.

For myself, I am sorrowful at its profitless aching for the Infinite and indignant at its misdirected strength—for beauty is strength.

"The body must be fed and washed and dressed and put to sleep."

" . . . It thinks itself so intelligent and so useful. . . ." "It thinks itself!"

"Thinks itself." With what thinking-machinery, pray? The selfsame thinking-machine is used to think of ideals and umbrellas.

To look with a detached vision upon this conglomeration of clothes and barrel-organs and tea-pots (to keep within the petty bounds of pettinesses railed against) should fill us with impatient longing for the future, but not with disgust and—crime of all crimes—a yearning after a return to simplicity!

"The nearer we come to bare necessaries, the nearer we come to true beauty; for true beauty is serviceableness. A cottage kitchen, with its table and crockery, is a far more beautiful place than a modern drawing-room."

Is this where the iconoclasm of "Moth and Rust" leads us?

From the false gods of coal-scuttles and barrel-organs to the divine majesty of deal tables and kitchen crockery?

Who would not sooner dust a drawing-room than clean a kitchen floor?

The millennium is brought no nearer by a return to the simplicity of the past, for this would only be to imitate the schoolboy who starts his sum afresh for neatness' sake, though the solution be in sight.

We do not want neat lives.

We must kick and plunge along through a slough of tea-pots, always keeping our ultimate goal in sight; it is waste of a generation to retrace our steps and try a cleaner path.

And even should we do so, whither would this path, looking so simply clean up to the first turning, lead us?

On and on through a field of growing complexities and luxuries—back to the slough of tea-pots!

We must go through—straight through, cutting and slashing our way amidst the clinging barrel-organs and kitchen-tables; always looking ahead—never backward.

Our bodies themselves are but boats. Our souls are the skippers who should firmly grasp the steering wheels.

What matters it if the wind be tainted with the smell of food?

We are sailing ahead towards the glory of perfect evolution.

We may pass many more alluring and restful havens on the voyage than a simple cottage; but pass them we must, if we would step ashore from our barques of clay on to firm ground.

. . . . . .

But, after all, "Moth and Rust" may only be a mood. I hope it is.

Transient moods are often beautiful things if we smile at them when they become memories.

But moods that recur become dangerous. And moods like "Moth and Rust," arrayed in a robe of beautiful words, are Sirens that sing with passion of a fretful cowardice. The title of their song is "Look Backward!" Ulysses—Everyman, beware!

WILFRID A. NATHAN.

# A CHANCE FOR STUDENT TEACHERS

## I.

I WAS an assistant master in an elementary school when I decided to learn German. Things foreign had always possessed a wonderful fascination for me, and the entire absence of any facilities for acquiring a strange tongue only made me the more determined to achieve the ambition I had cherished from my earliest youth.

In our small country town there were few opportunities for self-culture, and as the years passed I chafed more and more at my limitations. Then one day, when all things in my school life seemed to be conspiring to smother the last sparks of aspiration in me, I felt that the moment had arrived to make an effort to rise above this soul-killing environment.

As an elementary teacher with just the ordinary qualifications, I knew that the secondary schools would be barred to me. I had no influential friends to find me a post in another profession, so that I was compelled either to make a fresh start in the old work or to strike out in an entirely new direction. I chose the latter alternative, and as I have not succeeded so badly, I am tempted to place my experiences before the reader who, like Napoleon, finds himself compelled to the task of "making circumstances."

## II.

One of my friends, a commercial traveller, had just returned from a long business trip on the Continent. In every town, large or small, into which his business took him, he affirmed that there were schools of modern languages, all of them, to the best of his knowledge, having a large number of pupils, drawn from all classes, on their books.

This conversation set me thinking. There must be a good living for English teachers in Germany, and if I can support myself by giving lessons in my native tongue, I can at the same time realise to some extent my old ambition of becoming the master of a second language.

My commercial friend undertook the kind office of negotiator, and to my immense satisfaction secured me employment in a provincial town in East Prussia, within a week of his accepting the commission. "The easiest job I have ever undertaken," he assured me.

## III.

The principal of my school proved an intellectual if somewhat exigent employer. He taught me a most ingenious system, by the use of which I could teach English to pupils without ever finding it necessary to employ a word of any other than my mother tongue. My students proved remarkably apt, and at times the more advanced would shamelessly expose my ignorance touching the lesser known plays of the Bard of Avon. "I can zay fife 'oondred lines from Shak-es-beer!" some of them would boast—never were such people for detail as these Germans.

I came back to my native land more English than ever, and prouder of my country than I had ever been before. I knew now wherein her merits lay, but my eyes had also been opened to some of her deficiencies, and I had some idea at least of the direction in which a remedy was to be found.

There are upwards of 20,000 young men in the elementary schools of this country. If only five per cent. could be persuaded to step out of the rut and follow the track I have indicated, they would find these *wanderjahre* amongst the most profitable of their lives. Our education system is crying for the very leaven which these pioneers might bring to it.

# G. K. CHESTERTON: AN APPRECIATION

I.

THERE have been few examples of a rapid rise to a high place in contemporary letters so striking as the case of Mr. G. K. Chesterton. Up till nearly the end of the year 1899 you might have searched long, even in Fleet Street, to find a man who had so much as heard of his name. In the early months of 1900 considerable curiosity was aroused in that thoroughfare as to the authorship of certain articles and reviews which had been appearing in the *Speaker* over the initials "G. K. C." Everyone was asking everyone else: "Who is G. K. C.?"

From Fleet Street the curiosity spread elsewhere. In the course of another month or so, the answer was forthcoming. "G. K. C." was Gilbert Keith Chesterton, and before the end of the year a person who did not know that name was almost as rare among the lettered as one who did not know the name of Rudyard Kipling or Bernard Shaw.

Yet even before that date Mr. G. K. Chesterton had had some varied and not uninteresting experiences. Born of a parentage in which English, Scottish, and French-Swiss strains were mixed, he had been educated at St. Paul's School, where he carried off the "Milton" Prize for English verse, and where he wrote voluminously for a privately conducted school magazine, and spoke vehemently at an unofficial school debating club. Thence he had passed not to the University, but to the Slade Art School, and thence into a publisher's office. He had also published a volume of poetry called "The Wild Knight," well known to all since his rise to fame, but at the time noticed only by a few discriminating critics, amongst whom was Mr. James Douglas, who was so struck by its vigour and originality that he suspected the late John Davidson of being the author. But it was not until the appearance of the *Speaker* articles that G. K. C. began to be a public character.

II.

What was in those articles that so startled the reading world, and so imperiously commanded and enforced attention? Looking back to those old days, that question is, perhaps, one worth asking and attempting to answer. They were vigorously and picturesquely written; but there are many vigorous and picturesque writers who go unnoticed. I think it was the personality that coloured each one of them, and still more the jolly, vigorous fighting note that they struck from the first, that made everybody want to read them. Here was a man with a point of view of his own, and one who was, moreover, prepared to defend that point of view against all comers, rejoicing in the combat, laughing at the shaking of the spears, and dealing great thwacks about him, without malice, but also without reverence or timidity, from the mere joy of having a conviction and the still greater joy of battling for it.

III.

Such was Mr. Chesterton when the world first knew him, and such he is to-day. He is older in years. He is married. He has gone to live in Buckinghamshire. He has taken to keeping a dog. He has changed or modified some of his earlier opinions. But of any weakening or even sobering of the spirit with which those opinions were maintained there is no sign. If anything, Mr. Chesterton seems to have grown a stouter, fiercer, and more irrepressible fighter with the increase of years.

To understand Mr. Chesterton one must grasp those two elements—an intense seriousness of conviction and with it an almost irresponsible gaiety in its expression. All his work is propagandist, and nine-tenths of the best of it is controversial. He would probably agree cordially with Mr. Bernard Shaw in saying that "for Art's sake he would not be at the trouble of writing a single line." He is primarily a warrior, and his power of expression is simply his weapon of war.

As to the point of view itself, on behalf of which these magnificent gladiatorial exhibitions are performed, it may be difficult to sum it up in a phrase; but, briefly, it may perhaps be described as a plea for a return to Simplicity, or—since Simplicity is associated in many minds with Nut Food and Tolstoyism and a hundred things that G. K. C. particularly detests—it would perhaps be less misleading to say a return to the Normal.

IV.

According to the Chestertonian view, there are certain things which men always have wanted, will want, and ought to want; and he continually sees these things overlaid not only by the complexities of our modern civilisation, but also by the vague theories of "Progress" that impose on the modern mind. To him it seems that both the defenders of existing things and those who are seeking to transform them are neglecting the thing Man and its requirements. Thus readers of EVERYMAN are already familiar with his views on Property and the need of redistributing it—views antagonistic alike to the existing organisation of society and to the projects of the Socialists. Here, rightly or wrongly, Mr. Chesterton is standing up for what he believes to be normal to man. The large estates of this country are, he holds, the negation of property, as a harem is the negation of marriage. Take him on politics, on religion, on morals, on war, on drink, and you will find the same doctrine running through all.

V.

In private, as in public, Mr. Chesterton is genial, and, like Danton, seems to "find no use for hate," but, in private as in public, he is ever ready for conflict. His great figure and his great laugh and his readiness to get involved in an argument on the smallest provocation and his love of taverns have led to his comparison to Dr. Johnson; and, indeed, there is some resemblance, not only between the superficial characteristics, but between the fundamental qualities of the two—save that Mr. Chesterton's Romanticism would have shocked the Doctor. But even their opinions are less at variance than might appear at first sight. Johnson was a Tory and Chesterton is a Radical. But Johnson's Toryism was full of love for, and understanding of, the common man, while Mr. Chesterton's Radicalism is full of a feeling for tradition and an admiration for the past. Both were traditionalists, and both outspoken defenders of Orthodoxy.

G. K. CHESTERTON, NATUS 1874.

# THE WOMEN OF MRS. GASKELL

## I.

Tragedy in fiction or in drama invariably suggests a certain aloofness from the common things of life. The march of events that leads up to the culminating horror seem to call for trappings of state, a panoply of colour, divorced from the steady routine of an everyday existence. Tragedy at a banquet—the skeleton at the feast—is familiar to literature; but to stage a drama in the quiet setting of the peaceful home, to marshal the forces of destruction on the domestic hearth, demands a genius rare as it is remarkable—genius, moreover, allied with the spiritual insight that can realise the anguish of a dumb-driven soul incapable of expressing its emotion.

Such a genius is Mrs. Gaskell; such a tragedy is "Sylvia's Lovers," one of the masterpieces of the English language. The heroine is simple and unlettered, with a warm, impulsive heart, a steadfast loyalty, and a passionate adherence to those she loves. Such a one you may meet to-day among the fisher-folk of the North Country, with only native simplicity and strength of character to recommend her. Nothing subtle in Sylvia, no complexity of mood or cross-current of emotion. A woman of sound instincts, healthy desires—the last type we should expect to find in tragedy.

## II.

Mrs. Gaskell is never greater than when she sketches the farm-house, with its daily routine of tasks, its simple joys and quiet pleasures, the cosy kitchen, with its warm fireside, the farmer with his pipe and his glass. Here are no scenic effects, no startling backgrounds of vivid colour; tragedy sits in the ingle-nook; you feel its presence in the house, the chill of its breath strikes to your heart as you cross the threshold. Tragedy and domesticity interwoven throughout, the one inseparable from the other. The bread is baked, the butter churned, the offices of household duties steadily performed. And this insistence of well-ordered routine strikes the keynote of drama. For the essence of drama is conflict; and to the end of time one must remember the spectacle of the women darning the stockings, milking the cows, sweeping the hearth, ay, and saying their prayers, while the man of the house, husband and father, is lying in jail, waiting to be hanged. The wheels of life grind on, indifferent to death, careless of pain; but where a lesser author would have emphasised at once the household service and the lack of emotional demonstration, Mrs. Gaskell, with the very reticence of her art, paints the anguish of these simple peasant folk who did not shed a tear, but with a terrible quietness continued to do their work.

## III.

Sylvia, the centre of the tragedy, still remains the same simple, lovable creature, her coquetry, innocent as a child's, her likes and dislikes, natural, unaffected. Only once does emotion break down the barriers of reticence, and passion, suddenly let loose, find eloquence. Sylvia, married to Philip, one time her admirer, discovers he was responsible for her separation from the lover of her youth. The white heat of her wrath at the treachery of the man who is now her husband burns and stings like a lash; the wrath of a simple soul who is suddenly finding expression is so much more deadly than the invective of the supple tongued.

Philip creeps from the house, and his wife only once again beholds him, when, her baby in her arms, she passes the wreck of a man—an old soldier, incredibly broken and emaciated, dying of hunger. She slips half a crown into the child's hand, and bids her give it to the poor man, and passes by, her thoughts fixed on the lover of her youth whom Philip stole from her.

## IV.

The drama of the situation lies in Sylvia's simplicity of character. A quick-brained woman would have noticed and analysed the look in the soldier's eye. Sylvia, with the peasant's acceptance of things as they are, or appear to be, never saw him—and Philip did not speak.

As in tragedy, so in stories of a lighter vein. The setting is invariably simple and domestic—what the modern writer might term commonplace. "Cranford," most dainty and delightful of comedies, centres in a small village, wherein the women tattle deliciously over China tea—everyone knows and loves Miss Matty and her friends. Mrs. Gaskell has achieved a triumph unique in literature. Her heroines in tragedy or comedy are pre-eminently simple women; but—and herein lies the subtlety and the strength of her art—no novelist has a greater range in diversity of character, no novelist has done what she has succeeded in doing. Her women grip you from the first. There is no lack of colour in Sylvia, no want of interest in Molly. Mary Barton is heroic and convincing, Phyllis exquisite and appealing, each one of them drawn from the quiet domestic type—the type that feels too deeply to find glib expression. They cannot analyse their emotions, nor easily discuss them, but they grip one with the sense of their reality by sheer fundamental force of character. They are alive, these women—though in literature we rarely meet them. The unsophisticated heroine serves the modern novelist for the most part as a lay figure appearing in a love story just short enough to escape being sickly. No writer of the present day has mastered the art that can create a simple woman strong enough to dominate the stage.

## V.

In "A Manchester Marriage," a study of middle-class life, tragedy is once more staged in such a setting. It is the story of a husband, supposed to be dead, who returns to find his wife married to another man. Not for a moment does the woman hesitate—the choice for her does not lie between the two men; she rules them both out of the decision, and herself besides. The question for her is how she can save the children of the second marriage from the stigma of illegitimacy. To that end she drives the first husband from the house, forcing him by the emergency of her will to leave her—and his home for ever. For a moment the veil falls, and she cries out in a passion of anguish. Then her face resumes its quiet control, the wheels of the household run once more in smooth, well-ordered fashion, the spectre is driven from the hearth, tragedy thrust into the darkness—and the second husband never knows.

Think of the analysis of motive, the dissection of emotion, such a situation would afford a modern novelist, and contrast the classic art of Mrs. Gaskell. Only a simple woman could have done so terrible and so right a thing—and, having done it, could forbear to talk about it! That, after all, is one of the most salient characteristics of the women of Mrs. Gaskell. They never say a word too much! That is, perhaps, why the simple woman is eternal in literature as in life.

Margaret Hamilton.

# "WESTWARD HO!"

## A REPLY TO MGR. BENSON

I.

Was Kingsley essentially unjust in the picture which he drew in "Westward Ho!" of the England of Elizabeth? Monsignor R. H. Benson thinks that he was, and goes so far as to describe the novel as a "kind of monument of injustice." With some parts of Monsignor Benson's article, and with the spirit in which it is written, most people will have small difficulty in agreeing. The Jesuits Persons and Campion are indeed somewhat hardly treated in the story, and less than justice is done to those emissaries of the Roman Church in England who certainly upheld their convictions with a courage which deserves the fullest recognition. So also with the sufferings of the English Catholics, though it must be remembered that the persecution, unjustifiable as it was, was less severe than that suffered by Protestants in England in the previous reign, and might fairly be called mild in comparison with the contemporary horrors in France and the Netherlands. Nor should it be forgotten that Pope Pius V. in 1570, by his Bull of excommunication and deposition, which purported to absolve Elizabeth's subjects from their allegiance, issued what was in effect a direct political challenge to the existing English Government. A plea for toleration could hardly go alongside such action.

It is difficult to agree that Kingsley treats the Spaniards unfairly. Don Guzman, though in a sense the villain of the piece, is given full credit alike for courage and courtesy, and is made by no means a despicable character. The final scene, in which the blind Amyas has a vision of the Don and his officers in the sunken galleon, "with their swords upon the table at the wine," shows the author's feeling. If the bishop is shown as a coward and hypocrite, the persecuting priest is neither, and dies "with a *Domine in manus tuas* like a valiant man of Spain." The old Comquistador who is met in the wilderness, despite his lurid record, is a gentle and likeable old man. There are more than "one or two moments of chivalry" among the Spaniards in "Westward Ho!" and the author is far from belittling Spanish valour and enterprise.

II.

On the English side Captain John Oxenham is by no means faultless, and Kingsley makes plain his disapproval of the blind fury of revenge in which his hero goes to meet the Armada, though, so far as the tale is concerned, the death of Frank Leigh provides explanation, if not excuse. It is also curious that Kingsley should be charged with using English prejudice against the Irish, in view of the note which he appends to Chapter V. In a letter written in 1854, the author of "Westward Ho!" writes, "My only pain is that I have been forced to sketch poor Paddy as a very worthless fellow then, while just now he is turning out a hero." ("Life," Vol. I., p. 435.)

It is easy for superior persons in our day to talk glibly of the "piracies" of Drake, and it is hardly worth quarrelling over the term. Yet, though the methods of sixteenth-century naval war were not those of modern days, to confound one of the greatest of English sailors and one of the founders of the British fleet and Empire with the ruffians who infested certain seas in later times is a mere abuse of words. As for the Spanish treatment of Indians, the testimony of Las Casas, even if it be in places overdrawn, is an indictment which much whitewash will fail to obliterate. There may be, from various causes, more Indians to-day in Spanish than in Anglo-Saxon America, but one may doubt if more will be found in Cuba or San Domingo (Hispaniola) than in Boston or New York.

Spaniards claimed more than "the countries they had conquered" in the New World. Spain claimed a monopoly over regions which her most valiant sons had hardly seen, and that by Papal authority. The breaking of that monopoly and the foundation of the modern civilisation of North America was the work begun by the Protestant English seamen of the reign of Elizabeth.

III.

As to the Inquisition, if its iniquities only came into play in the case of "relapse," it would be interesting to know why the Inquisitors had control of Spanish harbours, and from what Thomas Nicholls and Thomas Seeley, Englishmen, were supposed to have relapsed when they were prisoners of the Inquisition in the years 1561 and 1563. Details will be found, with the petition of Dorothy, wife of Thomas Seeley, in Froude's "History of England" (Vol. VIII., pp. 1-25). It is also remarkable on this theory that some 10,000 persons were burnt alive by the Inquisition during a period of eighteen years. If Rome so strongly reprobated these proceedings, how do we account for the reorganisation of the Papal Inquisition on the Spanish model in 1542? This, though not quite so effective as its prototype, yet accomplished considerable slaughter among the Waldenses of Calabria. Italy was no very secure refuge for fugitives from Spain.

The great struggle of the sixteenth century was more than a duel between England and Spain, more than a strife between Catholicism and nationalism in religion. It was a battle between that principle on which the whole fabric of the modern world is reared—the freedom of the human soul alike in the religious, political, and social spheres, and a gigantic religious and political tyranny which, had it prevailed, would inevitably have thrust men back to the dark ages. The truth of this is not affected by the fact that those who stood on the side of liberty were to a great extent unconscious of the full consequences of their principles, and in some cases only too ready to use the weapons of their adversaries. The Roman Church of the Counter Reformation chose to use the sword of this world, in the shape of the arms of Spain and the Catholic powers, to win back her shattered supremacy, and for the consequences of that choice in a St. Bartholomew's day in Paris, or a "Spanish fury" in Antwerp, the Church of that period must bear a full share of responsibility. History may judge whether Queen Elizabeth and Sir Francis Drake or Philip II. and the Duke of Alva did most for the cause of justice and the progress of the world.

IV.

On this broad ground the substantial justice of Kingsley's picture may well be defended. The picture, like the man who drew it, is frankly partisan and strongly Protestant; it may not have the accuracy of a photograph—what historical novel has?—yet that is not to say that the impression conveyed is essentially false. No one would go to "Westward Ho!" for strictly impartial history. The book was not written for that purpose, and a novel, be it never so historical, is not history. All who read "Westward Ho!" and everyone ought to do so, will get a wonderfully vivid picture of English life in the days of the Armada, will spend a season with high-hearted and valiant men, and will have small difficulty in correcting what may be amiss by the standard histories of the period.

ROBERT CANDLISH.

# THE ART OF JOSEPH CONRAD ✦ ✦ ✦ BY RICHARD CURLE

I.

To understand Mr. Conrad fully one must realise that he is, at the same moment, profoundly romantic and profoundly realistic. That is not the type of novelist produced in England; and, in fact, Mr. Conrad is no more English in his art than he is in his nationality. He is of the school of Flaubert and the Russians—a cosmopolitan. Perhaps that is why some people have a curious and uneasy sensation in reading his books—as though they were the productions of an incomprehensible mind. That deep melancholy of his, that veiled irony, that formidable exuberance, all must seem alien to many placid English intelligences.

II.

Profoundly romantic and profoundly realistic—that is the secret. They mingle at every step; in his conceptions of character, in his creation of an atmosphere, in the marvellous wealth of his descriptions. He never loses his grip on actuality; and the romance that he throws over things—throws over the mysterious forests of the Congo, for instance, or over a figure like Lord Jim—is not the false idealism of a Mid-Victorian, but a sort of intuition, extraordinarily vivid and extraordinarily exact. For Mr. Conrad is a psychologist, and has all the psychologist's horror of vagueness, but he is also a poet oppressed by the tragic futility of life—by its tragic futility and by its tragic beauty. I said above that he was melancholy, and I think this melancholy is really embedded in his sense of futility.

III.

It peers at you out of his work again and again: out of "Nostromo," where the vast riches of the San Tomé mine leave Mrs. Gould forlorn amidst the splendours of the Casa Gould; out of "Lord Jim," where death comes before forgiveness; out of "Almayer's Folly," where the lost hopes of love and wealth break Almayer's heart; out of "Under Western Eyes," where Razumov's life is wrecked by an infernal chance; out of "To-morrow," with its cry of despair; out of "Youth," with its cry of longing; out of "Freya of the Seven Islands," with its pitiful reminder that there is no certainty in human affairs. I believe, indeed, that I could take every novel and story by Mr. Conrad and give not only one, but numerous examples of what I mean. For he is, in this sense, deeply pessimistic about life, a pessimism only heightened by his respect for what is noble, for love, self-sacrifice, courage, and by his sensitiveness to external impressions and to romance.

IV.

And I said, also, that he was ironical. It is a thing, surely, which springs logically from his pessimism. He is ironical in a way that is neither so bitter as Flaubert, so suave as Anatole France, so contemptuous as Tolstoy, and which yet has a likeness to all of those. Perhaps, indeed, it is Turgenev's irony that Mr. Conrad's comes closest to. For both these writers have the common bond of a singular pensiveness, a singular intensity of resemblance, and a singular clear-headedness towards pretension. And, just as it is with all these men, so is it with Mr. Conrad's irony, which is not simply a literary device, but an actual part of himself and of his outlook upon the world. He secs the enormous folly of so much that passes around us, and it disgusts his sense of decency and proportion. His is not the Comic Spirit—it is, rather, the Spirit of the Science of Values.

V.

In the same sentence in which I said that Mr. Conrad was melancholy and ironical, I said, also, that he was exuberant. That is a statement which no one who has studied his works is likely to deny. His exuberance resembles that of his tropical forests—a teeming energy, a restless force. We see it not only in his style, which (especially in the earlier books) is exotic, but in his method of telling a story, and in his characterisation. A figure of Mr. Conrad's glows with the very intenseness in which it is imagined—it has, in short, an exuberant vitality. A person like Winnie Verloc, in "The Secret Agent," is poetical in the sense that she is pictured with such delicacy and power of conviction that the beauty of her character strikes one as absolutely true. Portraits such as hers are very moving. Thus do romance and realism go hand in hand to build up these illusions which make a novelist great.

VI.

Of course, I have only been able to mention one or two of Mr. Conrad's characteristics, one or two of the more obvious ones—it would require a dozen articles of this length to give any real analysis of him—but, in any case, it is always necessary to remember that he is most essentially original in spite of his affinities—original in a more unmistakable manner than any writer of our day. For his is an unusually marked and powerful personality. The theory that a true artist ought not to show his personality is really a contradiction in terms—how can he prevent it?—what he ought not to do is to show himself. That's why so few English writers are artists—they are always obtruding themselves; and that is why men like Flaubert and Turgenev, who had obviously pronounced personalities, are artists—because they are aloof. And Conrad is of their order—in his work, bearing so completely, so fervently the impress of his personality, he stands aloof from his creations. Such writers are the rarest and most impressive of artists.

VII.

It is a strange anomaly that a Pole like Mr. Conrad should be one of the most thrilling writers of English prose that we have ever had. And yet that is certainly the case. He has brought quite a new music into our language, a slow, golden music which is wonderfully fine. I only wish I had the space to give several instances; but, as it is, I will content myself with one, describing a tropical dawn. It is from "The Lagoon," in the volume, "Tales of Unrest."

"A murmur powerful and gentle, a murmur vast and faint; the murmur of trembling leaves, of stirring boughs, ran through the tangled depths of the forests, ran over the starry smoothness of the lagoon, and the water between the piles lapped the slimy timber once with a sudden splash. A breath of warm air touched the two men's faces and passed on with a mournful sound—a breath loud and short, like an uneasy sigh of the dreaming earth."

# THE RETREAT FROM MOSCOW

By COUNT DE SEGUR

*(Aide-de-Camp to Napoleon)*

I.

THE spirits of the troops were still supported by the example of their leaders, by the hopes of finding all their wants supplied at Smolensk, and still more by the aspect of a yet brilliant sun, of that universal source of hope and life, which seemed to contradict and deny the spectacles of despair and death that already encompassed us.

But on November 6th the heavens declared against us. Their azure disappeared. The army marched enveloped in cold fogs. These fogs became thicker, and presently an immense cloud descended upon it in large flakes of snow. It seemed as if the sky was falling, and joining the earth and our enemies to complete our destruction. All objects changed their appearance, and became confounded, and not to be recognised again; we proceeded, without knowing where we were, without perceiving the point to which we were bound; everything was transformed into an obstacle. While the soldier was struggling with the tempest of wind and snow, the flakes, driven by the storm, lodged and accumulated in every hollow; their surfaces concealed unknown abysses, which perfidiously opened beneath our feet. There the men were engulfed, and the weakest, resigning themselves to their fate, found a grave in these snow-pits.

II.

Those who followed turned aside, but the storm drove into their faces both the snow that was descending from the sky and that which it raised from the ground: it seemed bent on opposing their progress. The Russian winter, under this new form, attacked them on all sides: it penetrated through their light garments and their torn shoes and boots. Their wet clothes froze upon their bodies; an icy envelope encased them and stiffened all their limbs. A keen and violent wind interrupted respiration: it seized their breath at the moment when they exhaled and converted it into icicles, which hung from their beards all round their mouths.

The unfortunate creatures still crawled on, shivering, till the snow, gathering like balls under their feet, or the fragment of some broken article, a branch of a tree, or the body of one of their comrades, caused them to stumble and fall. There they groaned in vain; the snow soon covered them; slight hillocks marked the spot where they lay; such was their only grave! The road was studded with these undulations like a cemetery; the most intrepid and the most indifferent were affected; they passed on quickly with averted looks.

III.

Everything, even to their very arms, still offensive at Malo-Yaroslawetz, but since then defensive only, now turned against them. These seemed to their frozen limbs insupportably heavy. In the frequent falls which they experienced they dropped from their hands and were broken or buried in the snow. If they rose again, it was without them; for they did not throw them away; hunger and cold wrested them from their grasp. The fingers of many others were frozen to the musket which they still held, which deprived them of the motion necessary for keeping up some degree of warmth and life.

We soon met with numbers of men belonging to all the corps, sometimes singly, at others in troops. They had not basely deserted their colours; it was cold and inanition which had separated them from their columns. In this general and individual struggle they had parted from one another, and there they were, disarmed, vanquished, defenceless, without leaders, obeying nothing but the urgent instinct of self-preservation.

IV.

Most of them, attracted by the sight of bypaths, dispersed themselves over the country, in hopes of finding bread and shelter for the coming night; but, on their first passage, all had been laid waste to the extent of seven or eight leagues. They met with nothing but Cossacks, and an armed population, which encompassed, wounded, and stripped them naked, and then left them, with ferocious bursts of laughter, to expire on the snow. These people, who had risen at the call of Alexander and Kutusoff, and who had not then learned, as they since have, to avenge nobly a country which they were unable to defend, hovered on both flanks of the army under favour of the woods. Those whom they did not despatch with their pikes and hatchets they brought back to the fatal and all-devouring high road.

V.

Night then came on—a night of sixteen hours! But on that snow, which covered everything, they knew not where to halt, where to sit, where to lie down, where to find some root or other to eat, and dry wood to kindle a fire! Fatigue, darkness, and repeated orders nevertheless stopped those whom their moral and physical strength and the efforts of their officers had kept together. They strove to establish themselves, but the tempest, still active, dispersed the first preparations of bivouacs. The pines, laden with frost, obstinately resisted the flames; the snow from the sky, which yet continued to fall fast, and that on the ground, which melted from the efforts of the soldiers and the effect of the first fires, extinguished those fires, as well as the strength and spirits of the men.

VI.

When at length the flames gained the ascendancy, the officers and soldiers around them prepared their wretched repast. It consisted of lean and bloody pieces of flesh, torn from the horses that were knocked up, and at most a few spoonfuls of rye-flour mixed with snow-water. Next morning, circular ranges of soldiers, extended lifeless, marked the bivouacs, and the ground about them was strewed with the bodies of several thousand horses.

From that day we began to place less reliance on one another. In that lively army, susceptible of all impressions, and taught to reason by an advanced civilisation, discouragement and neglect of discipline spread rapidly, the imagination knowing no bounds in evil as in good. Henceforward, at every bivouac, at every difficult passage, at every moment, some portion separated from the yet-organised troops, and fell into disorder. There were some, however, who withstood this wide contagion of lack of discipline and despondency. These were officers, non-commissioned officers, and steady soldiers. These were extraordinary men: they encouraged one another by repeating the name of Smolensk, which they knew they were approaching, and where they had been promised that all their wants should be supplied. In this vast wreck the army, like a great ship tossed by the most tremendous of tempests, threw, without hesitation, into the sea of ice and snow everything that could slacken or impede its progress.

# A RUSSIAN CABMAN

## By A. Chekov

It was the hour of dusk. The coarse, wet snow was swirling lazily around the lamps which had just been lighted, and lay in a thin, soft covering on the roofs, on the backs of horses, and on shoulders and hats. Jonah Patapoff, a St. Petersburg cabman, was entirely white, like a ghost; he had curled himself up as it is only possible for a living thing to do, sitting in the sleigh and not stirring. Had a whole snow-drift fallen upon him, even then it is doubtful whether he would have deemed it necessary to shake it off. His poor little mare likewise was quite white and motionless. With her immovable angular figure, with her stick-like legs, she closely resembled one of the gingerbread horses one buys for a farthing. In all likelihood she was plunged in thought. It would be impossible for anyone not to think who had been torn away from the plough, from the quiet and peaceful surroundings to which they had been accustomed, and cast into this whirlpool of misery, full of monstrous lights, constant noise, and scurrying people.

Jonah and his miserable little horse had not moved from the same spot for a long time; they had left the stable long before midday, and yet no one had taken them. The gloom of night had fallen upon the city, the pallid lamplight now shone brighter, and the hubbub of the streets became louder.

"Cabman, the Wiborg Side," Jonah heard someone say. "Cabman!" He shivered, and between his eyelashes, which were stuck together with the snow, he saw an officer in a long coat and cape. "To the Wiborg Side," repeated the officer. "Are you asleep, or what is it? I said Wiborg Side."

In token of assent Jonah shook the reins, and the blanket of snow fell off in a shower from the back of his little horse and from his own shoulders. The officer seated himself in the sleigh, and the cabman, giving his horse the signal to start, stretched out his neck like a swan, straightened himself up, and, more from habit than from necessity, cracked his whip. His little mare also stretched herself, bent her stick-like legs, and moved unwillingly away.

"Where are you going, you old idiot?" all of a sudden Jonah heard a voice call out from somewhere in the dark mass of moving vehicles. "Where the devil are you going? Keep to the right!"

"You don't know how to drive; go to the right," echoed the angry officer.

A coachman on a passing carriage lost his temper, and a pedestrian who was crossing the street and had knocked his shoulder against the horse's head glared angrily at Jonah and shook off the snow from his sleeve.

Jonah kept fidgeting on the seat and thrusting out his elbows in all directions, with his eyes rolling about like a maniac's, as if he did not quite understand why he was where he was.

"What scoundrels these fellows are!" said the officer sarcastically. "They all seem to be trying to have a collision or fall under the horse's nose. It looks as if it had all been pre-arranged."

Jonah turned around, looked at his passenger, and began to move his lips. Apparently he wished to say something, but nothing came from his throat but inarticulate sounds.

"What is it?" asked the officer.

Jonah, twisting his mouth into the semblance of a smile, cleared his throat and began to speak hoarsely.

"I am, sir, in—great trouble; my son died this week in the hospital."

"H'm! What did he die of?"

Jonah now turned completely around and said:

"I really don't know; who ever does know? It must have been a fever. He was in the hospital for three days and then died. It's the will of God."

"Get out of the way, you old devil!" again a voice was heard calling. "Use your eyes."

"Get on, get on," said the officer. "At this rate we will not get there until to-morrow morning. Hurry up a bit."

The cabman once again stretched his neck, straightened himself up and wearily waved the whip. From time to time he glanced at the officer, but he had closed his eyes, and apparently was not disposed to listen.

When they reached the Wiborg Side the officer got out hastily, and Jonah took his stand near a drinking shop, again bent over on his box and became motionless. Once more the wet snow covered both him and his little horse, making them quite white. An hour passed, then another.

Presently three young men came along, stamping on the pavement with their goloshes and quarrelling with one another; two of them were tall and thin, while the third was small and humpbacked.

"Cabman, to the Politsesky Bridge," the hunchback screamed out in a jarring voice. "Sixpence for the three of us."

Jonah jerked the reins and started the horse. Sixpence was not the right fare, but the price didn't matter to him now. Two shillings or a shilling, it was all the same; the only thing he cared for was a passenger.

"Well, go on," harshly shouted the hunchback, settling himself and blowing on the nape of Jonah's neck. "Whip her up. What a hat you have, my good fellow; you couldn't find a sorrier one in all Petersburg!"

"Ha! ha!" laughed Jonah; "it's all I have."

"Are you married, cabman?" asked the tall one.

"Am I? You are very jolly, gentlemen! The only wife I have now is in mother earth." Jonah laughed again. "That is to say, the grave—for my son, you know, is dead and I am still living—it's a funny world. Death must have made a blunder, for instead of taking me he took him."

And he turned around in order to tell how his son had died; but the hunchback, giving a slight sigh of relief, declared that, thank God, they had at last arrived.

Jonah, having received his sixpence, gazed for some time after the three idlers who were disappearing in the darkness. Once more he was alone in the silence. His sorrow, which could not be quieted for long, broke out afresh, and his heart was sick with longing. His eyes, full of trouble and suffering, followed the crowd which was passing along on both sides of the street. Would he not be able to find out of these thousands of people even one who would listen to him? But they passed on, paying no attention either to him or his sorrow—a really great sorrow which knew no bounds. It seemed to him as if his heart had broken, and if all his grief had flowed out of it that it would have flooded the whole world. Yet one could see nothing of it, for it was concealed by such a miserable exterior that one would not be able to find it even in broad daylight.

Presently Jonah saw a porter with a sack, and determined to talk to him.

"My friend, what is the time?" he asked.

"Ten o'clock. What are you standing here for? Drive on."

Jonah drove a few paces, bent over, and gave himself up to his grief. He felt that it was useless any longer to turn to people. Before five minutes had passed, he braced himself up, gave his head a shake as if in pain, and tugged at the reins—he had reached the end of his endurance.

"Home! We shall go home." And the poor little mare, as if knowing his thoughts, began to go at a trot.

An hour and a half later Jonah was sitting by a large dirty stove; on it, on the floor, and on benches people were snoring in a foul atmosphere of suffocating heat. He looked at the sleepers, scratched himself a little, and was sorry he had come home so early.

"And I haven't enough for oats—that's where the trouble is. The man who knows his business, and can make both himself and his horse comfortable, that man is happy and contented; but I——"

In one of the corners of the room a young cabman, who was half asleep, got up, coughed, and dragged himself over to the water-bucket.

"You want to drink, don't you?" asked Jonah.

"That's it. I want a drink."

"Well, drink to your health—as for me, I am in great trouble, my boy, for my son has just died. Have you heard? In the hospital this week. That's what is the matter."

Jonah looked to see what effect his words had produced, and saw that they had evoked absolutely nothing. The young man covered up his head and was already fast asleep. The old chap sighed and scratched his head. As the young one wanted to drink, so he wanted to talk. It would soon be a week since his son had died, and he had not yet been able to open his heart to a soul. At such a time one must speak with someone who understands; one must tell how his son fell ill, how he suffered, what he said before his death, and how he died. Then the funeral must be described, and how they returned to the hospital for his clothes. Then there was his little daughter Anisya, who lived in the country, and one would have to talk about her too. In fact, there were so many things to talk about. The listener would have to sigh, groan, and cry. Perhaps an old woman would be the best. They, it is true, haven't much sense; still, they would wail at once—at the first few words.

"Now I must look after my little mare," said Jonah to himself. "There is always time for sleep, and I can sleep later on."

He put on his long coat and went to the stable where the horse was standing. He thought of oats, hay, the weather, of anything but his son, for when alone he cannot think about him. He could speak about him with someone, but it is unbearably painful to think of him or to recall his face to his mind.

"You are eating, are you?" Jonah asked his horse, seeing her shining eyes. "Well, eat away; if we haven't oats, we must be content with hay. Ah! Yes, I suppose I am too old to be a good cabman—my son would have done it far better; but as for me—— He was a real cabman, if he had only lived."

Jonah kept silent for some time, and then continued:

"Such is life, my poor old animal. Kuzma Ponitch is no more; his time had come, and death took him by some chance. Now, let us suppose you had a foal of your own, and its time to die had come; then you would know what agony is, wouldn't you?"

The little mare munched away, listened, and licked her master's hand.

Jonah broke down completely and told her all.

## COUSIN JONATHAN IN HIS OWN HOME

It is extraordinary, when one thinks of it, how little we in Britain really know of America and its people. Such impressions as we have are apt to be derived from encounters with American tourists on the Continent—impressions which are generally too bad to be true—or from Dana Gibson's drawings—impressions which are surely too good to be true. The American shares the unhappy Anglo-Saxon knack of not showing his best side when away from home—so perhaps we should not be so slow to realise what *nous autres Anglais* must appear like to the European nations we condescend to visit.

All the more welcome, therefore, in view of our dangerously little knowledge of the United States and its inhabitants, is a volume like "John Jonathan and Company" (London: Chapman and Hall. 5s.), which records the observations and reflections of a Scot abroad in the land of the Stars and Stripes. The author of the book, we hasten to add, has collected no statistics. Mr. James Milne, who is literary editor of the *Daily Chronicle*, is a Scot of the more imaginative type, and the only figures he mentions are those of American ladies.

The book takes the form of a series of letters written from North America during the "bachelor honeymoon" of a man whose fiancée has considerately packed him off to have "a last look around" before she orders her wedding frock.

Mr. Milne has the observant eye of the journalist and the polished pen of the littérateur, and he sees and records all manner of illuminative little things which help us to conjure up the American in his own land. "When I said to an American friend, 'You people never seem to have a walking-stick,' he replied with a laugh, 'Of course not; we don't need it!' It is a small thing, the absence of the walking-stick, but it belongs to the American's motto, never, in the hustle of life, to carry unnecessary cargo."

The American, we are assured, is an ideal host, and, with his "Come right in," is more hospitable than we are in London. "Life as an organised machine is more perfect in America than with us," but "we have more individual comfort, more restfulness." Again, America beats us, "if not in her men's clothes, most emphatically in those of her women, and the elegance with which they are worn." The brain-worker, Mr. Milne declares, is the choicest product of American life: "Never is the American more delightful than when he is an author, an artist, a journalist, a composer, a doctor, a lawyer, a professor—in a word, when he is the professional man. As such he is not burdened with the hoary moss, called etiquette, which clings to his calling in an old country. He is the human man in his calling, applying it, not lost, submerged beneath it."

## ANNOUNCEMENT

Among the notable features of next week's Everyman will be an article on "The Servile State," by Hilaire Belloc. The failure of our Public Schools will be dealt with by an eminent Etonian. Mr. Cecil Chesterton contributes "The Paradox of Disraeli," and Canon Barry will deal with "The Tyranny of the Novel." A fascinating sketch of Henri Fabre, "The Insects' Homer," is written by Professor Arthur Thomson. We hope to secure from Mr. H. G. Wells an answer to M. Vandervelde's brilliant article on "Industrial Unrest."

# GREAT PREACHERS OF TO-DAY ❧ ❧ ❧ BY E. HERMANN

## IV.—REV. R. J. CAMPBELL

I.

AT a first glance the City Temple has little to say to the wistful or aspiring soul in man. The unbeautiful building, grimy-faced on the outside, painted and gilded within, suggests neither mystery nor adoration. The choir, with its foreground of ladies in gowns and mortar-boards, and its cornet player leading the singing upon a silver instrument of stirring tone, is too prominently placed, as in most Nonconformist churches, and therefore has a slight flavour of the theatrical. The great congregation is on a fairly monotonous level of middle-class respectability. There is a sprinkling of dreamy-eyed persons, whose general untidiness and small eccentricities of dress and manner mark them adherents of unpopular cults and knights of forlorn quests; but even they suggest deliberate eclecticism rather than spiritual passion. An atmosphere of eagerness and curiosity hangs over the whole: one has the sense of having strayed into a crowd of "first-nighters." The elements of earnestness and devotion are swamped in the inquisitive expectancy of those who have come to see whether the preacher agrees with them and the self-approval of those who come because they have found out that he does.

II.

Into this tense atmosphere, whose baser elements only are patent to the outsider, comes the preacher—a slight, significant figure, which adds a touch of romance to the aggressively modern picture. But it is just this touch of romance that blinds one at first sight to any hint of genuine spiritual power. One has known a saint or two in one's lifetime, some half-dozen prophets, and one true priest—a mediator of mysteries, and they have left one with an ineradicable conviction that spiritual power and virtue are not at all romantic, as the word is used in this purblind world of ours. This man may be a fairy prince within his own kingdom; is he a spiritual magician, who can make fairy princes out of beggars?

The first impression is misleading in its suggestion of pure sweetness and gentleness. Those large, deep-set eyes, now showing like black pits beneath the shadow of jutting brows, now raised and filled with a soft and pearly light, may flash at times with aspiration and vision; but are they ever steeped in a man's determination? They can woo; can they compel? His self-consciousness is a little unmasculine, too. He sits in the pulpit—a still, pensive figure, swayed by high thoughts, yet not taken out of himself. Every lift of the eyebrows, every gesture of the slender, tentative hand, is not studied or affected, but ordered, controlled by a personality that cannot lose itself entirely while at rest. His lips are set with a delicate precision. One cannot imagine them uttering hard sayings until—ah, there is the first sharp reversal of the surface impression!—until they suddenly go tense and dogged, pointed by a firm, trenchant chin, and one divines the iron hand in the velvet glove.

III.

But even this discovery of sterner elements beneath the silken surface does not carry a conviction of power. It suggests, rather, obstinacy, pugnacity, aggressiveness—the man who can give hard knocks better than he can take them. It recalls the unfortunate circumstance that this great preacher is known to thousands upon thousands, not as a healer of souls, but as the creator of a new sensation in cheap theological controversy. To decry a theology simply because it has been exploited by the sensational Press would be folly. Had there been newspapers at the time of Athanasius, his theology—which, be it remembered, was daringly "new" in his day—would have been subjected to the indignity of providing a journalistic scoop. Still, it is a pity that one whose crown does not lie in the region of theological discussion should have been swept into the arid and dusty region of ephemeral controversy and made to provide the jaded *dilettante* with a new sensation, when it was his genius to guide "sunk, self-weary men" to the place of the new heart. Such strange tricks does popularity play with men.

IV.

This preacher speaks to the soul, and as he speaks one realises that there are souls for him to speak to. Out of the modern, somewhat neurotic, crowd of sermon-tasters tragic figures loom up: the soul presses up to its fleshly frontier and utters its inappeasable cry. There are souls whose battle is yet to come, and who are wise and sincere enough to fear and tremble. There are souls who have been defeated, and take failure hard, and others who take the same failure cynically. There are souls who have capitulated to the flesh and made their bed with corruption, and sacrificial souls broken upon the wheel of guilt not their own. Souls from every hill and valley of the spiritual pilgrimage, souls from the wilderness and souls from hell look up at the preacher with speechful eyes, and one wonders how one could have been so blind as to miss them in the casual crowd. To have revealed his true congregation is Mr. Campbell's first triumph.

The preacher does not only speak *to* the soul; he speaks *for* the soul. He is, above all things, a spiritual clairvoyant interpreting the soul's inarticulate stammerings to itself. His penetrative and compassionate understanding of the human heart is his chief asset. It would be a dangerous asset, but for the vivid and almost substitutionary sympathy which is its root. Deep in the heart of the least sentimental, the most coarsely utilitarian of men lies the craving to be sympathetically understood. Who can compute the dead weight of loneliness that bows down the world? Terrible is the loneliness of a big city, pathetic the loneliness of forsaken, friendless women. But more afflicting than these is the inarticulate loneliness of the practical, commonplace man, surrounded by conventional companionships, and feeling his isolation like a vague aching that must be borne in dogged silence, till this preacher comes along and lends speech to his voiceless cry.

Here lies the secret of Mr. Campbell's strangely woven spell. He can read and voice the soul's intolerable ache. More than that, he can snatch the soul from the thraldom of self into the glorious freedom of its true inheritance. He has the gift of spiritual evocation. Not æsthetically fine or intellectually satisfying, but haunting, thrilling, radiant with the golden threads of vision is his utterance. His is the magic touch that makes the difference between ability and greatness.

# CORRESPONDENCE

## THE OMISSIONS OF MR. NORMAN ANGELL.

*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

DEAR SIR,—Mr. Chesterton's article on "The Omissions of Mr. Norman Angell" is so absurdly incorrect that I can only conclude that he has never read "The Great Illusion." With regard to the present war in the Balkans, no one can be justified in drawing any conclusions. Neither Mr. Chesterton nor Mr. Angell can say what will be gained, or whether the driving the Turk into Asia will, or will not, benefit the Balkan States, or whether they will spend their energy in fighting over the spoils of victory. It has been said that war only brings more war. Mr. Angell says, I believe, that this war simply illustrates his theory of the changed conditions of Europe, and that the Eastern peoples are still living in the barbaric age, when conflict was habitual. The vivid accounts of the poor Turks pleading for a crust of bread to support life, indifferent to the result of battles going on, finely demonstrates this truth. With regard to the two examples given by Mr. Chesterton of the power of Parliament being won by battle, and the Treaty of Vienna, he has entirely missed the point of Mr. Angell's argument if he fails to see that these are good illustrations of his case. His argument does not deal with the past at all. Just as we have emerged from the stone and ice ages in our geological history, so he thinks we are gradually emerging from the age of barbarism in our national history. The Treaty of Vienna was an advance from the time when the fight for parliamentary freedom was made. The fact that a treaty could be made at all marked an advanced stage of human progress, and the dawn of the idea at least, that arbitrating is better than taking life. What would have been done had there been a Hague Tribunal then is simply a flight of imagination on the part of Mr. Chesterton, for he forgets that the people had first to be educated to the *point of possessing one*, which necessitated a riper judgment, and entirely altered conditions of thought. To tell us what the Hague Tribunal might or might not have done, is like saying what the men who fought duels for "so-called honour" would have done if courts of law had settled their disputes, as they do now. You cannot put the clock back for an era and say what you yourself would have done at that period, unless you can also change your own atmosphere of thought and conditions. We think and reason along the lines of our own time. Mr. Chesterton's theory of an International Tribunal is also a purely imaginary one. All great changes are met with the same argument, what *might*, or *may*, not what will happen. If there was anything in it, it would have killed progress long ago. The day of individual conflict in this country has passed away, and on the same lines and for the same reasons the day of international conflicts will pass away also, unless civilisation and the teaching of the Christian religions should be arrested. With regard to the moral effect of war on the individual, I may quote a clergyman whom I heard say, quite recently, that he had believed in the effect of war being to bring out courage and character, until the Boer war, when he had seen so many men morally ruined by it that he changed his views entirely. I have never heard any contrary testimony to this, *from any individual knowledge*, and Mr. Chesterton has only to go behind the censor in the Balkans, or in Turkey, now to confirm it from his own knowledge.—I am, sir, etc.,

November 9th. S. S.

*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

DEAR SIR,—In his otherwise excellent article, Mr. Cecil Chesterton has suffered one remarkably sad derailment. He is at the bottom of his heart a German hater, because he knows nothing whatever of Germany, and he allows himself to be carried away by his own chauvinisme. He ranges himself alongside of Lord Roberts and other people who are not distinguished by much commonsense. The passage, "God send that I may live," etc., is quite as wicked as Lord Roberts' mad speech at Manchester. This kind of thing is as wicked to write as it is more wicked to print.

Personally, I think it is a pity that German ideas have not penetrated earlier and more thoroughly into England. For England would not be so rotten as it is. Vide the many writings of Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb, the investigations of Rowntree in York, and of Booth in London.

I would suggest to Mr. Cecil Chesterton to take a three years' residence in Germany, learn the language, study its institutions, and get to know something of the German people. And I will guarantee him that nobody will feel more ashamed of himself than he will at the end of that period if he re-reads his present article.—I am, sir, etc., P. DURING.

Elmira, 8, Capel Road, New Barnet.
November 10th, 1912.

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## A PROTESTANT PROTEST.

*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

DEAR SIR,—Do not sail under false colours, because I see the cloven hoof of Roman Catholicism unmistakably. Call it a *Roman* weekly, and that would be honest.—I am, sir, etc., TRUTHSEEKER.

London, November, 1912.

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## A ROMAN CATHOLIC PROTEST.

*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

DEAR SIR,—You are producing an excellent paper in EVERYMAN, but you are ruining that excellent paper by your evident *anti-Roman Catholic* obsession. There is no reason why you should extol it, nor, indeed, why you should recognise its existence—if you can blind yourself to a thing so vast; but to traduce it in the scurrilous style of the Abbé Houtin, and in other subtle ways to defame it, is to lower the dignity of EVERYMAN, and to warn off many readers. The baiting of Catholicism is for the vigorous in hope, not for the strong in reason, whose method should be one of confuting by regular processes. The Abbé Houtin's way is the annoyance of a toy dog, not dangerous, but irritating.—I am, sir, etc., A. S.

Birmingham, October 28th, 1912.

[The two foregoing protests contradict and refute each other, and they only prove that EVERYMAN endeavours to be strictly fair to every side of a question.—ED.]

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## "WESTWARD HO!"

*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

DEAR SIR,—It would be idle to assume what is to follow from Monsignor Benson's pen, but certainly Part I. gives a queer impression of so fine a story. At present, the criticism resolves itself solely into a religious analysis, a weighing of the pros and cons of the

Popish elements in the novel. "Westward Ho!" is a novel, not a history of the Papists of that period, which, had Kingsley written, would, I am confident, have been scrupulously just to them.

Monsignor Benson writes:—"It is all the more regrettable, therefore, that the whole underlying plan of the book should be that of a polemical religious tract. . . ." Time and circumstance, the context of the writing, one might say, do not enter into this charge. Let us see precisely what this context is—what are the circumstances amid which Kingsley writes. Is his soul concerned just now with fallacy, and abuse, and argument with the Papacy? Not in the slightest degree, nor for one moment.

In 1854 Charles Kingsley was busy with lecturing at Edinburgh, working the parish of Eversley, dealing with an Anti-Cholera Fund and statistics for a sanitary deputation, of which he was a member, and, be it noted most of all, the Crimean war had broken out. Not only so, but illnesses, with their expenses and anxieties, had made this confession from Kingsley, "To pay our way I have thought, I have written."

These circumstances may superficially appear irrelevant, but I mention them to show that, above everything else, here was not a man of leisure and self-concentration coolly sitting down to write a controversial religious tract. There is nothing more conclusive to disprove such a charge as Kingsley's letter to the Rev. F. Maurice (October 19th):—

> "We think of nothing but the War. . . . It seemed so dreadful to hear of those Alma heights being taken and not be there. . . . But I can fight with my pen still (I don't mean in controversy—I am sick of that—but) in writing books which will make others fight. This one is to be called 'Westward Ho!'"

My point is this:—If Monsignor Benson intends to suggest that Kingsley's underlying object was to make his story an anti-Popish tract wherewith to poison the mind of youth, I submit that such a suggestion rests on no foundation in fact.

Again, I do not understand what Monsignor Benson's position is—what he himself honestly thinks. His comments do not agree.

In one column he writes:—"If the author of 'Westward Ho!' was really zealous to tell the truth, why did he make no mention of these things?" and "(he) *deliberately* omits all adequate reference to the appalling brutality used by England," etc.

In the next column we read in brighter colour: "It would be absurd to charge Charles Kingsley with *deliberate* falsification of history; he would have shrunk from that as the most detestable of crimes: truth, or rather that which he took to be truth, was the dearest idol he possessed."

The critic of "Westward Ho!" speaks of Kingsley's "warm-hearted, if rather vague, principles." For my part, I have never been mystified by Kingsley's vagueness; on the contrary, his plain, frank statements are never vague. But what Monsignor Benson actually does mean by his own remarks I cannot say, except this, that he seems to contradict himself.

There is a touch of humour in Monsignor Benson's endeavour to clear what he calls the "Spirituality of Rome" of certain crimes and torments. One wonders how a physical crime can be charged to the spirituality of anything. Has Rome ever been, and is it to-day, content to be spiritual? Is not its record one of incessant wandering from this track of its true destiny?

> "There are two swords in the power of the Church, the ecclesiastical and the secular. The one is to be used for the Church and the other by the Church; the one by the hand of the priest, the other by the hand of kings and warriors, but at the order and permission of the priest. By the evidence of truth the spiritual power must include the secular and judge it when it is evil."

Doubtless these words are recognised by Romanists What a different place Christendom would be had the Church of St. Peter refused to follow Peter's attitude to the sword, and adopted the attitude of Jesus Christ!

In conclusion for the present instalment, may I repeat a passage from "Westward Ho!" which, as its critic says, "blackens Catholicism"? Speaking of Eustace Leigh, in Chapter III., Kingsley says:—"Had he been saved from them (Jesuits) he might have lived and died . . . as brave and loyal a soldier as those Roman Catholics whose noble blood has stained every Crimean battlefield."—I am, sir, etc.,

S. A. Osborne.

88, Roman Road, Colchester, Essex.

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## "LARGELY EMOTIONAL."

*To the Editor of* Everyman.

Dear Sir,—Dr. William Barry, in his very interesting article, "Largely Emotional," says, "We speak of 'the People' as a man." Whether this is so or not, we do certainly think of "the People" as meaning the men-voters, the citizens. But to say that man, "however ill trained, has by nature some capacity for reasoning, and professes to argue the merits of his case," is rather begging the question. As Dr. Barry is so very topical in his references to the Presidential election in the United States, it may not be considered out of place to instance a very present controversy in this country. I refer to the endeavours of a certain number of women to obtain recognition for their sex as sentient members of the body politic, as citizens capable of reasoning and helping to decide, as far as mere citizens may in this age of democratic autocracy, the issues of the day.

Of course, man in the mass, and Dr. Barry, may not accept these women as pattern women. Joan of Arc, I believe, was not accepted as a pattern woman, but they may be patterns for women. They have argued the merits of their case; they have shown some capacity for reasoning. Men, it may be said, have practically accepted the logic of their case, but enter a *non possumus* as an answer.

"The People are naturally good," but the outbreaks of violence to women, now of almost daily occurrence, because women show a disposition to reason, to argue, and a desire to take part in affairs—affairs which now, more than ever, owing to recent legislation, affect the home—show that, although it may be said of Man, "How good he is!" it must certainly be said at times, "How bad he can be!"

The, to us, absurd and ridiculous proceedings in connection with the Presidential election are not, to any extent, to be attributed to women. It is the male democracy of the United States who organise these vulgar appeals to the heart—or can it be to the head?—of the People.

It is, I think, unjust and ungenerous to proceed on the assumption that democracy is a woman, even if "journalism always does so"—and of this I am not aware—and I consider that Dr. Barry has not proved his case, so far as it rests upon this dictum.—I am, sir, etc.,

H. Lynch.

74, Lyndhurst Road, Bowes Park, N.,
November 12th, 1912.

## HISTORICAL NOVELS.

*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

SIR,—Mr. Huffington's letter on "The Refugees" is merely a defence of the Historical Novel in general. He insinuates, by quoting Sir Philip Sidney, that the Historical Novelist never lies, because he never pretends to tell the truth. I do not say that any Historical Novelist asserts in his preface that he has given an accurate picture of the events of which he is writing, but he is taken as doing so by most of his readers. Thus, apart from the propagation of hundreds of trifling and scores of serious errors, tremendous injustice is often done to the dead.

Take a hypothetical instance. Suppose, in two hundred years' time, a great Historical Novelist to arise: suppose him to write a literary masterpiece on the period of the late Boer War, in one chapter of which Queen Victoria, over her nightly second bottle of gin, sells British military secrets to a German in President Kruger's pay. To us the whole idea is repulsive. Yet Thackeray did the same kind of thing to James Edward Stuart, when he made him practically barter his kingdom for the caresses of that horrid female, Beatrix Esmond, and most people get their ideas of James from Thackeray's book. James failed, as Campion and Persons failed, so few care for their reputations: Queen Victoria succeeded; let us hope she will escape such calumny.

I know I am assuming that a knowledge of history, like a knowledge of medicine, has a value; but the subject is too long to discuss here. In the days when Princes ruled, Machiavelli prescribed history as one of their most valuable studies; in the days when the People rule, it is well that they should study history.

It is useless for Mr. Huffington to stick to his absurd defence that readers do not go to novels to learn history. Sir, they are sent there. I have on my desk a history by one of the best-known Oxford tutors, in which one of the books recommended for study is "The Refugees."—I am, sir, etc.,

WALTON WATERSIDE.

Leeds, November 10, 1912.

* * *

## THE TRIBUNAL OF POETRY

"A man's actions may belie him: his words never."
—COVENTRY PATMORE

CLOSE-MINDED men may dwell beneath one roof
And each of other yet be incognisant.
Eyes, undeceiving, alter and recant
Their late avowal. Ah, but warp and woof
Of souls that seemed most inquisition-proof
Stares in their muses. Sing—and the hedge grows scant
That shields thy garden-close from termagant
Southeaster, thy sweet fount from wildhog's hoof.

Sing—and, as one contrite, in purpose clear,
Crossing at dusk the many-pillar'd floor
To find the wicket-grille, the world apart,
Penitent tongue and comprehending ear,
Relieves his conscience to the confessor—
So thou shalt light the search in thine own heart.

J. S PHILLIMORE.

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# "HAKLUYT'S VOYAGES" BY A. G. PESKETT

*(Late President of Magdalene College, Cambridge)*

I.

OF the innumerable English clergymen who have rendered service to learning and letters, few are more deserving of remembrance than the Rev. Richard Hakluyt, yet it may safely be conjectured that a very small proportion of those who know of the existence of "Hakluyt's Voyages" are aware that the compiler of this vast collection was an English parish priest. His career affords a signal instance of a definite object conceived in youth, pursued through life with undeviating purpose, and brought to a successful conclusion. A visit to his cousin and namesake, a young barrister of the Middle Temple, first kindled in the mind of the Westminster schoolboy a love of geography, and of the history of travel and discovery. As an undergraduate of Christchurch, Oxford (1570), he directed his studies to the end he had in view; to use his own words, "My exercises of dutie first performed, I fell to my intended course, and by degrees read over whatsoever printed or written discoveries and voyages I found extant in the Greeke, Latine, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, French, or English languages." After his degree, while still residing at Oxford, he received a letter of encouragement from Sir Francis Walsingham, printed in Vol. II.* At a later date he became secretary to the English ambassador in Paris, Sir Edward Stafford, with whom he stayed five years, spending his leisure time in amassing material for his great undertaking. In 1590 he became Rector of Wetheringsett, Suffolk, and afterwards of Gedney, Lincolnshire. He was also appointed Archdeacon of Westminster. His work, "The Principal Navigations, Voyages, Traffiques, and Discoveries of the English Nation," contains as complete a record as his untiring industry could procure, of all the maritime adventure of the English people from the earliest times to the year 1600.

II.

This great work is aptly called by Mr. John Masefield "our English epic." In a short notice one can only indicate briefly the variety and compass of the information, both instructive and amusing, to be found in its pages. It contains a wealth of original documents bearing on the history of Russia in the sixteenth century, with vivid descriptions of life in that country, especially in the narrations of the voyages made by R. Chancellor, S. Burrough, R. Johnson, and Anthony Jenkinson, such as the conjuring tricks of the Samoedes, or the account of the Palm Sunday festival when the Metropolitan, with a magnificent escort, rides in state, sitting "sidelong like a woman," with the Emperor walking by his side, leading the horse "by the end of the reine of his bridle with one of his hands, and in the other of his hands he had a bunch of a palm." After the ceremony, the Emperor and his nobles dine with the Metropolitan, "where of delicate fishes and good drinks there was no lacke." There was never any lack of drink in Russia. In many towns, says Master Jenkinson, "there is a drunken tavern which the Emperour sometime letteth out to farme, and sometimes bestoweth for a yeare or two on some duke or gentleman." The Duke, by the aid of his tavern, plunders the whole town, and when he has enriched himself, is sent to the wars with his retainers at his own expense, "so that the Emperour in his warres is little charged, but all the burden lieth upon the poore people." We have more than one elaborate description of an Imperial banquet at which the English merchants were lavishly entertained, the meal lasting about five hours, after which the Emperor with his own hands gave each of his guests a cup of mead, "and because the Emperour would have us to be merry, he sent to our lodging the same evening these barrels of meade of sundry sortes, of the quantitie in all of one hogshed." But these merry and thirsty merchants were keen practical traders, and those who are interested in the history of commerce will find a mass of detail about the commercial relations and economic conditions of the world in Tudor times.

III.

Tales of stirring maritime adventure are, of course, numerous. Here you may read the original narratives of the voyages of Raleigh, Drake, Hawkins, Davis, Grenville, Cavendish, and many others, half pirates and half explorers, told in the simple language of men who faced perils and hardships that are almost inconceivable nowadays, without flinching and as a matter of course. Here (Vol. II.) is the contemporary account of the defeat of the Armada written by the Dutchman Emmanuel van Meteran, containing many details that are not found in ordinary English histories. Here, too, are the instructions given to his crew by Master John Hawkins in his voyage to the coast of Guinea in 1564, as described by John Sparke (Vol. VII.): "Serve God daily, love one another, preserve your victuals, beware of fire, and keepe good companie." The same narrative introduces us to the "Pike" of Teneriffe, "which is in heigth, by their reports, twentie leagues," and also to the crocodile—"His nature is ever when hee would have his prey, to cry and sobbe like a Christian body, to provoke them to come to him, and then he snatcheth at them, and thereupon came this proverbe that is applied unto women when they weepe, Lachrymae Crocodili, the meaning whereof is, that as the Crocodile when he crieth, goeth then about most to deceive, so doeth a woman most commonly when she weepeth." In passages like this one might imagine that one was reading a new chapter of Herodotus.

IV.

Expressions of religious belief are not infrequent, and seem to have come naturally and spontaneously to the lips and pens of these simple-minded mariners; but of sentiment there is scarcely a trace. There appears to have been little feeling for beauty or grandeur of scenery, though in one of Sir Walter Raleigh's narratives (Vol. VII.) I find a glowing description of the charms of a district near the Orinoco. Death in battle or from disease was always before their eyes, and was recorded with simple directness: "The 28 at 4 of the clocke in the morning our Generall Sir Francis Drake departed this life, having been extremely sicke of a fluxe, which began the night before to stop on him. He used some speeches at or a little before his death, rising and apparelling himselfe, but being brought to bed againe within one houre died." Dysentery of this fatal kind was rife on the ill-appointed ships of those days. If they were long at sea the beer became sour, and water and food often putrid. The story of the voyage of "the

(*Continued on page* 186.)

* I refer to the edition in eight volumes in Everyman Library.

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worshipful Master Thomas Cavendish, Esquire," to the Philippines and the coast of China in 1591 (Vol. VIII.) illustrates the terrible sufferings that so often awaited these hardy adventurers, sufferings with which the medical and surgical science of the day, supposing there was a surgeon on board, was quite unable to cope.

V.

In the present age of growing sentimentalism and slackening effort, which to some observers seem to point to national decadence, it is refreshing to turn to these plain records of the bold adventure and patient endurance that helped to build the British Empire; and a large debt of gratitude is due to the laborious diligence of Richard Hakluyt for his wonderful collection of documents. And it must be remembered that he worked under great difficulties. To quote his own words in his preface to the Reader: "For the bringing of which into this homely and rough-hewen shape, which here thou seest; what restlesse nights, what painefull days, what heat, what cold I have indured; how many long and chargeable journeys I have traveiled; how many famous libraries I have searched into; what varietie of ancient and moderne writers I have perused; what a number of old records, patents, privileges, letters, etc., I have redeemed from obscuritie and perishing; into how manifold acquaintance I have entered; what expenses I have not spared; and yet what faire opportunities of private gaine, preferment, and ease I have neglected; albeit thy selfe canst hardly imagine, yet I by daily experience do finde and feele, and some of my entier friends can sufficiently testifie." At his death he left a great mass of unpublished papers, which were worked up and added to by another clergyman, Samuel Purchas; but Purchas is said to have mutilated and garbled his material, and therefore "The Pilgrim" cannot be considered a trustworthy book. Hakluyt's supremacy remains unquestioned. If I mistake not, the city of Bristol, with which he was connected, has recently honoured his memory by some kind of monument, and the well-known Hakluyt Society continues his work and perpetuates his name.

* * *

## "THE STORY OF SANTA CLAUS"*

WHEN Dickens died, a little ragged girl in Drury Lane exclaimed in dismay, "Dickens dead! Then will Father Christmas die too?"—a remark which inspired a fine sonnet of Mr. Watts-Dunton. Happily for mankind, Father Christmas is of those who do not die, as Mr. S. R. Littlewood clearly proves in a dainty little volume, "The Story of Santa Claus," with illustrations by Sidney Filmore and Gerald Leake.

It is a beautiful story, that of Santa Claus, for old and young alike, and Mr. Littlewood tells it in just the proper style and spirit. He traces the history of Santa Claus back through the ages, and discovers him in many lands, under many guises. Reverently he narrates how Santa Claus knew of Christ's birth, and in the form of Melchior, the oldest of the Wise Men, brought his offerings from afar to the Babe of Bethlehem. He tells of Nicholas, the Saint, Bishop of Myra, in Asia Minor, the unfailing friend of children, sailors, and the poor. Then he shows us Santa Claus, the Pagan, Santa Claus of the Wintry North, Santa Claus of the Yule-log and the mistletoe-bough, riding like Odin by night o'er tree and chimney-tops, Santa

* "The Story of Santa Claus." By S. R. Littlewood. (Herbert and Daniel.)

Claus heralding Nature's reawakening, as the Wise Man of the East hailed the Coming of a New Era for the world. And, finally, Mr. Littlewood introduces us to the "Santa Claus of the For-Ever," the Santa Claus we all know and love so well.

It seems strange at first that we English-speaking people of the Old World should owe our Santa Claus to our cousins in the New World. But so it is; and when one comes to think of it, it is not unfitting. Appearing in each country in a different guise, he is most human in our own England. To the city arab crouching for shelter on a bitter night he appears as a kind of glorified "roast chestnut man." He bears with him a tray loaded with good cheer, the beef and the plum pudding that the street urchin longs for. After so many centuries, so many wanderings, so many transformations, it was in America, Mr. Littlewood reminds us, that Santa Claus "grew at last to be himself. For America was big enough and young enough to understand him. From each country of Europe, north and south, the early colonists took with them to America a different Santa Claus, and out of them all the Santa Claus of to-day was, as it were, gathered and created anew. The Dutch Colonists gave him the name of their own Sinter Klaas. From Norway and Sweden came the white horses and flying sledge that carry him over the house-tops, to drop his gifts down the chimney-stack. From Germany came the Christmas-tree, with its spangles and its gleaming fruit, of which he was to become high-priest. But it was the little Southerners, from Spain and France and Italy, who, forgetting all about St. Nicholas and his own day three weeks before, made Santa Claus part of the Christmas Feast itself, and led him by the Wise Men's Star to the Cradle-side at Bethlehem. Thus, only a few generations ago, Santa Claus came back again across the Atlantic, with all that he had learnt in the lonely snow-bound homesteads of the West."

* * *

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COUNT LEO TOLSTOY (obiit November 20th, 1910)

BUT little do you need that man should sing
The hopes and sorrows of your hard-fought life:
How, scorning all the joys that wealth can bring,
Unceasing toil you chose and endless strife.
All this the friends of progress needs must know,
And ever grieve that Death has laid thee low.

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For years you sought to spread pure Reason's light;
The victim of class prejudice and hate,
Yet caring not for calumny or spite.
All this and more dauntless your soul withstood,
Striving for one great end—the People's good.

Injustice reigned—no truce your anger gave,
War to the knife where superstition swayed!
Now that your voice is silenced by the grave,
Freedom still mourns her strongest son—dismayed.
Rest well, brave heart, man's struggles needs must cease;
All toil must have an end and lead to—Peace.

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# THE POETRY OF JOHN MASEFIELD ❧ ❧ BY GILBERT THOMAS

I.

ONE of the literary events of the last twelve months has certainly been the publication of three long poems by Mr. John Masefield. When, just a year ago, Mr. Masefield issued the first of these poems—"The Everlasting Mercy"—it was greeted with a storm of controversy, which was renewed when, some few months afterwards, "The Widow in the Bye Street" appeared. It is a significant fact, however, that the recent publication of the third poem—"Dauber"—in the pages of a contemporary has not been made the occasion for any further advance of hostilities. It is a significant fact, because it indicates that the critics who attempted, as it were, to stem the tide of the first two poems, because they did not conform to their well-established conceptions of art, have at length learnt the lesson that poetry is verily as the wind that bloweth where it listeth, and that, in whatever new form it may come, its onrush is irresistible.

And this is a lesson that very badly needed to be learnt. That poetry, more than other of the arts, cannot be cabined within the bars of convention or tradition is a fact that has often been repeated, but insufficiently realised. Throughout the life of Tennyson the danger was to keep the independent spirit of poetry cramped within well-defined limits and to guard it against contact with the market-place. England still lay under the shadow of Puritanism; and the poets of the period were essentially Puritanical towards their art. They may or may not have realised that there were gems to be gathered in the market-place. But, at all events, they were determined that they should lose those gems rather than face the dangers which the market-place must inevitably afford.

II.

With the death of Tennyson, however, came a movement of revolt. The country was beginning to fret against the cage of Puritanism; and poetry, which always has its finger upon the national pulse, began instantaneously to reflect the broadening of ideals. Mr. Kipling's was, perhaps, the first voice to sound the new note; and of this movement towards expansion, heralded by Mr. Kipling, Mr. Masefield is the supreme product. "That which the fountain sends forth returns again to the fountain"; and Mr. Masefield, nurtured in the new movement, now comes, as a loyal son, to bring that movement into its own. And he succeeds in bringing it into its own completely, so that the literary historian of the future will recognise in him the poet who shattered, once and for all, the fallacy of Art for Art's sake, and brought poetry out of the narrow creeks of exclusiveness into the broad main channel of life.

More than one critic, in discussing Mr. Masefield's work, has spoken of the loss of vision which it manifests. But the essential fact which Mr. Masefield's work illustrates is that poetry is increasing her vision. Hitherto poetry has been very timorous, and easily frightened by appearances. In her quest after beauty, she has spurned everything outwardly ugly; but Mr. Masefield has a vision that penetrates beneath the surface and sees the kernel of beauty within the coarsest shell.

Turn, for instance, to "The Everlasting Mercy." Here we have the story of the conversion of a village blackguard. This is a story that the Victorian poets would have deemed impossible of poetic treatment.

What, they would ask, has poetry to do with anything so crude and so repulsive to the cultured mind as the life of the coarsest drunkard and brawler? Even had they admitted that poaching and prize fighting could possibly come within the pale of Art, they would certainly have shrunk from the correspondingly coarse and almost brutally realistic passages in which Mr. Masefield describes them, and in which he does not even leave the man's oaths and curses to the reader's imagination.

III.

Now, no one would call these passages, in themselves, good poetry. Least of all would Mr. Masefield himself call them such. But instead of vaguely describing a drunken man, as it were, from the outside, they certainly suggest with marvellous subtlety the very inner self of the man. And, surely, no one who reads the poem in its entirety, as it is essential that such a poem should be read, could deny that these passages lend a double power to the exquisite pages in which, towards the end of the poem, Mr. Masefield catches, not the outward aspect, but, again, the very soul of the drunkard reformed.

Finer lyrical poetry than is to be found in the latter part of "The Everlasting Mercy" it would be hard to recall; and, coming as it does in sharp contrast to the earlier portion of the poem, it simply sweeps all before it. It sweeps all before it because it shows us the inside, and not the outside. Outwardly, the coarse man will still remain coarse after his conversion; but within his awakened soul there will ring the divine music of regeneration. It is this divinest of all music that Mr. Masefield catches; and he catches it as it was never caught before, because he knows that, in its first and finest ecstasy, that music rises from the ignominy and horror of the gutter, and he is not ashamed, as the poets have been ashamed, to seek it in the gutter.

The supreme miracle which life is able to work is to transform the gutter into the hill-top; and surely there can be no higher function for Art than to interpret the supreme miracle of life. And it would have been impossible for Mr. Masefield to achieve his effect by any other method than that which he has adopted.

If he had not shown us the raw material, he could still have shown us the fine fabric of spirituality into which the raw material can be woven. But if he had not shown us the raw material, he could not have shown us the miracle by which it comes thus to be woven. And it is the miracle that counts.

IV.

"The future of poetry is immense," said Matthew Arnold. And, after years of sterility, it is in Mr. Masefield's work that we find the first signs of the fulfilment of that prophecy. The future of poetry is immense, because poetry will no longer be confined, like a nun, to the cloister; she will go forth into the highways and byways of the world, and where apparently the soil is most stony she will reap some of her richest grain. Hitherto, to change the metaphor, she has been all too content to gather her roses from the rose tree; more and more she will come to realise that it is her purpose to make the very desert blossom with the rose.

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# THE "EDWIN DROOD" CONTROVERSY

I.

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"Edwin Drood" was written painfully, by one who had overtaxed his strength. The servant of the public was determined, at whatever cost to himself, to swell the reserve fund he had been accumulating for his large family, and to give his vast audience one more entertainment. In April, 1870, appeared the first monthly part of "The Mystery of Edwin Drood." Other two parts followed, and then, on June 8th, Dickens's great, kindly heart was stilled for aye. After his death three additional parts were issued by his friend and biographer, John Forster, but the remaining six were never forthcoming—only half the book had been written when Dickens laid down his weary pen.

II.

Dickens's last tale was a tale of mystery. Broken off in the middle as the story was, the mystery has been greatly intensified. Round its solution has been waged a controversy in which literary critics of high order have hastened to engage. And now Sir W. Robertson Nicoll, in a delightful volume entitled "The Problem of Edwin Drood" (London: Hodder and Stoughton, 3s. 6d.), has summarised the results of this long battle of the bookmen, and made valuable contributions of his own towards a satisfactory conclusion. Weighty as most of Sir W. Robertson Nicoll's arguments are, it would, however, be premature to hail his book as the "last word" on a subject which has already a bibliography with a hundred entries. Indeed, it would be almost a pity were so fascinating a problem ever finally unravelled.

III.

Before we consider the offered solutions of the Dickens scholars, it would be well, perhaps, to recall in bare outline what Dickens has himself told us in the fragment which he left. Edwin Drood, the novel informs us, is betrothed to Rosa Bud, not because they love one another, but because their dead fathers wished it so. Edwin's uncle, John Jasper, choirmaster of Cloisterham Cathedral, *does* love Rosa, secretly, desperately. Jasper professes the utmost affection for his nephew, and is universally respected. Neville and Helena Landless, twins, come to Cloisterham, and hot-blooded Neville, who falls under Rosa's spell, quarrels violently with Edwin, who is attracted by Helena. Jasper invites the young men to dine with him on Christmas Eve, ostensibly to effect a reconciliation. Edwin sees Neville home late that night—a terrible night of thunder, lightning and tempest—and disappears. Jasper, who has been long preparing to make away with Edwin and destroy the body in quick-lime, practically accuses Neville of murdering his nephew. Edwin's watch, chain and tie-pin are

found in a weir, but the evidence is insufficient to incriminate Neville. Jasper vows not to rest till he has brought the murderer to justice; but when the book stops abruptly, he himself is under keen observation by at least three people who entertain no love for him and have their suspicions. These are Deputy, an impish boy who has suffered for his interruption of one of Jasper's strange nocturnal visits to the Cathedral; an old woman in whose house in London Jasper smokes opium and lets fall dark hints in his terrible dreams; and Datchery, a character in disguise, who quarters himself near Jasper's house and the Cathedral, after Edwin's disappearance.

IV.

Everyone who reads the novel must see that Jasper murders, or believes he has murdered, Edwin. The problem—a multiplex one—is: How does Jasper effect his design; does he actually succeed in it; how is he eventually unmasked; who is Datchery; who is the opium woman; and how was the novel to end? Here we need only concern ourselves with the main question—Was Edwin really killed?

Some believe that Dickens had not made up his mind on this point when he died. When he began "Edwin Drood," had he any definite plot? Or did he write his novel as an English schoolboy generally writes an essay, starting off without first mapping out what the French boy calls his "plan"? Had Dickens been a scientific story-teller, as absorbed in the form of his novel as in its characters, he would probably have left us a complete scheme or framework of his last novel, but no finished chapters. As it was, the monthly-part system of publication led him into a hand-to-mouth habit of issuing one number of a story before the whole work, or (at times) even the succeeding instalment, was completed. Nevertheless, we cannot imagine that, till the end, Dickens was undecided whether or not to kill Edwin.

V.

Others, again, hold that Edwin had a miraculous escape from death, and was to reappear and confront his would-be assassin. Then they point to Dickens's non-committal title for the novel, "The Mystery of Edwin Drood," and the tentative titles—"The Flight of Edwin Drood" and "Edwin Drood in Hiding"—which Dickens noted down, *inter alia*, on August 20th, 1869. They point, further, to the original wrapper of "Edwin Drood" (designed under Dickens's own directions by his son-in-law, Charles A. Collins), whereon, among other vignettes, is a representation of Edwin lit up by a lamp held in Jasper's hand—a figure too substantial, they claim, to be intended as a ghost or the figment of an opium dream. And they emphasise the heading of Chapter XIV.: "When Shall These Three Meet Again?"—which introduces Neville, Edwin, and Jasper just before Jasper's fatal dinner-party.

VI.

Sir W. Robertson Nicoll has no difficulty in answering these and other arguments of the kind, and from a scholarly study of Dickens's MSS. and Dickens's methods as a novelist, he is able to reinforce by new evidence the already powerful case of those who maintain that Drood was undoubtedly done to death by his uncle. No sane reader could conscientiously plead for the insignificant Edwin's resurrection. If he came back to life he would find no proper place for himself in the novel. Dead, he dominates the whole story, like Shakespeare's "Julius Cæsar."

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## "IN A GERMAN PENSION"

"In a German Pension" is the somewhat deceptive title of a somewhat irritating book by Katherine Mansfield (London: Stephen Swift and Co.). The volume contains about a dozen short sketches, only half of which have anything to do with a Pension, and of these the scene might just as well be laid in a hotel. Katherine Mansfield in this work shows herself a realist with an acrid sense of humour and a turn for *risqué* sayings and situations. She sees, all too plainly, what Meredith called the "dirty drab" of life, and some of her storyettes—"The Child-who-was-tired," for instance—are excellent efforts of their kind. But our appreciation of their cleverness is apt to be spoiled by this misleading title; it is not what we had a right to expect when we opened the book.

As for the Pension scenes, they, too, are credibly realistic, and often amusing; but even though the sketches of "Germans at Meat," in "The Luft Bad," etc., depict the truth, and nothing but the truth, they certainly do not show the whole truth. No redeeming feature in German manners, habits, and character is portrayed, with the result that the book, besides giving reasonable ground for offence to Germans themselves, must annoy English-speaking people who know Germany, and prejudice those who don't.

## GIFT BOOKS

**The Uffizi Gallery.** With Fifty Reproductions in Colour. By P. G. Konody. 21s. net. (T. C. and E. C. Jack.)

This is a companion volume to the same publishers' "National Gallery" and "Louvre," and is in every respect worthy of its predecessors, and worthy of its subject. The Uffizi Gallery is, with the Vatican, the most important picture gallery of Italy, and, so far as Italian art is concerned, of the whole world. The volume contains fifty reproductions in colour of representative masterpieces, mainly Italian (forty-four), and these reproductions are a great improvement on earlier attempts. The text, by Mr. Konody, is an appropriate commentary on the illustrations, and is characterised by brevity and precision. Altogether the volume will be most welcome to booklovers in general, and to the student of Italian art in particular.

**Traditions of Edinburgh.** By Robert Chambers. Illustrated by James Riddel, R.S.W. 21s. net. (W. and R. Chambers.)

The "Traditions of Edinburgh," by Robert Chambers, one of the most distinguished of a famous line of publishers, appeared in 1825, at the conclusion of what may be called the golden age of Edinburgh, when the genius of Burns and Scott had made the Scottish capital one of the literary centres of Europe. After the lapse of eighty-seven years, Chambers' book still holds it own, and it has now become one of the historic documents of an historic city. But the present volume is not a mere reproduction of a classic. The striking drawings and paintings—excellently reproduced in colour—by Mr. James Riddel, make it virtually a new book. The artist, one of the most brilliant and most original of the younger Scottish school of painting, has admirably caught the spirit of Edinburgh, and has worthily maintained his reputation.

**Parsifal,** Retold from Ancient Sources. By T. W. Rolleston. Illustrated by Willy Pogany. 15s. net. (Harrap.)

Parsifal, quite apart from the epic of Wolfram and from the music of Wagner, will always remain one of the most beautiful legends of the Middle Ages. Mr. T. W. Rolleston gives us in this volume a new poetic version of the legend. Even those who would still prefer the spiritual symbolism of the old story must recognise the merits of Mr. Rolleston's rendering. Mr. Pogany's illustrations are in perfect harmony with the text, and the fantastic nature of the poem gives free play to his exuberant imagination. The book forms a notable addition to an already abundant Parsifal literature.

**Edinburgh.** By R. L. Stevenson. With 24 Illustrations in Colour by James Heron. 12s. 6d. net. (Seeley, Service and Co.)

The name of R. L. Stevenson is indissolubly associated with Edinburgh. None of her children have loved her more tenderly, and have made her more beloved and more honoured amongst men. The heroic invalid, whom the implacable east winds of the Scottish capital ultimately drove to the South Sea Islands, continued to the end of his days to yearn for the city whose climate had been so cruel to him in his youth. It is this passionate longing of the exile which lends additional interest and pathos to a book which for other reasons would still be one of Stevenson's most characteristic productions. The volume has appeared in many a garb, and has had many editions, but none more attractive than the present one, and none where the illustrations are so happily and so completely in unison with the style of the writer.

**The Cottages and the Village Life of Rural England.** By P. H. Ditchfield. With Coloured and Line Illustrations by A. R. Quinton. 21s. net. (J. M. Dent and Sons.)

This is an ideal Christmas presentation book. Its production has been to its authors a labour of love. Few men are better qualified than the Rector of Barkham to write on the rural life of England. Since he published, in 1890, "Our English Villages," he has issued many a volume on his favourite subject, but in "The Cottages and the Village Life of Rural England" he has given us his *chef-d'œuvre*. With tender and delicate minuteness he surveys every aspect of country life; he describes every detail of cottage structure; he reads a human and spiritual meaning into every external fact. And the reader closes the book in hearty agreement with the author that "there is no more beautiful thing on God's earth than the unspoilt English village." The pity and the pathos of it is that this picture of village life should be only like a vision of a lost paradise to the teeming millions of our cities.

No praise could be too high for the material production of the book, for the illustrations of Mr. Quinton, for the exquisite line drawings and the quiet and mellow colouring. The craft of the printer, the brush of the artist, and the style of the writer are so harmoniously blended that it is impossible to say whether Mr. Ditchfield wrote to interpret the exquisite pictures of Mr. Quinton, or whether Mr. Quinton drew his pictures to illustrate the mature wisdom of Mr. Ditchfield.

**The Story of My Heart.** My Autobiography. By Richard Jefferies. 7s. 6d. net. (Duckworth.)

"The Story of My Heart" is one of the most original autobiographies in the English language, and although it is in many ways a sad and even a depressing book, no other work of Richard Jefferies has passed through so many editions. This "édition de luxe" is sure to make a wide appeal. One may wonder why the publisher should have chosen this particular volume for illustration, and think that a spiritual autobiography hardly lends itself to pictorial representation; yet in illustrating "The Story of My Heart" the publishers are in no need of justification. Jefferies lived so entirely in communion with nature, and was so constantly influenced by nature's moods, that a representation of her external aspects, and of the scenes and surroundings amongst which he lived, cannot fail to give the key to his deeper emotions and to his most intimate thoughts. And Mr. E. W. Wayte has aptly chosen those aspects and those scenes which best interpret the author—although the coloured reproductions do not always do justice either to the artist or to the poet.

**Through Shen-kan.** By R. S. Clark and A. de C. Sowerby. 25s. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

This is an account of an American expedition organised by Mr. Robert Sterling Clark to the provinces of Shansi and Kansu. The book is a valuable addition to our knowledge of that little explored part of China. The photographs and illustrations are excellent. The letterpress is inadequate. Seventy-eight pages are hardly sufficient for a comprehensive survey of so considerable a part of the Chinese Empire.

(Continued on page 194.)

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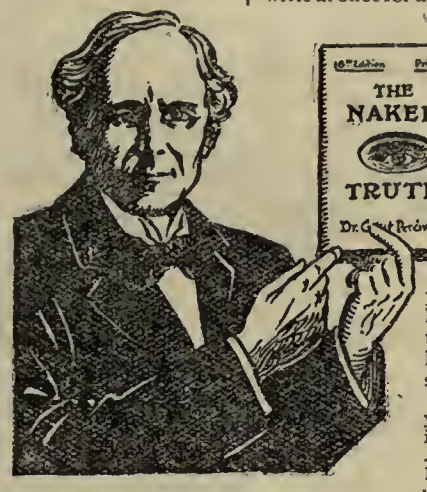


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**The Chequer Board.** By Sybil Grant. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

This is a volume of short stories by Lord Rosebery's daughter. The writer has neat gifts of style, observation, and wit, and her dramatic instinct is sure. Some of the tales are simply sketches of certain phases of modern life, but they are done with a strong, one had almost said a masculine, touch. Of the stories proper, "The Three-Cornered Secret" is easily the best. This is a tragic little story, in which the note of pathos is struck with fine feeling and restraint. The writer is successful also in her descriptions of the country, whether in Italy or "caravanning" in England, and the final sketch is an extremely witty piece of extravaganza. This book is the work of a shrewd, sympathetic, and witty observer of life. We shall hear more of Lady Sybil Grant.

**Out of the Wreck I Rise.** By Beatrice Harraden. 2s. (T. Nelson and Sons.)

In this novel Miss Harraden gives us a story of one of those men, common enough in fiction, who are thoroughly unscrupulous, but who seem to exercise an extraordinary influence over women—and good enough women at that. The tale runs the ordinary course—the women try to save the villain from the penalty of his misdeeds. The character of Adrian Steele is drawn with skill; but Tamar, one of the self-sacrificing women, is the most convincing person in the book.

**The Bandbox.** By Louis Joseph Vance. 6s. (Grant Richards.)

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Amelung, W. "The Museums and Ruins of Rome." Two vols. (Duckworth, 5s.)
Addams, Jane. "A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil." (Macmillan, 4s. 6d.)
Bellows. German Dictionary. (Longmans, Green, 6s.)
Brooks, Sydney. "Aspects of the Irish Question." (Maunsel, 3s. 6d.)
Beckley, F. "Marie Antoinette." (T. N. Foulis, 5s.)
Barclay, Florence. "The Upas Tree." (Putnam, 3s.)
"Business Positions—£300 a Year." (Newnes, 1s.)
Browning, Oscar. "Memories of Sixty Years." (John Lane.)
,, Robert. "The King and the Book." (Oxford University Press, 1s. 6d. and 2s.)
Bebel, August. "My Life." (Fisher Unwin, 7s. 6d.)
Blackwood, Algernon. "Jimbo." (Macmillan, 7d.)
Broughton, Rhoda. "Not Wisely, But Too Well." (Macmillan, 7d.)
Chesterton, Cecil. "Nell Gwyn." (T. N. Foulis, 5s.)
Coleridge, E. H. "Poems of Samuel T. Coleridge." (Oxford University Press, 2s.)
Clark, R. S., and A. de C. Sowerby. "Through Shên-Kan." (Fisher Unwin, 25s.)
Chalmers, Patrick R. "Green Days and Blue Days." (Maunsel, 3s. 6d.)
Cran, Gerhard. "Jean Jacques Rousseau." (Blackwood, 12s. 6d.)
Crawford, Marion. "Greifenstein." (Macmillan, 7d.)
Dyson, F. W. "Astronomy." (Dent.)
Daudet, Alphonse. "Lettres de Mon Moulin." Edited by H. C. Bradby and E. V. Rieu. (Clarendon Press, 2s. 6d.)
Dubois, L. Paul. "Contemporary Ireland." (Maunsel.)
Ellis, T. E. "Children of Don." (Arnold, 2s.)
"Eight Men Who Have Done It.—5s. a Week to £500 a Year." (Newnes, 1s.)
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Foerster, F. W. "Marriage and the Sex Problem." (Wells, Gardner, Darton and Co., 5s.)
Godard, André. "Christian Positivism." (W. Walker.)
Gordon, Allan Lindsay. "Poems." (Oxford University Press, 2s. and 1s. 6d.)
,, G. S. "English Literature and the Classics." (Clarendon Press, 6s.)
Harrison, Compton; D. F. Dickie. "Germany." (Black, 20s.)
Hügel, F. Von. "Eternal Life." (T. and T. Clark, 8s.)
Hughes, Spencer Leigh ("Sub Rosa"). "The English Character." (T. N. Foulis, 5s.)
Jefferies, Richard. "The Story of My Heart." (Duckworth, 7s. 6d.)
Johnson, R. Brimley. "Towards Religion." (Lindsay Press, 1s. and 1s. 6d.)
Kirtlan, Rev. Ernest J. B. "Sir Gawain and the Green Knight." (Kelly.)
Ker, W. P. "Collected Essays and Studies by Members of the English Association." Vol. III. (Clarendon Press, 5s.)
Legge, Edward. "King Edward in His True Colours." (Eveleigh Nash, 16s.)
Lorenzo de Medici. "Poesie Volgari." Two vols. (Dent.)
Lewis, Arthur D. "Syndicalism and the General Strike." (Fisher Unwin, 7s. 6d.)
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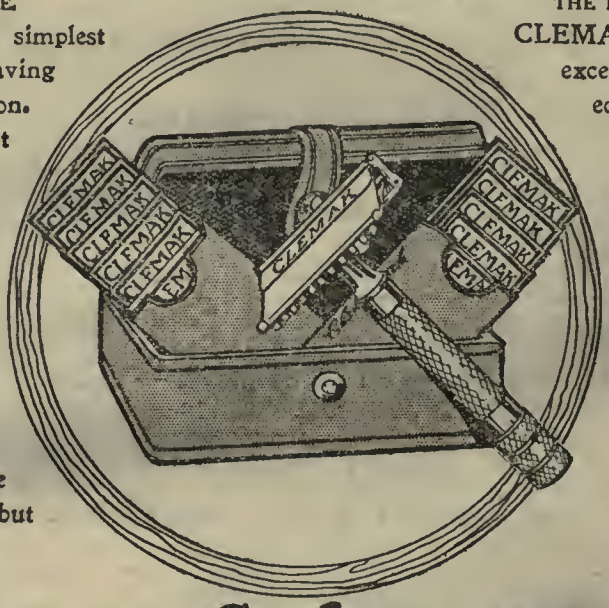


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# EVERYMAN

**His Life, Work, and Books.**

No. 7. Vol. 1. [REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O.] FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1912. One Penny.


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# HISTORY IN THE MAKING

## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

HOPES of an early peace which were entertained a week ago were swiftly dashed by the rejection by Turkey of the terms laid down by Bulgaria. Negotiations have been reopened, and the feeling prevails that a satisfactory settlement will be reached. Meetings of the Bulgarian and Turkish plenipotentiaries are being held. Meanwhile arrangements for an armistice are in progress. For the moment public attention is concentrated upon the Austro-Servian difficulty. Servian aspirations are distasteful to Austria, as may be seen from a statement made by the Servian Premier. It is absolutely essential, he says, that Servia should have about thirty miles of coast-line on the Adriatic, from Alessio to Durazzo. Inland, he demands a considerable part of Albania and Northern Macedonia, as well as Old Servia, so that quite half of the country inhabited by the Albanians in Turkey would be taken possession of by Servia and Montenegro. As Russia is supposed to favour Servia, it is easy to understand the critical nature of the situation. It is not known what military preparations are being made by the two Powers, though it is admitted that the Austrian warships in the East, with two exceptions, have been ordered to return to home waters.

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From an Austrian source it is announced that the railway service in Russian Poland, near the Austrian frontier, has been diminished. Meanwhile Germany is said to recommend to Austria a policy of moderation. From German sources, however, comes a denial of the war rumours. It is stated that the Powers are bending their energies to find a solution of the problems which confront them. Meanwhile suspicion has been aroused by the establishment of a Press censorship on all military matters in Austria-Hungary. Reports have been received of Turkish successes, but, though there has been fighting at Chatalja, it has not been on an extensive scale. At Adrianople the garrison has made another sortie, only to meet with repulse. The besiegers are said to be within a mile of the town. Terrible accounts are published of the ravages of cholera and the sufferings of the Turks at the Chatalja lines. According to a Sofia telegram, very extensive preventive measures against cholera have been taken. European specialists have been summoned, and a severe sanitary inspection has been established everywhere, especially at Chatalja.

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At a meeting of the General Confederation of Labour in Paris against the war in the Balkans a resolution was adopted in favour of the principle of a general strike of twenty-four hours with the object of measuring the strength of the Confederation. The date of the strike will be fixed later.

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At a meeting at Nottingham the Prime Minister, referring to the disorderly scenes in the House of Commons, said such scenes were fatal to the first principles of Parliamentary and Constitutional government. The Government, he announced, was engaged upon a scheme for the reconstitution of the House of Lords. It was their intention to carry out the programme they had laid down.

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At the concluding meeting of the Council of the National Liberal Federation resolutions were passed expressing confidence in the Government and in favour of closer relations with Germany.

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Large estates are being broken up in consequence, it is said, of recent taxation. This is the reason given by Viscount Hythe for selling part of his estate. The burden of recent taxation, he explains, made it impossible for anyone who derived an income from land to live in the ancestral home.

Mr. Carnegie has extended his philanthropic efforts to the ex-Presidents of the United States. He has offered to provide a pension of £5,000 for ex-Presidents and their widows, so long as they remain unmarried.

---

According to Mr. John Burns, President of the Local Government Board, Ireland in the ten years 1901-11 had emigrated 336,000 people, or .131 per cent. of its natural increase, which was 263,000. From 1851 to 1911 4,218,000 Irish people had left Ireland, or 81 per cent. of its average population. With regard to Scotland, according to figures they had been able to secure, that country, for the first time, he thought, for a hundred years, was showing this year an emigration considerably beyond its natural increase.

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It was stated in the Speech from the Throne, at the opening of the Canadian Parliament, with reference to the official deliberations on naval defence which took place in London, that conditions had been disclosed which rendered it imperative that the effective naval forces of the Empire should be strengthened without delay. A Bill would be introduced to afford reasonable and necessary aid for that purpose.

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Mr. Taylor, the Liberal candidate, has been returned for Bolton by a majority of 1,176. He polled 10,011 votes, against 8,835 by Mr. Brooks, Unionist.

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The death is announced of Mr. Monypenny, the biographer of Disraeli. The second volume of the work appeared quite recently.

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Parts of Jamaica have been swept by a disastrous storm. A tidal wave is reported to have practically destroyed the towns of Savanna-la-Mar and Lucea. In a hurricane forty-two people were killed.

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The Czar has sent a message to his mother, the Empress Marie of Russia, stating that his son and heir has completely recovered from his illness, and that no fear of a relapse is entertained.

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There are forty-six American labour leaders on trial in Indianapolis, charged with instigating dynamite outrages. Great importance is attached to the evidence of the witness McManigal, who turned State's evidence in the trial of the brothers McNamara in Los Angeles.

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A blue-book has been issued, giving statistics of compensations and of proceedings under the Workmen's Compensation Act and Employers' Liability Act during 1911. In the seven great industries dealt with the total sum paid in compensation was £3,058,404, compared with £2,700,325 in 1910.

---

An important discussion took place in the House of Commons on Monday night on Home Rule finance, over the Government's proposal to amend the financial provisions of the Bill so as to prevent the Irish Parliament from reducing Customs duties. An amendment to leave out of Clause 15 the power to vary in any way any Imperial tax so far as respected the levy of that tax in Ireland was rejected by a majority of 117.

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It is stated that nearly 400 of the Young Turk party have been arrested in Constantinople and in various towns of the Empire and have been exiled to Koniah. Among those arrested are three generals.

# THE CASE AGAINST THE EUGENIST

AT different stages of our political history different ideas have been entertained with regard to social progress. At one time, notably during the revolutionary epoch, social progress, as understood by writers like Rousseau and Paine, was only possible by substituting for the rule of monarchs, aristocrats, and priests the sovereignty of the people. As the result of the reaction caused by the French Revolution, Bentham and the Philosophic Radicals thought the sovereignty of the People, and consequently social progress, could best be secured by means of an extended franchise. J. S. Mill saw that behind the political factor was another more powerful, the economic. He saw that in the hands of the people political power would be used to secure their economic emancipation. This, which may be termed the Socialistic method, has now to contend with what may be called the Biological method. Taking their stand on Darwinism, representatives of this method tell us that social progress can only be reached through the survival of the fittest.

Thus do Calvinism with its doctrine of Supernatural Selection, and Darwinism with its theory of Natural Selection, join hands. Following on the same lines, the new science of Eugenics would stop Nature's waste by the propagation of the fit; if need be, by legislative methods according to the gospel of heredity. Evidence exists to show that environment exercises a more potent influence than Eugenists are disposed to allow. In many instances physical defectiveness is traceable to a wretched environment in childhood, and, with the removal of the child to healthier surroundings, the physical balance is restored. A Scottish Poor Law inspector has given it as his opinion that, provided you take the children of dissolute parents early enough away from their slum surroundings, they cannot be said to suffer at all from their birth environment. He supports his view by figures, which go to show that, out of some 630 children sent by him to the country, and kept under close observation for years, only twenty-three turned out bad. Important testimony was given before the Interdepartmental Committee on Physical Deterioration by Dr. Eicholz, one of H.M. Inspectors of Schools. He says: "There is little, if anything, to justify the conclusion that neglect, poverty, and parental ignorance, serious as their results are, possess any marked hereditary effect, or that heredity plays any significant part in establishing the physical degeneration of the poorer population."

It is a remarkable fact that those engaged in rescue work in the slums are more hopeful of what are called the degenerate masses than those who are devoted to scientific study of the problem. Dr. Chappin, of the children's department of the Graduates' Hospital, New York, investigated 600 cases of children admitted to that institution. He says: "They are a sorry lot, gathered together from the slums of New York, and suffering from maimed, dwarfed, and depleted bodies, but when their history is carefully traced out it was found that only twenty-two of the 600 were badly born." A great scientific authority, Mr. Archdall Reid, who has made a special study of heredity, comes to the conclusion that if we could abolish the slums a good improvement would take place in the human breed. By means of what has been called Social heredity, men's natures are moulded less and less by ancestral qualities, and more and more by social influence.

HECTOR MACPHERSON.

# CONSTANTINOPLE FOR CHRISTENDOM

## BY REV. PERCY DEARMER

I.

It was very curious to notice how, at the outbreak of the war, the Press of Europe (excluding that of Russia and the Allied States) used the word "sentiment." The annual massacre of thousands of Macedonian Christians, the patriotic aspirations of the four States, the fact that they had become highly civilised and progressive nations since their emancipation from Turkish oppression, the racial ambitions of the Hellenes and Slavs, the wonderful religious constancy of the Orthodox during five centuries of ceaseless persecution, the resulting aspirations of the Orthodox peoples—all these were "sentimental" factors, not to be allowed for by such serious business men as the diplomatists and financiers of Europe. So too with the responsibility of England, because she at the Berlin Congress had put the peoples of Macedonia back under the Ottoman yoke for another thirty-four years of massacre. This bitter moral truth was also "sentiment," and the English Press has been strangely silent about it—because of diplomatic considerations, no doubt. Still more "sentimental" were the august historical facts that lie behind the welter of the Ottoman invasion, which for a thousand years has marred the glory of Christendom and ruined the prosperity of the Mediterranean peoples. One hardly dared to allude to such ultra-sentimental considerations as that the chief church of Christendom, St. Sofia, compared with which St. Peter's and St. Paul's are mushrooms, the most beautiful church in the world, the place to which Russians and Greeks alike look as their mother, is a mosque, and as the result of Turkish neglect is beginning to fall down.

Yet these "sentimental" considerations include all that makes life worth living, most that men really care about, and almost all that differentiates us from the animals. Surely the materialistic and immoral traditions of diplomacy need revising in the light of the fact that twentieth-century man declines to be a "hog of the epicurean herd," and continues to be human and humane, and a spiritual being. If Europe had forgotten it, the Balkan States have reminded Europe that history and idealism, poetry and the half-forgotten dreams of a glorious art exist; that the brotherhood of races, the community of religions are not obsolete factors; that it is still possible for nations to burn with righteous indignation for the wrongs done to brethren under an alien rule, and to remember the lash under which their forefathers writhed.

II.

Europe shuddered when King Ferdinand proclaimed this war as a war between the Cross and the Crescent. It hastened to rebuke him, as it had rebuked the States when they began the war. The idea of a revival of chivalry and of the crusading spirit was horrible to our diplomats, who are used to regarding war as an affair between the financiers. But the King was right. It *is* a war between the Cross and the Crescent. It is not a war between one race and another. We all like the Turk. What is wrong with him is his religion—its cruelty, its intolerance, its obscurantism, and its fatalism. There are other peoples in Europe who are of the same stock as the Ottoman and come from the same part of Asia, and they are amongst the most cultivated peoples in the world; but they have had many centuries of Christian training. Our Mohammedan fellow-subjects in India and Egypt know perfectly the significance of that "sentimental" fact that the Crescent surmounts the dome of St. Sofia. They know how vastly Islam has profited from the possession of Constantinople; and they know that the doom of the Pan-Islam movement is being pronounced by the Balkan guns. Some short-sighted politicians have imagined that ill will come to the British Empire by the Moslem discomfiture. Would that all our politicians read their history books! Nothing would have jeopardised our rule in India and Egypt so much as a defeat of the Balkan States, or—if it had been conceivable—a recovery of Christian territory by the Turk.

III.

But the recovery of Europe for the Europeans is not yet complete. The fate of Constantinople, the crown of all, is yet undecided. It is still the correct thing to hope that the city founded by the first Christian Emperor, the city which preserved Christian civilisation through the dark ages, the city through which Christianity has spread from Kieff to Vladivostok, shall remain the capital of the Mohammedan world, and that the finest city in Europe should continue Asiatic.

I venture to think that this is bad diplomacy, both for sentimental reasons and for the less practical reasons of what we call "practical politics." For instance, Europe now has a chance of settling the Turkish Question once for all and without further bloodshed. If Constantinople remains under its present masters, that question will not be settled. Eastern Europe has long suffered from a malignant disease. The Powers tried to plaster it. Now the severe mercy of the surgeon's knife is applied. But let us remember that if we close up the wound, leaving this root of the ancient malady still embedded among the tissues, the disease will break out again. There will be need again of the surgeon's knife, and another war.

Will Turkey indeed be able to rule Constantinople? What did she make of the task even in the days of her power, either under Hamidianism or under Young Turkism? Just before the war broke out, an eminent English architect wrote to the papers with the news that the walls of St. Sofia were beginning to crack, and that, unless something were done, Justinian's noble church would perish. Perhaps it is sentimental to care about the loss of one of the world's most beautiful possessions; but at least the fact is significant. The finest church in the world is a Turkish mosque, and yet all the intelligent books about it are by European Christians, and an English architect appeals to the West to prevent it crumbling away in the incompetent hands of those who took it from Europe.

IV.

Things have been thus for generations, and are so still. At this moment the warships of the Powers have steamed into the Bosphorus because the present owners of Constantinople could not be relied upon to keep order in their own capital—because its Moslem population, accustomed for generations to regard the massacre of Christians as a natural and meritorious act, would break loose again unless Europe came in to prevent their savagery. If there are any who can cheerfully

tolerate the prospect of Constantinople remaining in Turkish hands, they should at least reflect upon the fact that those hands are less able than ever to-day to give it even the semblance of government which it has possessed in the past.

Yet Constantinople has not been even in the past a Moslem city: out of a population of 873,565, according to recent estimates, the Moslems only numbered 384,910; and in the future their number, whatever happens, must be still less. The city has only to be put under democratic rule, and the Ottoman domination will *ipso facto* cease. Will this be a bad thing even for the Turk? He has proved himself a good servant, but an incomparably bad master—most horribly cruel and yet incapable of maintaining order, dealing out misery to Christians and yet failing to secure prosperity for his own people. The Mohammedans of India have a finer history and a more advanced civilisation than the Turkish race, which has never produced a great man or woman, apart from the barbarian chiefs of old time; yet our Indian Moslems are not a ruling race. As long ago as 1876, Professor Lorimer wrote a paper, showing the wisdom of treating Constantinople as a free international city, and he said:—

"I would make of the Turk all that a civilised man can ever make of a barbarian—namely a pupil. I would treat the dear fellow—dear to us in so many senses—with considerate kindness; but I would give up the farce of pretending that he was *sui juris*, when, if not in his dotage, he was plainly in his minority, and send him to school."

The time is ripe indeed for Europe to come by her own again—Europe, Christendom, civilisation. And not Europe only: the ancient magnificent civilisation which was built up round the Mediterranean Sea in the ages before Christ, and has been a ruin since the Moslem hordes overran it, will surely be recovered. Not Constantinople only and Thessalonica, but still older glories can be revived, and we may live to see in Africa a new Carthage and a new Cyrene, in Asia a new Troy, a new Ephesus, Rhodes, Tarsus, Antioch, Tyre, Damascus, and (if it be not too sentimental) a new Jerusalem.

* * *

## "WESTWARD HO!" AGAIN

### A REJOINDER BY MGR. BENSON

IT would be an impossible task—from mere want of space—to answer point by point all the various criticisms that have been made upon my recent article on "Westward Ho!" They have ranged from the old exploded charge against the Jesuits that they "do evil that good may come"—a charge answered continually and completely again and again in tracts of the Catholic Truth Society—down to historical statements about the Inquisition. I can only refer my courteous critics, who, I am sure, only desire to know the facts, to those same excellent little publications. A note to that Society, in Southwark Bridge Road, London, with a shilling or two enclosed, will bring back an astonishing amount of literature, with chapter and verse given for the assertions there made.

It appears then more profitable that I should answer the *general* rather than the *particular* criticisms that have been made; and Mr. Candlish's recent article, entitled "A Reply to Mgr. Benson," seems to sum them up very adequately.

Now Mr. Candlish really gives himself away entirely in his bald statement that the struggle in the sixteenth century was a "battle between that principle on which the whole fabric of the modern world is reared—the freedom of the human soul . . . and a gigantic religious and political tyranny which, had it prevailed, would inevitably have thrust men back to the dark ages." No one expects, as Mr. Candlish says, the "accuracy of a photograph" from an historical novel: no one would object to minor mistakes or omissions, if the novel is, in the main, a just sketch of the period and of the principles involved. But it was precisely this assumption that I challenged; and I showed that, in order to justify this frightful caricature of the truth, Kingsley was compelled, perhaps unconsciously, to manipulate verifiable facts. For instance, how could "liberty of conscience" be all on one side, and "tyranny" on the other, if Elizabeth, the defender of Private Judgment, racked and disembowelled men whose only crime was that their Private Judgment in matters of religion differed from her own? Therefore Kingsley omitted to mention that those things were done. How can it be made reasonable that Campion, the gentle Christian orator, should be on the side of "darkness," and Topcliffe, the inhuman torturer, on the side of light? Very simply, says Mr. Kingsley; make Campion a sneaking fool, and omit all mention of Topcliffe. So, too, with politics. It is desired to show that England is the home of liberty and Spain of slavery. Therefore Mr. Kingsley makes his Englishmen bold and bright champions of truth and freedom, and his Spaniards gloomy and sinister figures, with a few sparkles on them, as of light on dark and blood-stained armour.

My own point is that there was some real good on both sides, and that that appallingly sweeping judgment of Mr. Kingsley (and of Mr. Candlish) is both prejudiced and untrue. I entirely agree that there were horrors done by Catholic persons in the name of Catholicism; I only drew attention to the fact that other horrors done by Protestants in the name of Protestantism were either omitted altogether in "Westward Ho!" or slurred over, or actually justified; *and that Kingsley could only support his thesis by playing fast and loose with facts.*

It is, then, on Mr. Candlish's "broad ground" that I join issue with him. I do not hope to convert him from his view that the present age, with its Pharisaism, its irreligion, its child-murder, its lamentable social conditions—things traceable directly to Protestantism—is the age of light and liberty; and that the middle ages, with their faith, their charity, their zeal for God, are the ages of darkness. This is his thesis, and this is Mr. Kingsley's. And it was in order to show that this thesis is the underlying objective of "Westward Ho!" that I wrote my article. I am glad that Mr. Candlish agrees with me.

* * *

## THE SEA

QUIVERING in deep shadow far away,
In mystic vastness to an unknown goal,
Wild as youth's visions in its endless roll,
Yet lapsing in a scintillating play,
Its waves, ere dashing in a heedless fray,
Its loneliness is like a desolate soul—
Grand and bewildering, yet without control,
That lives to mock and spurn our little day.

O heaving billows of a mighty world!
Your clasp is death; your teeth, that scorns the wind,
Shall pierce and devastate an unknown snare,
And yet your radiance, like a hope unfurled,
Shall lull the restless shadows of the mind,
And flash its glory on imprisoned care!

—ISIDORE G. ASCHER.

# THE MASTER OF THE HOBBY HORSE—LAURENCE STERNE

ONCE more we have Sterne set before us—this time by the deft hand of Mr. Walter Sichel, and in a study so subtle and sympathetic as to make us all his debtors. Sterne is the Immortal Casual of our literature. Subject him to police supervision, and he can be made to appear as the veriest wastrel of the street. At the gruff bidding of the Puritan he is being perpetually "moved on." But see in him the tramp of genius, battered somewhat, no doubt, and shaky on his spindle shanks, yet, even as he twirls a brimless hat, watching you with a certain shrewd, pathetic mockery out of the corner of a moist eye, and your hand goes at once into your pocket. You feel that you cannot send this arch and fascinating pilgrim to the Charity Organisation Society. You can't even suggest the hospital, for his cough has a chuckle hidden somewhere in the very bosom of its huskiness. This is the tramp of tramps, embarked on life's sentimental journey.

Mr. Sichel is not a learned biographer—though he has learned enough and to spare. He does not seek to take Sterne into custody. Rather, he earns our gratitude by going on tramp with him. "The moles have been busy with the firefly, but the dancing, gleaming thing eludes their patience." Mr. Sichel follows the will-o'-the-wisp, knowing that capture is impossible. What we have, then, is an impressionist study of a "romantic impressionist." Mr. Sichel has some interesting pages on impressionism. "Music and the Bible," he tells us, "founded impressionism." And he puts on record Sterne's daily reading of the one and his passion for the other. We believe this to be sound criticism. Romance and Impressionism are closely allied. For the spirit of Romance, for which the boundaries of life do not exist, which feels itself everywhere in touch with the things that warm and move, and thrill and awe, which is sensitive to the supernatural environment that lies so near to the heart of life even while giving hints of worlds and worlds beyond, must choose the impressionist method for its expression. Impressionism cannot give us abstractions or propositions, but it can give us the laughter and colour and sadness of life. It is not to be wondered at that a classicist like Johnson did not appreciate Sterne. For Sterne was opening a new chapter in our literature. To Johnson, "Tristram Shandy" was only an "odd" thing. "Nothing odd," he said, "will do long." Well, it was an odd thing in a world still under the Pope régime. But it certainly was not an odd thing in the sense of being freakish or slipshod or haphazard.

As a matter of fact, Sterne had a very definite ideal of literary method. He speaks of "the insensible more or less," which "determines the precise line of beauty in the sentence, as well as in the statue." "How," he goes on, "do the slight touches of the chisel, the pencil, the pen, the fiddlestick, et cætera, give the true swell, which gives the true pleasure! O my countrymen, be nice, be cautious of your language, and never, O never let it be forgotten upon what small particles your eloquence and your fame depend." Here, not without the characteristic whimsicality, Sterne gives us something of the secret of his art. No writer knew better the value of the "insensible more or less," the magical power of the touch that gives the final impression of humour or pathos.

Sterne presents two challenges to us. He challenges the moral faculty and the literary, inviting us either to pronounce judgment or to experience delight. He is the wiser man who pays attention chiefly to the latter, and who will decline either to be Sterne's apologist or to put him in the pillory.

For why should we put Sterne in the pillory? He had, as we say, rather a poor chance in life. Home meant nothing to him in the years when it means most. At eighteen he lost his father, and a mother's gracious influence had no part in his life. Then he was phthisical. "Poor, sick-headed, sick-hearted Yorick . . . worn down to a shadow . . . going to waste on a restless bed, where he will turn from side to side a thousand times." He knew what it was to awake and find his bed deluged with blood. Further, he knew what it was to find fame, for the first time, at forty-six. And, last of all, he was Sterne—Sterne living in the very heart of the eighteenth century. It is not a problem in ethics that Sterne presents to us so much as a study in temperament. God made him, and he had his place in this boundlessly hospitable world. "His character was,—he loved a jest in his heart—and as he saw himself in the true point of ridicule, he would say he could not be angry with others for seeing him in a light in which he strongly saw himself." "You may estimate your capacity for comic perception," writes Meredith, "by being able to detect the ridicule of those you love, without loving them less: and more by being able to see yourself somewhat ridiculous in dear eyes, and accepting the correction their image of you proposes." Surely Sterne met this test proposed by the subtle student of the Comic Spirit. His humour had love in it, and so never became mockery. Therefore he must be forgiven much. He has been convicted of many things. He was, for example, a great plagiarist. Yes, we suppose he was. In the library of Crazy Castle, his friend Hall Stevenson's mansion, he devoured much literature, and gave it forth again. But what he touched he adorned. If Sterne did his borrowing in Crazy Castle, he made his repayments in the House of Sanity, where, after all, all good literature is produced. The man who once read in a book, "To a shorn sheep God gives wind by measure," and then wrote down, "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," was no common pickpocket. The coppers he took became gold in his hand. But Sterne was Sterne, and, in his own words, "he stands accountable to a Judge of whom he will have no cause to complain."

Sterne, Mr. Sichel tells us, "presents at least three literary faces." The one "is turned towards his hobby-horses . . . the second, alas! towards the Crazy Brotherhood. . . . But the third, and greatest, towards human nature." This is true, but may it not be added that Sterne's philosophy of the Hobby Horse is part of his kindly, whimsical treatment of human nature? "So long as a man rides his hobby-horse peaceably and quietly along the king's highway, and neither compels you or me to get up behind him—pray, sir, what have either you or I to do with it?" Sterne had to admit that sometimes he took a longer journey on his hobby-horse than "what a wise man would altogether think right." "But the truth is," he added, "I am not a wise man." Yet, as he rode, he saw life in his own way, and left pictures that will endure. He has placed on the great stage, so gloriously crowded with the creations of genius, some characters who have a place of their own, and whom we would not miss. They are not great characters; yet nevertheless we seek them out. We never fail to know them, and they never disappoint us. And Sterne loved them. Be it put to his credit that he went on his knees to My Uncle Toby. There we have Sterne at his best, and it is a good best. W. R. T.

# THE SERVILE STATE BY HILAIRE BELLOC

THE Editor of EVERYMAN has asked me to put very briefly before his readers the idea which I have attempted to put forward at greater length in my book, "The Servile State," which Messrs. Foulis and Co. have just published at a shilling, and of which a notice has already appeared in his columns. I am very happy to do so, and I think the idea is both of sufficient interest and capable of sufficient defence to make it worthy of attention.

What I have tried to show in that book is that the kind of legislation to which we are growing accustomed in this country under the name of "Social Reform" is making for the re-establishment of compulsory labour to be imposed upon the large majority now in receipt of wages for the benefit of the minority now in possession of land and capital.

A society in which any considerable body of men can thus be compelled to labour by positive law to the advantage of others is a servile society—that is, it is a society containing within itself the institution of slavery; and once you have a society so constructed the production of wealth in that society, and the ideas and laws controlling it, will all turn upon the admitted presence (under whatever name) of slaves. The slavery of the majority contrasted with the freedom of the minority will be the special note of such a condition of affairs; and that is why I have spoken of the State in which that contrast may appear as "The Servile State."

When one puts it baldly thus in a few words the forecast is so novel (and, to most people, so shocking) that it seems to bear very little relation to the world as we now know it. Certainly no one is *consciously* working for an end of that kind; no one wants to re-establish slavery, nor do I imagine for a moment that when slavery is as a fact re-established it will be called by its old title. My point is that *in spite* of the immediate intentions of those who propose and carry through these reforms, slavery will come about indirectly as the result of the changes they effect.

In order to see this we must first consider the state of society in which we live, and why all thoughtful men are desirous of changing it.

We live in a state of society in which the *means of production* (that is, capital and land) belong to a fraction of the free citizens composing that society. The great majority possess no land nor the instruments whereby things necessary to their livelihood can be produced; or at least they do not possess such instruments in any useful amount. Now, such a state of affairs has never been known before in the history of the world, and of its nature it cannot possibly last. It cannot last, because it suffers from two mortal defects:—

First: it leaves a great number of the free citizens in *insufficiency*, i.e., *insufficiently* provided with the mere necessaries of life; and though this number is a minority, and a minority upon the size of which people will differ according to their definition of "necessaries," yet it is a very large minority—one which has rapidly increased in modern times, and one which threatens to increase further. Secondly: this restriction among free men of the control of the means of production within the hands of a fraction of them leaves the rest suffering from a perpetual *insecurity*. They are not sure of their daily bread, and they suffer from a more or less constant anxiety for their future.

It is important to note that these two prime evils of *insufficiency* and *insecurity* do not proceed from the single fact that land and capital are owned by a few. That in itself does not necessarily produce insufficiency and insecurity. They proceed from the fact that this possession by a few is combined with the political liberty of all. Those who control the stores of food are free to distribute those stores as they will, in exchange for the labour of those who have no food. The same is true of clothing; and the same is true of housing. At the same time, the dispossessed who need these necessaries, and have them not, are free to make any terms they like for obtaining them in exchange for their labour, so they jostle and oust and starve one another in the fight for "employment." It is this condition of *freedom* in combination with ownership by a few which produces the whole difficulty, and neither the one condition nor the other by itself, but only both together in combination, gave rise to that difficulty.

Now, to put an end to this intolerable strain (which has lasted but a very short time as the life of a nation goes), the chief proposal which has been put forward by theorists is that proposal called *Socialism*, which means the control of the means of production by the political officers of the community, or, to put it in ordinary language, the politicians. According to this solution, we should all be set to work at producing things necessary to our lives, and those who would set us to work in this fashion would be local or national officials, in whose hands capital and land would be put, to be held in trust for the community. Democratic Socialists would add that these officials should be elected by the people whom they ordered about, and many still seem to hope, in spite of experience, that election would secure some sort of efficient control over such officials by the people!

The theoretical advantages or disadvantages of such a system are of little importance, because, as a matter of fact, there is not the faintest indication of any such arrangement coming into being, and that for the following reason:—

It is evident that before you could get Socialism at work you would have to take away the land and the capital of England from those who now own them. But that is exactly what no one is attempting to do or dreaming of doing. And the reason that no one is attempting to do it or dreaming of doing it is twofold. First: when it comes to a practical experiment men instinctively shrink from the injustice of confiscation. Secondly: it is a great deal harder to destroy a possessing class than it is to regulate the way in which that possessing class shall behave. When the Socialist is put in a position to make a new law or to suggest the drafting of a new regulation to those in power, he never attempts confiscation, because he dare not and cannot. The only thing he does attempt (and that successfully) is to regulate the relations between the possessor—whom he leaves in possession—and the dispossessed—whom he leaves dispossessed.

The Social Reformer is concerned to get rid of insecurity and insufficiency. He *could*, of course, get

rid of them by the catastrophic method of confiscation coupled with public ownership, but as there is another, and far easier, way, he invariably follows the line of least resistance and takes that easier way. That easier way consists in a multitude of small betterments, each tending to reduce the elements of insecurity. *But all these small betterments, taken in the lump, converge to re-establish compulsory labour.* Thus the Socialistic Reformer, unable to confiscate, thinks it a fine thing to establish a minimum wage. But when that is done, those who are economically unable to earn the minimum wage, and are yet not allowed to compete in the labour market, must be kept alive somehow; hence the "labour colony" and the Minority Report.

The same reformer will prevent industrial disorganisation by making arbitration compulsory; but a verdict rendered after a compulsory arbitration is a verdict imposing compulsory labour.

He will arrange that proletarian insecurity due to sickness shall be cancelled by a system of insurance; but that system he will connect with a poll-tax on the workers, and he will put into the hands of the capitalist class the collection of the poll-tax; *and he will make registration compulsory on the poor.*

He will maintain a poor man during unemployment, but only under condition that he shall *compulsorily* accept—under penalty of a fine or worse—"employment" (that is, work to the advantage of the capitalist class) when it is offered to him.

It is impossible within the very short space of such an article as this to do more than sketch in the briefest manner the line of argument I have developed in my book; nor is it even possible in such a short space to put even that bare outline in simple terms and in logical sequence. In general, let me say, my thesis is that there are but three solutions for the present unstable and manifestly moribund organisation of industry. Those three solutions are:—

(1) A return to well divided ownership (which has nothing whatever to do with the idea of petty industry, peasant proprietorship, the small workshop, or any other form of disassociated capital). That is what we used to have and might have again—most men owning capital and land.

(2) The putting of the means of production into the hands of public officials, who shall distribute the produce so that all are secure and maintained. That is Socialism. Or

(3) The re-establishment of compulsory labour, which shall leave the possessors in the enjoyment of rent and interest and profit, and shall leave the dispossessed as dispossessed as ever, but shall have the effect of obtaining a regular and sufficient supply of necessaries for the dispossessed. That is the Servile State.

I may add that a great part of my thesis in my book, "The Servile State," is given up to the historical side of the subject. Slavery was the accepted basis of industry for countless generations among men of our race. It disappeared but very slowly and, as it were, unconsciously, in a process lasting nearly a thousand years. It disappeared under the influence of the Christian Church. It would seem to me to be a fair probability (though, of course, not a logical conclusion) that with the recession of the Christian Church the institution of slavery should return.

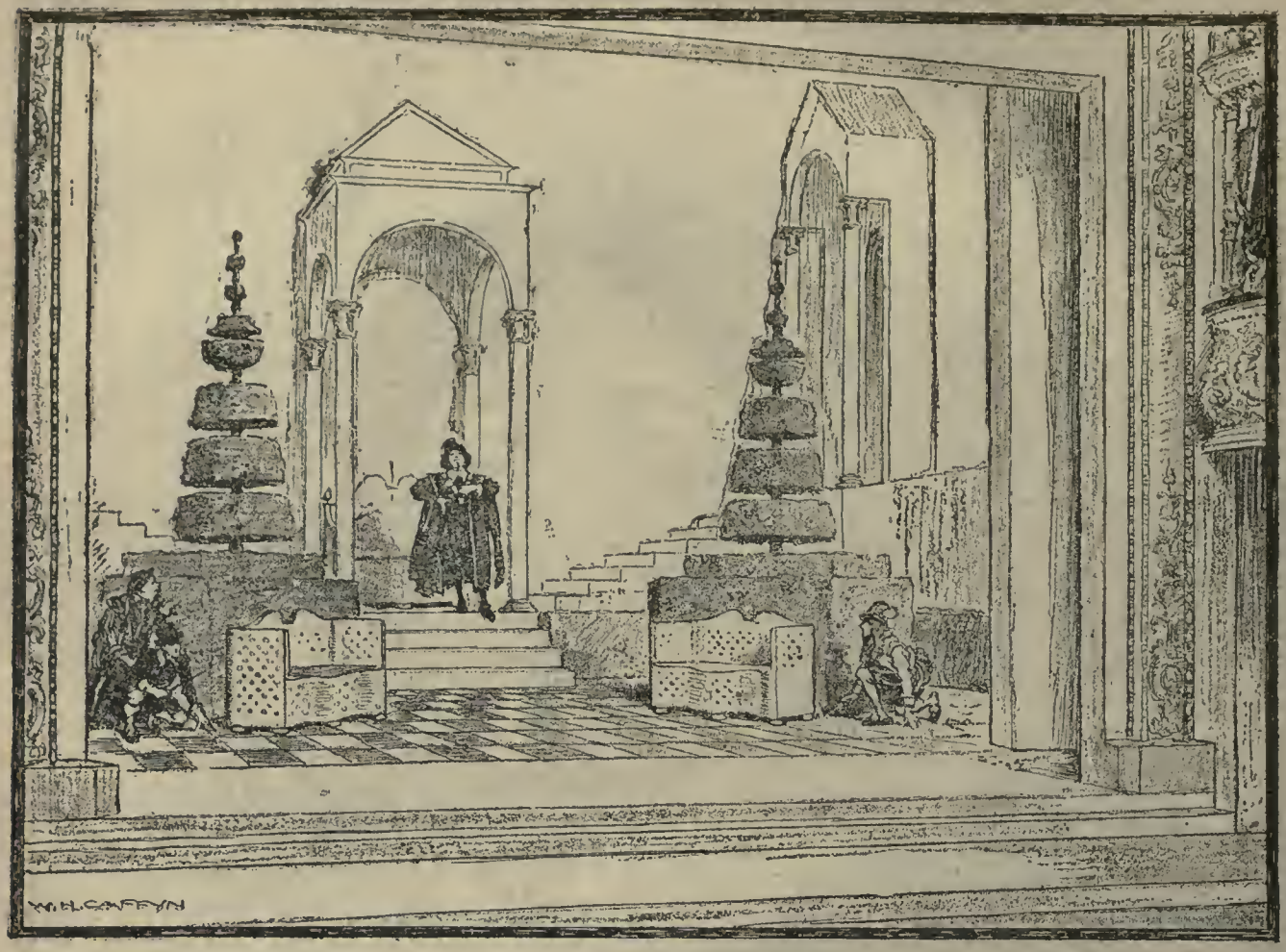
Finally, I show in this book that the most powerful instrument working in favour of that return of slavery is the idea the modern British industrial proletariat now have that it would be better off under a system of compulsory but regularised labour than it is under the present conditions of freedom without food.

# THE COMMONS IN DURESS

THE High Court of Parliament lies under duress. Laden with an unwonted burden of legislation, and flouted in these latter days by an ungovernable Opposition, it cries out for relief. The tyranny of party-spirit has bereft it of nearly every opportunity of independent decision, and has laid the heavy shackles of obedience to the party Whips, on *both* sides, upon all but the most resolute of private members; and recent events have revealed the impotence of the House of Commons to suppress organised disorder, and the still more astonishing impotence to correct a mistaken decision. We are not for the moment concerned with the political merits of the question at issue; but we *are* concerned with the prestige of the House of Commons, which is the vital question obscured by the dust and heat of the struggle.

From the scandalous incident of November 7th two salient points emerge. *First*, there is no machinery in the rules of the House by which any decision can be reversed in any one session. The plain man will say at once: "If there isn't, there ought to be; and the sooner the House provides itself with something of the kind the better for all concerned." The plain man is right, and to those who plead that the present procedure is the accumulated wisdom of British Parliamentarians from early times till now, we must reply, "The procedure was made for the House, not the House for the procedure; and when old ways lead to trouble, better ways must be found. Parliament must not be ruled by the 'dead hand.'" *Second*, under present rules the House is powerless against organised disorder. The Speaker can, indeed, suspend individual members who resort to riot; but when a group or, *a fortiori*, a whole party creates a kind of orderly pandemonium by chanting the refrain of "Adjourn! Divide! Adjourn! Divide!" loud enough to drown a speaker's voice, it is, strange to say, acting within the rules of order. In these circumstances the only course open to the Speaker is to adjourn the House; and, provided the disorderly group is prepared to pursue the same tactics day in, day out, there is no remedy, and the House is destroyed. Such methods call for drastic measures to safeguard the dignity, nay, the very existence, of Parliament.

Party spirit and the rigidity of the party system have created another evil, insidious and growing, which is undermining the prestige of the House of Commons. The source of the trouble is the otherwise happy interdependence of the executive and legislative powers of the constitution. The executive government holds office by consent of the majority in Parliament; but there has grown in recent years a vicious habit in governments of making *all* questions that arise in the House tests of party loyalty, till by the sheer force of unchallenged precedent a vote for some minor change in a Bill has become a vote for the downfall of the Government. This brings serious results in its train; it makes the process of legislating farcical; it silences the private members, and it fosters arrogance in the King's Ministers. Thus the need of the House is freedom from party pressure; and if the life of the *executive* were made independent of minor defeats of its policy in the *legislature*, that freedom would be obtained. To obtain it is the first duty of the modern parliamentarian, for it would restore Parliament to its high place in the respect of the nation by proving the old but forgotten truth that the House of Commons is greater than the greatest Government.



THE GARDEN OF OLIVIA'S HOUSE.

# "TWELFTH NIGHT" AT THE SAVOY THEATRE*

To find Shakespeare played on the stage with some respect for its literary quality, with some touch of imagination in its interpretation, and with a freedom from eighteenth-century stage traditions, is to find almost a new thing. Apart from the work of Mr. F. R. Benson and his company, and the courageous labours of Mr. William Poel, we have been without anything more than a mutilated and actor-managered poet, whose name has been borrowed to cover all manner of extravagances, whioh have done bad service both to poetry and the theatre itself. It is, therefore, with a delight that is nearly without measure that one comes to write about Mr. Barker's fine production of "Twelfth Night" at the Savoy Theatre. That production is, one is impelled to say, almost everything that a Shakespearean production should be. It is faithful to the text—a great and rare virtue; it has all that atmosphere of high romance which belongs so unmistakably to all his works, and to this play in particular; its playing is true to character, and in its colour, speech and movement it is replete with beauty. I have never seen a production which so admirably endorses the conviction that Shakespeare's rightful place is the stage. The play must appeal to all who have a taste for the theatre, because it is so excellent a piece of proper theatrical art, and it must inevitably draw to it the many lovers of Shakespeare who look for his works to be interpreted with vision. Mr. Granville Barker has done much valuable work, especially in connection with the modern drama; he did a great thing in his "Winter's Tale," but he has done a greater thing in his latest production, which, one feels confident, will, among other things, be a popular success.

"Twelfth Night" is, indeed, among the most popular of plays, and Hazlitt hit upon the reason when he objected that it was too good-natured for comedy. It is this very good-nature that makes it so much to the liking of the majority of men. We can all appreciate, in varying measure, the wonder of the verse, as sweet and musical as any words man ever wrote; but where is he to whom its large-hearted gaiety and robust humour is not irresistible? There are no limits to the overflowing joy of the play. It puts us in good conceit with ourselves and our fellows; and it does that not merely because of the cakes and ale of delightful, brave, and drunken Sir Toby, but because it finds an echo in ourselves to the cry of the imprisoned Malvolio, "I think nobly of the soul." That is the feeling with which we leave the play; not empty after our laughter, not unhappy on account of Malvolio, not disgusted because of its drunken rogues, but with a sense of the nobility which belongs to men, and a new respect for our kind.

In Mr. Barker's production the play loses nothing of its humanity. It is put before us clothed in beauty, the beauty that belongs to the theatre being added to

(*Continued on page* 206.)

* Recognising the immense possibilities foreshadowed for the theatre by this unique presentation, we wish to associate ourselves with this enthusiastic appreciation.

MISS LILLAH McCARTHY AS VIOLA IN "TWELFTH NIGHT"

the beauty that is its own, but no part of the homely wit is neglected. Mr. Barker makes the play live again on his stage; the actors speak with conviction, and there is a vigour and go in the thing that gives new energy to the mind. The value and vitality of the performance owe not a little to the sympathetic acting of Miss Lillah McCarthy. Her Viola brought out the full romance of the part, and made of the character an exquisite and lyrical creation. But the acting of the whole play is done with that excellence we have learned to expect of Mr. Barker's work. Somehow or other he manages to make the most unlikely material fit in with the rest, and he has brought his company to work so well together that we invariably find the right thing done in the right way.

The placing of the people in the scene is done with such skill that we get not merely a series of pictures, but a continuous movement, which is at all times fine to look upon. Every moment is pleasing to the eye, but there are some moments that stand out with peculiar vividness. Orsino and his court listening to the clown's song is one of them; Viola speaking of the Duke's love to Olivia is another; and, above all, the last scene before the great gates, when all the persons of the play meet, and the riot of colour and the rapid movement make a great and worthy close to the piece.

In securing the co-operation of Mr. Norman Wilkinson, Mr. Barker brings to his stage a man who has genuine gifts for the theatre. Not a little of the success of the production is due to the costumes; the daring colour scheme of which only Mr. Wilkinson would have ventured upon, and only so fine an artist as he could have carried out. Mr. Wilkinson's costumes, in design as well as in colour, are so well conceived and so excellently executed that alone they would make this "Twelfth Night" memorable. The late Renaissance effect of the dresses for Orsino and his court was most happily combined with the Elizabethan dress of Sir Toby and the unmistakable English characters. The stage decoration employed in place of scenery was not, one is inclined to think, quite so well done as in the case of "The Winter's Tale." The costumes were more satisfactory than Mr. Albert Rothenstein's for the earlier play, but Mr. Wilkinson's decoration has failed somewhat. The main scene, with its white, pink, gold and green, was confusing rather than beautiful, and one found a difficulty in working it out in relation to the play. Mr. Barker calls it, indifferently, the garden, and some part of Olivia's house; but what part of the house or garden it would be hard to say. The flat white of the scene is by no means an aid to the imagination; it is, in fact, rather dull. There are one or two completely good scenes, such as the one in Act II., when Sir Toby and Sir Andrew sit up until "'tis too late to go to bed," and the scenes in the Duke's palace; but these scenes had, so it seems to me, nothing in common in their treatment with the rest of the decoration. The truth of the matter is, as no doubt Mr. Barker and Mr. Wilkinson will tell us, we want a new theatre. The existing theatre, with its audience partly below the level of the stage, partly at the side of it, and partly right over it, is unsuitable for this new art; it is, indeed, unsuitable for the conventional stage, with its picture-frame proscenium, but for the purposes of the stage decoration Mr. Barker is introducing it is hopelessly bad. We must remember this in criticising these productions, for the difficulties with which the artists have to contend are innumerable. To the extent that Mr. Barker has got away from the flat painted scenes and the imitation of what is superficial in nature, we have reason to thank him; but one wonders whether his two wooden trees which occupy so much of the stage are not as much devoid of that mystery which belongs to the theatre as real trees or realistic painting.

But let us have done with criticism. I had rather praise the production for all I am worth than utter a word of criticism which would make one reader think that what is faulty in this "Twelfth Night" is not better than the best things any other man has done. The men who have been at work on it are so full of ideas that everything they do is interesting. Their boldness, their sincerity, and their fine equipment for their work are resulting in the re-creation of the theatre, so that once again we shall see it take a high place among the arts. The theatre has been too long a possession of the mediocre and the unimaginative; it has been too long a means of exploiting the bad taste of the public; it is for us to encourage the men now at work who will bring it into honour by bringing it back to simplicity, to truth, and to beauty. The poetic drama is the means by which this will be done, and the greatest of the poets will lead the way.

C. B. Purdom.

## STROPHE

GRAF ADOLF FRIEDRICH VON SCHACK (1815-1894)

(Translated from the German by Count Alfred von Bothmer)

Wenn du hinweggegangen,
Glaub' ich dich noch zu sehn;
Um die Schläfe und um die Wangen
Deinen Atem fühl' ich mir wehn.

Wenn on deinen Reden
Längst der Ton dem Ohre verklang,
Hört die entzückte Seele jeden
Laut, den du gesprochen, noch lang.

In der Stille der Nächte,
Wenn voll Bengen das Herz mir schlägt,
Fühl' ich, wie leise sich deine rechte
Auf die Stirne, die Brust mir legt.

Arme, die mich weich umranken,
Wiegen mich ein, ich atme kaum;
Deine Worte, deine Gedanken,
Klingen und duften in meinen Traum.

[Translation.]

When thou art long gone away,
Thou seemst to be still in my sight;
Round my temples and cheeks the play
Of thy breath I feel in the night.

Though the sound of thy voice
Faded long ago in mine ears,
My soul never ceases to rejoice
And the words thou spakest, still hears.

In the silence of the night,
When my heart with fear is opprest,
I feel how thou gently placest thy right
Hand on my forehead and my breast.

In thine arms thou enfoldest me,
Lullst me to rest; almost I seem
To breathe no more: thoughts thou toldest me,
Are the all-present in my dream.

# THE FRENCH RENASCENCE BY CHARLES SAROLEA

NOT many years ago, it was a fashion with superficial journalists and political philistines to speak of the decadence of the French people. Those were the days when our attention was perpetually being called to Sedan and Fashoda, to the crushing defeats and humiliations suffered in war and diplomacy, to the prevalence of religious strife and internal dissensions, to the Panama and Dreyfus scandals, to the decrease of the birth-rate and the increase of crime. It was a foregone conclusion that the doom of the foremost of the Latin races was sealed, and that the immediate future belonged to the Teuton.

I.

As a matter of fact, the immediate future gave the lie to those prophecies. The prophets were entirely misreading the phenomena of French life. They failed to see that it is a good sign, and not a bad sign, when a whole nation is convulsed when there is one miscarriage of justice, as in the case of the Dreyfus affair. They failed to see that it is a good sign, and not a bad sign, when a nation is so truthful that she must always lay bare her evils for all the world to see—as in the case of the Panama scandal. They failed to see that it is a good symptom, and not a bad symptom, when a nation is so passionately interested in religious truth as to be ever ready to fight for it. They failed to see that even civil strife is not necessarily a symptom of disease, but may, on the contrary, be a symptom of health. Only those nations know nothing of civil strife who always submit in passive and servile obedience to despotism.

And therefore what the prophets mistook for French decadence was nothing but a crisis of growth, antecedent to a rejuvenescence and a renascence of the French people. That crisis of growth might indeed produce a temporary weakening, as every such crisis does, but the French people did emerge from that weakening with that marvellous recuperative power and with that mercurial temperament which has characterised them through history. And, the crisis past, they once more appeared in the van of civilisation, they once more astonished the world by the exuberance of their vitality.

II.

Considering first the material prosperity of contemporary France, even those realists who take wealth as the chief criterion of national greatness must admit that in the abundance of her national resources France is at least the equal of any other Continental nation. There is no other nation which possesses so much accumulated capital. There is little pauperism in the big cities, and outside those cities there is little poverty. Amongst no other Continental people is wealth more evenly distributed than among that nation of peasant proprietors. Paris remains one of the two or three money markets of the world. Most of the great enterprises of modern times, from the Suez and Panama Canals to the Trans-Siberian Railway, have been launched with the assistance of French loans. Even Germany has again and again been compelled to appeal to France to finance her Imperial schemes.

III.

If we pass from the consideration of the material prosperity of France to that of her political power, we find that here also she has been restored to a front place in the councils of Europe. After 1870, France knew a few years of international isolation and of diplomatic impotence. To-day France stands conscious of her strength, and opposes a united front to her enemies. But her patriotism has ceased to be aggressive; it is restrained and dignified. She still remains, even as all the world actually does remain, under the magic spell of Napoleon's personality, but she has ceased to glorify the pomp and circumstance of war. And her political power to-day is asserted as it never was before, in the cause of peaceful progress. England has understood the true significance of French power, and it is because she has understood it that she has entered into an "Entente Cordiale" with her neighbour. English statesmanship realises that France is the key-stone of Continental Europe, that she holds the balance of power, that any serious blow aimed at France would be indirectly aimed at England and at European civilisation, and that if it ever came to a European conflict, the decisive battles of England would have to be fought, not against France, as in the past, but in alliance with France and on French battlefields.

IV.

It has often been found that material prosperity and political power deaden, for the time being, the spiritual activities of a people. This cannot be said of contemporary France, and her spiritual activities reveal no less the vitality of the race than her economic activities.

There are still to be found a few bigots who are fond of repeating that the French are essentially a non-religious people, a frivolous, light-hearted people, a sceptical people. Fifty years ago, Elizabeth Browning gave an answer to that calumny in an inspired passage of "Aurora Leigh":—

> "And so I am strong to love this noble France,
> This poet of the nations, who dreams on,
> . . . . . .
> . . . . Heroic dreams!
> Sublime, to dream so: natural, to wake:
> Wake:
> . . . . . .
> May God save France."

In those noble lines, Mrs. Browning perceived the deeper truth, and read the French character with the intuition of poetic genius. If religion means essentially a belief in a Divine Purpose of humanity, if it means a belief in lofty ideals, if it means the fervid enthusiasm which sacrifices everything on the altar of those ideals, then there are no more religious people than the French. They are incurable idealists. From the days of Joan of Arc to those of Rousseau, the French have always been a nation of apostles and of propagandists, and they have often shown the intolerance and fanaticism of the true apostle. Most French wars have been wars of religion; they have been crusades for the triumph of a principle. Some of the most decisive political and spiritual revolutions in modern history have their source in French soil. And what is true of the past is true of the present. At least three great contemporary constructive movements are French in origin: that splendid struggle for spiritual freedom within the Roman Catholic Church which goes under the misleading name of "Modernism"; that far-reaching attempt at reconciling science

and religion which is miscalled Pragmatism; and that portentous political philosophy of Syndicalism which is rapidly spreading all over Europe. Loisy, the father of "Modernism," Bergson, the father of Pragmatism, Georges Sorel, the father of Syndicalism, are all Frenchmen, and around those pioneers are gathered a host of seekers after the Truth.

V.

Even the most severe critics of French culture have always admitted the supreme quality of the French intellect—its lucidity, its versatility, its ingenuity, and, above all, its intellectual honesty and integrity. It was therefore to be expected that a French revival which revealed itself so strikingly in the province of politics and religion, in an outburst of patriotic fervour and spiritual idealism, should equally assert itself in science, art, and literature.

In theoretical science the French have always retained their prominence. In mathematics, the purest of all the sciences, they can still boast of their traditional supremacy. I need only refer to such names as Poincaré. In the applied sciences, where they have often lagged behind the English, they have been the pioneers in the two new developments which are transforming contemporary life: the motor car and the aeroplane. Both have been from the first pre-eminently French industries. And in this connection we may apply to the French people in a modified form a famous epigram of the poet Heine: whereas the English may claim the supremacy of the sea, whereas the Germans may claim the supremacy of the land—to the French belongs the conquest of the air.

VI.

But it is especially in the province of literature and fine art that the French Renascence has achieved its most signal triumphs. The French school of painting continues to draw its disciples from all parts of the world. In sculpture, Rodin is a giant towering above his contemporaries in splendid isolation. In literature there may be greater names than those of Anatole France and Maeterlinck, than Romain Rolland and Rostand; but certainly there are no names which are more universal.

VII.

I have just mentioned the poet of "Chantecler." Some critics have wondered at the extraordinary popularity of Rostand's drama. But the reason is an obvious one. "Chantecler" has struck the European imagination because it is the significant symbol of the Gallic genius. "Chantecler" is the bird whose clear song ("le Chant clair") heralds the light of day and the joy of life. Such has been for centuries the mission of France: to herald the dawn, to dispel darkness and reaction, to announce the message of a fuller life, a life more joyous, more bountiful, more beautiful.

And there also lies the real explanation of the universality of the French language. I have travelled in every country of Europe, of Northern Africa, and of the Near East. Everywhere I have found French spoken and read in preference to any other language, and often in preference to the mother-tongue. And the French language is everywhere read and spoken, not because she is more beautiful than other languages. Indeed, I believe that English and German are at least as beautiful as, and they are often much more expressive and much more impressive than, the French language. The French language is universal because the French ideals which the French language proclaims are themselves universal, because they appeal to the whole of civilised humanity, because they partake of the eternal verities.

# CORRESPONDENCE

## "THE POETRY OF JOHN MASEFIELD."

*To the Editor of* Everyman.

Dear Sir,—No one who values poetry will regret the appreciation of John Masefield in your issue of November 23rd, but surely Mr. Gilbert Thomas has allowed his enthusiasm to run away with his memory! Has he forgotten a poem by Tennyson called the "Northern Cobbler," which deals with the conversion of the village drunkard?—for though it may spare us the curses, it does not leave to the imagination many details of his misdeeds. He may also remember two poems by Browning called "Ned Brath" and "Halbert and Hob," which are in the same truly realistic vein, and may well have been voted as "disagreeable" by Mr. Thomas's Victorian Puritans.

Even if the "Cobbler" is somewhat of an exception among the poems of Tennyson, it is enough to show that his art was not a mere drawing-room amusement from which the "dangers of the market-place" were carefully excluded. But the poet who introduced realism into poetry is Robert Browning, and Mr. Thomas will probably remember that the kernel of the "Ring and the Book" is an old, forgotten murder-story, which is treated realistically, if ever there was realism. Nevertheless, the genius of the poet, his sympathy, his tenderness, even for guilt, because it is so often the result of circumstances—all these raise the grim tale into a triumph-song for all mankind.

It is therefore placing John Masefield in a wrong focus when Mr. Thomas belittles Victorian poetry for the purpose of glorifying the subject of his article. And I do not think that Kipling, who, by-the-by, owes much to another, whom, perhaps, Mr. Thomas might class as a Victorian Puritan, namely, Swinburne, would really claim to have discovered the real in art. And yet Swinburne of "Atalanta" and "Tristram" was not a Puritan either. The true facts are that to the earlier poets of the Romantic movement, to Wordsworth, Keats, and Shelley, the market-place was the haunt of all most to be hated in this world. That incidentally they "discovered" the beauty of hills, woodland, and meadow, is, however, worth remembering, Puritans though they may have been. But it is with Browning, and no later, that the world of men and women, the world of the street, the shop, and the market-place found its interpreter.—I am, sir, etc.,

T. M. Chalmers.

4, Godstone Road, Whyteleafe, Surrey.

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## "THE OMISSIONS OF NORMAN ANGELL"

*(continued)*

*To the Editor of* Everyman.

Dear Sir,—It seems to me that Mr. Cecil Chesterton, in his attempt to bring into relief the "omissions" of Mr. Norman Angell, has unconsciously and unwittingly emphasised the line of thought for which the original article served as a veneer. Most men—and women too—are agreed that the quarrels of childhood are usually the outcome of the little ones' exaggerated sense of their own importance, and a notion that by a right—seemingly divine—they are entitled to certain playthings which the eye covets, though the hand has never received. Fortunately for their future well-being, the correcting and guiding influence of their parents is exercised, and they have to submit to that superior force, however distasteful the process of doing so may seem at the time. Nations are like children up to a certain point, but the democracies all over the world are beginning to realise that something capable

of exercising more restraint than inflated and nationally individualistic armaments is necessary to preserve the peace of the world, and make life the comfortable existence which is, after all, all that the average man in the street may reasonably expect. In a word, common-sense must prevail, and a constitutionally arranged Court of Arbitration must supplant war. I agree with Mr. Cecil Chesterton that if arbitration is to take the place of war, it must be backed by an array of force corresponding to that which makes "a thing called the State" possible. But instead of answering the question—"Are we prepared to arm any International Tribunal with such powers?"—I would submit that the forces which could make arbitration compulsory and possible already exist. All that is needed is organisation and common sense. If right is to be right, as distinct from might—and the democracy may be left to see to that—then arbitration and not the sword is the only logical and sensible form of argument.—I am, sir, etc.,

J. T. Nicholls.

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*To the Editor of* Everyman.

Sir,—I sincerely trust that the evident intention of Everyman to present us with both sides of the shield may continue, and even enlarge. Upon the walls of the Rathhaus, in Frankfort, about the middle of the eighteenth century, so Goethe tells us, there could be read the following inscription:—

"Eines Mannes Rede ist keines Mannes Rede: man soll sie billig hören Beede,"

which may thus be rendered—

"One man's say is no man's say: it behoves we hear both yea and nay."

The need for this wise counsel could nowhere find better exemplification than in the case of the yea and nay of Mr. Norman Angell and Mr. Cecil Chesterton. Let us consider the divergence of opinion which these writers express, and try to discover its reason. Probing the matter with this object in view, shall we not find that the divergence depends upon the kind of warfare waged? Has not Mr. Norman Angell in view the war of aggression, the selfish war, and against this could any better argument be adduced than that which he brings forward: "Ye do an idle thing, seeing that from every material point of view it must work out ruinously for all concerned"? Is not that his thesis; must it not appeal to the selfish man?

But supposing the case to be one of a war of ideas, of principles, such, I take it, as Mr. Chesterton has in view; such, for instance, as the wars of Liberty, Equality, Fraternity of the young French Republic, or the war of emancipation of the German nation from the thraldom of Napoleon. Did the economic appeal in these instances carry weight, or would it, or should it? Can a nation do anything more unselfish, therefore more noble, than stake its material welfare, nay, its very existence, in such a cause? The Swedish nation did this very thing in the wars of Gustavus Adolphus, as in the wars of that wrong-headed, yet heroic king, Charles XII., who, with all his faults, had noble aims and gave his life as freely as he spent the lives of others. Sweden has paid heavily in things material, but the world will always be her debtor for the spiritual force of such examples of devotion.

One word more; surely it was a slip of the pen which, on page 140 in the biographical sketch, wrote: "The heroic wars of the days of chivalry are gone, and gone for ever." We need have no fear on this score; the heroism daily exhibited on aeroplane and submarine tells another tale. All that is needed is a righteous cause, and the flame of heroism will burn as brightly as ever it did in the old days of which we are so justly proud; nay, is it not burning now with undiminished brightness in the Balkans?—I am, sir, etc.,

H. S.

November 17th, 1912.

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*To the Editor of* Everyman.

Dear Sir,—Mr. Angell believes in peace, and loves it, thinks it the only condition under which mankind can progress. I also love peace, but I recognise that war has in the past put nations on a higher road than they were traversing, and will do so again in the future.

Mr. Angell often begs the question at issue. Thus he assumes that a state of war and a state of peace are correctly described by calling them "International Anarchy" and "International Order." These terms are only applicable when there is an authority which can compel obedience. The power need not be wholly material, for mankind is progressing, and conscience is not an empty word; but until all consciences are trustworthy, a Hague Tribunal is a mere advisory committee.

"War can only be justified," writes Mr. Angell, "on the assumption that nations are rival entities with conflicting interests." Now, that is precisely what they are, and what they ought to be—*for the sake of mankind in general*. Conflicting interests, which lead to competition, are the weapon of providence for the improvement of mankind. Man is an animal, and more than an animal. As an animal, he must strive for command over nature; as more than animal, for command over himself. The latter postulates an absolute altruism, but this is impossible, and would not be advantageous, till the command over nature is complete. A premature assumption of perfect altruism would check man's progress towards the command of nature. Material progress and moral progress are inextricably conjoined, for the following reason.

A nation finds itself in contact with another. Although in some particulars it may be compelled to admire its neighbour, it has naturally a final opinion that its own type of civilisation, its own way of looking at human progress, its own view as to what will produce human happiness, are superior to the type, way, and view of its neighbour. Shall we, then, having this belief, not be traitors to the cause of humanity, if we supinely and flabbily allow the domination in the world of that which we hold to be an inferior type? The tenets of the Sermon on the Mount will not, alone and crudely, lift a community to the top of the communities, for the nation would be wiped out first in the material sphere. Man was an animal first, and the first thing is to be a good animal. And he can quite well be a good animal, as well as being a follower of the Great Preacher.

Lest, even now, I should appear to lay too much stress upon the material side, let me close by suggesting the character of the type that will be eventually predominant. The type cannot be one whose superiority lies solely, or almost solely, in a capacity for material subjugation, for there is no finality, no salutary peace, no satisfying happiness, where there remains an abiding sense of injustice. The presiding type must have in it three great capacities—the capacity of remaining a good animal, however much the intellectual and moral powers may approach perfection; the capacity of an infinite development of the scientific brain; the capacity of a balanced conjunction

of justice and mercy, which is what the philosopher-apostle calls "charity."

Mr. Angell again seems to be inconsistent when he allows that a nation attacked must fight, but affirms that peace preparation for war is as prejudicial to human progress as war itself. Lack of preparation it is that brings war and defeat; half an army, or half a navy, is as bad as having none at all. Lack of the military spirit produces nations like the Bengalis of India and the fellaheen of Egypt—essential slaves who can add nothing to the real progress of humanity.—I am, sir, etc., H. N. JOHNSTONE,

Lecturer on Military Subjects, University of Edinburgh.

## THE WORLD'S DEFENCE.

*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

DEAR SIR,—The World has still to prove that enfranchised women will neglect those functions of binding, soothing, and the rest it mentions in its Defence. Let it look a little closer—it will find among those women who have such matters most closely at heart the most fervent supporters of the woman's movement. But these fail to see why they should tread an unnecessary long road when there is a short cut—marked "Private," however—which leads to the same goal. That the vote is of value to workers would, I think, be readily acknowledged were it proposed to disenfranchise all working men. The simple claim I make in my poem is that those women who are compelled by force of circumstance to work should have such protection as the vote affords. I do not think this exorbitant.

But I agree that violence, in a cause so essentially based on reason and common sense, is out of place. But the World should not be frightened by a little noise. Let it rather listen to the thousands of quiet voices everywhere which are stating their case with admirable fairness and moderation. I for one will not believe it is so afflicted by such a degree of deafness that its attention can only be attracted by shouting. It has ample opportunity of proving that such is not the case—I am, sir, etc.,

MARGARET SACKVILLE.

Duddingston, Midlothian, November 19th, 1912.

## "WESTWARD HO!"

*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

DEAR SIR,—A correspondent asks me whether I "deny that Loyola taught his followers not to stop at crime to gain the glorious object of reinstating the Holy Catholic Church." Yes, I entirely and emphatically deny it. Can Mr. Griffith produce any evidence whatever to the contrary? Further, he asks me whether I "deny that the Jesuits *did* commit crimes in accordance with this teaching." Yes, I entirely and emphatically deny it (1) because there is no such teaching; (2) because the question further implies that Jesuits as Jesuits do evil that good may come. And this is flatly in contradiction with defined Catholic (and, therefore, Jesuit) principles. Can Mr. Griffith produce any evidence to the contrary?—I am, sir, etc., ROBERT HUGH BENSON.

Edinburgh, November 19th.

## FEMINISM IN LITERATURE.

*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

DEAR SIR,—I have read with amazement Dr. William Barry's "Appeal to the Woman's Movement." His wholesale condemnation of women writers is both unwarranted and unjustified. Let him first try to purify the literary Augean stables of the sex to which he has the honour of belonging. He quotes Lord Northcliffe's statement that "more than fifty per cent. of the journalists of to-day are women." Can he name one magazine or paper edited by or for women which makes a feature week by week of stories or articles savouring of impropriety, or obscenity, or blasphemy?

It would not be a difficult matter to name more than one paper or magazine edited by and read almost exclusively by men answering to this description—papers which can be bought at any bookstall. I have NEVER come across a woman's paper or magazine which attempted to condone either immorality or irreligion, or which encouraged what Dr. Barry calls "Free Love," or which has contained even a veiled suggestion of impropriety.

So much for papers and magazines. No doubt there are indecent and immoral novels to be obtained at bookstalls, but they (the majority, at any rate) are neither written nor read by women.—I am, sir, etc.,

D. G. FOSTER.

## "MOTH AND RUST."

*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

DEAR SIR,—Mr. Nathan hopes that the desire to free the soul from attachment to the "things that are seen" is a "transient mood." It is, on the contrary, as old as Christianity, and as permanent; it is to be found in the lives and writings of saints of all ages.

To look for the things eternal and to be detached from things temporal, is to go forward, not backward; while "sailing ahead to the glory of perfect evolution" sounds spirited, but somewhat vague.

Mr. Nathan may, at any rate, remember the summing-up of the Wise Man who had tasted all earthly knowledge, all luxury, all refinement, "Vanity of vanities, saith the preacher, all is vanity."—I am, sir, etc., DORA OWEN.

November 23rd.

## ON "EVERYMAN."

*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

DEAR SIR,—The two letters of protest in last week's issue give me an excellent opportunity of thanking you for EVERYMAN, and I feel sure I am voicing the feelings of all but those who mistake avoidance of controversy for impartiality.

We all know those dreary, frigid debating societies which set out to discuss "everything but Politics and Religion"—whose proceedings tire us and chill all the warmth we enter with; because outside Religion and Politics in their full meaning there is nothing worth discussion. Such societies represent very well the attitude of the self-styled "broad-minded." They know, subconsciously, that the "narrow" mind of the partisan is the thin end of the wedge of reality, which, once it is allowed in, will split their impartiality to atoms.

That fear is represented in the correct tone of polite conversation, and of many high-class literary journals and reviews.

I am deeply thankful to find in EVERYMAN a platform whereon every kind of speaker is allowed perfect freedom of expression. For this is an age for hitting out straight from the shoulder, not for the stroking down of the realities of Life and Death by the velvet paw of a dangerous and artful reticence.—I am, sir, etc., ALBERT H. EYRE.

# THE STARS. The Story of a Provençal Shepherd

## By Alphonse Daudet

In the time when I used to mind sheep on the Luberon I remained for weeks together without seeing a single soul, alone in the pastures with my dog Labri and my flock. From time to time the hermit of Mont-de-l'Ure used to pass by to look for herbs and simples, or I might see the blackened face of some charcoal-burner from Piémont; but they were simple people, silent through continual solitude. They had lost their inclination for talk, and knew nothing of what was being discussed in the towns and villages below. So, every fortnight, when I heard on the climbing road the bells of our farm mule which was bringing my fortnightly victuals, and when I saw appearing, little by little above the slope, the lively, eager face of the little farm-boy, or the scarlet head-dress of old Aunt Norade, I was really very happy.

I made them tell me the news of the country down yonder in the valley, about the christenings and weddings; but what interested me above all else was to know what was happening to my master's daughter, our little lady Stéphanette, the prettiest girl for ten leagues around. Without appearing to take too much interest, I made them tell me if she went to many merrymakings or meetings at night, if new lovers were continually coming to her. To those who ask how all these things could concern me—me, a poor mountain shepherd—I shall reply that I was twenty, and that Stéphanette was the prettiest creature I had ever seen in my life.

Now, one Sunday, when I was waiting for my fortnight's victuals, it happened that they did not come till very late.

In the morning I said to myself, "It is because of High Mass." Then, towards noon, a great storm broke, and it occurred to me that the mule had not been able to set out because of the bad state of the roads. At last, when it was past three o'clock, the sky cleared, the raindrops on the mountains glistened in the sunshine, and, above the dripping from the leaves and the overflowing of the swollen streams, I heard the bells of the mule, as gay and as blithe as a great peal on Easter Day! But it was not the little farm-boy who rode her, nor old Aunt Norade. It was—guess who!—our mistress, comrades, our little lady Stéphanette, seated between the wicker panniers, and flushed with the mountain air and the freshness which had followed the storm.

The boy was ill; Aunt Norade on holiday with her little ones. Beautiful Stéphanette told me all this as she got down from her mule, also that she had arrived late because she had lost her way; but, judging by her fine clothes, her flowered ribbons, her gay skirt, and her laces, she had more the appearance of being late for some dance than of having lost her way in the thicket. Oh, the dainty creature! My eyes would never cease looking at her. You see I had never seen her so near to me.

Sometimes in winter, when the flocks had gone down into the plain and I returned to the farm for supper in the evenings, she used to cross the room quickly, hardly speaking to the servants, always dressed prettily, and always a little proud. . . . And now there she was before me, come here for my sake alone; was it not enough to make me lose my head?

When she had taken the food out of the basket, Stéphanette began to look inquisitively around her. Lifting up a little her beautiful Sunday skirt, which might have been soiled, she went into the hut, and wanted to see the corner where I slept, the straw pallet with the sheepskin, my large cloak hung up on the wall, my crook and my flint-lock. All this amused her greatly.

"Then you live here, poor shepherd? How tired you must be always living alone! What do you do? What do you think about?"

I should dearly have liked to reply, "About you, mistress," and I should have told no lie; but my embarrassment was so great that I could not find a word to say. I quite believe she saw it, and that the mischievous creature took pleasure in making me more uncomfortable with her jests.

"Your fair friend, shepherd, does she ever climb up to see you? She must surely be the Golden Goat, or that fairy Estérelle who runs to the peaks of the mountains. . . ."

And she herself, as she spoke to me, had quite the appearance of fairy Estérelle, with her merry laugh and her head thrown back, as she hurried to set out again, and make her visit seem like a fleeting vision.

"Adieu, shepherd."

"Good-bye, mistress."

There she was, going away and carrying her empty baskets.

When she had disappeared down the slope it seemed to me that the pebbles rolling under the feet of her mule were falling on my heart, one by one. I heard them for a long, long time, and till sunset I remained as though asleep, never daring to stir for fear of sending away my dream.

Towards night, when the depths of the valleys began to grow blue, and when the sheep huddled together, bleating to go back to the fold, I heard someone calling me from below, and I saw our lady coming—no longer laughing, as she was a short time ago, but trembling with fear and cold, and shivering in her wet garments.

It appeared that at the foot of the hill she had found the Sorgne swollen by the storm, and, wishing to get across by any means whatever, she had almost been drowned. The terrible thing was that at this time of night it was impossible to return to the farm; our little lady would not be able to find the way by herself at the cross-roads, and I could not leave my flock.

This idea of passing the night on the mountain troubled her greatly, chiefly because her friends would be anxious. As for me, I reassured her as well as I could.

"In July the nights are short, mistress. It is only unpleasant for a short time."

And I quickly lit a large fire to dry her feet and her dress, which were soaked with the water of the Sorgne. Then I put before her some milk and small cheeses; but the poor girl did not care either to warm herself or to eat anything, and when I saw great tears in her eyes, I, too, could have wept in pity for her.

Meanwhile the night had quite fallen. On the crest of the mountains only a glimmer of daylight remained, and there was a faint sunlit haze in the west. I asked our little lady if she would go to sleep in the hut. Having stretched over the fresh straw a fine new sheep-

skin, I wished her good-night and went to sit down outside the door. God is my witness that, in spite of the fire of love which was burning within me, not a single wicked thought came to me; nothing but the great pride of knowing that in a corner of the hut, quite near the inquisitive sheep which were gazing at her as she slept, lay my master's daughter—like a sheep whiter and more precious than all the others, there she was sleeping, confided to my care. The heavens had never seemed so profound and beautiful to me, nor the stars so brilliant. . . .

All at once the lattice opened and the beautiful Stéphanette appeared. She could not sleep. The sheep rustled the straw as they moved about, or bleated in their dreams. She preferred to draw near to the fire. Seeing this, I threw my goatskin over her shoulders, made the fire burn up brightly, and we remained seated near each other without speaking.

If you have ever passed the night in the open air, under the beautiful stars, you will know that when we are sleeping a mysterious world wakes up in the solitude and the silence. It is then that the streams sing their clearest and the ponds are lit up like tiny flames. All the spirits of the mountain come and go freely; and in the air there are rustlings, imperceptible sounds, as if one might hear the branches growing and the grasses pushing their way through the soil. In the daytime *beings* live; but the night—*that* is the lifetime of *things*. When one is not used to it, it terrifies. Therefore our little lady was shivering and huddled against me at the least sound. Once, a long, melancholy cry rose, trembling towards us from the pond which was gleaming down below. At the same time a beautiful shooting-star flashed above our heads in the same direction, as if this cry we had just heard was carrying a light with it.

"What is that?" whispered Stéphanette.

"A soul going into Paradise, mistress," and I made the sign of the cross.

She did the same, and remained looking upwards, with her head thrown back. She was thinking deeply. Then she said to me:

"Is it true, then, that you are wizards, you others?"

"Oh, no, little lady. But here we live very near the stars, and we know what happens there better than those who live in the plains."

She was looking above her all the time, with her head leaning on her hand, covered with the sheepskin, like a little shepherdess of the heavens.

"What numbers there are of them! How beautiful it is! I have never seen so many before. Do you know their names, shepherd?"

"Oh, yes, mistress. See! Just above us is the Road of St. James (the Milky Way). It stretches from France and right over Spain. St. James of Galicia traced it to show the way to the brave Charlemagne when he was making war upon the Saracens. Yonder you can see the Chariot of Souls (the Great Bear), with its four bright axles. The three stars which go before are the Three Oxen, and that tiny one against the third is the Charioteer. Do you see that rain of stars falling around us? Those are the souls which the good God will not have with Him.

"A little lower down is the Rake or the Three Kings (Orion). We use that for our clock—we others. I have only to glance at it, and I know at once that it is past midnight. A little lower still, towards the south, flames John of Milan, that great firebrand (Sirius). Shepherds have a tale about that star.

"It appears that one night, John of Milan, with the Three Kings and the Little Chicken-herd (Pleiades), were invited to the wedding of one of their star-friends. The Little Chicken-herd, in a great hurry, they say, was the first to set out, and she took the high road. The Three Kings ran across and overtook her; but that lazy fellow, John of Milan, who had slept too late, remained quite behind, and he was in such a great rage that he threw his club at them to stop them. That is why the Three Kings are also called 'John of Milan's Club.' But the most beautiful of all the stars, mistress, belongs to us. It is the Star of the Shepherds, which lights up for us when dawn comes and we go out with the flocks, and also in the evening when we bring them back again. We call it Maguelonne, the beautiful Maguelonne, who ran after Peter of Provence (Saturn), and has been married to him throughout these seven years."

"What! shepherd, are there star weddings?"

"Oh, yes, mistress!"

And as I was trying to explain to her what these weddings were, I felt something sweet and delicate resting lightly on my shoulder. It was her head, grown heavy with sleep, which was leaning against me with a delightful ruffling of ribbons and fine curling hair.

She remained thus, without moving, till the moment when the stars paled in the sky, effaced by the coming day. I looked at her as she slept, a little troubled in my heart of hearts, but sacredly protected by his clear night, which had given me none but beautiful thoughts. Around us the stars continued their silent journey, gentle as a large flock; and at times I imagined to myself that one of these stars, the finest, the most brilliant, having lost its way, had come to rest on my shoulder and slumbered there.

—Translated by P. Humphry.

* * *

## THE BEST OF BALZAC

WOMEN, cold, fragile, hard and thin—such women, whose throat shows a form of collar-bone suggestive of the feline race—have souls as colourless as their pale grey or green eyes; to melt them, to vitrify these flints, a thunderbolt is needed.—*Béatrix.*

❀

In Spring Love flutters his wings under the open sky; in Autumn we dream of those who are no more.—*The Lily of the Valley.*

❀

The common sense of the masses never deserts them until demagogues stir them up to gain ends of their own; that common sense is based on the verities of social order, and the social order is the same everywhere, in Moscow as in London, in Geneva as in Calcutta.—*The Thirteen* (*The Duchesse de Langeais*).

❀

God preserve you from the enervating life without battles, in which the eagle's wings have no room to spread themselves. I envy you; for if you suffer, at least you live.—*Lost Illusions.*

❀

It suddenly struck him that the possession of power, no matter how enormous, did not bring with it the knowledge how to use it. The sceptre is a plaything for a child, an axe for a Richelieu, and for a Napoleon a lever by which to move the world. Power leaves us just as it finds us; only great natures grow greater by its means.—*The Wild Ass's Skin.*

❀

It needs as much tact to know when to be silent as when to speak.—*Letters of Two Brides.*

# THE INSECTS' HOMER — HENRI FABRE

## BY PROF. J. ARTHUR THOMSON

It is more than fifty years since Darwin quoted Fabre in his "Origin of Species," calling him "that inimitable observer," and the veteran of ninety is with us still, the revered doyen of entomologists. A picturesque and, indeed, unique figure his, commanding our homage—a hermit naturalist to whom the world has not been kind, who has known extreme poverty at both ends of life, who has yet enriched science and literature with great gifts.

I.

The ten volumes of J. H. Fabre's "Souvenirs Entomologiques" lie before us, and we do not know which most to admire, his observations or his style. As regards observations, among entomologists he is second only to Réaumur; as regards style, he is unrivalled. Surely he has deserved better of his age—this naturalist, scholar, and poet—for his life has been all too hard, and it has been with a great price that he has kept his freedom. But we may be quite sure that the veteran, built of the stuff of heroes, would be as contemptuous of our commiseration now as he has been careless of money and reward all his life. And who shall say that he has served God for naught, when he has had more red-letter days in a year than most of us in a lifetime? Who shall say that Fabre has not made a great success of life?

II.

More than four-score years ago we see the little peasant-boy in sabots, shepherding at the poor farm of Rouergue, and cultivating that power of intimate observation which became his genius. The flair must have been born in him—the real entomologist cannot be made—but it developed with the using into an almost uncanny power of *vision*, not of observation alone, but of interpretative insight. For that is what marks Fabre, his combination of accuracy and sympathy. In his sense of the dignity of facts, in his high standard of precision, in his appreciation of the trivial, he comes, in spite of himself, into fellowship with Darwin. "I *scrutinise* life," he says; "precise facts alone are worthy of science"; "Voyez d'abord, vous argumenterez après." After every chapter of the "Souvenirs," we exclaim, "What eyes!" We have not yet been able to read Maeterlinck's eulogy of Fabre, but we hear that the naturalist-poet calls the poet-naturalist "the insects' Homer." We should like to add, in all seriousness, that he is also the insects' Sherlock Holmes! But there is another side to it, that, partly as a gift from the gods (through the vehicle of inheritance), and partly as the reward of "la patience suivie," Fabre has got intellectually nearer to insects than anyone else. It is easy enough to read the man into the beast, but that is not comparative psychology; to catch the insect's point of view is the triumph. As M. Marquet well says, in a fine article, Fabre's work shows "instinct pursuing instinct," which Bergson has shown us to be the way into the citadel of life.

III.

Settling down on a little desert corner near Orange, in the lower Rhone, Fabre gave himself up to the precise study of insect behaviour. The "Souvenirs" form the record of the revelations which the seer has had in his Patmos. In the main, they deal with the higher physiology and comparative psychology of insects and spiders and other small deer. Of course, there is plenty of anatomy too, for Fabre is not one of those easy-going observers whose animals have sawdust stuffing instead of genuine insides, but he studies structure simply as a means to an end. He has named his new species like the rest of us, for every naturalist enjoys his turn of Edenic nomenclatorial experience; he has made discoveries in embryology, see his extraordinary story of the development of oil-beetles; and he has not been afraid in his day to tackle physiological problems like those of digestive juices and poisonous viruses in insects, but he is to be thought of as pre-eminently the student of animal behaviour. In that dry wilderness at Orange he has been watching all these years an inexhaustible well of wonder, of what we may call *dramatic* wonder. For when Fabre takes us into his open-air laboratory, and shows us the *vie intime* of creatures that creep about in waste places—which he loves with more than a passing love—disclosing their every-day tasks, their arts and crafts, their shifts for a living, their triumphs and defeats in the struggle for existence, their courtships and marriages, their domestic and social economy, we feel what is meant by the drama of animal life, and we congratulate ourselves that the drama has found its dramatist. And as we study with Fabre, the impression grows upon us, all the more convincingly that he does not argue about it, that there is more than machinery in life. For, of course, Fabre is a vitalist, affirming that mechanical and physico-chemical formulæ do not suffice for the biological description of the animate world. They apply, but they do not interpret, notably because living creatures are, somehow or other, genuine agents, historic beings trading with Time. In the insect world which he has studied all his life, Fabre sees Instinct looming as a big, underivable fact, which must be taken *as given*, which cannot be explained in terms of electricity or anything else. What shall we say of the ringed Calicurgus wasp, which first stings its captured spider near the mouth, thereby paralysing the poison-fangs, and then, safe from being bitten, drives in its poisoned needle with perfect precision at the thinnest part of the spider's cuticle between the fourth pair of legs? Or, looking in another direction, what can we say of the mother of the Halictus bee family, who becomes in her old age the portress of the establishment, shutting the door with her bald head when intrusive strangers arrive, opening it, by drawing aside, when any member of the household appears on the scene?

IV.

Another of the big impressions that we get from Fabre's work is one with which Bergson has in recent years made us familiar, that intelligence and instinct are different in kind rather than in degree. In Sir Ray Lankester's concrete way of putting it, though he will have no dealings with Bergson, the little-brain type of ant and bee is on a quite different evolution-tack from the big-brain type of dog and man. The little-brain is rich in inborn capacities, ready-made tricks which require no learning, but with a relatively small admixture of intelligence; the big-brain is relatively poor in instincts—a chick reared in an incubator does not distinguish its unseen mother's cluck from any other sound—but is eminently educable. As M. Marquet puts it, the insect's achievements are due to "inborn inspirations"; but the dog puts two and two together, and makes at least perceptual inferences.

The solitary digger wasp, Ammophila, will drag home a caterpillar to the living larder which it accumulates for its young. Its victim must be made inert, and yet not killed. The Ammophila quickly stings the larva in the three nerve-centres of the thorax; it does the same less hurriedly for the abdomen; it then squeezes in the head, producing a paralysis which cannot be recovered from! This ghastly but wonderful manifestation of instinct requires no noviciate, it is perfect from the first, it expresses an irresistible inborn impulsion, at once uninstructed and unteachable. It looks like intelligence, but disturb the routine and the difference becomes at once apparent. To instinct everything within the routine is easy, but the least step outside is difficult. The mason-bee makes a mortar-nest with a lid, through which, at the proper time, the grub cuts its way. Put on a little paper cap in actual contact with the lid, and the grub has no difficulty in cutting through the extra layer. But if the covering cap be fixed on a little way above the natural lid, not in contact with it, the grub emerging into the closed interval between the lid it has cut through and the artificial covering cap, can no more, and dies! It could cut its way through with the greatest of ease, but it cannot. For when it emerges through the first lid it has done all its cutting, and it cannot repeat it. So, the routine having been disturbed, it dies in its paper prison, for lack of the least glimmer of intelligence. Similarly, when Fabre wickedly joined the front end of a file of procession caterpillars to the hind end, they went on circling round and round the stone curb of a big vase in the garden day after day for a week, covering I forget how many futile metres. As Fabre said: "Ils ne savent rien de rien."

V.

Only in one respect does this Nestor among naturalists disappoint us: he holds Darwinism at arm's length. He does not believe that we can account for the world of life around us by any theory of Nature's sifting of those experiments in creative self-expression which we call variations. "The facts that I observe," he says, "are of such a kind that they force me to dissent from Darwin's theories." His dissent may have its uses in pointing to defects in Darwinism, and, doubtless, Fabre sometimes touches a weak spot, showing how we do Procrustean violence to facts in our desire to make them fit our theory, but we confess that the veteran seems to us to treat Darwinism with prejudice, and without recognising that it is a developing body of doctrine. And he is not merely anti-Darwinian, he is anti-transformist. Variations occur, he admits, but they are quantitative and superficial; they never affect essentials. The vert de gris of ages alters the gloss of the medals, but it does not substitute anything for the original designs—a doctrine that takes us back to Linnæus. We cannot help feeling that the deplorable loss of an adherent like Fabre is the fault of a too mechanical evolutionism, which has not made enough of the organismal factor. For Fabre is really akin in spirit to evolutionists like Lamarck, Goethe, Treviranus, Robert Chambers, and Samuel Butler, who never lost sight of the living organism as a creative agent, a striving will, a changeful Proteus. Perhaps his recoil is primarily from the mechanistic, and only secondarily from the evolutionist way of looking at animate nature. In any case, there are many thoroughgoing evolutionists who would agree with Fabre when he says: "The more I observe, the more this Intelligence shines out behind the mystery of things—a sovereign order controlling matter." We salute our venerable dean with the profoundest respect.

# WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE CHURCHES?

By W. FORBES GRAY.

PART I.

I.

In this article I propose to discuss as calmly and dispassionately as I can the main causes of the alienation of large masses of the British people from all forms of religious communion. Non-church-going is certainly no new problem, though many people argue about it as if it were. The neglect of public worship has been a thorn in the flesh of those concerned in the religious welfare of our country for many years; but I am convinced from close and lengthened observation of the situation in large centres of population that the problem has become acute, and that the churches, if they are to be true to their high vocation, must, without delay, grapple with it in a manner which will leave no doubt as to the result.

And yet the optimist will tell us that the neglect of sacred ordinances is greatly exaggerated, and that, looking to the growth of the population, non-church-going is no worse than it used to be. Why, even the Rev. R. J. Campbell, who knows the religious conditions of England as few know them, is constrained to admit that

> "Nearly seventy-five per cent. of the adult population remains permanently out of touch with organised religion. Broadly speaking, it is true that only a section of the middle class ever attends church at all; the workers, as a body, absent themselves; the professional and upper classes do the same."—"Christianity and the Social Order," p. 1.

This is a grave indictment, but its substantial accuracy will not be impugned by those who have closely and honestly inquired into the conditions as they actually present themselves in thickly populated areas, and have tried, without ecclesiastical bias, to arrive at definite conclusions regarding them. But if further testimony were needed to show that the people are forsaking the churches, I would call attention to the remarkable fact that nearly every denomination in the country is lamenting the shrinkage of its membership. Differences of opinion may exist as to the causes, but there is general agreement as to the fact.

II.

But while maintaining that non-church-going has of late years assumed formidable proportions, I am far from saying that the people have become hostile to religion. It is true as ever that, as Burke said, "Man is by his constitution a religious animal." But it must be borne in mind that church-going is not necessarily symptomatic of the growth of religious feeling. I should say that on the whole there is more respect for Christianity among all classes than there was two generations ago. That attitude of unrelenting antagonism to the religion of Christ which Bradlaugh and others did so much to popularise in mid-Victorian days has largely, if not wholly, disappeared. The normal attitude of the non-church-goer of to-day is not one of hostility, but of benevolent neutrality.

Among the upper class there are many reasons for the widespread indifference to public worship; but, unquestionably, important contributory causes are the thousand and one distractions of modern life, the growth of the materialistic spirit, and intellectual difficulties.

I shall deal with the last point first. It cannot be denied that many men of cultivated intelligence—men who are imbued with the scientific and philosophic

(*Continued on page 216.*)

# WRITTEN IN A LIBRARY.

"No furniture is so charming as books."
—*Sydney Smith.*

## A GREAT REVIEW.

I hope that a good number of the readers of these notes are familiar with "The English Review." When it was half-a-crown a month I thought it a fine magazine, but now that it is a shilling I think it wonderful. Mr. Austin Harrison said there would be no reduction in quality or quantity—only in price—and he has kept his word, though I know that some people can hardly believe their senses. They think that coming down in price must mean coming down in quality. As a rule it does, no doubt; but there are few rules without exceptions, and this is one of the exceptions. The high literary tone is well maintained. There is always at least one contribution which is alone worth a shilling to read. Last month Mr. John Masefield had in it a poem of more than fifty pages—the third long poem from his pen in the same place of late. Two of them have since appeared in book form at several shillings each. Now those who have them in the magazine have real first editions for a shilling each. I shall take mine out of the covers of the magazine, have them bound together, and if they won't look quite as nice as the separate volumes, they will do very well for me. This month there are poems by Richard Middleton (of whom an excellent portrait was given in the June "Review"), T. Sturge Moore, Geoffery Cookson and Ernest Rhys. Arthur Symons, Lascelles Abercrombie and other of our greatest poets have been seen at their best in recent issues. Mr. Henry Newbolt has been writing illuminating essays on English poetry, and the current number has the first of a series of Mons. Fabre's remarkable insect stories. Mr. P. P. Howe ingeniously applies the Malthus theory to the publishing trade, arguing that no more books ought to be born than the country can support. "Every year there are published ten thousand books, mostly ordinary," he says, "fifteen hundred being novels, whereas three hundred would be ample." But we can never get rid of the superfluous book until we get rid of the superfluous author, and Mr. Howe does not tell us how to do it. He merely says what ought to be, and hopes that the publishers will recognise the position.

*The Bristol Times,*
16th November, 1912.

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temper of the age—find much of the preaching of the present day unsatisfying. The disciplined intellect is in open revolt against the dogmas of traditional theology. The man of culture asks that Christianity be interpreted in the light of advancing knowledge, that it be related to the movements of modern thought, to the ideas which are dominating and controlling the lives of the educated classes to-day. Accordingly, the preacher of the twentieth century who would harness the forces of progress and enlightenment in the interests of religion must grapple with the intellectual aspects of belief. It cannot be urged too strongly that the problem of non-church-going as regards laymen who take the trouble to think is, to a considerable extent, bound up with the question of pulpit efficiency. They are ready, and, in many cases, anxious, to listen to sermons, but they must be good sermons. Frankly, there are sermons being delivered every Sunday from Anglican and Nonconformist pulpits which in point of matter and style would not pass muster in a young men's debating society—crude, vapid productions providing stimulus neither for the soul nor for the mind.

III.

Manifestly, if the Christian pulpit is to retain its influence with a large number of educated laymen, it must be occupied by men who are not only endowed with spiritual gifts, but who are conversant with the intellectual currents of the age. And a higher standard of pulpit attainment can only be brought about by broadening and deepening the teaching of the theological colleges. At present, the curriculum obtaining in most seminaries is conceived on lines much too narrow. Evangelical religion in the future must flow in broader and deeper channels. It must be endowed with more vision, more variety, more intelligence, more virility; it must take cognisance of something more than the expansive energies of the soul. With a higher standard of intellectual efficiency and honesty in the pulpit, one important cause of non-church-going among the cultured class would be materially lessened.

But it would be a mistake to suppose that the educated and well-to-do classes are being estranged from the Churches solely on the ground that the average modern preacher takes so little pains to allay their doubts. There is a far more potent cause of non-church-going. It is indisputable that materialism is doing more to keep the upper class apart from organised religion than anything else. Luxury, indolence, an inordinate love of engrossing pursuits and pleasures have, to a large extent, robbed such people of spiritual understanding. Consequently, they have developed a positive aversion for worship, both public and private. How to rouse the wealthy and leisured man from his religious apathy is one of the hardest problems confronting the churches. The task of Christianising the West End presents far more formidable obstacles than that of Christianising the East End.

IV.

Thus far, I have dealt with non-church-going as it affects the upper class. It is when we come to consider the situation among the industrial population that the far-reaching significance of this problem is fully realised. Not that the working classes are worse offenders than those higher in the social scale. On the contrary, I believe that in the matter of church attendance, their record, proportionately, is decidedly better. But the mere fact that they constitute, roughly speaking, three-quarters of the population, serves to give greater prominence to the problem in relation to them.

No one who has intimate knowledge of the religious conditions of our large cities can doubt that the bulk of the working classes is permanently alienated from organised Christianity. The surging tide of democracy is flowing past the churches. In every working-class district there are thousands of families who never attend a place of worship. They may be allured at long intervals into a mission hall, but they never dream of entering a church. Everyone who has inquired closely into this problem, and has honestly faced the actual facts of the situation, is compelled to admit that between the average working man and the churches there is a great gulf fixed. The worker does not go to church for the simple reason that he finds nothing there to interest him. Who is to blame for this? What are the causes of the desertion of the churches by the industrial class?

In the first place, the allegation that working men as a class are irreligious, that the majority have fallen a prey to the seductions of secular Socialism, must be repudiated. Though the workers do not attend church to any considerable extent, it must not be hastily assumed that they are opposed to the teaching of Christ. They are anti-clerical and anti-ecclesiastical, but not anti-Christian.

They differentiate between the Church and the religion of Christ. While evincing deep reverence for the Founder of Christianity, and capable of being stirred by the truths which He taught, they yet refuse to countenance the Church. Stated in its most obvious form, the worker is not opposed to the Christian faith as embodied in the Sermon on the Mount, but to the way in which it is exemplified by the Churches. That the average working man is not anti-Christian is conclusively proved by the remarkable growth of two movements—the Adults' Schools and the P.S.A. Brotherhood. The former, which now comprise fully 100,000 members, are composed entirely of working men, who find the ordinary church service distasteful, but are, nevertheless, mindful of the necessity for cultivating the spiritual side of their natures. The Adult Schools, which have their strongest hold in the Midland counties of England, meet on Sunday mornings between the hours of seven and ten o'clock in premises attached to a day or Sunday school. These institutions are conducted on religious lines, but in a way which appeals directly to the worker.

But an even more remarkable testimony to the fact that the democracy is attempting to develop its religious life, apart from ecclesiastical influences, is the rapid progress of the P.S.A. Brotherhood. Like the Adult Schools, the Brotherhoods are composed for the most part of working men, who, whilst adopting no creed, proclaim their belief in "the Universal Brotherhood of Man, based on the idea of the common Fatherhood of God, with all that it involves," and who are bent on making the principles of the Sermon on the Mount operative in every department of human life.

## NO. 8 OF "EVERYMAN."

Among the important contributions to next week's issue are a brilliant article by Mr. G. Bernard Shaw, in answer to Mr. G. K. Chesterton on "The Collapse of Socialism." Mgr. Benson deals with Eton Education, and Dr. Charles Sarolea writes on "The Ethical Foundations of Patriotism." Mr. H. G. Wells' reply to M. Vandervelde will appear in a forthcoming number, as will Canon Barry's criticism of the modern novel. The interesting discussion as to "What's Wrong with the Churches" will be continued by Mr. W. Forbes Gray.

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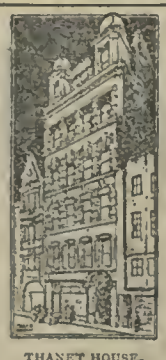

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# JANE AUSTEN

By AUGUSTUS RALLI

I.

THE source of Jane Austen's strength was her happiness. She lived remote from the literary world, happy in the life-companionship of her sister and the society of her immediate kinsfolk. She was friendly, but not intimate, with neighbours, and her letters contain scarcely an allusion to contemporary events. The French Revolution, the ascendency of Napoleon, the Peninsular War touched her not.

From her firmly stablished pedestal she looked down impartially upon the world. For this she has been compared to some of the greatest names in literature—to those dwelling on the slopes of that valley in the depth of which men like Cowper and Rousseau have their habitations and expend their strength in craving for what is denied them. She is interested in life rather than herself; and as Shakespeare portrays fools and jesters because of his interest in the pageant of humanity, so she may choose characters of narrow intellect with no wish to see them make sport for the Philistines. There is Lady Bertram, who hears that Fanny Price is to be transferred from her own home to Mansfield Park, and exclaims: "I hope she will not tease my poor pug; I have but just got Julia to leave it alone." There is Mr. Woodhouse, who suggests an alternative to his daughter's match-making plans for Mr. Elton: "If you want to show him any attention, my dear, ask him to come and dine with us some day. That will be a much better thing." There is Harriet Smith, whose sole "mental provision for the evening of life" is "collecting and transcribing all the riddles of every sort that she could meet with."

II.

Although Jane Austen had a philosophy, it is never obtrusive, and so there remains a radical difference between her and all but one of the greater English novelists. The novelist who delineates a character places it in one scale and himself in another. With Dickens, it is the caricaturist who depresses the author's scale; with Thackeray, the satirist; with George Eliot, the philosopher; with Charlotte Brontë, the lyric poet. Only with Scott, and Jane Austen in her later works, is there the perfect balance that existed with Shakespeare. This supreme dramatic faculty may have been fostered by the well-known absence of literary ambition in all three. Jane Austen's enjoyment of life would not have been heightened by the applause of a larger world, and the long-deferred publication of her early books caused her no distress.

III.

The absence of preconceptions made her art a whiter art than that of her fellow-craftsmen, yet there is a message as insistent as Thackeray's to be gleaned from her works. It is that the true character of man is only revealed in his home. And one of the rare allusions to public events in her letters is this: "I am sorry to find that Sir John Moore has a mother living; but though a very heroic son, he might not be a very necessary one to her happiness."

Of all her works, therefore, the most characteristic is "Mansfield Park." "Pride and Prejudice" has the salient merits of the first work of a writer of genius, but its characters are developed too exclusively along the lines of their peculiarities. "Sense and Sensibility," recast from an earlier tale, redeems itself by the excellence of some of its minor characters, such as Lady Middleton and Lucy Steele. In "Northanger

Abbey" we have Catherine Morland, "marvellously laid open"—as Lamb said of Othello—in her weakness and unconscious strength. Opposed to her is the disagreeable John Thorpe, to whose character nothing is more damning than the weariness which oppresses Catherine after an hour of his society. "Emma" is unluckily placed to the systematic student of Jane Austen. He approaches it with a lingering homesickness for "Mansfield Park," and its cumulative delights fade before the autumnal beauty of "Persuasion." We read that one of Jane Austen's admirers lacked nothing but the subtle power of touching her heart; and thus it is with "Emma." Did none of the marriages at its close take place, the lot of the principals would not be materially affected.

IV.

"Mansfield Park" embodies the philosophy which Jane Austen had tested by experience. She discriminates her characters according as they are good citizens of the republic of home. Lady Bertram, who thinks nothing can be fatiguing to anyone but herself—her son, who condones his extravagance because he is less in doubt than his friends—succumb to this test; while Edmund is acquitted of priggishness because the standards of the world are not those of the family. But it is Fanny Price who, like a highly sensitised instrument, registers the smallest disturbance in the domestic calm. Nothing in Jane Austen is more finely conceived than Fanny's visit to her own home, where the new characters teach us better to understand the old. And the summit of her art is the beautiful episode of the silver knife which had belonged to the dead child and proved a source of discord between two of the survivors. When Thackeray attempts such scenes as in Amelia's quarrels with her mother, we wish them unwritten, and the reader turns from the book as though he played the eavesdropper.

V.

"Persuasion" was the work of its author's decline, of which now and then a more serious touch reminds us, such as the permanent shock to Louisa Musgrove's nerves from her fall on the cob. There is a thinning of the walls that guard the home, and a glimpse of immeasurable distances beyond. Its unique charm is in the unfolding of the character of Anne Elliot; and while there are many heroines whom the masculine reader falls in love with, he would wish to marry none more than her. To test the progress of Jane Austen's art, let us compare Anne Elliot and Elizabeth Bennet. An unworthy parent is their common heritage; but while it detracts from the charm of Elizabeth, so that she has to win our sympathy in spite of it, we love Anne the more for her "conceited, silly father." Besides direct portraiture, there is the effect of her presence on others. Her sister had married Charles Musgrove, and Louisa Musgrove observes: "We do so wish Charles had married Anne instead—— We should all have liked her better." It recalls Shakespeare's device for heightening Juliet's beauty by the speech of Friar Laurence:

> "Here comes the lady: O! so light a foot
> Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint."

How far Jane Austen's self was reflected in Anne Elliot is a question it may be pertinent to ask. In her, for the first time, there is a tendency to push the point of the analysis into layers of thought beyond the story. The search for the inner self of a creative writer is ever beset with pitfalls; yet, as in looking-glass land, the critic, sworn to abjure it, detects himself again and again reverting to the attempt.


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# SCOTLAND'S DEBT TO PROTESTANTISM

AMONG a certain class of writers the view is popular that the results to Scotland of the Reformation have been vastly exaggerated. In their opinion the effect of the Reformation was simply to substitute one form of despotism for another, the despotism of Protestantism for that of Romanism. These writers, moreover, contend that in regard to all that goes by the name of culture, Protestantism tore up by the roots a form of civilisation which under Romanism gave great promise. It is overlooked that the culture of the Reformation period was solely a hothouse product, and had no living roots in the life of the people. The first thing Scotland needed if she was to develop on healthy lines was to become a nation, and this she could not do while she was under the rule of the Roman Catholic Church.

To Protestantism Scotland owes her existence as a nation. Until the Reformation Scotland had no real national existence. She was solely a preserve of the Roman Catholic Church. She was constantly being used in the dynastic and ecclesiastical interest of England and France. When Queen Mary came to Scotland the nobles of the day were engaged in purely political negotiations and intrigues. They were playing England and France against each other; at one time they favoured Protestantism, and at another time Catholicism. Mary aspired to the English throne, and it was felt to be bad diplomacy to estrange the Catholics of England and France. Here we have the explanation of the willingness of the nobles to allow Mary to have Mass performed at Holyrood. Knox, brushing aside dynastic considerations, took his stand on Protestantism, in the interest of which he denounced the performing of the Mass at Holyrood. He saw, what the short-sighted nobles failed to see, that to allow Mass at Holyrood was to side with France against England in favour of Mary's claim to the English throne. Knox, in the interest of patriotism, opposed the papacy, and he was equally ready to oppose Scottish patriotism, so-called, when it involved the toleration of Queen Mary's religion at Holyrood—a toleration which he saw was playing into the hands of France. In his endeavour to make Scotland a Protestant nation, he got little help from the nobles. He appealed to the common people, and in doing so laid the foundation of democracy in Scotland. In the words of Froude: "The Protestantism of Scotland was the creation of the Commons, as in turn the Commons may be said to have been created by Protestantism. There were many young, high-spirited men, belonging to the noblest families in the country, who were amongst the earliest to rally round the reforming preachers; but authority, both in Church and State, set the other way. The congregations who gathered in the fields around Wishart and John Knox were, for the most part, farmers, labourers, artisans, tradesmen, or the smaller gentry, and thus for the first time in Scotland there was created an organisation of men—detached from the lords and from the Church—brave, noble, resolute, daring people, bound together by a sacred cause, unrecognised by the leaders whom they had followed hitherto with undoubted allegiance. That spirit which grew in time to be the ruling power of Scotland—that which formed eventually its laws and its creed, and determined its after fortunes as a nation—had its first germ in these half-formed, wandering congregations. In this it was that the Reformation in Scotland differed from the Reformation in any part of Europe. Elsewhere it found a middle class existing, created already by trade or by other causes. It aroused and elevated them, but it did not materially affect their political condition. In Scotland, the Commons, as an organised body, were simply created by religion. They might love their country; they might be proud of anything which would add lustre to its crown; but if it was to bring back the Pope and popery they would have nothing to do with it, nor would they allow it to be done."

On the political side the Reformation represents the conflict between the absolutism of Rome, and the constitutionalism of Protestantism. Those who confine their attention solely to the religious side of Protestantism overlook the important fact that it was not enough for the Reformers to protest against what they deemed the religious errors of the Roman Church. It was necessary to destroy the idea that Scotland was a preserve of Rome, and should be governed despotically. The only effective way to destroy the Papal claim to rule Scotland was by making the constitution as well as the religion Protestant. In the famous interview of Knox with Mary the absolutism of the Papacy and the constitutionalism of Protestantism came into direct conflict, and in that epoch-making interview Knox proved himself to be not only a religious reformer but a statesman. In Scotland the Reformation was thorough. It meant the creation of a Protestant nation in which Ultramontanism and Erastianism had no part.

Not that Scotland was free from danger at the Reformation. Rome never ceased to intrigue from foreign shores against reformed Scotland to suit his selfish aims. James alternately used Ultramontanism and Erastianism; indeed, not till he ascended the throne of England did he cease angling for Popish influence in his contest with his people in Scotland.

Consideration of space forbids detailed mention of the prolonged conflict of Protestantism in the days of Melville and the Covenanters with the Papacy which, with a perseverance worthy of a nobler cause, sought to bring Scotland back to the ancient faith. With the accession of James VII. began the last great conflict between Protestantism and Romanism, and everyone knows how it ended. With his flight and the accession of William of Orange, Protestantism in Scotland gained a lasting triumph. The Revolution of 1688 definitely transferred Scotland and England to the side of Protestantism, and guaranteed in a sense the liberties of Europe. What Scotland owes to Protestantism is well described in the words of Macaulay: "It cannot be doubted that since the sixteenth century the Protestant nations have made decidedly greater progress than their neighbours. . . . Compare Edinburgh with Florence. Edinburgh has owed less to climate, to soil, and to the fostering care of rulers than any capital, Protestant or Catholic. In all these respects Florence has been singularly happy. Yet whoever knew what Florence and Edinburgh were in a generation preceding the Reformation and what they are now (1840) will acknowledge that some great cause has during the last three centuries operated to raise one part of the European family and to depress the other." A wide view of history confirms the view of Adam Smith: "The Constitution of the Church of Rome may be considered the most formidable combination that was ever formed against the authority and security of civil government, as well as against the liberty, the reason, and happiness of mankind."

Politically, socially, and intellectually, as well as religiously, it is impossible to over-estimate the debt which Scotland owes to Protestantism.

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# BOOKS OF THE WEEK

MISS AUSTEN, one remembers, adopted the device of interesting readers in her heroines by setting the other characters gossiping about them. In "Those That Dream" (Duckworth and Co., 6s.) the author, Yoï Pawlowska, employs the same strategy, and in the opening chapter we find two women travelling from Rome to Vienna and dissecting the character of one Winsona Marshall, who has left her husband, not because he was unfaithful—"that she could have forgiven"—but because he is small and mean. "Her ideas of morals are appallingly new, but her ideas of honour are decidedly old-fashioned." We are at once interested, and read on to find that Winsona is distinctly original. Her character had in it "a mixture of the Greek joy in living and an Oriental fatalism; she had also much of the Oriental's interest in discussing things of the spirit." Following her breach with her husband come many months of self-analysis, keen but never morbid, in which she discovers her soul, its power and—its limitations. She has left her husband because she has detected him in a mean offence—and in a meaner excuse. The future holds no place for him in her life, but, alas! bound as she is to him, her own future is crossed and overshadowed. A clever and forceful study of a woman, the creation of Winsona is a triumph of contemporary fiction, at whose hands the sex has suffered much. The book closes on the note that "it is good to be loved, it is better to love; but, best of all, it is to stand alone with the wind in your face, the endless plain in front of you, the burning sun over your head, and nothing in your heart but these things—and in your soul a hope that you have kept faith with yourself." A brave picture, and yet one cannot help thinking that the woman who looks down with a smile on the upturned face of her child does not hope or trouble about her soul. For one thing, she has something else to think about. For another, it may be that she realises instinctively that he who would gain his soul must first lose it. Spiritual robustness is not to be won by hypochondriacs, however interesting.

* * *

The spoilt son of a charming widow, and the hero of "A Makeshift Marriage," by Mrs. Baillie Reynolds (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.), Oliver Brendon is engaged to Vivien Faulkner, a feather-brained but fair-haired young lady, who, of course, jilts him for an American millionaire. Brendon, in a fit of pique, marries his typist, Astrid Carey. Astrid is genuinely in love with her late employer, and, when she discovers that he has married her from pride and not affection, she decides to leave him and commence life anew. There is something very spirited and pathetic in Mrs. Baillie Reynolds' presentment of the outraged feelings of the girl when the truth is revealed to her. "I trusted him as if he had been God," she says. "In my ignorance I thought there could be but one reason for his asking me to be his wife. I have no money, I have not much in the way of looks—I could not see any reason for his request, other than the one mighty, overpowering one, that he loved me. I did not hold back much. I hardly knew where I was, or what I was doing; I was caught up into heaven, as it were, and all I knew was that if he wanted me he must have me." Oliver's mother, the first shock over, tries to patch up a peace, but in vain. How the dowdy and slighted Astrid develops and becomes a beautiful and blooming, even a clever, woman; how the frivolous rival in her husband's affections, now married to a newspaper proprietor, causes further trouble, is all told to us, interspersed with the narrative of how Astrid

becomes secretary to a wholly delightful author who camps out at the seaside. Oliver meanwhile loses his position on the *Penman* by the sale of that paper to Vivien's husband, and, broken in health and pocket, he is saved by the love and compassion of the woman he has wronged, but whom he learns to worship. If the story is a little obvious, it is crisply written, and the characterisation is excellent.

❀ ❀ ❀

"While grass grows and water runs"—to quote the young lady in "G. B. S.'s" play—boys will never tire of the romances of R. M. Ballantyne, whose story, "The Lighthouse" (Blackie and Sons, 1s.), has all the qualities that we associate with the author. It is brightly written, packed with incidents, and, best of all, healthy—with the health of boyhood that still delights in stories of smugglers, fights with Excisemen, and of battles at sea being decided by cutlass work. Here is a specimen:

> "While he was speaking, the little vessel lay over on her new course, and Ruby steered again past the north side of the rock. He shaved it so close that the Frenchman shouted '*Prenez garde*,' and put a pistol to Ruby's ear.
>
> "'Do you think I wish to die?' asked Ruby, with a quiet smile. 'Now, captain, I want to point out the course, so as to make you sure of it. Bid one of your men take the wheel, and step up on the bulwarks with me, and I will show you.'
>
> "This was such a natural remark in the circumstances, and, moreover, so naturally expressed, that the Frenchman at once agreed. He ordered a seaman to take the wheel, and then stepped with Ruby upon the bulwarks of the stern of the vessel.
>
> "'Now, you see the position of the lighthouse,' said Ruby, 'well, you must steer your course due east after passing it. If you steer to the nor'ard o' that, you'll run on the Scotch coast; if you bear away to the south'ard of it, you'll run a chance, in this state o' the tide, of getting wrecked among the Farne Islands; so keep her head *due east*.'
>
> "Ruby said this very impressively; so much so that the Frenchman looked at him in surprise.
>
> "'Why you so particular?' he enquired, with a look of suspicion.
>
> "'Because I am going to leave you,' said Ruby, pointing to the Bell Rock, which at that moment was not much more than a hundred yards to leeward. Indeed, it was scarcely so much, for the outlying rock at the northern end, named *Johnny Gray*, lay close under their lee as the vessel passed. Just then a great wave burst upon it, and, roaring in wild foam over the ledges, poured into the channels and pools on the other side. For one instant Ruby's courage wavered, as he gazed at the flood of boiling foam.
>
> "'What you say?' exclaimed the Frenchman, laying his hand on the collar of Ruby's jacket.
>
> "The young sailor started, struck the Frenchman a back-handed blow on the chest, which hurled him violently against the man at the wheel, and, bending down, sprang with a wild shout into the sea."

To read this is to feel a boy again!

❀ ❀ ❀

Interesting as is the study of a rich Jew, exiled from Russia, that Mr. Paul B. Neuman gives us in "Simon Brandin" (John Murray, 6s.), it would need even more than the author's cleverness to make the story credible. Simon's father and mother were "murdered by the Russian Government for no crime, for no fault, except that they were Jews. The Jew suffers, but he does not forget. We have, both of us, a debt to pay. We may have to wait a long time, but, sooner or later, God's pay day is sure to come." Thus Simon in the days of his prosperity to his adopted daughter when, having made a fortune, he is intent upon revenging the wrongs of his race on the Russian Government. One recalls a little sadly the fact that, leaving revenge


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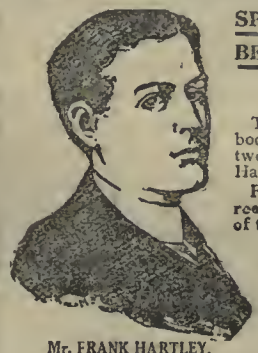

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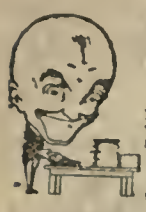

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altogether out of the question, no country stands in such constant need of money as Russia. The omnipotent Jewish financier has but to lift a finger to stop pogroms in Russia—and the finger is still unlifted! Simon, however, is the exception. His soul is aflame with indignation at the horrors inflicted upon his people by the Government of the Czar, and he plots and plans and conspires and intrigues for that Government's undoing. The story of how he corrupts a young English aristocrat is most convincingly done, but the subsequent release of the hated Count Loboff, the oppressor of his people, whom he has kidnapped, for no other reason than that the Count looks sad when he speaks of his child, is—well, it is not worthy of Mr. Neuman or of his creation. The novel is powerfully written, and the interest well sustained.

❀ ❀ ❀

"It's brutal to keep you out o' bed," says Mr. Richard Peel, the hero of "Dying Fires," by Allan Monkhouse (Duckworth and Co., 6s.), speaking to his friend, Mr. James Morice, who keeps "journalists' hours" and lives in a suburb near Manchester. We, too, keep those hours, but we are in no danger of staying up late to read Mr. Monkhouse's latest effort in fiction. Indeed, we are not even tempted to give a stir to the dying embers on our hearth as we turn the pages. For, although Mr. Monkhouse writes with undeniable distinction and a certain indescribable graphic force, his characters take themselves with a seriousness we cannot simulate. People who are always analysing themselves, their feelings and beliefs, have not much to analyse, as a rule, and, frankly, a man whose "deepest regret is that he has no grandchildren" bores us. Let Mr. Monkhouse try the experiment of writing of the common people. They have real tragedies in their lives, and they are not every minute wondering what their emotions mean. We are confident that he could do them, and himself, justice.

❀ ❀ ❀

Mr. Charles Garvice is not perhaps quite convincing with his "Two Maids and a Man" (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.), whom we find located in an altogether impossible mining camp, called, with quaint originality, "Eldorado," and speaking a *patois* that seems reminiscent of Whitechapel. "The Man" comes into The Saloon "with the lithe swing and the light, firm step of a wild animal of the woods; and no one would have guessed from the freedom of his movements, the erect poise of his red head, that he had been toiling all day in the sun, and had come straight from the back-aching, muscle-straining labour which had turned many a man's claim into a grave." Perhaps we should explain that he is a miner. It is but fair to add also that one at least of the ladies, with whom his future is intertwined, is distinctly less wild and woodlike than the object of their affections, while the subsequent adventures of the three, what time they are transposed to polite society, makes interesting reading for those whose sense of humour is not too keen. The narrative is redeemed, in part, by a certain boldness of the imagination that makes one forget its inherent improbabilities.

❀ ❀ ❀

There is no lover of literature who will not welcome "Shakespeare's Stories of the English Kings," retold by Thomas Carter (George C. Harrap and Co., 5s.), and beautifully illustrated by Gertrude Demain Hammond, R.I. This is a book whose pages we can fancy children will turn with delight, and which, in after years, they will remember with positive affection.

The fact that "A Romance of Billy Goat Hill" (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.) is from the pen of Alice Hegan Rice, whose "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" won her a vast audience on both sides of the herring-pond, will ensure this volume a warm welcome. If the story is so slight that it need not be recalled, it is told with a freshness and verve that carries one on from page to page, and some of the minor characters, obviously sketched from life, stand out from the canvas. Mrs. Rice is at her best in writing of the poor, whose simple, unaffected heroism and perpetual good spirits few can present with such convincing charm.

❀ ❀ ❀

"Erica," by Mrs. Henry de la Pasture (Lady Clifford) (Smith, Elder, 6s.), is a young lady of decided character, whose engagement is broken off because, so she tells her mother next day in the train *en route* to Paddington, "Christopher overheard something that he was not intended to hear"—the something being her own declaration that she loved another man, and that her *fiancé* bored her to extinction. Christopher on this releases her, and she arranges things with the other man, Tom Garry, by telegram, securing his attendance at Paddington, with a special licence, to meet herself and her mother on their arrival. The reader will gather that a lady capable of this promptness and resolution will well repay acquaintance, and they will not be disappointed if they follow her fortunes in the brightly written pages of her creator, who has given us a woman, not lovable, perhaps not even admirable, but real, every inch of her.

❀ ❀ ❀

Miss Beth Ellis inscribes her new book, "The King's Blue Riband" (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.), to "All Lusty Bachelors who defy the Fates." We are introduced to one of these straight off in the person of Sir Anthony Claverton, of the Gamecock Club, a near relative, as one suspects, of Charles Surface, but whose society is, none the less, sufficiently engaging to make the book readable. When we meet him, Sir Anthony has suffered much at the hands of fate. "In the winter his house in Somersetshire had been burnt to the ground. In the spring"—when, as we know, a young man's fancy turns elsewhere—"small-pox had ravaged his estate, carrying off his best tenants, and leaving, in place of a flourishing little township, a ruined and deserted hamlet." But Sir Anthony refuses to repair his fortunes by way of matrimony, which, in those days, before the Married Woman's Property Act, seems to have been popular. "For every man," he says, "there lives somewhere in the world a woman who can give him happiness. Some day he will meet her and know the truth." Till then Sir Anthony decides he will remain a bachelor—and ruined. In these days of disillusion, when it is the fashion to scoff at sentiment and laugh at love, it is pleasant to meet a hero who still believes in romance and the quest of the open road. Much reading of problem novels wearies the flesh and sickens the soul. It is good to find a man in fiction not ashamed of his beliefs, firm in the assurance that somewhere or other he will find the woman of whom he dreams. There is no analysis of motive, no dissection of emotion; the plain, unvarnished fact remains, Sir Anthony prefers to remain poor rather than sell his belief in love. Miss Ellis is to be congratulated on her characterisation in this particular. There is room and to spare in the novels of to-day for a hero of romance who waits for the one woman. How he meets that one woman, and how he wins her, the author tells so vividly that the eighteenth century lives again for us.


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## REVIEWS IN BRIEF

**The New Book of Golf.** Edited by Horace G. Hutchinson. Illustrated by photographs. 6s. net. (Longmans, Green and Co.)

Not all of us can hope to rise to the level of that brilliant artist who defined life as a series of interruptions from golf, but the game attracts an ever-increasing number of devotees, and to those who have not already a favourite body of doctrine which they swear by this new book of golf will be great gain. It will be especially useful to those who golf without being exactly golfers. Mr. Bernard Darwin gives most of the instruction, Mr. Sherlock writes from the professional's point of view, Mr. C. K. Hutchinson discusses men of genius, and Mrs. Ross (née Miss May Hezlet) gives advice to lady players. Nor must we omit the pædagogical expert, Mr. A. C. M. Croome, who tells us all "how to learn," which is indeed the rub. The book is well planned and effectively written. No one who reads it can say that he does not know how to play.

**The Upas Tree. Through the Postern Gate.** By Florence L. Barclay. (Putnam.)

With her book, "The Rosary," Mrs. Barclay leapt into prodigious popularity, but it is difficult to discover the secret of her success in the two novels which she has published subsequently. Both, however, are well written, clean, and sufficiently interesting, though the dramatic expedients are a trifle hackneyed. They will appeal to lady readers of the old school, for they are a pleasant change from modern erotic fiction.

**No Surrender.** By Constance E. Maud. (Duckworth and Co.)

This is a "suffragette" novel, but, though written with a purpose, it is not in the least dull. Miss Maud writes with power and insight, but, naturally, her book will appeal most to the friends of the suffrage movement.

**Elizabeth, Betsy and Bess.** By Lily Schofield. (Duckworth.)

A schoolgirl's story, somewhat loosely put together.

**At Agincourt.** By G. A. Henty. (Blackie and Son, Ltd.)

This is a new edition of one of Henty's matchless historical tales for boys. We can imagine no better gift book for a lad than this stirring tale of the feud between the houses of Orleans and Burgundy.

**The Street of the Flute-Player.** By H. de Vere Stacpoole. (John Murray.)

A romance of the days of Aristophanes, but the difficulty of reproducing effectively the ancient Greek spirit in the garb of an English novel is not overcome by the author, despite his literary skill.

**The Triuniverse.** By the author of "Space and Spirit." (Charles Knight and Co., Ltd.)

This is a scientific romance, but is so full of technical terms and scientific jargon that it will be intelligible only to scientific minds. As the book deals with events on and after the year 1950, it were unsafe to criticise the author's theories.

**The Rhodesia Annual. 1912-13.** 2s. 6d. (The South African Publishing Company. London Selling Agents: Messrs. Hazell, Watson and Viney, Ld., 52, Long Acre, W.C.)

As a product of a country only twenty-two years old, the publishers are to be congratulated on the general character of the work. With one exception, and excluding the Supplement, the contents have been especially contributed by Rhodesians. The work is lavishly illustrated. To those interested in Rhodesia and Portuguese East Africa the "Annual" would doubtless be of great value and interest.

## LIST OF BOOKS RECEIVED

Armstrong, R. C. "Just Before Dawn." (Macmillan, 6s. 6d.)
Bailey, Arthur. "Verses." (Herbert and Daniel.)
Batz, Baron de. "Vers L'Echafaud." (Calmann and Levy, Paris, 3fr. 50.)
"Butler, Samuel, The Note-Book of." (Fifield, 6s.)
Boulger, G. S. "Plant Geography." (Dent, 1s.)
Ditchfield, P. H. "The Cottage and the Village Life of Rural England." (Dent.)
Dickinson, G. Lowes. "Religion—a Criticism and a Forecast." (Dent, 1s.)
Dickinson, G. Lowes. "Letters from John Chinaman." (Dent, 1s.)
Delzons, Louis. "Le Maitre des Foules." (Calmann and Levy, Paris, 3fr. 50.)
Ellis, H. "The Problem of Race-Regeneration." (Cassell, 6d.)
Fox, Henry James. "The Note-book on Architecture." (Dent, 1s.)
Gascoyne-Cecil, Lord William. "Changing China." (Nisbet, 3s. 6d.)
George, W. L. "Woman and To-morrow." (Jenkins, 2s. 6d.)
Hamon, Augustin. "Le Molière du XX. Siècle Bernard Shaw." (Eugene Figuiere, Paris, 3fr. 50.)
Headlam, Cecil. "Oxford and its History." (Dent, 10s. 6d.)
Horton, The Rev. R. F. "National Ideals and Race-Regeneration." (Cassell, 6d.)
Haslette, John. "The Mesh." (Sampson Low, 6s.)
Maud, Constance. "Angelique (Le p'tit Chou)." (Duckworth, 6s.)
Murray, John. "Diary of Frances, Lady Shelley." (Edgecombe, 10s. 6d.)
Newsholme, A. "The Declining Birth-rate." (Cassell, 6d.)
Rolleston, T. W. "Parsifal." (Harrap, 15s.)
Rowntree, B. Seebohm. "Land and Labour Lessons from Belginm." (Macmillan, 5s.)
Stubbs, C. W., D.D. "Cambridge and its Story." (Dent, 10s. 6d.)
Saleeby, C. W. "The Methods of Race-Regeneration." (Cassell, 6d.)
Scharlieb, Mary. "Womanhood and Race-Regeneration." (Cassell, 6d.)
Sherren, Wilkinson. "Windfrint Virgin." (Hain-Smith, 6s.)
Szasz, Elsa de. "The Temple on the Hill." (Sidgwick and Jackson, 3s. 6d.)
Turner, Denis. "Fatuous Fables." (Fifield, 2s. 6d.)
The Men's League. "Handbook on Women Suffrage." (6d.)
Thomson, John. "Frances Thomson, the Preston-born Poet." (Alfred Hazlewood, 2s. 6d.)
Tomlinson, H. M. "The Sea and the Jungle." (Duckworth, 7s. 6d.)
Treves, Sir Frederick. "The Land that is Desolate." (Smith, Elder, 9s.)
Treherne, Philip. "Louis XVII. and other Papers." (Fisher Unwin, 3s. 6d.)
Wace, Henry. "Some Questions of the Day." (Nisbet, 6s.)

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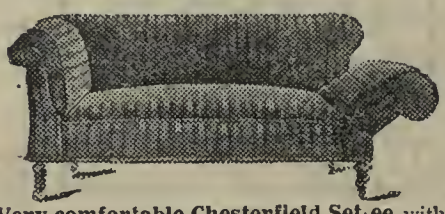

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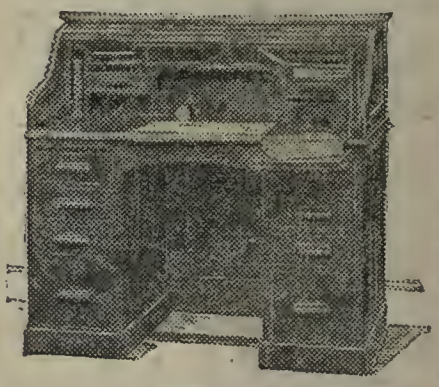

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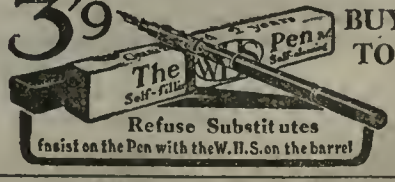


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## HISTORY IN THE MAKING

### NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THE war cloud has lifted in the Near East. The outlook is brighter. Thanks to the moderation of the Bulgarians, the attitude of Turkey is less unyielding, with the result that an armistice is practically agreed upon. It is expected that the peace negotiations will be conducted in the Bulgarian capital. Great Britain, Russia, and Germany have impressed upon Turkey the necessity of making peace. Negotiations, however, are somewhat hampered by the feeling of Greece. The Balkans, with an eye to possible European complications, are anxious to finish the war, and are prepared to let Turkey off lightly. Greece, however, has nothing to gain by a speedy settlement, and feels that her ancient enemy should be more heavily pressed, and that more extreme terms should be enforced on her.

An important pronouncement comes from Germany. In the Reichstag on Monday the Imperial Chancellor, after expressing hope that events in the Balkans would make for peace, declared that, in the event of unfavourable developments, Germany would be found on the side of her Allies. If, contrary to expectation, they were attacked from a third side, then, continued the Chancellor, we would fight by the side of our Allies, to defend our own position in Europe and protect the security of our own country. "I am now convinced," said the Chancellor, "that in such a policy we should have the whole people at our back." Meanwhile good is expected to result from Sir Edward Grey's proposal for a conference of the Ambassadors. The proposal is said to be favourably entertained by the Powers.

Variety has been given to political affairs by two speeches delivered by the Chancellor of the Exchequer—one at Aberdeen and the other at Kirkcaldy. At Aberdeen he dealt with the land question as it affects Scotland, and deplored the fact that the robust youth of the rural districts were stricken with the pestilence of land famine. In his opinion, a complete change in our land system was the first essential condition of social reform. Referring to the Insurance Act, Mr. Lloyd George remarked that its benefits would soon be felt. At Kirkcaldy he dwelt upon the necessity of devolution. He also alluded to the significance of the recent by-elections, and in connection with the prosperity of the country he dealt with Tariff Reform.

In the course of the debate in the House of Commons on the Welsh Disestablishment Bill, Mr. Bonar Law declared that the Prime Minister had broken his pledge regarding the introduction of first-class measures under the Parliament Act. Mr. Asquith met this with an indignant denial. At present, Mr. Asquith said, a committee of the Cabinet was considering the question of the reform of the House of Lords.

The controversy started by Lord Roberts with reference to conscription shows no signs of abating. At the Eighty Club dinner to Mr. Winston Churchill, Lord Haldane, who presided, said the command of the sea was a fundamental strategic policy, and any different policy was the policy of an amateur, not of a strategist. The adoption of compulsory military service, he said, would add ten or fifteen millions to the Army Estimates. In opening a drill hall at Bathgate, Lord Rosebery made pointed reference to the controversy. Without expressing any opinion on conscription, which he admitted to be a drastic remedy, he expresses the view that if the alleged facts about our military deficiency were true, no expeditions should be made outside the island until we were quite sure that the Territorial Army had secured sufficient training to defend it. Lord Curzon, dealing with the subject at Plymouth, gave it as his opinion that the voluntary system was breaking down before our eyes.

The militant suffragists are pursuing with reckless determination their anarchical campaign. The latest development takes the form of inserting bottles of dark fluid into the Post Office and pillar collecting boxes. Thousands of letters have been rendered useless, with great inconvenience to the general public. The Postmaster-General invites the co-operation of the public in the matter, and offers a reward to anyone who secures the arrest of an offender.

---

Three thousand miners employed in the Garw Valley, South Wales, are on strike in consequence of 250 non-unionists declining to join their federation.

---

Mr. Balfour presided this week at the Royal Scottish Corporation St. Andrew's Day festival, and in the course of his remarks dwelt upon the value of Scottish nationality. He claimed that Scotland had set the example of how to reconcile naturally and completely two things which at first sight were not easily reconciled—"the intense and ardent patriotism for a part which yet only reinforces and strengthens the larger patriotism of the whole."

---

Speaking at the anniversary of the Royal Society, Prince Lichnowsky, the German Ambassador, said never were the relations between England and Germany more intimate than at present.

---

Mr. Runciman has dealt a severe blow at the single-tax section of the Liberal party. Speaking the other day at Newton Abbot, he condemned "harum-scarum" schemes of taxation, which would bear unjustly on the land, and allow those engaged in other callings to escape their fair share of taxation.

---

The Scottish members of Parliament have had sent to them a memorandum from the Business Committee of the General Council of the University of Edinburgh, protesting against the action of the Treasury with regard to inclusive fees at all the Scottish Universities. They condemn the extension of bureaucratic government as the first step towards a system which in time would destroy the spirit of University education in Scotland.

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The intercession service at evensong, which took place on Tuesday evening, in the presence of the Bulgarian Minister and of many well-known Philhellenes, at St. Peter's, Piccadilly, was in several respects remarkable. The ordinary church office appropriate to the hour, 6 p.m., lent itself, with well-chosen lesson and hymns, to the special purpose with a minimum of difficulty. The statement had been made that a "Te Deum" would be given, but this must have been due to a misapprehension, the object of the function being to make intercession for the Christian peoples of the Near East, by no means yet, as a body, free from the despotism of Islam. A sermon of striking eloquence and fervour was delivered by the Right Hon. George Russell, once a colleague of Mr. Gladstone, and still fired with the enthusiasms of one who has been called the last of the Crusaders. The Church of St. Peter's, hidden behind the "Trocadero," has been beautifully restored under the enlightened surrogate and vicar, the Rev. G. Golding-Bird, whose good work in the terribly poor district lying in the very shadow of the richest streets of the West End deserves more attention than it has yet received.

# THE NATIONALISATION OF THE RAILWAYS

THIS country has long been recognised as a pioneer in civilisation. A check is given to our patriotic exuberance when, laying aside our insular preconceptions, we compare ourselves with our Continental neighbours. Take, for instance, our railway system. With our doctrinaire dislike of State interference in the industrial sphere, we tolerate a railway system that is quite out of touch with the requirements of modern times. In the interests of the public, great stress was placed upon competition in the early days of railways. Competition has now given place to combination, and, therefore, from the public point of view, continuance of the present system has no longer justification. In a pamphlet published by the Railway Nationalisation Society, facts and figures are given which show clearly the wastefulness of our railway system, and demonstrate the necessity of this country following the example of the Continent and the Colonies in substituting State for company ownership. On the purely financial side the gain would be enormous. By reduction of the expenses of management and the economies which would be secured by the simplification of the system under State management, it is calculated that a saving of £20,000,000 per annum would be effected—a sum which would reduce the exorbitant goods rates which operate as a tariff on our inland trade. Passenger fares would also be reduced, and an improvement would be made in the conditions of labour, thereby lessening the unrest among railway workers.

State-owned railways, moreover, would greatly increase the convenience and comfort of the travelling public. At present it is mainly on the great main lines that attention is paid to the requirements of the public. Outlying towns and villages are left to shift for themselves. Travellers, grumble and groan as they may, are helpless under a system despotic, antiquated, and intolerable. Contrast the British system with that of Germany, as described in H.M. Consul-General's Report. In Prussia, we are told, the State receives a considerable surplus from the working of the railways, by which the general burden of taxation is relieved. The report goes on to say that, as far as the comfort of the public, the punctuality of the working, and the consideration of wishes expressed in connection with traffic arrangements are concerned, the State railway system has in Germany gradually met with entire approval, and the desire for a return to private ownership is never expressed by the public. No less an authority than Sir George S. Gibb has recorded his belief in the case of railways in the advantages of well regulated monopoly, even although it should come in the guise of State ownership. Lord Brassey puts the whole subject in a nutshell by his remark that railways should be managed with a single eye to the service of the public, not for the benefit of the shareholders. The subject is one which lies outside of party politics. It concerns the economics rather than the politics of the State. It is now being recognised by economists that with the use of syndicates and combinations new functions have been imposed upon the State. Industries of a routine nature and which tend to become monopolies, such as gas, water, tramway, telegraph and telephone services, are best controlled in the public interest by public officials. To this category railways belong.

HECTOR MACPHERSON.

# THE ALLEGED COLLAPSE OF SOCIALISM BY BERNARD SHAW PART I.

I REALLY cannot, as a humane person, look on inactive at Mr. Chesterton performing the feats of a Japanese wrestler at the expense of my unfortunate Socialist friends. It is a pretty exhibition of a noble art; and it serves the Socialists right for not knowing their own case better, and for trying to argue with an opponent who could argue their heads off, to the infinite amusement of the spectators, even if he were in the unpopular position of being in the right, and who is utterly irresistible now that he is in the wrong.

Just let me have a turn. Like Polonius, I will use no art, because we are both so clever at it that there would be nothing in that either way. Let us go plumb to the bottom of the controversy.

I.

Mr. Chesterton says he wants the Peasant State. Well, he has got it; and he is louder in his denunciation of it, bitterer in his loathing of it, than any Socialist; for the Socialists admit that the founders of the Peasant State had honest intentions—Mr. Chesterton's intentions, in fact—and that nothing but experience could have taught them the horrors that were incipient in that State from the moment when the first peasant put a row of stones about a bit of land and said, "This is mine." Mr. Chesterton himself says quite truly that "as to how it [the Peasant State] can be brought about, it is not, perhaps, irrelevant to remark that it already exists, at this minute by the clock, over the larger part of this planet." Of course it does, more's the pity! You can see it in its beginnings in the island of Achill. But if you would see it *in excelsis* you must study it in Chicago, in Glasgow, in Manchester, or in London. These are the pustules in which the disease of Peasant Property culminates on the fair green skin of the earth. Mr. Chesterton allows that the Peasant State cannot consist wholly of peasants. There will, he says, be a margin of mercantile and urban people. That is, there will be the exchanger, the distributor, and the specialist, beginning with the village shopkeeper, the blacksmith, the midwife, the surgeon, and the farrier. Well, one may ask, what does that matter provided they are all peasants? If they marry peasants' sons and daughters, if their fathers and mothers and brothers and sisters and sons and daughters are peasants, and if they live the same lives and have about the same incomes as peasants, the Peasant State will still be a State of Peasants.

II.

But here we come to the practical difficulty. The Peasant State, at this Arcadian point, will not stay put. Make Mr. Chesterton the Head Man, and he will presently find himself like Alice in Wonderland when she attempted to play croquet, and found that the balls were hedgehogs and the mallets live flamingoes. He may feel happy as he whistles Schumann's Merry Peasant, and imagines that hero inviting him (not very often) to look in and see *his* home, *his* wife, *his* sheep, *his* wool, *his* distaff, *his* spinning wheel, *his* loom, and *his* homespun clothes. "This homespun," says the Chestertonian M.P., "is mine; and nobody can take it from me except by giving me something in exchange that I want more, not even if there were a child perishing of cold in the lane outside for want of it." And before Mr. Chesterton has done congratulating him the farmhouse multiplies into a thousand tenements, the sky darkens, the peasant and the woman wither, the air stinks, and Mr. Chesterton is in the middle of Manchester. From this horrible spot he might fly to Ireland, which he has just mocked (with the best intentions) as the nearest refuge of the peasant phase of the Peasant State. There he will find the peasant again; but he will find also a person whom he will invidiously call Ikey Mo (knowing all the time that his name is just as likely to be Tim Malone), the gombeen man, occupied in the distribution and exchange of that prime commodity and cherished idol of the peasant, money. And before he can spit in the face of the supposed Jew he will find himself in St. Mary Axe or Lombard Street or Capel Court, in the office of Sir Isidor Montmorency, who will attend to him (for Sir Isaac loves men of letters and artists, bless him!) when he has given a few orders to the Governments of Europe.

III.

At no step in the process of these miracles will Mr. Chesterton have any excuse for interfering. The maddest things will happen under his eyes. He will offer a man a free farm and garden, complete with vine and fig-tree, and none to make him afraid; and three or four idlers will offer to the same man a few square yards of barren land on condition that he keeps them in morbid luxury with their servants and families and motor-cars and what not; and the man will accept their offer and spurn Mr. Chesterton's. And when Mr. Chesterton says, "Are you mad to do this thing, or is it a joke of Shaw's?" the man will reply, "Not at all; but, as a matter of simple fact, I can make more out of their offer than out of yours." And Mr. Chesterton will say, "That is impossible; for two and two still make four." And the man will say, "Two and two make four according to Cocker, Mr. Chesterton; but, according to Ricardo, two and two sometimes make a million and sometimes make minus nothing. For further particulars you must refer to the lucid demonstration of the economic basis of Socialism in Fabian Essays, and to an excellent tract on the Impossibility of Anarchism by your talented friend, Mr. Bernard Shaw."

(*To be continued.*)

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## WIT AND WISDOM OF G. B. S.

IN all the arts there is a distinction between the mere physical artistic faculty, consisting of a very fine sense of colour, form, tone, rhythmic movement, and so on, and that supreme sense of humanity which alone can raise the art work created by the physical artistic faculties into a convincing presentment of life. —*The Saturday Review*, June 6th, 1896.

Humanity is neither a commercial nor a political speculation, but a condition of noble life.—*The Humane Review*, January, 1901.

The English are extremely particular in selecting their butlers, whilst they do not select their barons at all, taking them as the accident of birth sends them. The consequences include much ironic comedy.—*The Irrational Knot.*

# CIVIL SERVANTS AS SLAVES OF THE STATE ⁂ ⁂ ⁂ BY P. C. MOORE

I.

Of the Super-Civil-Servant, Permanent Under-Secretaries, and Heads of great Departments, beings only a little lower than the angels, we cannot speak. They write weighty books, and mould the destinies of millions. We feel them as benevolent Influences working in the Unseen. We hear of them in the presence of kings and behind the scenes of Empire. But we cannot know them; nobody truly knows them. We speak of the man in the subordinate ranks, the dweller in the suburbs, whose income may be anything from eighty to three hundred pounds a year, and whom we may even meet in the intimate relation of brother, friend, or clubmate.

You will see him every morning in the neighbourhood of his office close upon the hour of ten. You will see him as surely as you will see your morning paper; for his deepest virtue is a reverence for Time. The attendance book is the vital fact of the Service. Other crimes are noticed and forgotten, but unpunctuality is fatal. A man may do nothing when he is in his office, but he will strive to the uttermost to get there in time. "Better never than late" is his favourite motto. The erring brother who has been late thrice in the month makes no paltry excuses about delayed trains or bicycle accidents when he sees that the clock will inevitably beat him once again. He stops at home, and sends a polite letter to the chief clerk explaining that he has caught a severe cold, and hopes to be able to resume work as usual on Monday.

II.

His exactness in the matter of time tends to make him a precisian in other things also. He knows very accurately the state of life into which it has pleased the Civil Service Commission to call him, and the precise nature of the work suited to it; and he will resent any attempt to alter either. Now and again a Second Division man has been known to undertake the duties of an Abstractor when the case was urgent; just as, on an occasion of sudden sickness in the house, Mr. Whiffers, the Bath footman, so far forgot himself as to carry a coal-scuttle up to the second floor; but it is always done without prejudice to his rights, and must not be construed into a precedent. For the Government clerk takes precedents very seriously. What has been done once may lawfully be done again, and in old-established offices every possible event has its appropriate tradition attached to it for help and guidance of those that come after. It is by means of this that the machinery of the nation is kept working smoothly. Time and thought are saved. You have only to look up "what the Department did in '82" to find out what it will do in 1912. Life would be much simpler if our Law were as inevitable or our Theology as certain.

To the man in conflict with a Government Department this attitude has, however, a perverse aspect. He naturally thinks his own case is exceptional, and ought to be treated on its merits. He feels emphatically that he is the Archibald J. Robinson who has suffered an unheard-of injustice. To the clerk filing documents, he is only No. 7863/12—a man who wants something done against the rules. It might, in any given instance, be an excellent thing to break the rules, but it would also be risky. You would incur responsibility; you might be wrong; and then bells would ring in the Secretary's room, and minutes would be written in red ink on the margin of documents, and you would be severely reprimanded, before the business of State could resume its normal course. Why should anyone run these risks for a total stranger, when salaries are paid just the same for doing the easy thing? The soporific effect of a regular salary is the true canker of the Service. It destroys initiative and paralyses thought; and, indeed, it only serves to produce in the Government official a curious detachment from the affairs of the world that is not without a certain charm. Wars rage, dynasties are overthrown, the millionaire of yesterday is to-night crouching homeless through rain-swept streets, but somehow or other, in some miraculous way that we cannot understand, at the end of the month the small cheque will inevitably be found lying on our desk. Allah-il-Allah! It is Kismet. Why worry?

III.

Sometimes, in the natural course of mortality, a coveted post falls vacant, and then you will see the office rouse itself from its daily lethargy. Things happen. Rumour, painted full of tongues, flies headlong from room to room, gathering strength and detail in its flight. Everyone applies for the position. Everyone is indignant at the impudence of everyone else in applying for it. Everyone tells his friends (in confidence) that if any regard is paid to humble merit, proved qualifications, or even mere length of service, his claim cannot be overlooked. Every time a door is suddenly opened, a small knot of men breaks up from in front of the fire, and looks askance at the newcomer, to infer from his face how much he has overheard. The Secretary lives in a state of siege. One man lies in wait in the lobby, another blockades the staircase, two more hang about the steps in the hope of catching him as he goes to his lunch. Then the announcement is made, and the disappointed candidates hold a meeting to point out the iniquity of the appointment. They embody their grievance in a petition extending into innumerable typed pages; they forward it to those that sit in authority; it is filed away to gather dust in some remote pigeon-hole; and affairs resume their original complexion.

But this is only an occasional outburst. For the most part, the Civil Servant is a quietist, doing a reasonable day's work for a not unreasonable day's pay; in his office, good-humoured, friendly, honest; in his home, affectionate, sleepy, and addicted to gardening. If he is not a genius, neither is he a fool. If he has been known to put a shilling on a horse, he is not a gambler. If he lacks something of the quality that makes saints and martyrs, he is frequently a gentleman, and rarely a cad. And what more can you expect? It is excellent value at the price.

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## SPECIAL FEATURES OF No. 9.

In our next issue Mr. G. Bernard Shaw will complete his reply to Mr. G. K. Chesterton on the "Alleged Collapse of Socialism." An article of great literary interest will be contributed on H. G. Wells by Richard Curle. Professor Lichtenberger will give us his views on "The Alsatian Problem"; and a vivid historical presentment of "The Trial of the Knights Templar" will appear from the pen of M. Henri Mazel, of the *Mercure de France*.

# EPISTLE TO THE TWENTIETH CENTURY BY PROF. SAINTSBURY

MY DEAR NUMBER TWENTY,—You were hailed, neither morosely nor priggishly, under that name some years before your birth by a man of genius, who ought to be alive now, but whom, unfortunately, you never saw in the flesh; and I hope there is nothing offensive in the term, which has other pleasant associations. Well, you are "getting a big boy now," and have almost reached one of the conventional stages of your life; so one may, without impudence, take a little stock of you.

Pray don't imagine that I am going to begin with reproving you for the habit (which you have undoubtedly shown already) of disparaging your immediate predecessors, and of assuming an almost preternatural air of modern wisdom for yourself. There is nothing less modern than this; and I have scarcely ever heard of a century which, when it put its dear little tootsies first forward, did not tread previous ages, as vigorously as it could, under the said members. Nothing new in *that*, my dear Twenty; and you'll get over it all in good time, just as the others did.

I am not sure, however, that from this same range of view—that of comparing you with parallel periods of other ages—the Pisgah sight is quite so cheerful, when we come to the next point. 'Teens are not advanced periods of life, but centuries have certain legitimate advantages in that respect over men; and it has been at least not uncommon to find their opening years rather brilliant, as regards things actually done. Are *you* brilliant, Twenty?

I observe that, though want of self-confidence would not seem to be one of your most obvious defects, you do not appear to be quite sure of this brilliance. There is an ingenuous tendency in you to assert that things in general are vastly better than they used to be, but to admit that perhaps, in some ways, things and persons in particular have not so very much to boast of. The general well-being ("Give me a lantern that I may see it," as wicked men of old have said) will doubtless react on the particular well-doing. That is the kind of statement you like, and we will hope it may come true. But excuse me if I ask whether you are not in some things a little *silly*. For instance, we excuse in children a love for picture-books; but shall we altogether excuse in men a love for picture-palaces ("dromes," as I was edified the other day by seeing it put up in London)? Is not the pleasure of the palaces a little passive, a little rudimentary? Is there much sense of art in it, much exercise of the imagination, much of anything above the level of gum-chewing?

Then there is another point about you which perhaps is not quite satisfactory. Complaints that you won't read serious books are, indeed, silly enough themselves. No age ever did read serious books much, except when there were few or no others to read, or when they were connected with burning questions of the time. But you seem, whether from some congenital defect or (which I rather suspect) from the character of your bringing up, to be unable to *attend* to anything. Even your novels must not be long; and as to books that provide anything like an argument, you want them closured and kangarooed till there is nothing left but one of those ingenious little treatises where you can "specialise," for the small sum of sixpence, on anything knowable in about twenty minutes, but which have the rather unfortunate defect of being necessarily unable to supply the atmosphere and circumference of other knowledge, without which nothing can be known at all.

As for manners, costumes, and the like, I say little or nothing. You don't pretend to have any manners. That is a subject which you do not "take up," so it would clearly be improper to examine you on it. As for costume, I own myself an eclectic. I am quite prepared to set even the hats which young ladies have been wearing for the last year or two against the turbans which old ladies used to wear in the forties and fifties, and divide the palm (or shall I say the crown?) of hideousness. But your costume as distinguished from your costumes and your manners, I must own, do in some cases seem a little curious, if not a little disgusting. Why, O Twenty! are you in such a mortal hurry about everything? You have plenty of time before you; you never seem very particularly to enjoy anything that you are doing; and (excuse me) it really doesn't seem as a rule to be much good when it is done. You have made the streets of London, which used to be one of the pleasantest places in the world, really almost disagreeable, sometimes positively so, by this insane passion for scuttle and hurry. You huddle your Acts of Parliament through so that nobody knows what they mean, and how they will work; and, like the true Epimetheus you are, you only attend to these things "afterwards." You have telescoped up well your dinners, so that, instead of eating and drinking and smoking following each other in a graceful, leisurely trilogy, they are all muddled up together—that is, when you get one of the three at all.

Perhaps this, like the fancy for "Picture-dromes," is also an effect of childishness, for children are always in a hurry: and we may charitably group with these the also puerile habit of getting tired of things, in a hurry almost as great. As picture-dromes have almost killed skating rinks, so motoring appears to be almost killing (I do not mean literally, though there is a certain amount of that, too) cycling. Already you do not rush very much to see an aeroplane (which, to be sure, sometimes makes itself a very unpleasant neighbour), and I am wondering whether, before I get my other foot in the grave, you will have got tired of motoring itself. Whatever your merits, dear Twenty, you certainly have not acquired that fixity of which, according to Mr. Arnold, for I do not myself read the Buddhist languages, Buddha thought so highly. And, perhaps, this also accounts for your again curious toleration of the intolerable in persons and things.

But there is one point in you, Twenty, which I wish specially to notice, and in which I think you have the pre-eminence over any century or any beginning, middle, or end of any century that I have ever heard of; and that point is Cant. It is, of course, supposed to be a specially British Vice. We have, I grant, always, since evidence has been procurable in the matter, canted freely. The seventeenth century canted about religion; and that cant has never ceased since, though latterly a good part of it has been the cant of irreligion. The eighteenth century canted about Liberty, Property, and the British Constitution:

and that cant has gone on, too, though at the present moment it is subject to the slight difficulty that there is no British Constitution to cant about, and that Liberty and Property are having a remarkably bad time of it. The nineteenth century, I own again most freely, canted about all manner of things besides the old ones—about emancipation of slaves and others; about Italy; about Free Trade; about Bulgarian Horrors; about, I say, all manner of things. But these cants were more or less partial—there were always more than seven or seventy thousand persons who bowed the knee to never a Baal of them all. You, my dear Twenty, cant about everything, and in your special and favourite cant almost everybody joins. You cant (*this* is nothing new) about education; you cant about "broadmindedness" (which generally means wits too narrow to take in really important things); you cant about temperance, speed, personal dignity, sleeping with the window open, Heaven and the other place alone know what! But your cant of cants, and the one referred to just now as your cant universal, is that which is indicated by such words as "Social Unrest," "Struggles to Win a Higher Life," "Rights of Labour," etc., etc.

Now, even if you thought you had an effectual belief in all this, it would still be cant, I fear; but you haven't. Among your minor and subsidiary cants (there is a very little honesty in this, but the honesty of cant is nearly always the nature of effrontery) is one against "charity." Your benighted ancestors, no doubt, indulged in a great deal of this detestable thing. They founded almshouses and hospitals; they gave doles and feasts; they filled up offertory bags and subscription lists at their own expense and of their own accord. You know a thing or two worth a dozen of this, my dear Twenty. *Your* charity is akin to, but improved upon, the celebrated practice of Mr. Tupman, who was unwearied in referring the destitute to his friends. You put it on the rates or the taxes, which are borne by a comparatively small part of you, and (most comforting of thoughts to the individual) always by other people. If *you* had been the good Samaritan, you would have done nothing so impulsive or so extravagant as to pour your own oil and wine into the traveller's wounds; and you would have been afraid of hurting his self-respect by taking him into your motor and paying his hotel bill. You *might* possibly have brought a measure into Parliament for a super-tax on the Duke of Transjordania and the wine merchants of Jerusalem, in order to establish sanatoria for travellers found wounded on the high road. Now you may outgrow this combination of sympathy out of your own lips, and succour out of other people's pockets; and I hope to goodness you will, for it is not a nice phenomenon in a young gentleman. Perhaps it, and other things like it, are only a new form of social and political measles. Let us hope so.

But "Jobations" should never be too long; and so I leave you with a little motto—caution taken from a lively Frenchman in the days when men and Frenchmen were lively. He was addressing his countrymen, the *Philosophes*, who were in many ways (*absit omen!*) like some of your own pundits. He was prepared to allow them some things that they claimed—to acknowledge the blaze of "modern" light that they were spreading—and he only asked them one or two little favours in return:

> Mais, pour Dieu, soyez bonnes gens,
> Et, si vous pouvez, plus modestes.

Also, *Si vous pouvez*, get rid of this most loathsome form of cant last mentioned, which does not come from any real sympathy, convention, or belief, but simply from lost relish for other cants, from desire to curry favour for your seat in Parliament, your church, your sect, your fad, with the working (or non-working) man; and lastly, I fear, in a very large number of cases, from the fact that you are mortally afraid of him, and that you are playing the fine old game (the result whereof is well known in history) of "buying off the Danes."—Pray believe me, my dear Twenty, yours in all sincerity, S.

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# THE PARADOX OF DISRAELI*

## I.

THE second volume of Mr. Monypenny's "Life of Disraeli" is in one sense more, and in another sense less, interesting than the volume that preceded it. There is inevitably less new and curious information; but assuredly there is no period of Disraeli's life more important, more formative, or more necessary to be understood, if we are to form a just appreciation of the man as he eventually emerged, than the nine years covered by this volume—the nine years which intervened between Disraeli's election to Parliament and his successful assault upon the authority of Peel. At the beginning of that period we find him a fantastic youth, whose talents amused many, but whose affectations disgusted many more; whom a few liked, but whom hardly anyone respected or trusted; who was thought at best a clever mountebank, and at worst an utterly unprincipled adventurer. At its end he is already a power in the House of Commons, with the virtual leadership of a great party full in view. Incidentally, the same period covers that marriage which was so important and fortunate an event in his public as in his private life, and the writing of his best and most permanently significant novels, "Coningsby" and "Sybil."

## II.

It would be very easy to draw, as Mr. T. P. O'Connor once did with great picturesqueness and ingenuity, a picture of this epoch in Disraeli's life which should make him unmitigatedly black. We see a young adventurer, who has already professed almost every shade of political opinion, entering Parliament by means of servile court paid to men who were as much his inferiors in intellect as they were his superiors in rank and wealth. We see him fawning upon the leader of his party when that party is in opposition and is expecting soon to be in power. We see him impudently asking for a place when the Tory Government is being formed, and as impudently denying that he has done so only four years afterwards. We find him, when the place is refused him, turning savagely upon the leader he had flattered, and pursuing him with invective and slander. Finally, we find him raising himself to high political position by pretending to share the opinions and passions of men whose prejudices he despised and whose hopes he was to betray.

## III.

With such a picture of Disraeli, the story of his marriage, judged in the same superficial fashion, perfectly harmonises. He attaches himself to a wealthy man who assists him to get into Parliament, ingratiates himself with that man's wife, when the man

* "Life of Benjamin Disraeli." By W. F. Monypenny. Vol. II., 1837-1846. 12s. net. (Murray.)

dies marries her—a woman about ten years older than himself—for her money; and so establishes a securer financial basis for his political career, which was endangered by the stupendous claims of the money-lenders who had assisted him to gamble on his success. In the same fashion it would be possible to represent his novels as the work of a smart, vulgarian upstart, anxious to show off his acquaintanceship with the great.

All that picture is false—utterly and completely false.

I do not say that the above statements are false; on the contrary, most of them are true, at any rate in part. But the picture is all wrong. Disraeli was quite a different kind of man.

With every one of the points made against him above can be contrasted something markedly to his credit. Thus it is true that he first asked for office, and later lied about it. But it is not true that his revolt against Peel was merely the anger of a disappointed place-hunter. He really hated the things for which Peel stood—the repudiation by the Tory party of the old Tory principles, its acquiescence in the Benthamite and Cobdenite theories of the State, its refusal to appeal to history and to the imagination. No one who reads "Coningsby" or "Sybil" can doubt for a moment that Disraeli was interested in his political theories as well as in his political fortunes. He had expressed those theories, in fact, long before he had the smallest reason to desire a quarrel with Peel—nay, when he had every possible interest to stand well with that politician.

## IV.

So also with his marriage. Perhaps the most interesting new matter contained in the present volume consists of the love-letters written by Disraeli to Mrs. Wyndham Lewis after her widowhood. Mr. Monypenny is of opinion that in publishing these epistles he has demonstrated that his hero was sincerely in love with this lady. Personally, I have never read any love-letters that seem to me so completely to demonstrate the contrary. They are throughout wretchedly artificial. It may no doubt be contended that a man who has accustomed himself to write continually in a style at once florid and stilted, as Disraeli always did when he wanted to appear as a man of high sensibility, finds it very difficult to rid himself of the habit, and, even when moved by genuine emotion, writes in a rather tawdry fashion. It would be easier to accept this view of Disraeli's love-letters if Mr. Monypenny had not also published Disraeli's letters to his sister, to whom his devotion was real and unselfish.

## V.

I will give two examples, and allow readers of EVERYMAN to judge for themselves. This is how Disraeli wrote to the woman he wished to marry:—

"I cannot reconcile Love and separation. My ideas of Love are the perpetual enjoyment of the society of the sweet being to whom I am devoted, the sharing of every thought, and even every fancy, of every charm and every care. Perhaps I sigh for a state which never can be mine. But there is nothing in my own heart that convinces me that it is impossible, and if it be an illusion, it is an illusion worthy of the gods."

And this is how he wrote to his sister:—

"Dearest,—Here I am again, having been only five days out of Parliament. We had a sharp contest, but never for a moment doubtful. They did against me, and said against me, and wrote against me all that they could find or invent; but I licked them, and the result is that we now know the worst; and I really think that their assaults in the long run did me good, and will do me good. . . . Are there any strawberries left, or will there be in a week? We mean to run down by rail to see you. Thousand loves, D."

## VI.

Again, here is an interesting contrast between Disraeli's mode of expression and that of the woman who became his wife. They had quarrelled, and Disraeli writes as follows:—

"Farewell. I will not affect to wish you happiness, for it is not in your nature to obtain it. For a few years you may flutter in some frivolous circle. But the time will come when you will sigh for any heart which would be fond, and despair of one which would be faithful. Then will be the penal hour of retribution. Then you will think of me with remorse, admiration, and despair; then you will recall to your memory the passionate heart you have forfeited and the genius you have betrayed."

And here is her answer:—

"For God's sake come to me. I am ill and almost distracted. I will answer all you wish. I never desired you to leave the house, or implied or thought a word about money."

And so on.

I do not think that anyone reading these two quotations can doubt which is the real thing and which is not.

Disraeli married for money. He wanted money to further his political ambitions; and he had no more scruple about taking it from this middle-aged woman, whom he had fascinated, than he had about begging a place from Peel and lying when twitted with it. That is the low side of the man. But here, as in the political case, comes the quite startling contrast of his worse and his better self. Having married the woman, having accepted her money, he gave her in return a splendid devotion and loyalty, such as very few love-matches can boast. No word ever escaped him that could suggest that he ever regretted his choice, nor would he allow in his presence any hint that it might be thought a strange one. Every glory that awaited him he insisted on her sharing to the full. He exhibited her with pride to the whole world as a wife worthy of a prince, and he placed her before himself, in the roll of the nobility which he had subdued to his purposes, as a peeress in her own right, while he remained still a commoner.

## VII.

That element of strong loyalty to old and accepted ties was the fine side of Disraeli. It comes out in his treatment of the woman whom he had made his wife. It comes out in his correspondence with his sister, which from boyhood to middle-age reveals a very genuine and very beautiful comradeship. But perhaps it comes out most of all in one little episode of his political career which always seems to me the final answer to such a view as Mr. O'Connor's.

Peel had fallen, and in falling had separated himself for ever from the mass of the Tory party. Bentinck had just resigned their leadership. After so many years of unscrupulous intrigue and savage fighting, the ball was at last at Disraeli's feet. Then the Jewish Question was raised. Disraeli knew very well that the men he thought to lead hated and despised his race. To obtrude it on them at such a moment was to risk everything. He risked everything. He got up in the House of Commons and said that you could not absorb the Jews, since "it was impossible that an inferior race should absorb a superior."

When all the circumstances are considered, I think this was one of the most heroic things ever said by mortal man. And it was said by the same man who fawned on Chandos and rancorously revenged his own humiliation on Peel.

# THE PICTURE OF SIR THOMAS MORE

I.

GRAVITY, drollery; wit, irony, tenderness; "amiable joyousness," to take Erasmus's word—these dispositions or their shadows are to be seen flitting over More's likeness. Although most of us relate him now only to his "Utopia," he is not in his lineaments at all a visionary. Holbein knew him well, loved him as a man, and a kind host, and a fine subject; and so painted him in that other "little Utopia of his own," to which Father Bridgett alludes—his own household. Unluckily, this group, the original painting, was sent to Erasmus, and has never been found, although we may still nurse a hope that in some old cupboard or dusty attic it may lie hidden, yet to reappear.

Erasmus, however, repainted More with his pen, sketched him with the colour that lurks in ink for those who have the secret. Neither tall nor short, More had the grace of limb which gives dignity of line and an effect of stature to a man. His face was white of skin, fair rather than pale, with a pink flush to suggest warm blood; and dark brown or brown-black hair, and grey-blue eyes, with some spots on them, which were held to mean rare gifts (like the lucky spots possibly on people's nails), serve to complete the sketch. But the expression in such a countenance was like a subtler colour. It told of the mother-wit, the amiable joyousness, the laughter ready to break out, that struck Erasmus. "To speak candidly," he said, "it was a face better adapted for gladness than for gravity." Then there was the scholar's unevenness of shoulder—one carried a little higher than the other. The hands he thought not particularly good ones—"the least refined part of him." As M. Bremond points out, it is significant that Holbein buried More's hands in wide sleeves, in the first sketch (now in the Museum at Basle).

II.

The one thing a painted portrait cannot give is a man's voice. More's was clear and penetrating; not loud or soft, or for that matter very resonant. He was extremely fond of music, but had no vocal art. Father Bridgett reminds us, in correcting Erasmus on this point, that Sir Thomas, or the Blessed Thomas More as he is now, used to sing with the choir in church; but then Erasmus spoke from first hand experience. His real care for these things is shown in the trouble he took to have his second wife taught the harp, the lute, the monochord, the flute. Among other personalia his friend gives, we have an account too of his innocence at table. He liked water better than wine—a fact which suggests the retort a young Irish poet made to an English divine, who said the Irish were too fond of whiskey: "Whiskey!" he said; "Irish folk don't need to drink whiskey: they can intoxicate themselves with talking!" Sir Thomas More's wit was quick enough to do without wine; but he gaily disguised his temperance. He drank a special kind of small ale, water thin, out of a pewter vessel to deceive his guests; and if he had to pledge them in wine, he merely touched the rim with his lips. As for food, milk, eggs, fruits, coarse brown bread, much leavened, and a little corned beef; these were enough. He carried the same simplicity into his clothes, and only wore fine garments when obliged to don them for occasions of state. And we know how, to mortify his flesh, he wore a hair-shirt next his skin.

III.

If these be austerities, he made them joyous, even jolly. He went to the scaffold, though he had feared it as a high-strung spirit may such a deathly ordeal, joking with Sir Thomas Pope.

"More," said M. Bremond, "had nothing of the soldier's temperament, in which a certain initial strength confirmed by training lessens the natural cowardice of the nerves and horror of the imagination of all physical suffering." We may even agree that he had something of the timid sensitiveness of Erasmus, and so it was he was not ashamed to confess his terror, and tried to keep himself from dwelling on that side of the ordeal. Then for the prison, if he was able religiously to make the best of its immersements and privations, we gather from the "Dialogue of Comfort against Tribulation" that he brought both his wit and his religion to eke out the uncertain strength of his own temperament. "I belief, Megg," he said to his daughter, "that they that have put me here ween they have done me a high displeasure, but I assure thee on my faith, mine own good daughter, if it had not been for my wife and ye that be my children . . . I would not have failed long ere this to have closed myself in as strait a room, and straiter too. But since I am come hither without mine own desert, I trust that God of His goodness will discharge me of my care, and with His gracious help supply my lack among you. I find no cause, I thank God, Megg, to reckon myself in worse case here than in mine own house, for me thinketh God maketh me a wanton, and setteth me on His lap and dandleth me."

The temper of mind that he showed in this confidence to his daughter had been seen earlier in his interview with the Duke of Norfolk. This was when his relations with the King had wrenched to the point of fracture. "By the Mass, Mr. More," said the Duke, "it is perilous striving with princes; therefore I would wish you somewhat to incline to the King's pleasure, for, by God's body! Mr. More, *indignatio principis mors est.*" "Is that all, my lord? Then in good faith the difference between your grace and me is but this, that I shall die to-day, and you to-morrow."

IV.

The account that William Roper, Margaret More's husband, gives of the last scene of all may be added to the chronicle. "So was he brought, by Mr. Lieutenant, out of the Tower, and from thence led towards the place of execution, where going up the scaffold, which was so weak that it was ready to fall, he said to Mr. Lieutenant, 'I pray you, I pray you, Mr. Lieutenant, see me safe up, and for my coming down let me shift for myself.' Then desired he all the people thereabouts to pray for him, and to bear witness with him, that he should then suffer death in and for the faith of the holy Catholic Church, which done he kneeled down, and after his prayers said, he turned to the executioner, and with a cheerful countenance spake unto him, 'Pluck up thy spirits, man, and be not afraid to do thine office, my neck is very short. Take heed, therefore, thou shoot not awry for saving thine honesty.'"

If we want any further evidence of More's courage in the days of trouble we ought to turn to the pages of his inimitable prison book, the "Dialogue of Comfort against Tribulation." The "Dialogue of Comfort" is the one book which is the natural commentary upon More's portrait. It is his confession of himself, the man, to his other self, the saint, whom he was spiritually too modest to foresee. And the "Dialogue" makes his "Utopia" seem more real, and, by its personal illumination, more ideal, too. E. R.

SIR THOMAS MORE, NATUS 1480, OBIT. 1535

# MEREDITH AND CARLYLE BY W. R. THOMSON

ONE of the charms of Meredith's letters is that they are not essays. They were written for his friends, not for posterity. And posterity will show its gratitude by counting them among its treasures. Some men need their friends; others merely use them. Meredith belonged to the former class. His circle was not large, but within it he gave and took royally. No one can read the letters to Hardman or Cotter Morison, to Leslie Stephen or Lord Morley, without feeling that he is being permitted to share intimacies that belong to life's best, and that make one think more highly of human nature. This characteristic of the letters—that they are personal and intimate, chatty, playful, or tender, as occasion calls—gives a special interest, by way of contrast, to certain pages on Carlyle, where Meredith speaks as critic. The pages are few in number, some half-dozen at the most, yet it may be said that in the whole library of Carlyle criticism there is nothing more wise and searching. Of Meredith's relations with Carlyle there is, unfortunately, but a hint in the letters. "He commended the study of Goethe to me constantly" seems to imply fairly frequent meetings. From another letter we learn that Mrs. Carlyle "did me the honour to read my books, and make him listen to extracts, and he was good enough to repeat that 'the writer thereof was no fool.'" "High praise from him," adds Meredith. One wonders if it was a certain passage in "Beauchamp's Career" that inspired the Carlylean comment.

It was to his lifelong friend Captain (afterwards Admiral) Maxse that Meredith first wrote of Carlyle, in 1865. Maxse seems to have been in a state of mind not uncommon at the time in regard to the author of the Latter-Day Pamphlets. He was both fascinated and repelled. He had, therefore, to be reminded that Carlyle is a humorist, and that even his "offensive insolence"—the phrase seems to have been the Captain's—was "part of his humour." "Swim in his pages, take his poetry and fine grisly laughter, his manliness, together with some splendid teaching. It is a good set-off to the doctrines of what is called the 'Empirical school.'" This advice is rounded off by the observation, "I don't agree with Carlyle a bit, but I do enjoy him." There is more than enjoyment, however, in the next reference, in a letter four years later. Carlyle is here compared with Tennyson. Tennyson has "many spiritual indications," but no philosophy, and "philosophy is the palace of truth." Carlyle, on the other hand, touches "the very soul and springs of the universe." "He is the nearest to being an inspired writer of any man in our times; he does proclaim the inviolable law; he speaks from the deep springs of life." Sharp touches of censure, no doubt, accompany these high estimates. Carlyle's vehemence of language, "his hideous, blustering impatience," offended Meredith. His ineffectiveness in face of practical problems was also noted. "When he descends to our common pavement he is no more sagacious than a flash of lightning in a grocer's shop." But Meredith knew that it was lightning. "Spiritual light he has to illuminate a nation."

The best commentary on these letters is the well-known passage on Carlyle in "Beauchamp's Career." As readers of Meredith know, Maxse was the original of Beauchamp. It was part of Rosamund Culling's anxiety concerning the young hero, that the books he read were not boys' books.

"His favourite author was one writing of Heroes, in a style resembling either early architecture or utter dilapidation, so loose and rough it seemed; a wind in the orchard style, that tumbled down here and there an appreciable fruit with uncouth bluster; sentences without commencements running to abrupt endings and smoke, like waves against a sea wall; learned dictionary words giving a hand to street slang, and accents falling on them haphazard, like slant rays from driving clouds; all the pages in a breeze, the whole book producing a kind of electrical agitation in the mind and the joints."

Beauchamp had picked up the book in Malta, and had gone at it again and again, "getting nibbles of golden meaning by instalments." He hugged the book, though he could not quite comprehend it. To Mrs. Culling the Incomprehensible was the Abominable, but to the youthful hero it was a challenge, "a bone in the mouth." He did not rest until he had made the lady promise to present him with a complete set of the "beloved Incomprehensible's" works. It was under the inspiration of Carlyle that Beauchamp entered politics as a "political mystic," fighting on the Radical side. Meredith canvassed for Maxse in the Southampton (Bevisham) election of 1867. Radicalism, however, inspired by romantic Toryism, failed to win the day.

For Meredith's finest word on Carlyle we must turn to the letter of May, 1882, to M. Raffalovich, a Russian correspondent.

"Between him and his wife the case is quite simple. She was a woman of peculiar conversational sprightliness, and such a woman longs for society. To him, bearing that fire of sincereness, society was unendurable. All coming near him, except those who could bear the trial, were scorched, and he was as much hurt as they by the action rousing the flames in him. Moreover, like all truthful souls, he was an artist in his work. The effort after verification of matters of fact, and to present things distinctly in language, were incessant; they cost him his health, swallowed up his leisure. Such a man could hardly be an agreeable husband for a woman of the liveliest vivacity. . . . They snapped at one another, and yet the basis of affection was mutually firm. She admired, he respected, and each knew the other to be honest."

These words, be it remembered, come to us from the heart of a labour hardly less splendid and exacting than Carlyle's own. They are no less final on the personal side of the Carlyle question than are these on the whole significance of Carlyle for our literature. "He was the greatest of the Britons of his time; Titanic, not Olympian; a heaver of rocks, not a shaper. But if he did no perfect work, he had lightning's power to strike out marvellous pictures, and reach to the inmost of men with a phrase."

The sonnet on Carlyle which Meredith copied out for Mr. John Dennis as they sat together "in the early hours of the morning," in the Garrick Club, crowns the younger man's tributes to his great contemporary:—

"Two generations view thee as a fire
Whence they have drawn what burns in them most bright;
For thou hast bared the roots of life with sight
Piercing; in language stronger than the lyre:
And thou hast shown the way must man aspire
Is through the old sweat and anguish Adamite
As at the first."

# EDWARD FitzGERALD AND HIS TIMES

BY AUGUSTUS RALLI

I.

FitzGerald was a poet born in an age of prose. A few hundred lines of inspired verse and four volumes of correspondence possessing a distinctive charm are what remain of his passage through the world. The causes of this small production and of the progressive loneliness of one who had a genius for friendship are to be sought in the characteristics of the times. It is not needful for a man to play a leading part among his fellows to reflect the spirit of the age. As Carlyle says, "The great world revolutions send in their disturbing billows to the remotest creek."

The changes which had begun to transform England in the middle of the eighteenth century were operating upon the heart of man, and the evils of industrialism and commercialism were destroying his primitive nature. Increase of population brought increase in the severity of the struggle for existence. In the life of towns the feeling of the mystery of life grows weak; and the poetic, like the religious, soul faints for want of solitude and communion with nature. In former centuries, when England was still a "sylvan wilderness," when villages lived their lives untouched by the world beyond, when the few who travelled did so by stage-coach, the soul of man still had glimpses of the immortal sea. Stevenson tells how the settlers on the empty plains of Nebraska are afflicted by "a sickness of vision." They are "tortured by the distance," and their eyes "quail before so vast an outlook." A reverse process takes place in the town-dweller of to-day. His interests are crowded into the foreground, and the eye, glancing from each to each, is raised no more to a far horizon.

II.

The characteristic of the Victorian age was the rise to power of the commercial classes, in whom the faults of the century find their completest expression. Persons engaged in commerce, which has no end but the acquisition of money, suffer a loss of the moral sense. They have the defects of men of principle without the principles; and their honesty, like the much-vaunted Spartan valour, is a quality imposed from without. They come to believe neither in love nor friendship, nor in anything that has not a financial basis. Theirs is what Ruskin called vulgarity in its most fatal form—"the inability to feel or conceive noble character or emotion." Houston Chamberlain reminds us that "those who do not inherit definite ideals with their blood are neither moral nor immoral, but simply without morals." The failure of the man of commerce to teach right principles to his children is the cause of the growth of an un-moral race. And the reason why commerce is despised is not that it is more dishonest than other professions, but because of the type of character which it produces.

III.

The determining factor in FitzGerald's seclusion from the world and his friends was his unlucky though short-lived marriage. From the shock to his poetical temperament of contact with one that was positive and masterful, his recovery was but partial; yet there are previous signs of the ebb of his self-confidence. In 1844 he wrote that "a great city is a deadly plague"; and he is surprised that "worth and noble feeling persist in the country, since railroads have mixed us up with metropolitan civilisation." He laments the decline of the "English gentry," "the distinguishing mark and glory of England, as the Arts of Greece and War of Rome." Some of his happiest hours were spent in his sailing-boat, and perhaps he loved the sea because it set a term to the ravages of man.

For the last third of his life FitzGerald only communicated with his friends by letter. He has the diffidence of a man, unlearned in the lore of the world, with those who have pushed their fortunes with success. He wrote, "I never do invite any of my oldest friends to come and see me; am almost distressed at their proposing to do so." And, "I feel more nervous at the prospect of meeting with an old friend after these years than of any indifferent acquaintance. I feel that I have all to ask and nothing to tell; and one doesn't like to make a pump of a friend." Yet he is wistfully anxious to preserve perfect images of them in his heart. "I like to think over my old friends. There they are, lingering as ineffaceable portraits—done in the prime of life—in my memory." And having heard that Thackeray was spoilt by success, and had "a foible for great folks," he "wonders if this was really so."

IV.

FitzGerald was not akin to Wordsworth in his love of wild country, and elected to live "in a small house just outside a pleasant English town." "I am afraid to leave the poor town with its little bustle!" he wrote. "As one grows older, lonelier, and sadder, is not the little town best?" What he feared was the portentous growth of the town which followed the industrial revolution. He feared the suspicion sown in the human heart, the sordid ideas and brutal manners of the commercial classes, and the evils of democratic institutions. And above all, the alteration in the scale of values engendered by increased pressure on the means of subsistence: faith in the unseen—the former stay of character—displaced by knowledge of the psychology of associated men.

To resist such tendencies would seem to FitzGerald as futile as the efforts of the good woman to stem with a mop the advance of the Atlantic. He was not to be won by the specious pleadings for return to nature of Rousseau and his fellow-sentimentalists. But minds like his are not dejected by the thought that an end will come of man's activity on earth. To him and some others, stories of the mounds of Babylon and of mighty cities which have arisen and flourished, and of which no traces remain, do not come amiss. He must have shuddered at the ceaseless expansion of the town, as the cultured Roman of the Empire shuddered at the thought of the barbarian hordes lurking in the German forests. He turned from a world from which beauty had departed, and where the human spirit had been tethered to the material plane; but, unlike Scott, he could not forget the hideous present in the romantic past. He conserved the memory of what he had seen, and the result was the freezing of his creative springs. Yet that the materials of his happiness did exist upon this earth may be inferred from his backward glance at it, amid speculations in ideal regions. It is this spirit which informs the most wistful stanza of the "Omar":

> "Ah Love! could you and I with Him conspire
> To grasp this sorry Scheme of things entire,
> Would not we shatter it to bits—and then
> Remould it nearer to the Heart's Desire!"

# UNDER THE GREAT DOME

Its span covers the busiest workshop in the world—the busiest and quite the most fascinating, whose myriad volumes are ransacked daily by armies of eager students; by the flotsam and jetsam of journalism, hunting ideas that may bring guineas; by great *savants* and scholars, intent on the completion of works of European reputation; and last, but most interesting, by novelists and dramatists who, having achieved "the insult of popularity," take their works with amazing seriousness, and come here, to the Reading Room of the British Museum, to give them "historical verisimilitude."

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As you enter the room you are struck with a sense of its vastness—a sense that never wholly leaves you, though it is rapidly succeeded by other impressions as you note the silent, swift intensity with which most of the readers are attacking the work they have in hand, searching out from the huge catalogue the book they want, tracking down from reference to reference the material they require. Some few "slackers" there are, men who have dropped in to hear the latest literary gossip or to get a few words with a friend. But their listlessness only throws into bolder relief the strained attention of most of the readers, as they sit at the long rows of silent desks radiating from out the "centre," where kindly officials are enthroned ready to help the new reader, who is sadly befogged by the intricacies of the catalogue, or to show the "old hand" where he has gone astray.

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The readers comprise all sorts and conditions of men. That shabby, pathetic figure—half tramp, half mendicant he appears—is an Egyptologist of no mean reputation. The sleek, well-groomed person, who looks for all the world like a prosperous *restaurateur*, is a flourishing bibliographer, who is supposed to know the library rather better than the librarians, and who is always ready, with rare good nature, to let you draw on his store of information. That "handsome, ugly American," who looks as if he had been in the prize ring, which is indeed the case, is one of the most popular descriptive writers of the day; and the giant to whom he is talking, and who bursts every now and then into Homeric laughter that startles the staid students round about, needs no introduction to the readers of Everyman. There are "ghosts" and there are "devils" (of whom more anon) on every hand, but it is the angels who predominate, for at least two out of every three readers are women.

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Women, indeed, are the great outstanding feature of the Reading Room. You find them everywhere, and everywhere find them busy. In the old days they were less ubiquitous, and kept largely to one part of the room. Indeed, they still tell a story at the Museum of the embarrassment one of their number caused a bygone Superintendent. He had just welcomed a very distinguished foreign visitor to the Library, whom he had then left to his own devices. The foreigner, in his innocence, sat down at a desk reserved for ladies, and the Superintendent was horrified to receive the following note:—"A *man* has just sat down at *our* desk. Please have the creature removed." That exclusiveness, however, has long since disappeared, and a more genial spirit pervades the "sweet girl graduates." Has not G. B. S. solemnly asserted that all his profound knowledge of the sex is based on an observation of the advanced women of the Reading Room, what time he used to read there, alternating the score of Wagner with the text of Karl Marx?

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Bernard Shaw is only one of the great men who in the past have been regular frequenters of the room. The old stagers will delight to tell you of others. There was Mr. Gladstone, who, however, was vouchsafed a private room. Lord Morley, who is one of the trustees, would not accept a similar boon, and used to stand waiting his turn to surrender his book, thinking the while perhaps of the days when, like the young men in front of him, he, too, was but a struggling journalist, to whom the Cabinet must have seemed a little remote. One other figure I can recall visiting the Reading Room—I mean the late Sir William Vernon Venables Harcourt, who entered with magnificent presence and reverberating voice. We all felt tremendously impressed by the great Plantagenet, and never shall I forget the obsequious haste with which the attendants ran to do the bidding of the great man, or the calm magnificence with which he brushed aside the rules and regulations of the establishment. His visit, in fact, was the most perfect commentary on democracy that I have ever experienced.

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Like everything else in this imperfect world, the Reading Room has its more sombre side. Literature exacts an arduous life of her votaries, sometimes also a precarious one. You can find among the readers plenty of the tragedies of letters. Men who in their time have played many parts, occupied notable positions, but now are hard put to it to win a living, their ambition gone, their hopes buried, to them the Reading Room is a city of refuge, where they may toil all day long while strength remains, often for a bare pittance, without any hope of future recognition. Some of them are engaged on research work, devilling for well-known authors and publicists. Others still contrive to fight on as free lances from year to year. Others, often brilliant but erratic men, become the ghost of a successful author, whose style they can imitate to a nicety, taking the great man's work off his shoulders when he is too busy to himself discharge it, content—or should I say resigned?—to see another win the praise of their achievement: surely the most pathetic fate in human experience.

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But we are not all of us poor people in the Reading Room. There is the young man of literary tastes and a small income, who came here ten years ago to write a masterpiece, and who has not commenced it yet. He is very good-natured, very dilatory, and very happy, and he dozes over Herbert Spencer, or somebody else, nearly every afternoon. For the Reading Room is a place of dangerous charm. The mighty dead seem to call to you to neglect your daily task and taste again of their wisdom. You feel you must look at your favourite poet instead of finishing your copy and mastering half a dozen dull books to get the facts. That way destruction lies. Rapidity is as essential in literature as in war. Witness the case of the old gentleman, fortunately well endowed with the goods of this world, who for years has been engaged on a monumental work on the world's shoes. But he can never get it to press. No sooner does he complete it than he finds that he has omitted another shoe!

# HARD-AND-SHARP: A SOMERSET SKETCH

## BY H. HAY WILSON

I.

THE name properly belonged to the field—all the fields in the parish had names—but it had been transferred to the proprietor because it fitted him so well, so that Hard-and-Sharp was the name by which the old baker was generally known. His real name was Redman, and by a series of coincidences—or perhaps it was something more—he lived on the Red Hill at the Red Farm, and in his youth he had had a red head, but now the few hairs that remained to him were of a somewhat dingy yellow. He was not very old, but had the air of having buffeted his way through life, toughening during the process, and having reached the place he now occupied at the expense of other people less hard than himself. In figure he was lean and corrugated, and looked as if he would rebound on coming into collision with anything else sufficiently hard. His only remarkable point was his nose—the leading feature amongst an otherwise insignificant collection—which stood far out at an aggressive angle right in the middle of his face.

II.

Hard-and-Sharp's nephew George was the young baker. He baked, so to speak, on sufferance, because he was a poor relation. That is to say, he was Hard-and-Sharp's only brother's only child, but as an orphan without capital he was considered a unit of no social value by Hard-and-Sharp, who had made his pile and held on to it very tight. Hard-and-Sharp sat on his nephew George, rather from habit than conviction. George bore it as best he could, for he had married on the strength of the bakery, and wanted to make his place too. Village life gives room to the instinct for permanence. In towns you gather together and take away; in the country you gather and stay, and build up the social order. The process is slow, and has a bad side as well as a good one.

Hard-and-Sharp lived at the bakery, in a beautiful old house, red roofed and many gabled. The field where the bakehouse stood was his own, his namesake too, but he rented the house from another such proprietor, who, like his tenant, had a more careful eye to his own gains than to those of his successor. The house was let at a low rent because it was in bad repair. It was big and roomy, but Hard-and-Sharp only chose to keep in repair so much roof-space as sufficed to cover his own head from the weather, and let the rain come through the rest. George, until he married, had lived with his uncle rent free, but the old man refused to have two for nothing, so George paid for his accommodation, and it was soon after this that Mrs. George started the project of a second house.

III.

Mrs. George was gentle and young, with soft brown eyes that saw further into the future than did those of her industrious male belongings. Hard-and-Sharp loved his new niece in his peculiar fashion, and when the second-house theory was started he showed a crabbed interest by putting every imaginable obstacle into the way of it. The plan was to rent a house belonging to Hard-and-Sharp some distance from the bakehouse. To reach it you went down the hill and up again, and round an orchard, and found the house hidden, a field's length from the road. It also was in bad repair: doors and windows decrepit from neglect rather than wear. Hard-and-Sharp had been born there, but had risen in life when he married the last baker's widow—since deceased—and had never gone back. He said he could not afford to repair the house, but George might have it at a low rent and do what he could. Mrs. George, with an eye on the future, urged her spouse to close the bargain, abetted by Hard-and-Sharp, who, seeing a conclusion imminent, immediately raised the rent.

That was how George started to become a factor in the equations of village life. It proved hard work—probably no one but Mrs. George ever knew how hard; for the wage-earner earns money, but it is the wife who manages that he shall do more than live by it. George paid his weekly 2s. 9d. and saved out of his 20s. wage at the bakehouse. Between orchard and garden the household was more than half supplied. George and his wife spent amazingly little on themselves. One lives frugally at these times; in prospect of independence a pinch is endurable, and a wife who contrives and pinches and papers walls and mends holes and suffers headaches with resignation and seldom goes beyond her own four walls makes a scanty provision go far. George saved, and would gladly have borrowed to pay for his house, since mortgages may decrease, but rent does not. But uncle was green and crabbed, and would not sell.

IV.

When, like George, a man has given hostages to fortune, it is necessary to have some security against her faithlessness. So long as George was his uncle's man, things were uncertain. He added to his savings with every available penny, for there was no knowing what Hard-and-Sharp might do next, and a sense of independence is a mighty safeguard. What he actually did was to die, earlier than, in the natural course of things, was to be looked for. But as even then his death was the most straightforward action of his life, it came as a surprise to all concerned. He left his money where money was—to a sister, that is to say, in the town, a prosperous person who appeared to need it much less than George. He left his nephew the house in which they lived, and the field, his namesake, "Hard-and-Sharp," a mile away from it, near the bakehouse. So he died and is out of the story.

V.

The house and field came as a windfall to poor George, grown thin and livid already with care for a weakly child and a wife yet hardly comforted for her first-born, dead at two days old. Now at last he had something of his own, and some measure of security among the hazards of life. But property had its embarrassments. The house and the bakehouse were nearly a mile apart. George was now the baker. His savings had enabled him to take over the business. But, even if the Red Farm had been habitable, which it was not, or to let, which it was not either, how should he and his wife leave their other homestead, which they had made, were still making, bit by bit, to be a possession, hammering, digging, boarding and building, adding and improving, gathering their small stock, a pig, a poultry-yard, ducks by the brook, a few calves fattening for the market? Neither could they as yet manage to transfer the bakehouse. So George's wife, now his helper in the baking, undertook the fresh burden without question, and toiled between the two houses day after day, coming home often late at

night through the fields, almost asleep as she walked.

VI.

That was some six years ago. Now the bakehouse is at home, and Hard-and-Sharp pastures cows and a mare with her foal alternately with another field beside the orchard, and between years provides George with a crop of hay. Mrs. George's face is livid, though she is still young. She makes no fuss about her past worries; somehow, she says, they got through it. People are still bad at paying, and, though money is scarce, prices have risen; but she supposes they will manage somehow. The children go to school beyond the Red Farm, and Mrs. George is grieved that boots for which she pays 10s. do not keep out the water on such roads; but the small chests are delicate, and she has to be careful of them. She herself has left her home once only, on a three-days' visit to a sister, during the ten years that she and George have been making for themselves and the children the fixed stock that has taken so much getting.

Two points present themselves for consideration: The first is the effect on character—and on constitution—of the hard-and-sharp conditions of poverty; the second is the courage of the working man's wife, who (generally speaking), when a position is in the making, is the one who makes most of it. Mrs. George says she would like to travel, "because it do widen anybody's mind." But if they should go to the Colonies she is afraid that George, who is not over-robust, might have to work too hard. The ordinary observer would have thought it barely possible that either she or George could have worked harder than they have. But *she* does not seem to count that for much.

The instinct for permanence lies at the roots of civic virtue. And in the country the space, the slow movement, the relationships of village life give it room. To win an abiding-place out of "hard-and-sharp" needs character. It also makes it. The problem is how to avoid developing civic virtues at the expense of physique.

## KINSHIP

THE sunset creeps around my heart:
I am a cloud,
And in the dusk become a part
Of daylight's shroud.

Dawn glimmers through the world's great dome
Faintly and far.
My soul takes wing, and I become
A paling star.

I hear Pan's music pipe, and soar,
And I have flown
Through Time and Space, and kneel before
A pagan throne.

A lonely sparrow hopping through
My garden gate
Pecked on and on, and never knew
He had a mate.

I saw a wretch in prison pace
His little cell,
And all the sin that marked his face
Sent me to hell.

Last night a woman's ghastly eyes
Told me a dole
Would buy her body, and her vice
Has smeared my soul.

THOMAS MOULT.

# WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE CHURCHES?

By W. FORBES GRAY.

PART II.

HOW comes it that a large and reputable body of working men must satisfy their religious cravings outside the churches? I believe that the churches are largely, though not wholly, to blame. This will be best discovered by setting forth the main causes which militate against church attendance in the case of working men.

I.

Nothing, perhaps, has contributed more to the alienation of the working man from religious communions of every kind than the notion that the church is apathetic, if not actually opposed, to the ideals of Labour. Deeply rooted in the mind of the worker is the conviction that churches are middle and upper class institutions bent on maintaining the established order of things, and with no message for the man who has to rear a large family on a small and, as it often happens, an uncertain wage. The religion of the churches he conceives as being remote from the concerns of his everyday life. In the opinion of the worker, the religion of the churches is a mere caricature of what Christ taught. Religion with him is not something inward and abstract, but an essentially practical affair. He pleads for a bold application of the principles enunciated in the Sermon on the Mount to the problems that are affecting the individual and collective welfare of men in this present life. Christianity, he maintains, has a social as well as an individual meaning.

Working men are fully justified in asking that the churches shall bear their part in the social and industrial improvement of the race, not by espousing the cause of either employer or employee, but by insisting, in season and out of season, that the teaching of New Testament Christianity shall be applied to the working out of every scheme for improving the material condition of humanity. That the forces of industrialism are so largely outside the churches to-day is the inevitable outcome of the remissness of the pulpit in not showing how utterly un-Christian is the present industrial system.

II.

This brings me to the second count in the workers' indictment of the churches. He believes that they are honeycombed by commercialism. The church is an undertaking run in the interests of well-to-do people who still wish to retain a bowing acquaintance with religion, and the parson is the manager, whose main business is to see that the tabernacle over which he presides is a "going concern." This can only be done by a studious regard for the requirements of its wealthy patrons. I believe the workers' view of the church is a caricature, but, like all caricatures, it is not without an element of truth. Churches are, in too many cases, the social expression of the ideals of those highest in the social scale. There is, it has been truly said, no great denomination to-day which does not make ten, perhaps one hundred, attempts to appeal to the upper and middle classes for one which it makes definitely to the workers. Equally true is it that ecclesiasticism too often is associated with class and caste. Even so impartial a witness as Dr. Joseph Parker was once heard to declare that "the pulpit is the paid slave of respectable society."

The worker has also become a non-churchgoer because of the low standard of Christian attainment of

many of those who do go. Having more than a dim apprehension of what Christ taught, he looks for a distinctive superiority of character among His professed followers, but frequently finds none. And so he has come to the conclusion that there is a note of unreality about the churches. They do not "mean business." Cant and hypocrisy invade both pulpit and pew with scrupulous impartiality. Parsons denounce social wrongs and industrial tyrannies, but deal gently with those who are responsible for them if they happen to be members of their churches. The insincerity of the man in the pew is quite as apparent. He is a person who professes on Sundays what he repudiates on the six working days, who gives generously to religious and philanthropic objects, but is callously indifferent to the welfare of his workpeople. He prays on his knees on Sundays; he preys on his neighbours the rest of the week. While it is impossible to accept this as a fair representation of the average type of well-to-do churchgoer, justice demands us to acknowledge that men of this sort are to be found in all the churches, and, unfortunately for the cause of truth, the worker has a bad habit of judging Christianity by its failures.

III.

Another cause of non-churchgoing among the industrial class is the archaic type of service and of pulpit utterance which obtains in many churches. Christ spoke in homely parables which the common people could understand, but the message of the preacher of the twentieth century does not accurately reflect the thought and speech of the time. As Professor Peabody has said somewhere, "The talk of the churches is, for the most part, as unintelligible as Hebrew to the modern hand-worker." Then there is the archaic type of service for which the Church of England is mainly responsible. To a person endowed with the historic sense nothing can be more appropriate, more beautiful, more uplifting, than the Anglican Church service, but what consolation can it bring to the untutored mind of the worker familiar only with the language and the ideas of the factory and the market-place?

Then there are the divisions of the churches. The worker cannot understand how communions professing allegiance to the same religion should remain apart and, in some cases, should go the length of excommunicating each other. "How," the worker is wont to say, derisively, "these Christians love one another! If they all proclaim the same religion, why don't they join forces and present a united front to the common enemy?" But, alas! the worker is not the only person to deplore the divisive courses of the churches. All classes are convinced that sectarian rivalry and strife are a severe check on the progress of Christianity. At the same time, I am inclined to think that too much stress is laid on this argument by the habitual non-churchgoer. A single comprehensive Church, if such there could be, would not necessarily be an unmixed gain. Christian unity and ecclesiastical unity are totally different things. Professing Christians must ever strive after the former; the latter is a mere matter of expediency. Let the non-churchgoer who is continually upbraiding organised Christianity because of its schismatic temper remember that the most absolute unity may co-exist with and underlie all denominational differences.

IV.

But I shall very properly be asked: "Are all the faults on the side of the churches? Is there no defection among the workers themselves?" Unquestionably there is. While a very large proportion of working men are actuated by quite conscientious motives in their opposition to the churches, there is a section of the industrial population—I should be afraid to say how large—which, while neither sceptical nor Socialistic, is frankly indifferent about religious matters. Those who belong to this class do not go to church simply because they do not want to. With them the religious instinct appears to be dormant. There is no attraction for them; nothing to rouse their spiritual inertia, to awaken the instinct of combat, to quicken the moral sense or inspire the imagination. They are the victims of a deadly materialism, the devastating effects of which are not by any means confined to one particular class.

V.

There is a strong feeling in certain ecclesiastical circles that scepticism is largely accountable for the alarming growth of non-churchgoing. My own view is that the danger to be apprehended from this quarter is over-estimated. I do not believe that scepticism is spreading to anything like the extent that many people within the churches imagine. The average man of the twentieth century is not troubled about the credibility of Christianity. If he were, there might be some hope for a religious standpoint, for it would argue a state of mind groping for the light; but, alas! the "anxious inquirer" is conspicuous, if not by his absence, at all events by his numerical insignificance.

Non-churchgoers, it seems to me, may be roughly divided into two great classes. There are those who are alienated, not because they are anti-Christian, but because they believe the churches are not Christian enough, and there are those who are suffering from a spiritual atrophy which makes them contemptuous not only of the churches, but of religion itself. How are these two classes to be brought into direct relations with the Church?

VI.

As a preliminary, the churches, unitedly if possible, should lose no time in undertaking an exhaustive investigation of the causes of their comparative failure. Let them thoroughly master the facts of the situation, and then summon all the moral, intellectual, and spiritual forces at their command, with a view to dealing drastically with this momentous problem. It seems equally manifest that a determined effort should be made to lessen, for they can never be wholly eradicated, those repellent features of ecclesiastical life which estrange such large numbers of well-disposed people. This means that the note of conviction must be sounded within the churches as it has not been sounded for many a day, that character must be deepened and enriched, that pietistic abstraction must give place to sane Christian activity.

Then the churches must show more adaptability and receptivity in regard to the needs of the twentieth century. Organised Christianity must of necessity be conservative in the spirit which animates it, but it ought to be radical in its machinery and methods. It is not sufficiently recognised that the church, like society, is a living organism, and that what may be necessary at one stage of its development may be unnecessary or may need to be applied in a different way at a later stage. Empty churches may not become a thing of the past, but certainly they will be fewer, far fewer, when the gospel proclaimed says more about the relations of the individual Christian to the general order of human society, more about the realisation of the kingdom of God in every sphere of human activity.

# THE ETHICAL FOUNDATIONS OF PATRIOTISM* BY CHARLES SAROLEA

I.

THE ultimate moral reason for the existence and maintenance of those political units which we call nationalities, lies not in the exclusive superiority of any one nation, but, on the contrary, in the limitations of every nation. We believe in nationality, not because any one nation has monopolised all the virtues, but because no nationality has monopolised or can monopolise all the virtues; because each nation has only received certain specific gifts, and because other nations and other conditions are required to develop other gifts which may be equally important. We believe in nationality not in order that all nations shall be made similar, but in order that they may remain different. We believe in nationality not in order that there may be established one abode of political perfection, one ideal commonwealth, but because in God's universe there must be many mansions.

And we prefer the diversity of nationalities rather than the uniformity of empire, for the same reasons which make us prefer the varied landscape of coast and mountain rather than the uniform level of one vast plain, however rich and fertile. We prefer a diversity of nationalities for exactly the same reasons which make us prefer individuality and personality rather than the uniformity of an abstract type. As no climate or country can produce all the fruits of the earth, so no single nation can produce all the fruits of culture.

II.

Ours is a "pluralistic" universe, to use the expression of William James, a universe of free activities; and this pluralistic principle applies to the political world as much as to the moral and spiritual world. All nations are *complementary*.

No national civilisation is *complete*, and its incompleteness is the necessary result of a natural law: whether we call it the law of compensation or the law of limitation, or the law of division of labour, or of differentiation, or the law of variation, whether we call it, in philosophical language, the *Principium Individuationis*, or whether, with the theologian, we attribute it to the taint of original sin, and the imperfections of human nature.

Separate nations, therefore, can only develop in some few directions, and all superiority in one direction must be paid for by inferiority in another. A few chosen individuals—a Leonardo da Vinci, a Michael Angelo, a Goethe—may escape from this fatality. Whole nations, millions of individuals, can never escape from it. And for that reason we find that some nations are great in the arts of peace and others in the art of war. Some are supreme in commerce, others in philosophy. Some are supreme in theology, others in science. And for the same reason it is in the greatest nations that we find the most startling shortcomings and deficiencies. England has not produced one single supreme musician or sculptor, Scotland has not produced one single mystic thinker, Spain has not produced one single supreme scientist.

III.

Each nation, then, by virtue of its economic conditions, agricultural or industrial, by virtue of its geographical position, insular or continental, mountainous or level, by virtue of its historic traditions, military or peaceful, Catholic or Protestant, develops a culture of its own, strictly limited, necessarily imperfect: and it is precisely because of those limitations and imperfections, and in order to insure the diversity and complexity of humanity, that as many nations as possible should be allowed to retain and develop their artistic, religious, intellectual, and political individuality. To subject Europe to the influence or to the political control of a single great power would be to transform Europe into a Chinese Empire. Even assuming Germany, England or France to be vastly superior to its neighbours, the supremacy of any one nation would be a catastrophe for civilisation. It would damage both the victor and the vanquished, and it would damage the victor more than the vanquished. The vanquished might develop certain qualities under suffering and persecution, the victor would be demoralised by the use of brutal force, and his superiority would disappear.

IV.

The invariable verdict of universal history is against any monopoly or supremacy, against any form of aggressive Imperialism, political or religious, imposing its rule in the name of a higher civilisation. The Roman Empire was destroyed by the very weapons which were used to subject inferior races. The Romans were the victims of the very tyranny which they used against others, and Roman decadence was only arrested because the policy of aggressive imperialism was reversed, because the spiritual forces of religion, law, education, and commercial intercourse were eventually substituted for temporal supremacy, and because even the barbarians were granted the same political rights as the citizens of Imperial Rome. But even thus the revival of the Roman Empire was only temporary, and a time came when the unity and uniformity of Rome were replaced by the bewildering but creative diversity of the Middle Ages.

Even at its best Imperialism is not a human ideal. Civilisation is not based on unity, but on diversity and personality, on individuality and originality. And if there is one lesson which history preaches more emphatically than another, it is this: that small nations have, in proportion, contributed infinitely more than great empires to the spiritual inheritance of our race. Little Greece counts for more than Imperial Rome. Weimar counts for more than Berlin. Bruges and Antwerp and Venice count for more than the world-wide monarchy of Spain, and the dust of the Campo Santo of Florence or Pisa is more sacred than a thousand square miles of the black soil of the Russian Empire.

No doubt there must be unity in the economic and religious fundamentals of human civilisation. As the infinitely varied phenomena of life suppose common chemical and physiological processes of combustion, of respiration, and circulation, even so the infinite complexity of social life supposes a common foundation of economics and religion. But beyond those common foundations full scope must be given to the diversity of human nature and human personality.

V.

Our political philosophy in general, and our philosophy of patriotism in particular, require complete revision. True patriotism is at the opposite pole from jingoism. The ideal of nationality is not born of

* The arguments in the above article are based upon those advanced in "The Anglo-German Problem," by Dr. Charles Sarolea, published by Messrs. Nelson and Sons, 2s. net.

pride, but of humility. Nationality does not justify the supremacy of the strong. It imposes and presupposes a scrupulous regard for the equal rights of the weak, who may be superior in moral culture, in proportion as they are inferior in military power.

The modern empire has nothing in common with the empires of the past. The modern empire may be based on identity of language, although the British Empire includes French-speaking and Dutch-speaking people, and although the Austro-Hungarian Empire is a very Babel of nations. The modern empire generally assumes community of political ideals. It is essentially a federation of self-governing communities, presided over by an older, wiser, and more experienced people, the first amongst equals, which establishes its rule, not on brute force, but on the force of suasion, example, and sacrifice.

VI.

If those principles are correct, if each nationality must be conceived as one of many specialised organs of universal culture, if the theory of nationality is the application, to the science of politics, of the principles of compensation, concentration, and division of labour, then it must necessarily follow that nationality can be neither final nor exclusive, neither absolute nor universal.

National ideals, as such, cannot be final. Nationality is the means and condition of human advance; humanity is the goal. By its very definition nationality is deficient and limited. We must submit to and work within those limitations. We must not glorify those limitations into perfections. We must lay upon our souls the humblest tasks of citizenship. We must not claim for this humble service the august significance and the unlimited scope of the Service of Man. As we stated before, the highest activities of mankind, Art, Science, and Religion, have all ceased to be national. They have all become international.

And the national ideal cannot be exclusive. We must see to it that humanity shall not suffer from exclusive absorption in national aims. In order to be good Englishmen and good Germans we must, first of all, be good Europeans. There exists a solidarity of Europe and America against Asia and Africa. An offensive alliance of one European nation with an Asiatic people against another European nation—as, for instance, the alliance of England and Japan against Russia, or the alliance of Germany with Turkey, or the old diabolical compacts of the English and the French with the Red Indians—is a crime against civilisation.

And, therefore, the popular catch-word, "My country, right or wrong," is a perversion of patriotism. Wrong does not cease to be wrong, and injustice and persecution do not cease to be injustice and persecution simply because, instead of being inflicted upon individuals, they are inflicted upon millions of sufferers. We know that in the world of crime there exist admirable examples of devotion, that even a burglar may be loyal to another burglar unto death. But a citizen owes no loyalty to national crime. I shall not stand by my country if she is morally wrong, and the highest service I can render her is to prove that she is wrong, and to prevent her from persisting in the wrong; and if I cannot persuade her, all I can do is to wish and pray that she may be defeated. For a defeat on the battlefield may be a great blessing—the only means to bring a nation back to sanity, and to see the evil of her ways; whilst victory obtained in a wrong cause may be the most awful calamity that can befall a nation, and one that may deflect the whole course of national history.

## SILHOUETTES

*From the gallery of memory, mutascopic and fragmentary, there flashes at times a picture, many-coloured and complete; more often the screen gives back an outline, blurred in parts, yet conveying an impression so vivid and compelling that the mind holds only the salient points, and there emerges of past scenes and emotions—a silhouette.*

THE tram rolled down the long length of the Camberwell New Road. The little old man on the front seat waved his stick excitedly towards a grey, stone-fronted building on the left. His bright eyes blinked at the tall pile. His face, seamed and gnarled with the stress of seventy years, lit up with a gleam of passionate rebellion.

"That there is the County Court," said he, "where they takes yer bits of things!"

A horsy-looking individual on the seat behind leaned forward leisurely.

"I'm sure," said he with definite encouragement.

"Where they takes yer bits of things," repeated the veteran.

"Six-and-thirty years I paid my rent, eight shillings a week—and furnished the 'ome 'andsome . . . . six-and-thirty years . . . . where did I live?" He turned fiercely on the horsy man. "Gamberwell," said he. "Me and my missus and the kids. The gal died; the missus fell sick. I lost my job, and the 'ome went. Where did it go to?" He gazed round angrily. "The County Court—where they takes yer bits of things."

Someone at the back insisted that if people didn't pay their rent what could the landlord do?

The veteran was contemptuous.

"'E 'ad my money," was the answer, "six-and-thirty years."

Someone once more endeavoured to explain the philosophy of the matter. "The County Court," he urged, "was for the poor as well as the rich."

The horsy individual murmured, "I'm sure," and spat reflectively. It seemed there had been three rooms to the home, three rooms furnished, slowly and by degrees, by dint of the reduction of tobacco, sundry pints of beer, and marvellous feats of charing on the part of the missus. There had been a long struggle to keep it together after the old man had lost his job. And then, as he repeated with pathetic iteration, the gal died, the missus was sick, her cleaning job fell through, and they took his bits of things.

Someone appeared to resent the fact that the missus had never been the same after the home went, and asked bitterly why they had not tried to get another.

"For the landlord?" asked the old man, and no one had an answer.

The missus had died, as she had lived, in harness. The boys, it seemed, without a home, had drifted, and were getting a living somehow, and the old man was on the tramp, desperately looking for work.

Someone remarked that it was a long time ago. The old man's face began to quiver. "She was my missus," he said passionately, and one realised for the first time how old and frail he was, and how hard life had hit him.

The tram rolled with a noisy clatter round to Camberwell Green. The old man laboriously hitched himself up from his seat and made his way down the steps.

"It is astonishing," said Someone, "what a lot of nonsense people do talk."

He motioned towards the frail old figure threading a painful way among the sea of traffic. The horsy man did not speak. He was leaning forward reflectively; perhaps he saw, as I did, the shadow that followed the brave old man, the shadow of the grey, stone-fronted building "where they takes yer bits of things."

# CORRESPONDENCE

## A WOMAN'S POINT OF VIEW.

*Suggested by Dr. William Barry's "Appeal to the Woman's Movement."*

*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

DEAR SIR,—Dr. William Barry has a poor opinion of women as writers. He quotes Lord Northcliffe as saying that more than fifty per cent. of journalists are women. "Women's novels," he says, "now predominate"; and while they mainly discuss problems of a kind, they are of little value as touching the real problems of life. "They turn on the same question always, that of elective affinities. If we open one of the numberless novels thus commended to our study, we shall not expect to find in it any lofty, austere, bracing lesson." "The women who write these books for women . . . . are anarchists," he says. "For such there is no law." "It is equally certain that those who write and those who read these novels are of the same sex."

I have read with pleasure, and I hope with profit, the articles in your previous issues from Dr. Barry's pen. But this one, all honourable women must read with pain. And as a woman one feels impelled to reply. Of what women does Dr. Barry speak? Does he include all women writers up and down our land? Or are they only the literary scum—those who publish worse than useless matter under the covers of magazines—those papers which instead should be a "storehouse" of valuable material for the mind?

Dr. Barry says: "Let them (*i.e.*, those who want votes and privileges hitherto denied them) cleanse the literature of women from these exceedingly foul stains. Men cannot do it." Are men, indeed, so helpless? Have they achieved so little that they have really set themselves to do in the past? Or is it for private profit this degrading trade goes on? If it exists, does it not pay the publishing firms? Then why does not Dr. Barry look there for the higher moral conscience he demands? Do men expect the "weaker vessels" to be stronger than they? And, if so, how much voice have they hitherto given them in business affairs? Maggie Tulliver's father said he "picked the mother because she wasn't o'er cute—picked her from her sisters o' purpose 'cause she was a bit weak like"; for he "wasn't goin' to be told the rights o' things" by his own fireside. We all know a few men with whom it would be an honour to be associated in anything; but they are the few.

Can Dr. Barry conceive it possible, taking into account the question of sex alone, that women should write such books to be read by women only, if there were no male affinities to read and to enjoy their publications? It is impossible to believe that "those who write and those who read these novels are" all "of the same sex."

He says that these writers "weaken respect for the marriage bond." These "female incendiaries" would break up the family by unlimited divorce, and that they "are paid handsomely by a thoughtless public for their work of destruction." We shall not inquire as to the proportion of men whose respect for the marriage bond has remained strong and permanent, nor as to the women who have patiently endured till death brought them a happy release. But the number of bad books published and the sums paid for them by thoughtless people can be more readily computed.

It is unjust to lay so much of the responsibility for poisonous literature upon women. Many women are foolish, and greatly err. But every intelligent and observant woman knows that men themselves are largely responsible for the unrest, or worse, that abounds among women to-day. Men have driven them to it—by declining to regard them as sensible beings having equal human rights with themselves; by depriving them of time, opportunity, and natural incentive to educate and better themselves; by making tyrannous demands on their strength, their endurance, and their love; or by treating them as puppets and playthings, when they should have respected them as the most wonderful work of God. Is it surprising that, after centuries of such treatment, deliberate or unintentional, some fractional proportion of them should now heedlessly touch bottom, and mistake for freedom a short-lived splashing in the mire?

Dr. Barry says that "the standard of female purity, in romance as in reality, must be fixed by women themselves." If it be flouted by a few, God grant that, for the sake of the young and impressionable, they may grow fewer! But it *is* fixed, by all honourable women. And it is inviolable and absolute.—I am, sir, etc.,

MARGARET THOMSON.

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## THE POETRY OF JOHN MASEFIELD.

*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

DEAR SIR,—There is an implied challenge to battle in Mr. Gilbert Thomas's article on "The Poetry of John Masefield," a fanfare to all who may dare to come forth and do battle with him on the merits of his favourite poet. Before one enters into combat there is a natural desire to know what the fight is about. Is it the fallacy of art for art's sake? Why, that was only a passing craze. We ought, says Mr. Thomas, "to go to the highways and byways of the world for poetry." Is not that exactly where poets went so long ago as Chaucer's days? And Shakespeare, Cowper, Wordsworth, Crabbe, Burns, Hood, etc., were they not all wayfarers on the common paths? What more? "Poetry is not to be cabined within the bars of convention and tradition." By this last issue let us test Mr. Masefield's merits.

Taking "The Widow in the Bye Street" for dissection, it is just because Mr. Masefield has cabined himself within the bars of convention and tradition "that the poem is a failure," a pitiful perversion of great powers and a warning example of the cramping influence of adherence to archaic forms. Why should the muse attire herself in a hobble skirt? Why pour the wine of the new spirit into the old bottles?

The stanza form chosen by Mr. Masefield is the favourite one of Chaucer, adopted by him in "The Flower and the Leaf," "The Assembly of Fowls," etc. It afforded a very natural outlet to the genius of Chaucer. It suited his garrulous tale-telling, and it has to be remembered that the language of those days was more plastic, yielding, and adaptable than now, many words then being double-syllabled which have now stiffened into one. This stiffening means an acceleration of pace, an objection to prosiness of operation, and a desire for the impressionist touch. Unfortunately, Mr. Masefield has not only adopted Chaucer's stanza; he also imitates his asides and interpolated philosophising, but without the deftness and subtlety of the master. The result is not a genuine poem, but a rhyming—not always a rhythmical—masquerade, that sometimes neighbours on the grotesque. Reading the stanzas of Chaucer the student is conveyed on a melodious stream where the rhymes glide with a natural flow into order as a non-obtrusive contribution to the general harmony. Mr. Masefield's rhymes are tortured into place, and never lose the look of the awkward squad. They are welded together, not at

*(Continued on page 248.)*

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the white heat of artistry, but go together with the clang of the forehammer And, alas! the fusing is imperfect.

The poem has a whole of some 280 stanzas. It would have been infinitely better if it had been compressed into half that number by getting rid of the superfluous tags of rhyme called into order to eke out the stanzas.

Mr. Masefield further errs on the side of traditionalism by calling in the aid of a chorus to make comment, or otherwise do general service. Sometimes the chorus is Fate, sometimes it is Life and Death—Life introduced incognito by the pronoun "It," and remaining masked for the space of ten stanzas, when his identity is declared. Death is sometimes knitting a shroud, sometimes playing cards, sometimes chuckling over the fall of its future victim, sometimes uttering pietistical remarks.

A realistic poem should be realistic throughout, and the idea that an English court would be ignorant that a murdered man killed within a few miles of his home was married, and in consequence believe that a loose woman was his fiancée, calls for more credence than should be required, even in a poem.

Jimmy, a simple clown, killing a rival unintentionally through jealousy, is hung, the judge, in passing sentence, uttering sentiments that would do credit to a Braxfield or a Jeffries, amid the cheers of the crowd. How is this for realism? The judge, after passing sentence, adjourns to an adjoining room, and the afflicted mother calls upon her son and consoles him with the reflection that affairs will go on as usual after he is dead. The latter are melodramatic incidents that might well be excluded.

Artificial simplicity is the best verdict that can be passed on the poem. And there are inconsistencies. Jimmy varies in his utterances from the raptures of a Tennysonian lover to the slang of a clodhopper. Anna, too—the woman with a past—expresses herself often in falsetto tones and in high-set language.

It may be admitted freely that, after all, there is a glowworm, phosphorescent gleam about the poem after it is retired into the mind, and the wriggling form to which it is attached is forgotten. There are occasional passages with finish and form, and the poem concludes with five or six stanzas with melodious, rippling flow, which one finds restful and cannot be thankful enough for, after punting past the snags and sandbanks of its tortuous course. But that it is a great poem, or within measurable distance of being a great poem, the writer, in his obtuseness, cannot believe. How it came to be written by the author of "Captain Margaret" and "Multitude and Solitude" is to him an unfathomable mystery.—I am, sir, etc.,

Alyth, Perthshire. JAMES Y. GEDDES.

## THE PROBLEM OF DIVORCE.

*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

DEAR SIR,—It was a great disappointment to me, and I doubt not to many others, to read the very negative character of the article by Mr. Hector Macpherson under the above heading. Bearing in mind the statement in the first number of EVERYMAN, that its aim and purpose was, and I suppose is, "to consider life from the higher plane of the ideal," it was doubly disappointing. I anticipated, and in view of that aim and purpose, I think not unreasonably, that your contributor's article would have been a severe denunciation of the Majority Report of the Commission just issued, for the question of divorce strikes deep into the very foundation of our life, individual and national.

To increase facilities for divorce would, in my view, be one of the most retrograde steps ever taken in this country. To weaken family life is to weaken the State, for the family is but the State in miniature. The suggestion to increase those facilities to the number specified in the Report seems to me to make it a matter of speculation whether marriage is to be necessary at all. Why go through the farce of a marriage ceremony? Surely it is a superfluity.

We may take it that at least 60 per cent. of marriages in this country are solemnised in church or chapel, and on the same basis we may assume that a similar, or nearly similar, percentage of divorces come from marriages so solemnised. Are we then to assume (having regard to the form of service used) that those people, who, in probably the most solemn moment of their lives, bound themselves before God until death should part them, were merely repeating a set of words which to them conveyed not the slightest significance?—that they were trifling with God for the mere sake of a respectable wedding ceremony? No, it cannot be believed—the thought is too awful. Yet day by day the Divorce Court proceedings give colour to that thought. How shall we reconcile the one with the other?

What is to be the end of it all? The effect of loosening the marriage bond must inevitably lead towards weakness of morals and instability of character, and so affect our national well-being, for if a nation is not prepared to honour its word in its domestic relations, how shall it be trusted in matters of international importance? With the very essence of its life sapped, with its most solemn promises counted as naught, a nation must slip for ever downward, even unto the deep. "A lie always comes back," said Carlyle, and the individual who lies when he promises to bind himself in marriage until death shall break the bond is bound to meet that lie somewhere in his earthly course.

Let us pause to think before we increase the facilities for dissolving family ties. To-day is ours, but to-morrow belongs to another generation. Let us consider, then, that those who are children to-day and fathers to-morrow need the best moral strength that we can impart to them. Shall we teach them that promises are of none effect, and that marriage is a convenience which can be set aside when it ceases to be attractive? No, no—a thousand times no! Let us rather try and "consider life from the higher plane of the ideal," and teach them in this age, "when established institutions are being swept away and old beliefs are being inquired into," that marriage is the most solemn and highest function of man's life, to be entered into in no light spirit, and to be lived until our eyes shall close upon this world for ever.—I am, sir, etc., FRANCIS E. LEWIS.

Westcliff-on-Sea, November 25th, 1912.

## THE COLLAPSE OF SOCIALISM.

*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

DEAR SIR,—Why does Mr. Chesterton name his article "The Collapse of Socialism"? Not in any one of his seven paragraphs does he even discuss Socialism—its merits or its demerits. Why he should talk of the "collapse" of a system which has never had any real, physical existence, passes the normal comprehension.

It appears to the casual reader that the article is merely a letter aimed at the head of one F. McL., who has disagreed with Mr. Chesterton on the question of Peasant Proprietorship. The writer, thinking that it might conceivably be stretched out to the length of an article, proceeded to inveigh against the existing Labour Parliamentary Party, the existing

*(Continued on page 250.)*

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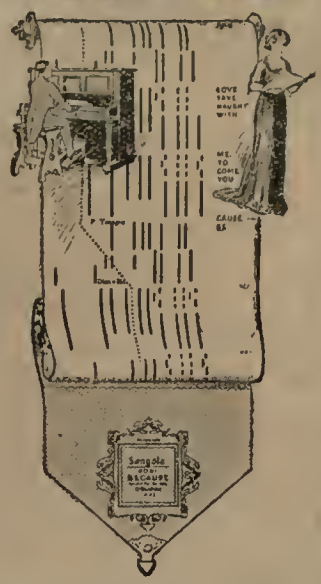

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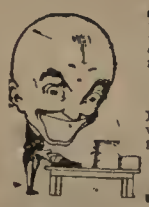

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Government, some recent legislative enactments, and a Bill now before Parliament. How any one of these is remotely connected with the theory of Socialism only Mr. Chesterton himself can explain. His castigation of the capitalistic oligarchy now governing England, however just and praiseworthy it may be, makes the title of his article still more remarkable.

Let us assume that Mr. Chesterton has mixed the name of the article with that for next Saturday's *Daily News*, and intended to call this "The Chance of the Peasant.. Part II." Now let Mr. Chesterton consult any economic library he likes, and he will find that every economist with a reputation to lose will support and amplify these following points:—

(1) No prosperous Peasant State can exist unless there is a considerable *external* market for its produce. Denmark, the outstanding Peasant State of the Western world, owes its pre-eminence to its position amidst the great industrial areas of England, France, and Germany. Again, in France the peasant proprietor in Normandy is more prosperous than the peasant proprietor in Brittany, for the simple reason that Normandy is nearer the industrial areas which comprise his market. Still further to the south-west of France the peasant proprietors are in a worse condition than those of Brittany.

(2) Although the Peasant State may exist on the Continent, it by no means follows that it could in England. As a system, it is unsuited to the economic conditions of England, to her soil, to her climate, and to the temper of her people.

(3) In all the existing Latin-European systems of peasant proprietorship, the richest of the peasants are practically worse housed and worse fed than the better class of English cottagers; while the poorest of them work hard during long hours, but do not really get through much work, because they feed themselves worse than the poorest English labourers. Their horizon is limited by narrow hopes. They do not understand that wealth is useful only as the means towards a real income of happiness.

Sir, I have limited myself to these three brief criticisms of a system now existing, as Mr. Chesterton says, over a larger part of the planet. If he would only consider these points, taking the words in their practical and useful sense, and not asking whether it might not be used in a more vague (and useless) sense, I feel convinced that his views on the Peasant State in England would be materially modified.—I am, sir, etc., CHARLES W. BUCKBY.

## ON "EVERYMAN."

*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

DEAR SIR,—I was amused, but not surprised, to see that you are accredited by two recent correspondents of being alike hostile to Catholic and Protestant interests.

This, no doubt, is owing to your liberal-mindedness in giving both an equal place as contributors to your journal. *That*, I perceived, was your motive from the first, because human and divine things cannot well be separated from each other in times of need.

I am neither Protestant nor Catholic, according to theological teaching, but my heart has always yearned after a living and universal Church, where weary pilgrims may gather together for meditation and praise to the Giver of all good.

I have never sought to question the sincerity of genuine believers, whatever their creed may be, any more than doubt my own earnest convictions of right and wrong. Perhaps my sympathies lie closest to the Church of my fathers, the early Covenanters, though

I have never sought to blind my intelligence to the fact that theirs was a truant branch, like other dissenters, which had broken away from the original apostolic fathers, grafted and cultivated by their own independent principles on Scottish soil. And I have long realised, could it be possible for me to believe in the infallibility of the Old and New Testaments as direct revelation of God through Christ and the Virgin Mary, I should turn Catholic at once and bow to the authority of the Roman Catholic Church with fervent zeal. But, by a strange fatality, my reasoning and critical faculties have ever been the prevailing masters of my judgment from earliest childhood, curiously united to a naturally psychic temperament.

Perhaps what has appealed most to me among the general subjects you are bringing forward for critical comparison are the short articles which have appeared in EVERYMAN from the able pen of Dr. W. Barry, particularly "An Appeal to the Woman's Movement." Though only an obscure old woman, I shall await his judgment of "the tyranny of the novel" with heartfelt satisfaction. SCOTSWOMAN.

November 24th, 1912.

P.S.—The pity is that such a versatile, broad-minded reviewer as Canon Barry did not think of tackling the anomaly of the woman Anarchist fully a quarter of a century ago, when it was first started by Olive Schreiner, and followed by a rapid succession of works of a similar order, as "An African Farm," down to Cycely Hamilton and a whole army of cackling incendiaries, each waving her flaming torch of revolt in the literary field of corrupt fiction.

But do not mistake me. I now most earnestly desire the Conciliation Bill to pass, and have done so for fully two years. For there are many highly gifted, noble, pure-minded women fitted to redeem womanhood from her present degradation by showing their willingness to work under the same banner with their fellow-men harmoniously and effectively for the nation's good. A. C.

## THE "EDWIN DROOD" CONTROVERSY.

*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

DEAR SIR,—It is a pleasure to be in agreement with at least one writer upon the Drood mystery. I have long held with your contributor, Mr. Geddie, that "Edwin Drood" is the work of a man whose invention was gone, whose brain was spent, but who still cherished one ambition: to leave personalty running into six figures instead of the five he did leave. When will blind admirers of Dickens (and my admiration is deep) bring themselves to admit that this half-told tale, except in descriptive powers, falls to pieces, is forced, the conversations stilted, and that characters like the Reverend Crisparkle, Datchery, Durdles, and Sapsea are unlike anybody they or I have ever met?

I offer Mr. Geddie two clues which may help him to fathom Dickens' intentions and to discover the real murderer of Drood. Mr. Geddie omits to state that when, in Chapter VIII., Jasper invites Edwin and Neville to drink a stirrup-cup with him, he drugs their liquor, and that Neville goes away intoxicated, leaving Jasper and Edwin together. That is the first clue. Clue 2 is to be found in Chapter I., "The Dawn," and Chapter XXIII., "The Dawn Again." The discovery of Drood's murderer was to have been made by Princess Puffer, when Jasper, visiting her opium den a last time, would have spoken words in drowsy tones. She would not then say, as she does in Chapter I., "unintelligible!" but "intelligible!" and the mystery would have been cleared up.—I am, sir, etc., FRANK WEAVER.

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# OUR RELATIONS WITH GERMANY

THERE are lying before me on my table nine volumes dealing with Germany and German relations, and those only represent a small part of the literary output of the last two months. The fact proves, at least, the keen interest with which people in this country study German matters, and that although the study of German is neglected in the schools by reactionary pedagogues, it is not for lack of a demand on the part of the British public.

The place of honour in our list belongs to the two volumes of Maximilian Harden, "Word Portraits" (William Blackwood and Sons) and "Monarchs and Men" (Eveleigh Nash, 10s. 6d.). The author has been for twenty years the editor of the *Zukunft*, and during that time has been one of the best-hated men of the Empire. He combines political insight, encyclopædic knowledge, and the intellectual versatility—characteristic of the Jewish race—with a moral courage and artistic gifts of the very highest order. It is this rare combination which gives us the secret of his extraordinary influence in a country where political journalism is still in its infancy, and is not yet liberated from Government censorship. Whether the influence of Harden has been for good or evil, is one of the most controverted questions of German politics. His admirers remind us that on one occasion at least his splendid audacity has cleansed the Augean stables of Court and Society, and that he has achieved a historical victory in the most sensational political trial of recent times. On the other hand, his opponents remind us that again and again he has inflamed popular prejudice and stirred warlike passion. One fact is certain, that Harden is a dangerous Nationalist, that he is a loyal disciple of the old Bismarck school—the school which believes in blood and iron—and that if the German people were to listen to his advice, Europe would be plunged into an international war.

Whatever we may think of Harden's influence, the political theories detract nothing from the fascination of the two volumes which are published by Messrs. Blackwood and Eveleigh Nash. The "Word Portraits" cover an enormous range, and include writers and soldiers, artists and actors, monarchs and statesmen, Frenchmen like Zola and Briand, Norwegians like Ibsen, Russians like Tolstoy. English readers will naturally turn to the portraits of King Edward VII. and William II. Students of European history will be attracted by the sketches of the Tsar, of Pope Leo XIII., of Bismarck and Holstein—that secret wirepuller of German diplomacy. Students of literature will be mainly interested by Harden's criticisms of Ibsen, Zola, and Tolstoy. But it is difficult to single out any particular chapters where everything is arresting. For each study is written by a penetrating psychologist, who observes and analyses his heroes and victims from the inside. Each portrait is drawn by a man who is a superb artist in word painting. And the extraordinary fact is that when Harden is not biased by personal prejudice, he is catholic and generous in his appreciations, and he can mete out equal justice to anti-Semites like Stöcker and Lueger, to Chauvinist Frenchmen like the Marquis de Galliffet and Briand, to the rulers of the Roman Catholic Church.

• • •

MR. PERRIS* has made a serious and important contribution to the vast literature of the Anglo-German

* "Germany and the German Emperor." By Herbert Perris. 12s. 6d. net. (London: Andrew Melrose.)

problem. Holding the eminently sane theory that the cure for most human ills is to know, he has set himself to acquire all the knowledge within his reach and to communicate it on the most convenient scale to his fellow-countrymen. To lay the spectre of the Anglo-German peril the customary formulæ of well-intentioned exorcists will not suffice; we must know how and why the phantom arose. Nor will it help to attempt simply to portray it as it appears to-day; spectres have uncertain features, and one artist's picture will have little resemblance to another's. Mr. Perris has, we are sure, taken the only sound course. He has explored the haunted house from roof to basement, and he has investigated all the details of the "crime"—if we may so express ourselves—that set the spirit walking. In other words, he has given us a short but pithy history of the German people from the earliest times, a compendious geography of Germany, short accounts of all the movements that have agitated or attracted the German mind, and some admirable sketches of the men who are, rightly or wrongly, supposed to have had most to do with the direction of modern German tendencies. "Germany and the German Emperor" is not exactly an encyclopædia, but it is a mine of facts and suggestions for the better understanding of what is, for the civilised world, a matter of life and death.

The diagnosis that Mr. Perris gives of the international malady—he does not prescribe, definitely at least—may be summed up in a very few words. Unless we have grossly misread him, the two chief causes he finds for the present unrest are the political and economical youthfulness of the German people and the influence of Bismarck on European politics and on the German mind. With regard to the former point he would find few to challenge him; German history is a record of disappointments and failures, till a century ago, when the steady upward progress began. Then, some fifty years later, success began to shower her brightest smiles on a race unused to prosperity. It is no wonder if the Germans threw aside their philosophies and lost their calm consideration of the world. Instead of, as heretofore, everything, nothing now was impossible. Mr. Perris points out that this late arrival in the front rank of the nations, though bad for the national ethics and dangerous for the national economy, has had its compensations. The Germans were able to profit by the experiences of their predecessors in the fields of industry, to save time and to avoid mistakes.

The second main reason, we have gathered from Mr. Perris, for the strained international situation, is the influence of Bismarck. We are not in the least disposed to quarrel with this view, but we cannot agree that the Iron Chancellor was as complete a failure as he is represented in these pages to have been. His mental attitude was wrong, his methods were wrong, and the last part of his career was not rich in positive successes; but without his wonderful decision and singleness of aim, it is difficult to believe that Germany would have stood where she does to-day. He sowed tares, a rich crop of them, but he also sowed much wheat. Mr. Perris prefers to think that Germany would have been as great, and Europe more habitable, if Bismarck had never existed. "If he had been born on the Liberal side"—then Germany would have been a nation indeed! As it is, she is gnawed at the vitals by a Red Peril, "four Irelands," a false Imperialism, a Prussian Constitution, a reptile Press, while Europe is a vast armoury, and "men's hearts fail them for fear and for looking after those things which are coming on the earth." But nobody has shown more conclu-


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sively than Mr. Perris that Germany was suffering from a long and deadly disease, and for such there is need of stern remedies. It was Bismarck's mission to wield the surgeon's knife, leaving the rest to time; his mistake was to believe that amputation is the primary business of the healer.

* * *

WE now turn to another prominent writer on German topics who reveals some of the same characteristics as Mr. Harden, the same keenness of intellect, the same versatility, the same aggressiveness. Mr. Ellis Barker's book on "Modern Germany"* has long held its ground as the best book on the subject. The present volume is the fourth edition, and is for all practical purposes a new book. About one-third of the book has been re-written, and the whole has been brought up to date. Like the previous editions, the new issue is a storehouse of valuable information. In the case of a writer like Mr. E. Barker, who has a political message to deliver (Tariff Reform), and who has strong convictions, it is necessary to read with considerable caution and to carefully discriminate between fact and theory. Nor ought we to forget that the title of the book is misleading. Mr. Barker does not deal with the whole of modern Germany, but only with two or three aspects of it. Like Mr. Harden, he is mainly concerned with economics and with problems of internal and external politics. On the customs and manners and morals of the people he has little to say He equally ignores the artistic and intellectual development of the German people, and, most important of omissions, he ignores the religious question and the vital conflict between Catholic and Protestant Germany.

* * *

THERE will be few readers of EVERYMAN who are not eagerly anticipating the establishment of cordial relations between ourselves and our cousins across the North Sea. When that Anglo-German friendship becomes an accomplished fact, and when the ghost of an Anglo-German war is laid for ever, we shall have to remember that no one in his time and generation has worked harder and more persistently than the veteran journalist whose "Memories"† Messrs. Heinemann have just published. Whereas Mr. Ellis Barker's attitude to Germany is one of vigilant distrust, that of Mr. Sidney Whitman is one of boundless sympathy, and it is this quality of sympathy which makes part of the value of "German Memories," for the simple reason that sympathy is indispensable to an intimate understanding.

The volume is mainly one of personal reminiscences. Those of Moltke and Momsen, of Bismarck and Bülow, will be found especially suggestive. Although Mr. Sidney Whitman has chosen to give his German experiences mainly in the form of recollections, he has at the same time reached some general conclusions, and has drawn some moral lessons of wider application. Those conclusions are, on the whole, unreservedly favourable to the German people. In Mr. Whitman's estimate, the Germans are better read, more sober, more cultivated, better educated than the British people. It is those qualities which, in the author's judgment, have made the greatness of contemporary Germany. In this connection, we cannot refrain from quoting the following passage of Mr. Whitman's book, which entirely supports the argument

* "Modern Germany." By J. Ellis Barker. (Smith, Elder and Co.)

† "German Memories." By Sidney Whitman. (Messrs. Heinemann.)

which Mr. Norman Angell has recently developed in the columns of EVERYMAN:—

"An illusion largely shared in Germany itself is that her material prosperity is a direct outcome of the military successes of 1866 and 1870, and her subsequent unification. As a matter of fact, Imperialism has little to do with the commercial and industrial rise of Germany. Of late it has even gratuitously fostered trade jealousies and other idiosyncrasies of a mischievous kind. Favouritism in high places has been the means of pitchforking unsuitable elements on to the boards of banks and great industrial concerns, instances of which are of common knowledge in German business circles.

"Many years' connection with German manufacturing life has convinced me that, though the Empire may have supplied an effective trade 'label,' the real source of growth has been the inevitable outcome of modern economical developments of Europe as a whole, taken advantage of, in spite of tariff walls and heavy taxation, by the industrious qualities of the race, fostered by a century of education and careful industrial training."

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THERE has been such uninterrupted over-production of books—good, bad and indifferent—on Napoleon and on Napoleonic times, that we are in danger of ceasing to see the forest for the trees, and the true character for the hero, for the misrepresentation of his historians. For that reason, the ordinary reader will be grateful to Mr. Holland Rose for giving us a bird's-eye view and a synthesis of the most powerful personality of modern times, and probably of all times. Mr. Rose's synthesis is all the more acceptable, and all the more deserving of serious consideration, because he has achieved a high and well-deserved reputation through his special labours in Napoleonic history.

Mr. Rose studiously endeavours to be impartial, but the temperament of Napoleon is obviously antipathetic to him. That is probably the reason why, after reading his volume, we do not seem to have got very much nearer to our subject. Napoleon remains too much the conventional superman, abnormal, incomplete, elusive, inexplicable. I prefer to see in Napoleon a man possessing in a supreme degree the commonplace virtues of ordinary humanity. There was a great deal that was excessive in the Corsican. There is little that is abnormal. We forget too readily that Napoleon was a dutiful son, a self-sacrificing brother, a passionate lover, and an administrator of prodigious industry and of scrupulous order. Mr. Holland Rose dwells too much on the realist. He forgets that there was in Napoleon a great deal of the sentimentalist and the idealist. It is true that the sentimentalist was killed by the scandalous treason of Josephine, a few weeks after her marriage, but the idealist survived till the end. To the end Napoleon retained a keen sense of the heroic, as well as a profound appreciation for the most exalted forms of poetry. Mr. Rose tells us with insistence that Napoleon remained a vindictive Corsican. This opinion is in contradiction with Napoleon's special admiration of Cinna, in which Corneille, one of Napoleon's favourite poets, glorifies the clemency of Augustus. It is equally in contradiction with Napoleon's admiration for the British nation.

Mr. Rose calls the "Emile" of Rousseau "a suggestive novel." Is this not a misleading definition of the greatest educational treatise which was ever written? We might as well call the "Republic" of Plato a novel. Mr. Rose does not always render

* "The Personality of Napoleon." By J. H. Rose. (G. Bell and Sons.)


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exactly the connotation of French words. A French *collège* is not adequately rendered by the English "college," still less is the French *magistrat* rendered by the English "magistrate" (page 143). And is it not unfair to Napoleon to blame him for depreciating Shakespeare? Napoleon had no means of appreciating Shakespeare, as he could only have known him through the grotesque versions and adaptations of the French versifier, Ducis.

## THE WISDOM OF G. B. S.*

Mrs. G. B. S. has just published a volume of selected passages from the works of her husband. Although the book does not contain one single word, by way of preface or commentary, indicating its scope or limitations, the selection, obviously, has not only the authority of the anthologist, but the sanction of Mr. Shaw himself; it may be considered as the indispensable vade-mecum of the Shavian student, and it may be assumed to give the quintessence of Shavian wisdom. Shaw is the most constructive and systematic as well as the most epigrammatic of writers. But Mrs. Shaw has refrained from any attempt at classification, and has given the selection in alphabetical order of subjects. She has acted wisely leaving it to the critics to make their own classification, and remembering the words of Goethe, "When kings are building palaces, there is ample work for the navvies." The book is beautifully bound and printed, and generally well got up. Our readers will note we have printed extracts from this most interesting volume following on Mr. Shaw's article on the "Alleged Collapse of Socialism."

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## BOOKS OF THE WEEK

It is but seldom one meets with a story, well told, with variety of adventure and colour, allied to clear-cut characterisation. In "A Rogue's March" (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.) Miss Evelyn Tempest shows us the inevitable development of a nature cursed with a "fatal facility." In the beginning Percy Lanstone was a precocious child, brilliant and vivacious, but with a blind spot on the moral side. His father, inordinately proud of his cleverness, makes no attempt to rectify this obliquity of vision. It is to the good man a thing impossible to understand that a boy with such marvellous capacity should not realise that it is undesirable to lie and steal. Parental authority, strained to the utmost, is at last compelled to fall back upon punishment, and Percy makes acquaintance with a riding whip. The beating merely causes him to decide to be more careful in the future, and, realising that it will no longer serve his purpose to steal, he supplies himself with pocket money by less risky methods. He adopts the ingenious method of the "Finding Plan."

> For a time—a short time—it yielded satisfactory results. People may be perfectly certain that they left a shilling on the table, the mantelpiece, or where not, but if a shilling be discovered a day or two afterwards between the seat and the back stuffing of an armchair or sofa it shows they were mistaken, and they have no right to question the probity of the finder who frankly—even loudly—proclaims his good fortune, and claims half.

Percy works this admirably, but eventually the plan wears thin, and once again he is faced with the problem of how to supply his wants without trouble or risk. The problem pursues him all his life, and he settles it from time to time with varying success. Like many brilliant boys of fatal facility, he does not justify his people's ambitions, and finally, having been designed first for the woolsack, then for the Premiership, declines on a commission in a regiment of the line.

Miss Tempest gives us a clever sketch of Anglo-Indian life. She writes convincingly, and the native element, sparingly introduced, is admirably dealt with. The Rogue adapts himself to his new environment, and reaps a rich harvest by betting on a certainty at long odds. He backs himself to perform certain feats, apparently on the spur of the moment, and inevitably comes out a winner. For hours he practised jumping a billiard table. Once he had mastered the trick, he engineered a bet that it could not be done, and promptly leaped the obstacle and pocketed the stakes. In the ultimate he overreaches himself, and meets with an end retributive but, at the same time, melodramatic. Miss Tempest would have done better to close her book on a quieter note. Percy's death strikes too loudly the crash of contrast. The drawing of the minor characters is not distinguished. Mildred, the Rogue's wife, is fairly feasible, but Craven, the quixotic admirer, does not live. The Rogue, after all, is the important person, and to him the author has done ample justice.

❧ ❧ ❧

There is plenty of go in the "Lord of Marney" (Blackie and Sons, 2s. 6d.). Mr. G. I. Witham has the faculty of writing for boys, and, without wasting time in long-winded explanation, starts the hero of the story on his travels with but little delay. The possession of the sword of Marney is the motive of the tale. There is a prophecy attached to the weapon. Unless in the right hands it will bring disaster and death; in the right hands triumph in war, blessing in peace, the lordship of Marney and hereditary offices. The sword is given to Blaise, a boy in his teens, at the opening of the story. He is charged to guard the weapon until its possession is decided on. It is said that the ultimate owner will awake one morning and find the sword by his side, and will straightway say, "By the grace of God I am what I am." How little Blaise fulfils his trust and fares upon his quest the author tells in the picturesque fashion indispensable to a book for boys.

❧ ❧ ❧

Mr. Harold Vallings has a certain vivacity of style and a capacity for representing the dramatic possibilities of a situation. In "Chess for a Stake" (Smith, Elder and Co., 6s.) these qualities carry the story over improbabilities as wild as any in fiction. Sensationalism should be judged by its own standard, and we do not quarrel with the author for his lurid lights and heavy shadows. But—and this is an important consideration—melodrama is no excuse for a fundamentally weak characterisation. The sensational novel, while it hampers the author in its clamant need for sustained excitement and unexpected developments, affords ample scope for simple yet forceful characterisation and sincere psychology. We have examples of this in the novels of Miss Braddon, a past master in the art of sensationalism. In "Henry Dunbar," in our opinion the finest piece of work she ever did, we have a combination of strong drama and simple characterisation. Her methods are convincing, the men and women she creates are actuated by motives that lie at the root of things. That the

(*Continued on page 258.*)

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*dramatis personæ* are involved in scenes of acute emotion does not derogate from the fact. Modern novels overlook this all-important truth, and Mr. Vallings has entirely forgotten it. The motive on which hangs the chain of sensational effects in "Chess for a Stake" is unconvincing in the extreme. The hero, Will Pigott, depicted as a strong man of indomitable will and purpose, consents to postpone a proposal of marriage to the girl he loves to please her worldly and matchmaking mother. Kitty, the girl in question, is vain and vacillating, influenced by every wind that blows, yet with an undercurrent of affection for Will, strong enough if called on to withstand all opposition. She is influenced to accept men of better prospects, financially speaking, and more than once comes dangerously near matrimonial misadventure. Yet all the time the indomitable hero remains passive, and does not attempt to break away from the leash. The story is exciting, and some of the scenes are cleverly handled, but the writing is marred and the effect blurred by inadequate characterisation, slipshod psychology.

❀ ❀ ❀

In "John Scarlett" (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.) Mr. Donald Maclean tells the story of a young man who finds himself credited with another man's reputation, and sent on the credit of it to work for the Young Men's Christian Association among some very rough customers in an Australian railway camp. His embarrassments are naturally considerable, and his adventures are told pleasantly enough. In the end he secures the lady of his affections, as well as converting various pioneers to better ways of life—at least so we may be supposed to consider them, though many readers will very likely prefer the said pioneers in their unregenerate state. The book is evidently intended for edification as well as for entertainment, and perhaps the entertainment would be greater if the edification were left out, for Mr. Maclean is really quite a good story-teller, with a certain eye for character and for effect. Considered as a tale, "John Scarlett" is a good deal better than most, and can be enjoyed as such by many who will perhaps find it unconvincing as a tract.

❀ ❀ ❀

Mr. David Ker has all the qualities that a successful writer of boys' books especially requires, and some that are only too rarely found in such writers. He understands a boy's love of pomp and colour; he call tell a story rapidly and vividly; he does not stop to indulge in long reflections, but gets on quickly from adventure to adventure; finally, he really writes extremely well. In consequence, his "Under the Flag of France" is quite one of the best tales of the kind that we have read. The background against which the figures are relieved is the Hundred Years' War, and of course we soon find ourselves the companions of King Edward and the Black Prince, the King of France and Bertrand du Guesclin. The interest does not flag, and the characters are not the mere puppets that characters in boys' stories too often are. Du Guesclin himself, for example, really lives, and is not only a striking and picturesque, but a convincing portrait of the chivalrous hero. So that one does not feel the exclamation of his English adversary at the end, "Would to God that I lay there in thy stead, noble Du Guesclin, for, if England hath gained by thy death, all Christendom has lost by it!" to be out of place. Mr. Ker understands boys, and comprehends their tireless love of rhetoric; and he is able to give them the sort of rhetoric that stirs their blood without its sounding silly even to older people.

## LIST OF BOOKS RECEIVED

Atteridge, A. Hilliard. "Marshal Ney, the Bravest of the Brave." (Methuen, 10s. 6d.)
"A Rifleman." "The Struggle for Bread." (Lane, 5s.)
Ashley, W. J. "Gold and Prices." (Longmans, Green, 1s.)
Bonney, Prof. T. G. "Structure of the Earth." (Jack, 6d.)
Bayley, Harold. "The Lost Language of Symbolism." Two vols. (Williams and Norgate, 25s.)
Beerbohm, Max. "A Christmas Garland." (Heinemann, 5s.)
Bennett, Arnold. "Those United States." (Secker, 5s.)
Chatterton-Hill. "The Philosophy of Nietzsche." (Ouseley, 7s. 6d.)
Clayton, Joseph. "Co-operation." (Jack, 6d.)
Coloma, Luis. "The Story of Don John of Austria." Translated by Lady Moreton. (Lane, 16s.)
Compton Rickett, A. "A History of English Literature." (Jack, 6d.)
Davidson, H. S. "Marriage and Motherhood." The People's Books. (Jack, 6d.)
*Daily News and Leader* Year-Book, 1913. (6d.)
Fitzgerald, Kathleen. "Gulliver à Lilliput et Gulliver à Brobdingnag." (Siegle, Hill et Cie.)
Fitzgerald, Kathleen. "Don Quichotte de la Manche." (Siegle, Hill et Cie.)
Farrow, Thomas. "Banks and People." (Chapman and Hall, 1s.)
Field, Claud. "Persian Literature." (Herbert and Daniel.)
Goldsmith, Oliver. "She Stoops to Conquer." (Hodder and Stoughton, 15s.)
Galsworthy, John. "Three Plays." (Duckworth, 6s.)
Gates, Richard T. "Divorce or Separation—Which?" (Divorce Law Reform Union, 6d.)
Gasquet, Abbot. "England Under the Old Religion." (G. Bell, 6s.)
Galsworthy, John. "The Eldest Son: A Play." (Duckworth, 2s. and 1s.)
Garrett, Fyddel E. "Lyrics and Poems from Ibsen." (Dent, 4s. 6d.)
Hall, William, R.N., B.A. "Navigation." (Jack, 6d.)
Hutchison, A. N. "Hypnotism and Self-Education." (Jack, 6d.)
Jeudwine, J. W. "The First Twelve Centuries of British History." (Longmans, 12s. 6d.)
Klein, Sidney T. "Science and the Infinite." (Rider, 2s. 6d.)
Lempfert, R. G. K. "Weather Science." (Jack, 6d.)
Lightwood, J. T. "Charles Dickens and Music." (Kelly, 2s. 6d.)
Lang, Andrew. "Shakespeare, Bacon, and the Great Unknown." (Longmans, 9s.)
Miles, Eustace. "Fitness for Play and Work." (Murby, 1s. 6d.)
Monypenny, W. F. "The Life of Benjamin Disraeli." Vol. II. (Murray, 12s.)
Prospero and Caliban. "The Weird of the Wanderer." (Rider, 6s.)
Quiggin, A. Hingston, M.A. "Primeval Man." (Macdonald and Evans, 1s. 6d.)
Shillito, Rev. Edward. "The Free Churches." (Jack, 6d.)
Spiller, G. "The Training of the Child." (Jack, 6d.)
Strindberg, A. "The Inferno." (Rider, 2s. 6d.)
Tennyson. "Morte d'Arthur." (Chatto and Windus, 6s.)
Tweedie, Mrs. Alec. "Thirteen Years of a Busy Woman's Life." (Lane, 16s.)
Vanoc. "A Day of My Life." (Macdonald and Evans, 1s.)
Watson, Aaron. "Tennyson." (Jack, 6d.)

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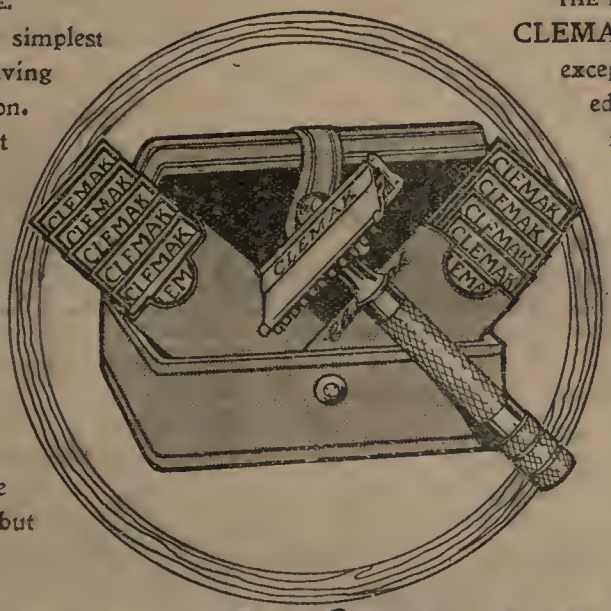


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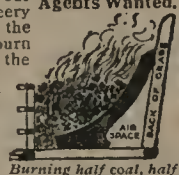


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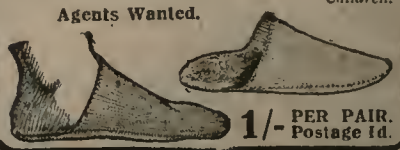

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ARTICLES
BY
BERNARD SHAW
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## HISTORY IN THE MAKING

### NOTES OF THE WEEK.

PUBLIC interest, at present diverted from the Balkans, is now centred in London, where the Peace Conference is to be held. The King has given authority for St. James's Palace to be placed at the disposal of the delegates. Other arrangements permitting, His Majesty will receive the delegates during their stay.

It is stated that though Greece has not yet signed the Armistice, she will take part in the negotiations. Sir Edward Grey's proposal of a Conference of Ambassadors has been accepted by the European powers. The Triple Alliance has been renewed. Reports come to hand of Russian mobilisation on the Western frontier. Russia, it is stated, is vigorously carrying out military operations in order to be ready for every possible contingency. Shortly eighteen Russian Army Corps will be massed on the Western frontier.

The important announcement of a gift by Canada to the Mother-country of three Dreadnoughts, to form part of the Imperial Navy, has created widespread interest. The Admiralty has issued the memorandum on naval defence requirements, which, at the request of Mr. Borden, was supplied to the Canadian Government, and was read by him in the Dominion Parliament. The memorandum points out that the development of the German Navy during the last fifteen years is the most striking feature of the naval situation to-day.

In the House of Commons the matter received special attention. Mr. Churchill, replying to Lord C. Beresford, said that in introducing the supplementary estimates in July he stated that it was the wish of the Canadian Government that the aid of Canada should be an addition to the existing British programme, and that any step which Canada might take should directly strengthen the naval forces of the Empire and the margin available for its security. Mr. Asquith, replying to questions, said that the proposal that one or more representatives of the Dominions should be invited to attend the meetings of the Committee of Imperial Defence was put forward last year by the Government in the proceedings connected with the Imperial Conference, and was accepted as desirable in principle by all the Prime Ministers. Mr. Asquith further said certain arrangements of a general character had been agreed to between the Admiralty and the Dominion Government with regard to the transfer of the Canadian battleships to the Royal Canadian Navy on notice sufficient to allow for their replacement, if necessary, being given, and with regard to replacing by the Admiralty of orders for some light cruisers in Canada, the training of Canadian naval cadets, and other minor and incidental matters.

The tone of the Canadian Press comments on Mr. Borden's speech is generally eulogistic, but the Liberal Press criticises the Government proposal, and emphasises the alternative of a unit manned and controlled by Canada. Speaking at Chester, Mr. J. A. Pease, Minister for Education, said the gift from Canada would materially help to maintain on the high seas throughout the world the predominance of the naval forces of the Crown.

The question of the Territorial Force still continues to be a disturbing element in the political world. Speaking in London, Colonel Seely declared the charges made against the force to be unfounded. After a most searching inquiry, the Committee of Imperial Defence has arrived at the considered opinion that with our military and naval forces as they stood, the danger of invasion might now be faced without fear. The Government had no intention of

adopting compulsory service. Arrangements were on the point of completion whereby members of the National Reserve would be asked, in the event of imminent national danger, to place their services at the disposal of the King. Equipment was to be ready for the reservists, and funds would be placed at the disposal of the County Associations for the purpose.

In the House of Commons on Monday night, Mr. Runciman announced that several areas in Ireland had now been declared free from foot and mouth disease, and the importation into England and Scotland of fat stock for slaughter from these districts would be allowed. Restriction must still be maintained in suspected areas.

Anarchy at political meetings seems to be the order of the day. At a Home Rule demonstration in London, addressed by Mr. John Redmond, suffragettes kept up constant interruption. A free fight took place, and about fifty interrupters were ejected. Mr. Redmond was on his feet for over an hour and a quarter, but he was unable to speak for more than half that time. Sir Edward Carson was to have addressed an open-air meeting from his hotel at Torquay, but was prevented from speaking by bands of political opponents wearing helmets and carrying dummy rifles.

So far as Scotland is concerned, the old division of the Tory party into Conservatives and Liberal-Unionists is to be obliterated. The present Central Conservative and Liberal-Unionist organisations are to be united, and to form one consolidated Scottish Unionist organisation. Authority has been given to make the necessary arrangements for an inaugural conference of the combined association. Mr. Bonar Law is expected to be present.

A statement of great interest to the general public was made by Sir Herbert Samuel, Postmaster-General, at the annual dinner of the Liverpool Shipbrokers' Benevolent Society. He announced that his department were now experimenting with new machines between London and Liverpool, which would be able to send telegrams both ways simultaneously at the rate of 150 words a minute, and to transmit one thousand telegrams an hour.

The dispute between Mr. Lloyd George and the medical profession still remains unsettled. Following upon the deputation which waited upon the Chancellor of the Exchequer, meetings are to be held of all the divisions of the British Medical Association for the purpose of considering its report and the Chancellor's memorandum explanatory of the points raised by the deputation, when a vote will be taken and the future action of the Association will depend on the result of the vote.

The Board of Trade returns for November give a sure indication of the marked revival in trade. They show imports valued at £70,995,218, an increase of £5,601,059 on the corresponding month of last year. Exports amounted to £43,358,387, an increase of £2,371,996, while re-exports totalled £9,631,336, an increase of £1,797,107.

The appointment is intimated of Prince Louis of Battenberg as First Sea Lord of the Admiralty, in succession to Sir Francis Bridgeman, who has resigned.

The workmen's section of the Coal Conciliation Board for the federated districts of England and North Wales have decided to ask a further increase of 5 per cent. in wages. An increase of 5 per cent. was granted last October.

Mr. Raymond Asquith, son of the Prime Minister, has been unanimously invited, at a meeting of the Derby Liberal Eight Hundred, to become the Liberal candidate for the borough. He has accepted the invitation.

At a suffrage meeting on non-militant and non-party lines in Glasgow, letters were read from Lord Haldane and Sir Edward Grey, and Mr. Balfour sent a telegram wishing every success to the meeting. Sir Edward Grey wrote that if women's suffrage is put into the Government's Reform Bill by the House of Commons, the Government will continue their support as a whole, and women's suffrage would become part of a Government measure. The greatest obstacle to the question, he said, is the exasperation which has been caused by militant acts of violence, and which will be increased to an overwhelming degree if they are continued. The greatest danger to women's suffrage consists in this exasperation, and those who attempt violence and intimidation are far more hurtful to women's suffrage than any of its declared opponents. It is by argument, sympathy, and conviction that the day will be won.

The North-Eastern Railway Company is confronted with a strike that threatens to be of a formidable nature. An engine-driver named Knox had been convicted at Newcastle of drunkenness, and the manager of the company thought proper to remove him to a less responsible position. If, however, at the end of a twelve months' probation, he had regained the confidence of the company, Knox was to be reinstated in his old position. Against this the railwaymen at Newcastle, the Hartlepools, Carlisle, and various other branches struck work. Their contention is that Knox was innocent, and even if he were not, he was not on duty at the time of the offence, and in that case the action of the company is an unjustifiable attack on the personal liberty of railwaymen. It should be stated that if the Home Office grants leave to appeal, and the magistrates' decision is reversed, the company will immediately reinstate Knox. Meanwhile the railway service is being seriously dislocated, to the great inconvenience of travellers and traders.

In his farewell sermon at St. Margaret's, Westminster, on Sunday, Canon Henson made a strong appeal on behalf of Christian unity. He objected to the intolerant habit of mind which too often coloured social practice—that of making Anglican isolation a religious principle. In his opinion, if Anglicans and Nonconformists came together in conference, not much more would be heard of Disestablishment and Disendowment.

According to a despatch from Washington, in the Senate on Monday, Mr. John W. Works, Republican Senator from California, declared himself in favour of a single term for the Presidency. He recommended the adoption of legislation prohibiting a President offering himself or being nominated for re-election. He seized the opportunity to make a bitter attack on Mr. Roosevelt, whose "third term" aspirations he declared to be a danger to the Constitution. While he was being denounced in the Senate, Mr. Roosevelt was presiding over a "Bull Moose" Convention at Chicago, at which plans were discussed for the purpose of ensuring the defeat of the Taft party at the next Convention.

# THE ALLEGED COLLAPSE OF SOCIALISM BY BERNARD SHAW PART II.

I.

I SEE only one ray of light in the gloom for Mr. Chesterton as Head Man of the Peasant State. It is just possible that he might meet St. Clare. But what would he do with her? He would offer her a peasant property. She would say, "No, thank you, Mr. Chesterton You say I must have property. So did the Pope. He kept on saying that I must have property and not be a Poor Clare. I kept on telling him, in my serious, literal way—not your profane, meaningless way—that I would see him damned first. I did see him damned first. I hope I will not have to see you damned first; so will you be patient, and let me teach you a little religion? Or would you rather begin by telling me why your Peasant State will pay me more to be the mistress of a nobleman than the servant of God?"

II.

What is the use of ignoring the technical basis of the business of social organization? Ricardo's law of rent is very tiresome. So is Newton's law of gravitation. I have been more tired of the law of gravitation when driving a two-ton car down an Alpine pass than anybody but a real peasant could possibly be of the law of rent; but I did not let go the brake and fold my arms and let the car rip for all that. If Mr. Chesterton resettles England as America has been resettled, and lets the resettlement rip (and this appears to be his proposal), then he will simply have the history of America over again, millionaires, hunger-marches, and all. What is the good of that? Will any sane man make the terrible effort that alone can get him out of purgatory for no other purpose than to march straight back there?

III.

If Mr. Chesterton disclaims this intention, and proposes steps to prevent the private appropriation of land and all its consequences, what other method of doing this has he except the method of Socialism? He not only admits, he embraces the Socialist contention that the land must be expropriated with a view to redistribution. He embraces in the same armful the Syndicalist contention that Parliament cannot do it, and that the people must do it for themselves. He exposes the absurdity of expecting a government of poor men by rich men to emancipate poor men, or believing that Collectivism established by such a government could mean anything but extending the State guarantee of their Consols to all their other stocks and shares and rents and royalties. Presumably, then, he sees that his Peasant State must be so constructed that however the general level of prosperity may rise, no man shall be allowed to grow rich in money faster than his neighbors. In other words, his Peasant State must be a Socialist State. Then, what is there left to argue except whether the Socialist State will be a Peasant State or not? As to that, Mr. Chesterton may take it from me that it wont. It is only in Camberwell and Bloomsbury that people want to be peasants; and even they want to be peasants in art cottages, and spend their week-ends in the Queen's Hall, listening to orchestral concerts. Anyhow, the thing is impossible: peasant cultivation could no more supply the needs of modern populations than it could produce that finest extant country product so far: Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony.

IV.

The difficulty that confronts us all in this matter is the one raised by Mr. Chesterton when, having shown that our Parliament cannot save us, he suggests the further question, can the people who elect this Parliament save us? Some years ago Mr. Chesterton wrote one of his most memorable poems. The first line of it was also its burden. It ran thus:—

"We are the people of England; and we have not spoken yet."

At about the same time another poet, whose name is unknown to me, wrote for Mr. Eugene Stratton a lay with a refrain which came at every second line. It began:

"I'm going to sing you a topical song.
If youll stand that youll stand anything."

Had Mr. Chesterton written it, it would have begun:

"Theyve taken the abbeys away from the monks.
If youll stand that youll stand anything."

Both poems were to the same purpose. They recited all the crimes of society and history, and all the grievances of the people; but in Mr. Chesterton's the people said always, "We are the people of England; and we have not spoken yet," like Mr. Snodgrass at the battle of Ipswich, when he said he was just going to begin; whereas Mr. Stratton, addressing these same people of England, expressed no hope that they were going to speak or to do anything else than suffer, and simply said in good-humored despair, "If youll stand that, youll stand anything."

V.

And here is the real problem for us. There is no quarrel between Mr. Chesterton and the Socialists on the economic side: he agrees that we must have economic equality; and his cockney Arcadianism need divide us no more than my bog-trotting hatred of agriculture. The question is, how are we to induce a nation which has tamely stood everything, from the dissolution of the monasteries and the sweeping of whole countrysides of families into the sea to make shooting preserves for a ring of thieves and cads, to the Insurance Act and the Flogging Bill, either to work out its own salvation or to let anyone else do it? Or is Mr. Chesterton also waiting for the supermen?

I pause for a reply.

* * *

## WIT AND WISDOM OF G. B. S.

SELF-SACRIFICE enables us to sacrifice other people without blushing.

If you begin by sacrificing yourself to those you love, you will end by hating those to whom you have sacrificed yourself.—*Man and Superman.*

SIR PATRICK: There are two things that can be wrong with any man. One of them is a cheque. The other is a woman. Until you know that a man's sound on these two points, you know nothing about him.—*The Doctor's Dilemma.*

Martyrdom, sir, is what these people like: it is the only way in which a man can become famous without ability.—*The Devil's Disciple.*

# NAPOLEON AS A SOCIALIST BY CHARLES SAROLEA

## PART I.

I.

THE opponents of Socialism are never tired of arguing that Socialism at best is only the dream of impractical idealists, that it has never been tried on a large scale, at least, in modern society, and that wherever it has been tried on a small scale it has either been a lamentable failure or has resulted in practical unrest or periodical revolution. Now, the history of the French people shows that Socialism has been tried by the most realistic, the most practical ruler of modern times, that it has been a magnificent success, and that, so far from having proved a cause of revolution and instability, agrarian Socialism in France has proved a most conservative force, and has raised the most efficient bulwark against revolution.

II.

Academic historians keep us in such complete ignorance as to the meaning of the fundamental facts of history that most readers may fail to see that I am referring to the *Testamentary Law of the Code Napoléon*, and they will dismiss with a smile as a Chestertonian paradox the Socialism of a sovereign who created new aristocracies and new dynasties, and who partitioned the thrones of Europe amongst his relatives and his soldiers. Academic historians are so much deceived by watchwords and doctrinaire formulas that it does not occur to them that the *Testamentary Law of the Code Napoléon* is indeed the most daring Socialistic experiment which was ever attempted, as well as the most successful and the most beneficial, and that, therefore, Napoleon is entitled to the claim of being the greatest practical Socialist of all ages. I do not use the word in a vague sense, I use it in its literal technical meaning. The aim of Napoleon has been the establishment of social equality, his method the power of the State, his achievement the abolition of the landed aristocracy, and the division of the soil of France amongst six millions of peasant proprietors. Thiers may write twenty volumes on Napoleon, and ignore that fundamental fact. But poets like Béranger, and novelists like Balzac, have seen further and gone deeper than the bourgeois chronicler of the treatises and campaigns of the Empire, and they have proved once more the truth of the Aristotelian dictum that poetry is truer than history. They have realised that it is the Socialistic legislation of the *Code Napoléon* which has been the enduring monument of the First Empire. They have revealed to us why Napoleon has remained the idol of the peasantry and of the people, although he sent their sons by hundreds of thousands to the shambles of the battlefield. It is not to our present purpose to determine the exact part which Napoleon took in the elaboration of the *Code Civil*. His systematic adversaries see nothing but organised flattery in the "*Procès verbaux*" of the Conseil d'Etat, and they tell us that he gave nothing but his name to the *Code Civil*. Even so, Tolstoy reveals to us that Napoleon did not fight his own battles, perhaps paving the way for the future historian who will take up Archbishop Whately's argument that Napoleon never existed. Without going the length of Lanfrey, temperate critics tell us that, even admitting that Napoleon directed the legislative labours of the Conseil d'Etat, the *Code Civil* has only systematised existing legislation, and embodied the principles and the customs of the ancient monarchy. But to grant all this is not to diminish the historic part of Napoleon, it is only to raise him on a higher pedestal. For, on this theory, Napoleon must be considered not only as the armed soldier of democracy, the executor of the revolution, or, to use the quaint phraseology of Lord Rosebery, the "scavenger of Europe," he is made the heir to the whole tradition of the French people, and his legislative achievement is the ultimate outcome of French civilisation.

III.

Whatever credit the monarchy and the revolution may claim in the *Code Civil*, one thing is certain: where the revolution has failed, Napoleon did succeed. The revolutionists, inspired with the Socialistic ideal, deemed, and rightly deemed, that the hereditary aristocracy was the negation of social justice, the mainstay of oppression, the nursery of pauperism and corruption. They argued, and they rightly argued, that every citizen ought to have a stake in the land. Imbued with this conviction, the revolutionary statesmen set themselves to abolish the landed aristocracy with the fervour and logic of their race. The early revolutionists nourished the fond hope that the aristocracy might be abolished by the voluntary sacrifice and renunciation of the privileged classes, but they soon discovered that enthusiasm and self-sacrifice are fitful and short-lived, and that the Night of the Fourth of August, 1789, did not prove to be the night of Pentecost. After the failure of their hopes, the revolutionists soon resorted to the more drastic method of confiscation, and they finally were led to assume that the quickest way of suppressing the aristocracy was to suppress the aristocrats, and to send them to the guillotine. But the event proved that confiscation and wholesale murder were alike ineffective; for confiscation only transferred the land from the legitimate owners to the spoliators, and the hecatombs of the guillotine only transformed the oppressors of yesterday into heroes and martyrs, and only hastened on the Counter-revolution.

Whether Napoleon was the author of the *Code Civil* or whether he was not, he clearly read the signs of the times. He saw that a constructive revolution could only be achieved by law, and only by a law which would be in harmony with the elemental instincts of men, a law which would reconcile the interests of the State and those of the individual, a law which would make no exception of persons, and would not be aimed against individuals, but which would be universal in its operation.

IV.

What strikes us most in the Testamentary Legislation of Napoleon is the apparent disproportion between the simplicity of the means and the magnitude of the results. The memorable Article 913 of the Civil Code, which practically compels parents to leave equal portions to all their children, and which absolutely deprives them of the right of disinheriting any, at first sight, seems nothing but a check against the injustice, vanity, and caprice of tyrannical parents; nothing but a moderate compromise between the rights of the older and those of the younger generations; nothing but the extension of an ancient principle, embodied in legislation at all ages and stages of human society.

But if we read the Article 913 in conjunction with the previous, exacting the compulsory sale or "*licitation*" of the family property in case of disagreement, *the Testamentary Law becomes a formidable weapon which must inevitably break up all large landed estates, and make the re-establishment of a landed aristocracy impossible for all times.*

For the Testamentary Law is automatic like a machine, relentless like the guillotine. And the greater an estate, the more surely it will be broken up. The wealthy French merchant may buy a large property and enjoy it during his lifetime, but on his death, in ninety-five cases out of a hundred, the property must needs be divided amongst his children. If the owner did leave

it by will to his eldest son, two things might happen. Either the father would have to compensate the other children and leave them equal shares in money, in which case the eldest son, being burdened with an extensive estate with very little capital to work it, would probably not be able to make both ends meet; or the father would favour the eldest son to enable him to work the estate, and he would leave the other children only what the French law compels him to leave them, in which case the younger children would disagree and demand a compulsory sale or "*licitation.*" As a matter of fact, the consequences of any inequality in the settlement are so serious that sentiment and tradition are against it, and, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, owners of property do not even take advantage of the not inconsiderable liberty which the *Code Napoléon* leaves them.

V.

It has been often contended by opponents of the law, and by none more emphatically than by Leplay in "La Réforme Sociale," and by Balzac in "The Country Doctor," that the Civil Code not only destroys large estates, but also breaks up small estates beyond the point where they can no more support the owner. Such a contention stands self-refuted, even if it were not contradicted by the facts. That the Testamentary Law breaks up land to the extreme limit, and divides it amongst the largest possible number of proprietors, is certainly true; and that extreme division is claimed by its supporters as the most desirable effect of the law. But beyond the point where the division would cease to be advantageous to the owner and become ruinous to agriculture, the breaking-up process cannot possibly go. Although there may occur individual cases where the minute division renders cultivation difficult or unprofitable, those cases must necessarily be few, and must inevitably be adjusted. Either the owner will ply another trade and work his little plot of land only to eke out his income, or, if his piece of land cannot be worked to advantage, he will sell it to his neighbour. Unless we assume that French peasants are far more stupid than they are habitually assumed to be, and they are generally credited with considerable shrewdness and practical sense, it is absurd to admit that in any settlement they will not make the best possible bargain for themselves.

VI.

It ought to be added that, whilst the law breaks up large estates and multiplies small holdings, it does not destroy moderate estates. Country life under the Testamentary Law, and under any law, continues to attract by tens of thousands the city-bred professional or commercial man. No doubt they will not be able, like the retired or successful British merchant, to buy a large estate and raise their social status by claiming admittance into the ranks of the gentry. But they will generally be content to buy a small property, and will do so all the more willingly because its moderate size will probably enable one of their children to retain it. *There is no land on the continent of Europe which is more thickly studded than France with little country houses and delightful summer retreats.*

The Testamentary Law, then, has attained the object which the legislator had in view. The country which boasted of the most ancient and the most brilliant aristocracy of Europe, the country which created the ideal of chivalry, has become the classical land of small holdings. The stately abodes of royalty and the magnificent abbeys of the Church are either picturesque solitudes like Chambord or have been turned into gambling dens like Vizille, or have been bought by aliens like Saint Wandrille and Chenonceaux, or are occupied by life tenants like the majority of the historic chateaux of ancient Gaul. It may be said that all over France real property has been largely transferred from the classes to the masses.

(*To be continued.*)

# THE PROBLEM OF ALSACE

By Prof. H. LICHTENBERGER
*(Of the University of Paris).*

I.

Germans constantly reiterate that since the Treaty of Frankfort there is for them no "Alsatian question," just as since 1860 the "question of Savoy" no longer exists for France. Undoubtedly they are within their right from an international point of view. It is natural that they should decline all discussion on the ultimate cession of Alsace, and treat amateur diplomatists, who propose to modify the state of affairs created by the Treaty of Frankfort, with some irony. In return they are obliged to admit that, from the *Alsatian point of view*, the "question of Alsace" still exists. They can neither hide from themselves nor from Europe that to-day, as in the past, Alsace remains hostile to German influence, and openly shows her dislike of the government forced upon her by her conquerors. Forty years have passed since the annexation took place, and the assimilation of Alsace is not accomplished. What is the reason of this opposition, and how is it shown?

At the close of the war the people of Alsace combined in a movement of unanimous protest against the victorious Germans. They declared their sympathy for France, their antipathy towards the invaders. By emigration, by desertion to evade the period of military service, by affiliation to French patriotic societies, by repeated hostile elections, by endless signs in everyday life, the people showed that it was to force alone that they submitted, that they regretted the past, that they held themselves under no obligation of loyalty towards their conquerors, and that they intended to reduce contact with them to a minimum.

II.

This phase of resistance had been foreseen, and it continued for many years. Now it is ended, and no one can wonder. The Alsatians could not indefinitely preserve an attitude of fruitless opposition. They could not live in a perpetual state of latent revolt against the established order of things. They could not remain indifferent to the methods by which they were governed, neglect their material interests, risk the economic prosperity of their country by unceasing loyalty to memories of an ever-receding past.

Little by little they have had to change their tactics. They have acquiesced in the existing state of affairs. They have accepted their position as German citizens. In return they have demanded *Alsatian autonomy*, "home rule," in opposition to the invasion of German influence and German ideals, and have rallied to the cry of "Alsace for the Alsatians." This formula had at first in their eyes a perfectly definite and practical meaning. It is well known that, by the Treaty of Frankfort, Alsace was declared to be "Imperial territory" (Reichsland). She was, and still is, governed, in the name of the Empire, by a *German* administration appointed by the Kaiser, and exclusively responsible to the German Government. It is against this exceptional system that the representatives of Alsace, supported by the unanimous voice of the people, have risen in opposition.

III.

But the watchword, "Alsace for the Alsatians," has developed another and a wider interpretation. Alsatians do not merely ask to be treated on the same footing as other citizens of the Empire; they further desire that Germany should recognise "*Alsatian*

*individuality*." Now, what is it that differentiates the Alsatian people from the rest of the Germanic family? It is this: they have always lived at the confluence of two ideals of culture. They are a mixed race, not a purely Germanic race. In their ideas, their books, their habits and traditions, their customs and beliefs, in their whole manner of life, in short, they resemble the French type. Further, they do not mean to change. They hold that, in the matter of civilisation, superiority does not lie with Germany. In so far as they share in French culture they feel themselves to be, not only different from, but superior to, the Germans.

IV.

The Germans have watched this development in the direction of autonomy—so unforeseen by them—with very varied feelings.

Amongst the party (that of the Left), who are endeavouring to promote the democratic ideal in Germany, the claims of Alsace have met with real, though somewhat platonic, sympathy. Even in Alsace some sincerely liberal men are to be found, amongst whom Professor Wittich should be mentioned, who demonstrate the futility of the efforts of the Government towards the Germanisation of Alsace, and claim for the annexed countries a more humane government and a more effective autonomy. In Pan-Germanist circles, on the other hand, the attitude of the Alsatians has been looked upon as an intolerable scandal. The resistance of "these renegades whose blood is German, but whose language is barbarous," has been condemned with ever-increasing indignation. The necessity that the Government should use strong measures to repress these insolent Pan-French leanings has been emphasised. Alsatians suspected of French sympathies have been bitterly denounced. All movements towards conciliation have been opposed. Even the Stadtholder, Count Wedil, was not spared, his offence being that he looked kindly on the Alsatians, whilst his wife committed the grave fault of speaking French fluently.

V.

The Imperial Government has attempted to find a midway path between Alsatian nationalism and Pan-Germanic chauvinism. In all essentials, however, it sides with the Pan-Germanists. It finds fault with Alsatian *particularism* for its French leanings; it calls on the Alsatians to turn to German culture, and declares that, in the present state of affairs, the annexed countries are not ripe for autonomy. In return it has yielded so far to Alsatian particularism as to grant the apparent advantage of a Constitution. Unfortunately, it was evident from the first that this Constitution, the product of Reichstag and Bunderstag deliberations, introduced *no* real amelioration in the condition of the annexed countries. It grants a Parliament to Alsace, but the Lower Chamber, elected by universal suffrage, is paralysed by an Upper Chamber, in great part composed of high dignitaries and officials and of members nominated by the Kaiser.

The administration is still entirely dependent on the Stadtholder, who exercises absolute authority in the name of the Kaiser, and is responsible to the Kaiser alone. Nothing has been changed in Alsace-Lorraine by the grant of this Constitution, and public opinion has never for one moment been deceived. The Government hoped to checkmate Alsatian nationalism, chiefly recruited from the rich and cultured middle class, by granting universal suffrage, and so strengthening the Democratic or Socialist party. It was soon seen that this forecast was mistaken. The new Alsatian Parliament, in spite of the defeat of some of the "Nationalist" party, was as resolutely "particularist" as the old Alsatian Diet, as determined to oppose the invasion of Pan-Germanism.

VI.

Matters stand thus for the present. Alsace refuses to be assimilated. The Government, in return, sets itself, by means of endless petty tyrannies, to checkmate this stubborn resistance, which irritates it by its unceasing continuity. One day it dissolves sports-clubs suspected of French sympathies; another it prevents French sportsmen from renting shootings in Alsace. Recently the industrial society of Nudhouse was threatened that all State orders for locomotives would be withdrawn unless the manager of the Grafenstadin factory, whose sympathies were supposed to be French, were instantly dismissed. In a memorable conversation held a short time ago at Strasbourg the Kaiser, William II., declared that, if the opposition continued, he would suppress the Constitution and reduce Alsace to the condition of a mere Prussian province. But the Alsatians are not to be intimidated.

By all legal methods, by speech and in the Press, by open protests or by caricature and irony, in Parliament or in the papers, they declare their intention of maintaining their own individuality. If, after forty years of occupation, the spirit of Alsace is still stirred by the music of the "Marseillaise"; if the first desire of little Alsatian schoolboys, when on an expedition to the frontier, is to decorate their hats or buttonholes with the French colours, it would appear that the "benefits" of annexation have not effaced the memory of a time when Alsatian individuality was more respected and freer to expand after its own manner than is the case to-day.

VII.

The consequence of this state of affairs, from the international point of view, may be easily realised. The discontent prevalent in the annexed countries must have its effect on French public opinion. France, who has always scrupulously observed the terms of the Treaty which binds her, has never interfered in the affairs of Alsace. This was her duty. It was also in her interest, for it is clear that a French propaganda in Alsace would have compromised the Alsatians without doing any good to France. She has never given advice to the people of Alsace-Lorraine, and her influence counts for nothing in the present situation of this part of the Empire. But no power on earth can force France to lose all interest in a country which used to be one of her most loyal provinces, and which is still, in its ideas and culture, a French outpost on German territory.

If the Germans had known how to deal with the Alsatians as England has dealt with the Boers, if it had been agreed that the Alsatians were free to develop their life along their own lines, there is no doubt that the cause of Franco-German friendship would have been greatly advanced. But it is clear that this reconciliation is far from being accomplished. Considering this state of affairs, who can wonder that it should be impossible for France to forget the past, that she should maintain that attitude of reserve of which Germans complain, and which their ready suspicions interpret as a symptom of hostility towards themselves? Thus the Alsatian question, a conflict, sometimes half suppressed, sometimes frankly avowed, which exists between annexed Alsace and her masters, remains, whether we like it or not, a permanent menace to the peace of the world; and France can do nothing to modify a situation which she did not create, and for which she is not responsible.

# LITERARY NOTES

The literary event of the week has been the publication of the third and final volume of the Second Supplement of the "Dictionary of National Biography." Thus closes another chapter in the history of what, with the possible exception of the "Oxford Dictionary," may proudly be regarded as the most colossal literary enterprise ever carried out in this country. The interesting event finds me in a reminiscent mood, and I have been trying to recall some of the incidents of the luncheon given by the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House on a bright June day in 1900, in celebration of the completion of the original sixty-three volumes.

Lord Morley, I remember, with his customary felicity, proposed the toast of the "Dictionary," and somewhat apologetically confessed to having written only one article to the titanic work—that on Cobden. But the most interesting speech was that of Mr. George M. Smith, the enlightened publisher, who originated the idea of the work. Mr. Smith gave some startling figures regarding the magnitude of the "Dictionary." The expenditure, he said, could not be stated at less than six figures, and the second figure would be a four or a five. More important still, he added that he would consider himself fortunate if the return equalled half the expenditure.

But the hero of the present occasion is Sir Sidney Lee, who has not only maintained, in the new Supplement, the high standard of earlier volumes, but has even surpassed it. A striking instance of the thoroughness and accuracy of the editorial work came to my knowledge the other day. A contributor had forwarded an article about a relatively unimportant personage. He had had great difficulty in collecting sufficient material to fill a column of the "Dictionary," but was confident that he had exhausted all the sources of information. Great was his amazement, however, when the volume containing the article was published, to find that his contribution had been supplemented in certain important particulars, and fresh references given.

Sir Sidney Lee's connection with the "Dictionary" is now an old story. He joined the staff so long ago as 1883, and worked for seven years under the late Sir Leslie Stephen. In 1890 Sir Leslie, owing to ill-health, associated with himself as joint editor his young lieutenant, who in the following year assumed entire editorial control. Sir Sidney Lee's labours have, indeed, been prodigious. Besides editing the major portion of the "Dictionary," he has, I dare say, contributed more articles to its pages than any other writer. In the original sixty-three volumes, he wrote no fewer than 820 articles, covering 1,370 pages, and when to these we add his contributions to the First and Second Supplements, including the two brilliant and illuminating articles on Queen Victoria and Edward VII. (the latter extending to sixty-four pages), the sum total must be over one thousand.

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We are now well in December, and the Christmas book trade is in full swing. I have been inspecting the publishers' lists, and should say that the output of this class of literature is not only larger but of finer quality than ever. What has revolutionised the Christmas book more than anything else has been the invention of the three-colour process. But it is a very expensive process, and I sometimes wonder if publishers who place sumptuous Christmas volumes upon the market really get an adequate return for their outlay. Be that as it may, the artistic excellence of the Christmas book is indisputable. I have only one criticism to offer, and that is, that there is a tendency in some quarters to lavish money on illustrations, and to be parsimonious as regards literary matter. This is a regrettable feature, though I suppose it is a concession to the view that Christmas books are bought to be looked at, not to be read.

* * * * *

Mr. H. Buxton Forman will, no doubt, have his reasons, but I am surprised to learn that he is bringing out a new edition of Medwin's "Life of Shelley." Its biographical value is almost nil. Besides revealing strong bias, it is full of inaccuracies. The only redeeming feature of this memoir, which was first published in 1833, and afterwards (1847) expanded into a two-volume work, is that the author was the cousin and schoolfellow of Shelley. Medwin's "Life" may possess historical interest, but the most complete and authoritative record of the poet's life is that by Professor Dowden, supplemented, perhaps, by Mr. Clutton-Brock's critical study.

* * * * *

Much sympathy will be felt for Mr. Thomas Hardy, who has suffered a severe blow by the death of his wife. A niece of Archdeacon Gifford, Miss Emma Gifford was married to the distinguished novelist in 1874, the year in which, it is interesting to recall, "Far from the Madding Crowd" appeared. Mrs. Hardy had both literary and artistic tastes. In earlier years she wrote short stories and occasional verses, but she made no mark. Mrs. Hardy revelled in the scenery of the Wessex country, and tried to convey something of its charm in a series of water-colour sketches. To the cause of woman suffrage she devoted much of her time, and was frequently to be found walking in London processions.

* * * * *

There ought to be some high bidding at Messrs. Sotheby's on December 18th, when a valuable series of autograph letters and literary MSS. will be disposed of. Mr. Meredith seems to have had a literary gardener, for that functionary is now placing upon the market three of his master's MSS., "The Revolution," 21 pages quarto; "Napoleon," 57 pages quarto; and "Alsace-Lorraine," 50 pages quarto. Meredith's autograph letters to the Rev. Augustus and Mrs. Jessopp, many of which appear in Messrs. Constable's recently published "Letters of George Meredith," are also being sold. Another interesting lot consists of twenty-one of Scott's letters to his brother-in-law, Charles Carpenter, including the epistle (published by Lockhart) in which Scott announced his purchase of the land on which Abbotsford was reared.

* * * * *

Many, I feel sure, will regret the dispersal of the late Mr. Andrew Lang's library. As was to be expected in the case of so versatile a bookman, it covered a wide field, and was particularly rich in works on folklore and comparative religion, critical editions of Greek and Latin authors, and copies of books which had been presented to Mr. Lang by some of the most noted of his contemporaries. It also contained a copy of Montaigne's "Essays," dated 1595, with the autograph signature of Drummond of Hawthornden, and a fine copy of the first French translation of Bunyan's "Pilgrim Progress," 1685. Then there were a large number of books containing marginal notes by Mr Lang, though I doubt if these will be of much use to anyone, as Mr. Lang's caligraphy was execrable. I possess several of his letters, which I have never been able more than to partially decipher. X. Y. Z.

# MONS. SEGUIN'S GOAT *(From the French of Alphonse Daudet)*

My poor Gringoire, you will never change! How now? You are offered a post on one of the best Parisian newspapers, and you have the face to refuse it? Look at yourself, wretched boy! Look at your ragged doublet and your demoralised hose and your thin face, that tells of hunger! Your passion for rhyme has brought you to this pass. This is all you have to show for ten years of loyal service in the train of the great Apollo. Will nothing bring you to shame?

Be a journalist, idiot, be a journalist! You will earn beautiful golden crowns. You will be able to have your place at Brébants', and to show yourself on first-nights with a fine new feather in your cap.

No! You would rather not? You prefer to remain free, in your own way, to the end.... Well, just listen to the tale of M. Seguin's goat. You will see what those gain who try to keep their freedom.

. . . . . .

M. Seguin never had any luck with his goats. He lost them all in the same way. One fine day they would break their rope, go off into the mountains, and up there the wolf ate them. Neither their master's endearments nor fear of the wolf—nothing held them back. They were goats of an independent spirit, it seemed, who craved above all for space and freedom.

Good M. Seguin, who did not in the least understand the character of these animals, was horrified. "It is no good," he would say; "goats get weary here with me. I shall keep no more."

All the same, he did not let himself be discouraged, and after having lost six goats in the same way, he bought a seventh. This time he took care to get a very young goat, so that she should get used to living with him.

Ah! Gringoire, how pretty that little goat of M. Seguin's was! How pretty she was, with her soft eyes, her little beard like a sergeant's, her shining black hoofs and striped horns, and her long white wool like a cloak! She was nearly as charming as Esmeralda's goat—do you remember, Gringoire?—and so docile, so affectionate; she allowed herself to be milked without moving, without putting her foot in the pail—a love of a little goat.

. . . . . .

Behind his house M. Seguin had an enclosure, surrounded by a hawthorn hedge. There he put the new tenant. He fastened her to a post in the most pleasing part of the meadow, taking care to allow her plenty of rope, and from time to time he went to look at her, to see how she was getting on. The goat was quite content, and munched away so heartily that M. Seguin was delighted. "At last," thought the poor man, "I have found one who will not weary here!"

M. Seguin was mistaken: his goat did weary. One day she said to herself, as she looked up towards the mountains:

"How happy one might be up there! What bliss to gambol in the heather, without this cursed tether grazing my neck! . . . It is all very well for a donkey to graze in an enclosure. Goats need scope."

The grass in the meadow was tasteless from that moment. She was sick of life. She got thin, and her milk was scarce. It was pitiful to see her straining all day long on her chain, her head turned towards the mountains, her nostrils dilated, sadly crying, "Mee-e-e."

M. Seguin noticed that something was wrong, but he could not tell what. One morning, as he finished milking her, the goat turned round and said in her patois:

"Listen to me, M. Seguin; I am weary of being here with you; let me go up into the mountains."

"Good heavens! She too!" cried M. Seguin aghast; and so great was the shock that he dropped his pail, then sitting down on the grass beside his goat: "What is this, Blanquette? You wish to leave me?"

Blanquette replied: "Yes, Monsieur Seguin."

"Is it because there is not enough grass here for you?"

"Oh, no, Monsieur Seguin."

"Are you tied too short—would you like me to lengthen the rope?"

"It is not worth while, Monsieur Seguin."

"Well, then, what do you need, what do you want?"

"I want to go up into the mountains, Monsieur Seguin."

"But, miserable little creature, do you not know there is a wolf up there in the mountains? What would you do when he came upon you?"

"I would butt him with my horns, Monsieur Seguin."

"The wolf would make fine sport of your horns. He eats goats with very different horns from yours. You remember old Renaude who was here last year? A queen of goats, strong and wicked as a he-goat. She fought with the wolf right through the night—and at dawn the wolf ate her."

"Oh, pity! Poor Renaude! But it's all the same, let me go up to the mountains."

"Gracious goodness!" said M. Seguin. "But what happens to my goats? Yet another to be eaten by the wolf? No. I shall save you, in spite of yourself, little wretch; and for fear that you should break your rope, I am going to shut you up in the stable, and you shall stay there always."

Thereupon M. Seguin led away the goat into the dark stable, and double-locked the door. Unfortunately he had forgotten the window, and almost before his back was turned the little thing was off.

It makes you laugh, Gringoire? By heavens! I daresay you are on the side of the goats, against poor, good M. Seguin. We shall see presently if you are still laughing.

. . . . . .

There was widespread delight when the white goat reached the mountains. The old pines had never seen anything so pretty. She was received like a little queen. The chestnuts bent down to the ground to caress her with the tips of their branches. The golden brooms blossomed as she passed, and smelt their sweetest for her. The whole mountains held festival.

You may imagine how happy our goat was, Gringoire. No more rope, no more post, nothing to prevent her gambolling and grazing at will. And the grass was grass indeed! right over her horns, mon cher; and such grass—delicious, delicate, lace-like, made up of a thousand plants. It was a very different matter to the turf of the enclosure. And then, the flowers! Great blue campanulas, long-cupped purple foxgloves—a whole forest of wild flowers, overflowing with intoxicating juices.

Half-mad with joy, the white goat rolled amongst it, kicking her legs in the air, went head-over-heels down the banks, helter-skelter through the fallen chestnut leaves. Then all at once, with a bound, leap to her feet, hop! off she goes, her head down, through the thicket and the brushwood, now on a hill-top, now at the foot of a ravine, up above, down below, every-

where. You would have thought there were ten of M. Seguin's goats on the mountains.

You see, our Blanquette was afraid of nothing. With one bound she would cross great streams that spattered her as she passed with froth and foam; then, dripping, stretch herself out on a flat rock to dry in the sun. Once when she had gone to the very edge of a plateau, a citisus flower between her teeth, down below, away down in the plain, she caught sight of M. Seguin's house, with the enclosure behind. It made her laugh till she cried.

"How tiny it is!" said she; "how could I ever exist there?"

Poor little thing! Finding herself perched up so high, she fancied she was at least as big as the world.

It was a splendid day for M. Seguin's goat. Towards mid-day, as she was running about hither and thither, she fell in with a herd of chamois, busily munching at a wild vine. Our little madcap in her white dress caused quite a sensation. They gave her the best place at the vine, and all the gentlemen were very gallant. I even believe—this is between ourselves, Gringoire—that a young, black-coated chamois had the good luck to take Blanquette's fancy. The lovers wandered amongst the woods for an hour or two, and if you wish to know what they said, go and ask the little brooks that run hidden through the moss.

All at once the wind freshened. The mountains turned violet; it was evening. "Already!" said the little goat, and stopped, amazed.

Down below the fields were shrouded in mist. M. Seguin's meadow was just disappearing in the fog, and all that was to be seen of the little house was the roof and some smoke. She listened to the tinkling bells of a herd homeward bound, and felt her heart grow sad. A homing falcon brushed her with its wings as it passed. She started. Then a long howl came echoing through the mountains:

"How! how!"

She remembered the wolf; the whole day long the madcap had never thought of him. At the same moment the sound of a horn rose up from the valley below. It was good M. Seguin making one last effort.

"How! how!" went the wolf.

"Come back! come back!" cried the horn.

Blanquette was starting for home when she remembered the post and the tether and the hedge of the enclosure. No, now she could not stand that life, she thought; she had better stay.

The horn was heard no more.

The goat heard a rustling of leaves behind her. She looked round and saw in the shadow two short, straight ears and two shining eyes. It was the wolf. There he was, enormous, motionless, sitting on his hind haunches, looking at her and smacking his lips in anticipation. As he knew perfectly well that eventually he would eat her, the wolf was in no hurry; but when she turned round he started laughing in an evil way: "Ho! ho! M. Seguin's little goat!" and he licked his chops with his great red tongue.

Blanquette felt she was lost. For one moment, remembering the story of old Renaude, who fought through the whole long night, only to be eaten in the morning, she thought 'twere better perhaps to allow herself to be eaten at once; then, changing her mind, she fell on guard, head down, horns advanced, like M. Seguin's brave goat that she was. Not that she had any hope of killing the wolf—goats don't kill wolves—but just to see if she could hold out as long as Renande.

Then the monster advanced, and the little horns began the dance.

Oh! the brave little goat, how bravely she went at it! More than ten times—I am not lying, Gringoire—she forced the wolf to retreat to take breath. During these momentary truces the greedy little thing hurriedly took one more bite of her beloved grass, and returned to the battle with her mouth full. This went on the whole night. From time to time M. Seguin's goat looked up at the stars dancing in the clear sky. "If only I can hold out till the dawn!" she would sigh. One after the other the stars went out. Blanquette's horns worked with redoubled energy; so did the wolf's teeth.... A pale light appeared on the horizon.... The hoarse crow of a cock came up to them from some farmstead. "At last!" said the poor little animal, who only awaited the day to die; and she stretched herself out on the ground in her lovely white wool, now all splashed with blood. Then the wolf flung himself on the little goat and ate her.

Good-bye, Gringoire.

The story I have told you is not a tale of my invention. If ever you come to Provence our housewives will tell you of "La cabro de monssu Seguin, que se battégué touto la niue emé lou loup, e pici lou matin lou loup la mangé." ("M. Seguin's goat, who fought all night with the wolf, and in the morning the wolf ate her.")

Do you hear, Gringoire?

E pici lou matin lou loup la mangé."

(Translated by A. B. CHALMERS.)

## MOMENTS

THERE are moments in a lifetime,
Lurid as the shafts that fly,
When the Storm-god's loosened arrows
Flash across the midnight sky.

Moments crammed with revelation
In their all-revealing hue,
Piercing unsuspected armour,
And the false we thought was true.

Moments—ah! and less than moments—
Lit by Truth's all-flaming lance;
And the traitor stands discovered
In a gesture or a glance.

Moments stamped with God's own blessing,
White with sacrificial flame:
When we break a cherished idol,
Saving weaker ones from shame.

Flashes of the vision splendid,
Longed-for, and at last revealed;
And we know the fight is worth it,
Though we perish on the field.

Moments when the clay's as nothing:
And the flesh-freed soul ascends,
For an instant, catching echoes
Of the Song that never ends.

Moments of ecstatic wonder,
When the Eastern curtain's drawn,
And Aurora scatters roses
For the pearly feet of Dawn.

Or, when West's aflame with glory,
Slowly, in the fading light,
One by one an unseen Captain
Calls the starry hosts of night.

There are moments in a lifetime,
Fraught with such immensity;
They are plucked from Time's frail fingers,
Destined for Eternity. GEORGE S. ASTINS.

# CORRESPONDENCE

## CHARLES KINGSLEY, MGR. BENSON, AND THE BAPTISTS.

*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

SIR,—If you have not yet quite done with Charles Kingsley and his alleged one-sidedness of portraiture, it might be mentioned that it is not only Roman Catholics that he has represented in a crooked mirror. He has this description of the Baptists: "The elder was a little sleek old man with a weak, blank face, just like a white rabbit. . . . . The other . . . was . . . tall, grim, dark, bilious, with a narrow forehead, retreating suddenly from his eyebrows," and so on. In another passage, the missionary is "a squat, red-faced, pig-eyed, low-browed man with great soft lips that opened back to his very ears; sensuality, conceit, and cunning marked in every feature." That is religious polemics with a vengeance. No doubt Monsignor Benson is right in saying that Kingsley was "simply incapable of seeing truths with which he had not a temperamental sympathy." But, curiously enough, the critic lays himself open to the same retort, for in "The Nonconformists," by R. H. Benson, a Baptist family is so unfortunate as to be required for the purposes of the novel, and has to pay for it by suffering the innuendo that the father, a deacon in a village chapel, was addicted surreptitiously to the bottle. Now, a little knowledge of village Nonconformity would have prevented this misrepresentation. But it is hard to keep one's temperamental bias in hand, for, in the very article in which Monsignor Benson charges Kingsley with "fallacious and abusive portraiture," he himself damns the word Puritan to the following company of epithets:—"Absurd, snivelling, *Puritanical* skulkers," and "Puritan hypocrite" occurs in the next column. Is this, again, a want of temperamental sympathy, or is it for want of knowing such books as Prof. Dowden's "Puritan and Anglican" or Canon Henson's "Puritan Studies"? Anyhow, the psychology of the situation is interesting to a

NON-BAPTIST.

Broughton Park, Manchester,
December 1st, 1912.

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*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

DEAR SIR,—On the conclusion of Mgr. Benson's article on Charles Kingsley's "Westward Ho!" I trust some well-qualified, non-partisan judge may be forthcoming who will sum up the case between these impassioned representatives of antagonistic faiths. Kingsley's latest critic would have us believe, because some of the minor portraits are wry-necked in the prejudiced vision of the Protestant, that the whole of the great canvas is a caricature. In a glow of graceful and courteous appreciation, the Catholic contrives to label the whole work a monument of injustice, apparently because it fails to expose and castigate equally and at the same time the weaknesses of both English and Spaniards, Nationalists and obedient sons of Rome. And he finds it peculiarly regrettable that there should be discernible a religious purpose in the book. Surely, then, there is need for the advent of a competent lay arbiter who, for the sake of right and not of polemics, in the cause of art rather than of sect, with strong love of what Stevenson calls "truth in a relation," shall deal on broad lines, not with details as to the personal gifts of Campion and Persons—nor with the spelling of their names—but with the state of ethical development of the various Western nations at the period represented, with English hatred of Spain and righteous horror of the Inquisition, with Kingsley's general faithfulness to that point of view, and with the perspective, chiaroscuro, and colour of his picture as a whole.

Meanwhile, it seems to me, a simple reader of EVERYMAN, that Mgr. Benson's general claim, so far, amounts to this: that Kingsley, in the interests of historical truth, ought to have taken pains to indicate all the way through that there was much to be said on both sides. Not only does he accuse the artist of narrowness for not constantly shifting his point of view during his execution of his picture, but he would have him tone down its brilliance and diminish its vigour by the introduction of irritating safeguards against our young people supposing that the facts of the case were exactly what they appeared to the Elizabethan Protestant. A Trojan critic of the "Iliad" on similar grounds would be certain to call it a monument of injustice, and a sufferer in the Inferno dub Dante's vision a caricature.

But when Mgr. Benson forsakes for a moment his *rôle* of critic, and shows us what sort of history he would give our romantic boys in order not to poison their minds, what do we find? "Even Spain never used the pains of the Inquisition except for the crime of 'relapse.'" Shades of Froude and Motley! Were ye, then, black, hideous, and horrible liars, beside whom Kingsley stands a white saint? What of Torquemada's ten thousand two hundred and twenty individuals burned alive, and ninety-seven thousand three hundred and twenty-one punished with infamy, confiscation of property, or perpetual imprisonment, all within his eighteen years of administration? ("Rise of the Dutch Republic," Part II., Chapter III.) Seminary priests and even Mgr. Benson may have some loophole of escape on a technical point as to the meaning of "relapse," I know. But that is of no avail on the broad issue. And it is on the broad issue that Kingsley's work is unassailable. His picture represents, not unfairly, our English horror of the devildoms of Spain, and the plain man's contempt of jesuitry, "the science of villainy on the motive of superstition," as he still believes it to be.

Personally, I am inclined to thank Mgr. Benson for strengthening my opinion "that one who so greatly loved youth and truth" did *not* "poison the minds of the one by a caricature of the other."—I am, sir, etc.,

W. A. FINCH.

Birstall, Leeds.

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*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

DEAR SIR,—I had hoped that in this twentieth century one would not have found anyone of enlightened culture making such an unjust and foolish statement as that "the Pharisaism, irreligion, child-murder, and lamentable social conditions of to-day are directly traceable to Protestantism." Such a statement is paralleled by the opinion held by some in the middle ages, that because appearances of Halley's comet synchronised with the Norman Conquest and with the fall of Jerusalem, therefore the comet was the cause of these catastrophes!

The above-quoted remark is not only so grave an exaggeration as to be practically unrecognisable in the light of history, but it is also entirely irrelevant to the point at issue, viz., "Was Kingsley a reliable historian?" As a Protestant I regretfully agree that Kingsley did here and there allow his Protestantism to somewhat mar what is otherwise the finest historical romance in the English language.

But, even so, I submit that there are allowances to be made.

Catholics have frequently persecuted Protestants solely because of their religious opinions, although they were in other respects good citizens, but declined to profess adherence to dogmas which they could not honestly believe. Fundamentally, this is a question which only concerns a man and his Maker. But when we come to Protestant persecutions of Catholics in England during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the case was not always quite analogous.

In spite of the noble example of patriotism set by many Catholic gentry at the time of the Armada, it happened time and again that Catholics showed that they were possible—or even probable—danger centres to the body politic, ready to join in revolutionary movements.

Therefore the Government had to choose between abdication and acts of repression. These facts were doubtless present in Kingsley's mind, and tended to cause him to make some unwarranted generalisations.—I am, sir, etc.,

C. Robinson, M.A.,
Lecturer in Astronomy to Manchester University.

Reform Club, Lancaster, December 1st.

[This correspondence is now closed.]

## ON "INDUSTRIAL UNREST."

*To the Editor of* Everyman.

Dear Sir,—It is strange how fond theorists are of asserting that History has always illustrated their theories, just as theologians used to be of claiming the support of the Bible for every dogma. Thus I see that M. Vandervelde declares that there is no instance in history of any class obtaining emancipation from those who ruled them, through the goodwill of the latter or by any means but force or threats of force.

What, then, of the abolition of slavery in England and America? In both cases the measure was dictated by the conscience of the governing class, and was in no way due to fear of violence from the enslaved.

The fact is, of course, that we may see in History, past or contemporaneous, countless instances of justice and injustice, kindness and cruelty, in every class; but unfortunately we are all of us apt to see only what our natural prepossessions lead us to seek.

But even if M. Vandervelde were correct in asserting that there is no recorded case of rights and justice freely conceded by those in power, would it not still be worth while for England to try the experiment of righting wrongs by goodwill, instead of stirring up civil strife and hatred, or adopting panaceas tried (surely with questionable success?) by countries differing from our own in size, influence, and most other conditions?—I am, sir, etc.,

November 26th. Bonæ Voluntatis.

## WAR AGAINST POVERTY.

*To the Editor of* Everyman.

Sir,—Like many another eager volunteer, I have read Mrs. Sidney Webb's article with expectant interest. Her crusade in Scotland in favour of the abolition of our Poor Law system raised expectation high. This was followed by the publication of "Prevention of Destitution," which is virtually a revised edition of the Minority Report. But neither it nor her recent article helps us very much.

As Mrs. Webb is generally understood, she admits that we are still to have poor folk—widows and orphans, deserted women and children, lunatics and imbeciles, and the generally unfit, to say nothing of the "waster" and the drunkard—all of whom must be supported by funds obtained for the purpose by compulsory assessment under statutory powers. These poor people are still to be entitled to assistance, but they are no longer to be paupers! Why or how is not made clear. They may get their assistance from officials who act under another name; but is that abolishing pauperism? Is this the way Mrs. Webb is to execute her boast that she is to "abolish both the name and the thing"? The *name* may be changed, but the so-called "shame and disgrace" will remain, just as the "Stinking-willie" is quite as vile when called by its more polite name of "Wild-tansy."

It is not the province of the Poor Law to *prevent* destitution. To abuse it because it does not do so is about as intelligent as to assert that we ought to abolish our scavengers because they do not prevent the soiling of our streets, or to "break up" the police organisation because they do not prevent the occurrence of crime.

Among other influences of social disintegration—so long, for example, as the Licensing Authorities appear to care more for money (licence fees) than for men (sober, fit, and industrious citizens)—there will be human wreckage for the Poor Law to sweep up, for the Poor Law is but the social scavenger in the wake of the-cause-of-destitution.

But instead of having one responsible scavenging authority, Mrs. Webb would give us *five*, each with statutory powers and offices and officers, and, of course, salaries. From all this, would it not seem that Mrs. Webb, taking a leaf from the fable-book, wanted to send us five water-snakes to eat up the already very heavily burdened tax-payer?

The only means by which the Poor Law can be abolished is not by making *new* Poor Laws, as Mrs. Webb suggests, but by cutting off the avenues to destitution—by doing away with the necessity for recourse to public assistance.

It is not abolition or breaking-up that is required in connection with the Scots Poor Laws, but strengthening—broadening out, so as to fit them for coping with present-day conditions, in a manner satisfactory both to the destitute and to the rate-payer.

We in Scotland have been hugging the idea that we were on the highway to a complete system of local self-government. But Mrs. Webb steps in to put a spoke in the wheel. She would break up instead of connecting and linking up into a compact organic whole.

Mrs. Webb's proposal to have five separate authorities visiting the same family, and ferreting out their secrets, would be intolerable. It would be as bad as the London octopus!—I am, sir, etc.,

D. B. Munro.

## IS RELIGION RESPONSIBLE FOR SOCIAL CONDITIONS?

*To the Editor of* Everyman.

Dear Sir,—I am much interested to notice that Mgr. Benson, in his reply to Mr. Candlish, considers that the "lamentable social conditions" of the present age are "traceable directly to Protestantism." I had thought that our present condition in Glasgow was largely due to causes with which Protestantism had as much to do as the precession of the equinoxes, viz., cheap coal, cheap labour, steamships, and the American trade. Doubtless these things presented a test to the Scottish character, bringing new power to master and workman, and so testing them both. The test has brought out the imperfections of their morality.

So what we call feudalism was not in the least traceable to the undivided Church, but was the outcome of the needs and conditions of the mediæval age. But it threw enormous power into the hands of the nobles, and so formed the test of the morality their Church had brought them. How imperfect that morality was one may see from the continual peasant risings of the middle ages.

These, the jacqueries, the Wat Tyler rebellion, are the exact parallel to our modern strikes, the signs of an imperfect social condition. If Mgr. Benson traces the strikes to Protestantism, let him stand by the parallel, and trace the mediæval risings to Romanism. I, for one, am not slow to accept the test. The rebels of the mediæval ages murdered and looted; the strikers of the modern age do not. Who taught them their higher morality?—I am, sir, etc., A. C. W.

Glasgow, December 2nd, 1912.

## CONSTANTINOPLE AND CHRISTENDOM.

*To the Editor of* Everyman.

Dear Sir,—Sentiment is an excellent thing—at the right time. I cannot, however, countenance the sentiment—and ideas—of the Rev. Percy Dearmer. He would have us believe that the present war in Turkey is a Crusade—a war between the Cross and the Crescent. King Ferdinand proclaimed the war to be a Crusade—and why? Was it to urge on the Christian soldiers to revenge, and thus gain the praise and thanks of Christendom? Or was it to blind the rest of Europe to the real *casus belli*—namely, the acquisition of new territory? I prefer the latter explanation. King Ferdinand is hardly sentimental, but he is certainly very practical.

The reverend gentleman says: "The recovery of Europe for the Europeans is not yet complete." May I point out to him that the recovery of Asia for the Asiatics is not yet complete—thanks mainly to the English? He grudges the Turks Constantinople, but has not, I am sure, the slightest objection to the English possessing India, Canada, and South Africa. One can only conclude that the Rev. Percy Dearmer is himself an Englishman.

This reverend gentleman wishes the Allied States to capture Constantinople, in order that the Church of St. Sofia may once again be in the hands of the Christians. He forgets, however, that this great building would become a Greek Church; it would not, therefore, return to the original owners—the Roman Catholics. And this good clergyman is desirous that the next owner of the Church of St. Sofia should be a man who abjured his faith to please Russia. More sentiment!—I am, sir, etc., J. G. W.

December 1st, 1912.

## CHARLES KINGSLEY AND THE IRISH.

*To the Editor of* Everyman.

Dear Sir,—Permit me to make a remark on Mr. Robert Candlish's article on "Westward Ho!" He says, "It is curious that Kingsley should be charged with using English prejudice against the Irish," in view of his admiration of their heroism in the Crimea in 1854.

In face of the cruel sneers at the Irish peasantry contained in Kingsley's reply to Newman's pamphlet in 1864 (note the date), the charge is not at all curious. No one will deny that Kingsley's was an honest and good heart, but his prejudices could allow him to bring this indictment against a whole nation, and it is regrettable that no one answered him as effectively on their behalf as Newman answered him on his (Newman's) own behalf. He wrote of Newman's work in Ireland:—

"He has taught the whole Celtic Irish population, that as long as they are chaste (which they cannot well help being, being married almost before they are men and women) and sober (which they cannot well help being, being too poor to get enough whisky to make them drunk), and 'go to their religious duties'—an expression on which I make no comment—they may look down upon the Protestant gentry who send over millions to feed them in famine; who found hospitals and charities to which they are admitted freely; who try to introduce among them capital, industry, civilisation, and, above all, *that habit of speaking the truth, for want of which they are what they are*, and are likely to remain such, as long as they have Dr. Newman for their teacher."

An Englishman may find it easy to forgive Kingsley, making allowances for his theological bias, but I cannot see how Irish Catholics could ever forgive the bad taste and unchristian uncharitableness of his sneers at their poverty—I had almost said, their chastity and sobriety.—I am, sir, etc.,

November 25th, 1912. Fred. Page.

## "SCOTLAND'S DEBT TO PROTESTANTISM." A REPLY.

*To the Editor of* Everyman.

Dear Sir,—I rubbed my eyes in astonishment on reading the following sentences from Mr. Hector Macpherson's article on this subject in issue of November 29th:—"To Protestantism Scotland owes her existence as a nation. Until the Reformation Scotland had no real national existence. . . . Knox, in the interests of patriotism, opposed the Papacy," etc. My reading of Scottish history is very different from that of the writer. It was the Catholic party—composed of the Sovereigns (the Jameses and Mary Stuart), the Catholic prelates, the Catholic nobles, and the common people who adhered to the Church—that, for several successive generations, were the patriotic defenders of Scotland's independence; it was the Protestant party—composed, for the most part, of venal and unscrupulous nobles—who were in the pay of England to make Scotland a mere appanage of that country. I do not see how this can possibly be denied by anyone who studies the works of respectable historians dealing with the periods of James IV., James V., and Mary Stuart (Henry VII., VIII., and Elizabeth in England); and I care not whether these historians are Protestant, such as Tytler, Hill Burton, Andrew Lang, Keith, Sadler (papers); or Catholic, like Forbes Leith ("Narratives of Scottish Catholics"), Bellesheim (transl. Hunter-Blair). A study of the life of that great Churchman, Cardinal David Beaton, will more than anything else convince the reader that the Catholic authorities were, from first to last, the real patriotic and loyal upholders of Scottish nationality and independence against the ambitious and criminal designs of Henry. "Through four reigns," says Mr. Andrew Lang ("Short History of Scotland," p. 73), "till James VI. came to the English throne, the Tudor policy was to buy Scottish traitors and attempt to secure the person of the Scottish monarch." Again, "The ambitions and the claims of Henry VIII. were those of the first Edwards. England was bent on the conquest of Scotland at the earliest opportunity, and through the entire Tudor period England was the home, and her monarch the ally, of every domestic foe and traitor to the Scottish Crown" (p. 77). Ample proof of this is to be found (1) in the attempts of Henry, oft repeated, to kidnap his nephew James V. and persuade him to make war on the Church, as well as to do away with Beaton and the other chief opponents of his policy; (2) in his offers

of money and rewards to the Protestant lords if they would aid him in securing this end; and (3) in the perfidious selling of themselves to Henry and his agents. On the part of these same lords, Henry himself said that the noble prisoners taken at Solway Moss (except one) had "not sticked to take upon them to set the crown of Scotland on our head." And his failure to conquer Scotland and make it a vassal of England "was due," says Mr. Lang, "to the genius and resolution of Cardinal Beaton, heading the Catholic party."

Anything more deplorable than the action of the Protestant nobility towards their King and country—a nobility greedy, treacherous, self-seeking, venal, and hypocritical—is not to be found in the annals of any nation. The "rapacity of the nobles" has become a byword in Scottish history; they had their eye ever and only on the loot that might come from the spoiling of the Church. Scotland, then, may owe much to Protestantism, but its independence and separate existence as a nation it certainly does not. After all, if it *had* remained the ally of France instead of England, would it have been any less of a nation than it is to-day?—I am, sir, etc., HENRY GREY GRAHAM.

Our Lady of Good Aid, Motherwell,
December 2nd.

## AN APPEAL TO THE WOMAN'S MOVEMENT.

*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

SIR,—Anyone, not backed up by money or reputation, who has ever tried to place novels or short stories containing a sex-problem, even treated with unimpeachable morality and delicacy, cannot but be amazed at the ignorance shown in the article of Dr. William Barry in your issue of November 15th. It is therein assumed that to write of such subjects at present in England is the short cut to notoriety and big sales. Nothing could be further from the truth. It is next to impossible for anyone whose reputation is not already firmly established by the treatment of other themes to get such a novel accepted by any reputable publishing house, and it is dangerous to the sales of even well-known authors to embark on such subjects. A big bookseller of a large provincial city, speaking to me about the authors who sell best, touched a row of volumes by a very worthy and well-known writer. "*He* was one of our best sellers," he said, "until he published his last book" (mentioning it). "That has done for him. Just let there be a hint of anything 'nasty' in a book, and it is done for." I haven't read the book in question, so I don't know what constitutes "nasty" in this case—and can't, in any case, conceive of the writer in question ever being "nasty"—but I know, from a considerable experience, that anything distantly treating of sex is considered "nasty" and banned by all ordinary firms. As further proof, one might mention a well-edited review, treating openly of sex-problems, which died in less than a year. To what and whom, then, does Dr. William Barry refer when he writes: "A wife may desert her unoffending husband, leave her little child to die, pursue and run down the man she fancies, quit him for another, be divorced, and take up with as many more as she chooses; yet this edifying tale, a woman's composition, will be accepted with joy by an eminent publishing house, and in cheap editions crowd our bookstalls." The name of the "eminent publishing house" which published this instructive but dull and monotonous tale would, if Dr. Barry will kindly supply it, be of great help to despairing authors with sex-problems on their hands!

Men are fond of throwing at women writers the gibe of only writing prurient literature. They take care to speak anonymously, however, not only from reasons of prudence, but because they are quite unable to point to any woman writer who counts whose work could be distantly described thus. By personal experience I only know *one* prurient novel by a woman whose books sell well, and the mere name of another such third-rate woman writer; but then I do not go nosing about at bookstalls for strong-smelling literature. I read only the average magazine and review and the books of ordinarily reputable publishers, in none of which do I find the offensiveness of which Dr. William Barry complains. Even if it were true, however, that women tend to write only of sex in its most elementary form, there would be nothing surprising in it. Men have done all that in them lies to imprison women in their sex, to make them focus all their attention upon it, and should not complain therefore if their minds get mouldy—nay, noisome—as the result. The woman's movement, to which Dr. Barry so unnecessarily appeals, is doing what it can to expel this noisomeness—to open women's minds to the winds that blow from the four cardinal points of Science, Art, Philosophy, and Social Service; but it is no thanks to men that it is being done at last, and women will not brook being lectured by men at this stage on the right way to do it. Let Dr. William Barry lecture his *own* sex about Free Love—whose way of exercising it is a great deal more offensive than the way in which any woman of the same status is likely to indulge in it; and if he wishes to preserve the integrity of marriage, let him urge his fellow-men to study the majority report of the Divorce Commission and other documents relating to the legal position of wives and mothers, whereby they may discover how marriage may be rendered more tolerable to independent and self-respecting women.—I am, sir, etc.,

November 24th, 1912. E. M. WATSON.

## A CHANCE FOR STUDENT TEACHERS.

*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

SIR,—Reading the article which appeared in your issue of the 22nd ult. under the above heading, one naturally asks, "What is this chance?"

It seems that if a teacher will give up his present position, go abroad at his own expense, work hard, and learn a foreign language, he may have a chance of something profitable. It is not stated what this chance is, except that he will have some opportunity of making the educational dough rise, so perhaps this about the profit is mere "gas."

One of the 20,000 young men mentioned in this article, longing for something more substantial, has requested me to try to obtain answers to the following questions:

1. Has teaching ability ever secured the promotion of an elementary teacher? If so, to what was he promoted?

2. Does any employing body whatsoever offer any inducement to a qualified teacher to continue the study of purely professional subjects?

3. Of those appointed to headships in elementary schools, can it be said that as many as one per cent. of the whole occupy their positions on account of their professional qualifications?

Apologising for asking you to submit these apparently stupid questions to your expert readers, I am, sir, etc., SETON GREY.

December 5th, 1912.

# BEAUTIFUL CHRISTMAS GIFT BOOKS

## THE CHARM OF OLIVER GOLDSMITH

MESSRS. HODDER AND STOUGHTON have issued a rarely fine edition of SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER (15s. net), exquisitely bound and printed, delightfully illustrated by Hugh Thomson. The most winsome and at the same time most impracticable of men, Oliver Goldsmith filled a niche in literature peculiarly his own. Tried by the eternal lack of pence that is too often the portion of the man of letters, he never lost the sweetness of soul and sense of gentle comradeship with life that endeared him to his friends and to this day wins the affection of his readers. Perennially in debt, shamefully exploited by publishers, he never soured, and, with the bailiffs at his hearth, penned the most humorous and poignant of his books, "The Vicar of Wakefield," that Dr. Johnson said was "poor stuff, but would serve"—to pay the bailiffs out.

The great Doctor, past-master in the art of selling manuscripts, went forth, and returned in due course with the money for the rent. The man in possession departed, Oliver breathed again, and one of the most exquisite pieces of fiction ever given to the world was launched upon the tide of public favour. For all his gentleness, Goldsmith at times had a wit that could cut fine as a rapier; too often the butt of his friends, he could disarm them with a sudden brilliant thrust.

Edmund Burke's contemptuous epitaph met with a fine repartee.

"Here lies our poor Oliver, for shortness called Noll,
Who wrote like an angel and talked like poor Poll."

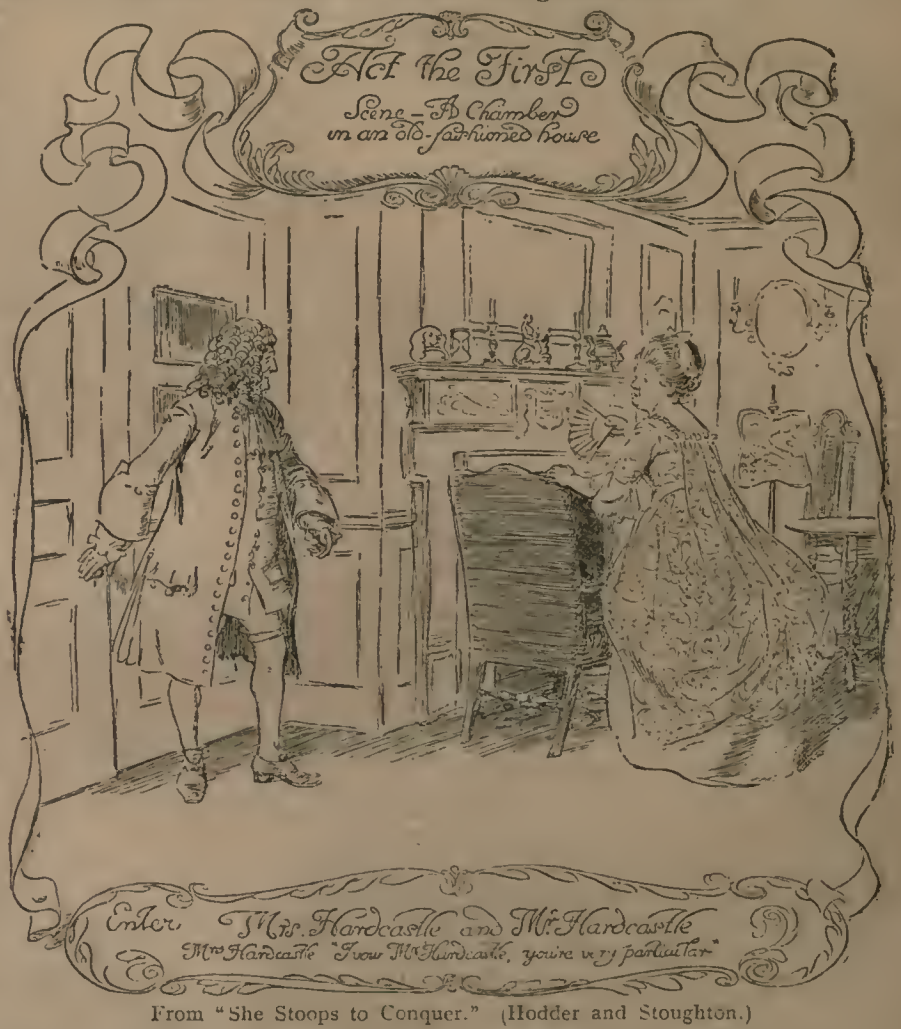
The great orator flicked the phrases from his pen as a man flicks a blot of ink. But the vagabond poet, impecunious and impracticable, with the heart of a child and the brain of a genius, gave the statesman his answer:

"Here lies our poor Edmund, whose genius was such,
We scarcely can praise it or blame it too much.
Who, born for the universe, narrowed his mind,
And to party gave up what was meant for mankind."

One realises the serenity of mind that could deliver so dignified a blow, untainted by spite or venom. Oliver had always a small opinion of himself, and doubtless accepted the rebukes of the great orator with due humility. Something of his temper of mind, his gratitude for acts of kindness, his invincible lightheartedness under the stress of poverty, is shown in his dedication to Dr. Johnson of "She Stoops to Conquer": "It may do me some honour to inform the public that I have lived many years in intimacy with you. It may serve the interests of mankind also to inform them that the greatest wit may be found in a character without impairing the most unaffected piety."

The native humour of the comedy, bubbling over with good spirits and a schoolboy sense of fun, shows us our vagabond at the zenith of his humour. Tony Lumpkin is as much alive to-day as at the moment Goldsmith created him. The airs and graces of the fine madams painted by the dramatist are good for all time; and who can ever forget the irresistibly provocative phrase, "agreeable rattle"? It hits off a character with the precision of a master. One might suppose Oliver had lived his life in ease and luxury, and had never known the cares and troubles of New Grub Street.

Those who love the play—and who does not?—will find unending delight in the text, printed with all the finish that is due to a great masterpiece—a masterpiece that, in its rollicking mood and manner, reveals no trace of impecuniosity, no touch of hardship, shows no wounds from "outrageous fortune."




From "She Stoops to Conquer." (Hodder and Stoughton.)

Not a hint of poverty, not a suggestion of the struggles to live for himself and his family; writs and bailiffs, debts and duns could not depress him, were powerless to cripple his buoyant spirit. But if he patiently endured his own troubles, his lance was ever in rest against the rich for their oppression of the poor. The people's rights, their liberties, were the very breath of his soul. Nowhere can we find a more superb challenge to the lords of the earth than in "The Deserted Village":

"Ye sons of wealth, ye statesmen who survey
The rich man's joys, increase the poor's decay,
'Tis yours to say how wide the limits stand
Between the splendid and the happy land."

Only a man who had known the bitter pinch of poverty, the grinding power of oppression, could have written this; only a poet hopelessly impracticable, impecunious, could have felt thus for the dispossessed of the earth.

MARGARET HAMILTON.

## OXFORD*

THE books on Oxford are legion, and the appearance of yet another volume on this well-worn theme fills us with an almost pugnacious loyalty to our old favourites. We turn to the latest publication with a secret hope that it may prove a useless addition to the bibliography of that city. If such be our mood, we are doomed to disappointment. Mr. Cecil Headlam has done his work admirably, and we have to thank him for a valuable contribution to the study of the oldest University town in England.

The volume contains a masterly sketch of the most important events in the history of Oxford, from the days of Frideswide, daughter of Didan, down to the Sorbonne and the leading English University, in the endless friction between Town and Gown, which led to the subjugation of markets and trade to the arbitrary control of an ecclesiastical corporation. "The University found Oxford a busy, prosperous borough, and reduced it to a cluster of lodging-houses." At the time of Grossetete the city was "a microcosm, in which might be distinguished the tendencies of the age, and in which almost every aspect of the nation's life was represented." There was a large Jewish population, whose presence meant wealth and facilities for borrowing; but, still more important, it meant the introduction of the study of the physical sciences and the first beginnings of a medical school. The city was

From "Oxford and Its Story." By Cecil Headlam. (Dent.)

foundation of Keble and the lectures of John Ruskin. On glancing at the list of contents, the uninitiated may perhaps wonder at the space devoted to Mediæval Oxford. A few hazy memories of the martyrdom of Ridley and Latimer, visions of stormy Parliaments in the reign of the first Charles Stuart, later the gleam of Redcoats in the city—Oxford as the Royalist capital—such perhaps is the average man's knowledge of Oxford's history. But he has missed much, for by far the most fascinating period in the annals of the city is to be found long before the days of Tudor and Stuart.

The interest of Mediæval Oxford lies in the schools of thought that arose there—connected with the names of Roger Bacon, William of Ockham, and Wycliffe, in the extraordinarily close relationship between the fortified, and formed one of the chief military centres north of London. Its position on the Thames made for its commercial importance, though the predominance of the Academic element in the town had already begun to sap the life-blood of its commerce. Then, too, Oxford was an important ecclesiastical centre; numerous convents and nunneries were to be found in its vicinity, and the struggle between the Chancellor of the University and his superior, the Bishop of Lincoln, is an interesting episode in the ecclesiastical history of the day. Thus on all sides Oxford may be studied as typical of English mediæval life. Therein lies the fascination of its story.

"Oxford and the Reformation," "The Oxford Martyrs," "The Royalist Capital," are the titles of some of the later chapters in the book. The last mentioned is perhaps especially interesting. The description of Oxford after the Restoration is very

* "Oxford and Its Story." By Cecil Headlam. Illustrated by Herbert Railton. 10s. 6d. (Dent.)

graphic. "The groves and quadrangles that echoed with the clash of arms, the loud laugh of roystering cavaliers, or the gentle rustle of sweeping trains, or the whining of a Puritan, now resounded with the noise of the bowling green and tennis court, or the chamber music of such scholarly enthusiasts as Anthony Wood with his fiddle, and Edmund Gregory with his bass viol" (page 335).

The value of the book is greatly enhanced by the charming illustrations of Herbert Railton. Those reproduced on rough paper, such as the etching of The High (page 151), being especially fine, and the little inset sketches give the reader a sense of the wonderful delicacy of the architectural effects to be found in every corner of Old Oxford.

From "Blue Bird Weather." By Robert W. Chalmers. (Appleton and Co.)

Mr. Robert Chambers has done nothing better in its own way than BLUE BIRD WEATHER (Appleton, 3s. 6d.). It is an idyll of duck-shooting, a dainty fragment of life, wherein a girl, fresh, young, and sweetheart, learns to love for the first time, under the stars. Molly Courtney had lived alone in a remote spot among the marshes of Virginia, with only her father and her boy brother for company. John Marche goes down to this remote spot for shooting. In the old days the island was owned by a club, but latterly the members have trailed off, and at the finish Marche is the owner of the little property. The keeper of the club-house, Molly's father, is ill when he arrives, but as days go on, he feels there is an element of mystery in his continued disappearance. Who and what Molly's father is, and his reason for hiding in this remote spot, we learn at the conclusion of the idyll, which ends with the betrothal of Molly and the only man she had ever known on terms of friendship and affection. The story takes its title from an old ballad that Molly sings, telling of quiet sea and sky and snowflakes flying:—

"Till lass and lover come together
This is blue bird weather."

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## "THE CLOISTER AND THE HEARTH"

The reproduction of Charles Reade's great masterpiece, THE CLOISTER AND THE HEARTH, in a particularly attractive form, by Messrs. W. and R. Chambers, is a matter for heartfelt rejoicing. The decline in the popularity of the author is one of the most baffling and distressing literary symptoms of the present age. Reade won his spurs, and held his own, against some of the most virile pens and some of the greatest minds in English literature. There were giants in the land in those days. Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot, Anthony Trollope, Wilkie Collins—these were his competitors; and, greater than all of them in some respects, the author of HARD CASH and PUT YOURSELF IN HIS PLACE contrived to capture and to keep a firm hold over the affections of an enormous section of the reading public. But now, in these lean and barren years of literary achievement, Charles Reade, one of the greatest masters of narrative in our literature, is largely forgotten, his works ignored.

It would be idle to affect any rash certitude as to the cause of this strange decline in his popularity. As every author knows, public favour is given and withdrawn as capriciously as a woman's love. But even for that there are reasons strong enough, if we could but see them; and, if we take the trouble to compare the generation that gloried in Reade's achievements with that which has remained so strangely indifferent to them, we may perhaps discover why it is that lesser men have passed him in the race, or, at any rate, why their editions are still selling rapidly, while his remain unmoved. It will be found, I think, that the fault is not that of the author, but of the generation of readers who have come after him.

In the first place, it should be remembered that Reade's present competitors are largely his imitators also. It was he and Wilkie Collins (who has somewhat shared his neglect) who, between them, founded the modern serial and the modern sensational novel. The art of piling one breathless incident on top of another, of developing some family mystery or relationship, of holding the reader's attention by some engrossing struggle between two mighty and unscrupulous forces, each using men and events as their implements, all this was new to literature till Charles Reade wrote his novels. They are now, of course, the merest commonplaces of literary strategy; but there is this one enormous difference between Reade and the crowd of smaller men who have achieved a certain vogue by debasing his methods: he was not only a master of sensationalism, he was in the truest sense a realist. That is to say, he found his sensations in the common, everyday occurrences of life, in things that he knew were happening, or might happen, to thousands of men and women, day by day, hour by hour. It is on record that Reade's study walls were covered with cuttings from the papers, news items detailing some curious actuality that had really happened and been recorded. It is this passion for the real that marks Reade out from his unworthy successors, with their fantastic sensations, their unreal situations. Reade knew that the actual things which

happen are a thousand times more romantic, more breathless and more stimulating, even more *bizarre*, than forced imaginings. What situation, for instance, in any modern serial comes near to that where Henry Little has, for fear of the Sheffield "ratteners," to turn the old church into a forge? Imagine the modern sensational serialist attempting such a master stroke. He would remember that the Sheffield "ratteners" were trade unionists, that trade unionists and their friends are very numerous, and he would be told that he must not offend such a powerful section of the population. Similarly, he would take care, if he were writing "Hard Cash," not to depict the doctor of the asylum as being insane, for are not doctors also numerous and influential? and it would never do to discredit one of them in the eyes of the public. And so on, and so on, till, in order to preserve the sanctities of make-belief, there is nothing to fall back upon except characters and events too unreal to disturb anybody.

That, perhaps, is the real cause of Reade's decline. Our age is one, or has been, of solemn and pompous make-believe, which not only refuses to call a spade a spade, but will not dub a rogue a rogue. There are signs that at long last the dry bones are quickening; that the superstitious and fantastic belief in the superiority of our own time, the grotesque and distorted confidence in evolution as a cure for evil, are banishing, and that the recognition of grave national perils, pressing evils, is proceeding apace. Simultaneously with this quickening of the consciousness of the nation there is a certain rise in the literary taste of the public, of which perhaps EVERYMAN is the most hopeful symptom. Certainly not the least significant of the straws which show the way of the wind is the revival of the interest in the works of Charles Reade, one of the most delightful results of which is the appearance from the house of Chambers of the work by virtue of which Reade takes his place definitely among the immortals. The book is published at 10s. 6d., and is sumptuously "gotten up." It is indeed a gift to treasure.

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### "THE ANNALS OF HAMPSTEAD"

THIS is an age of beautiful books. Sumptuous *editions de luxe*, exquisitely printed, charmingly embellished, pour in on us from every side. Dainty reprints that would have filled our fathers with amazement are as common almost as cheaply produced periodicals. Their name, in fact, is legion; yet, even so, there are certain books that stand out from them as supreme achievements, and one of these is the really magnificent volumes which we have just received from Messrs. A. and C. Black, devoted to THE ANNALS OF HAMPSTEAD. The work has been undertaken by Mr. Thomas J. Barratt, who has brought to bear upon his task not merely an intimate personal acquaintance with London's most beautiful suburb, endeared to him, as he tells us, by many personal memories dating from childhood, but a wealth of material gleaned from a large variety of sources, and including, not only the musty records of the dead past, but the intimate recollections of many notable residents, jotted down from time to time in their diaries and letters. Mr. Barratt has laboured for many years at the task of arranging and comparing these, and the present volume more than justifies his arduous efforts. He writes of Hampstead with an enthusiasm that is positively inspiring. There is hardly a tree on the beautiful heath, he tells us, that he did not know and love when a boy. There seems, now that he is a man, to be hardly any period of its history, any phase of its existence, that he does not comprehend also. And let no one rashly imagine that this involves a mere cursory glance at local records. As Sir Robertson Nicoll points out in his preface, "The history of Hampstead is connected with the history of the nation at many vital points, and intimately associated with the literary and artistic developments of the past two centuries." It will give the reader some idea of the scope of this monumental work when we point out that the first chapter, dealing with Hampstead from prehistoric times to the Norman Conquest, occupies seventeen pages, and the first volume carries us only as far forward as the Georgian period, when Steele delighted the members of the Kit-Cat Club who met at "The Upper Flask," close to his cottage on Haverstock Hill (the tavern still abides, honoured by the name of the essayist); when Gay, the author of the "Beggar's Opera," came in shattered health to recuperate, and Pope and Arbuthnot fraternised here, and cheered each in adversity; and when, later, Dr. Johnson, Goldsmith, Fielding, and Smollett repaired to the old Hampstead Wells to partake of the much-discussed water. It was at Hampstead, by the way, that the Doctor "paused awhile from letters to the wise," and wrote his most famous couplet on

> "The ills the scholar's life assail,
> Toil, envy, want, the patron and the jail."

Mr. Barratt, by a curious slip, prints garret for patron. Here also came Sheridan to flirt with Mrs. Crewe, to whom he dedicated "The School for Scandal." Here too came many a buck, seeking pleasure in the gambling and dissipations which characterised Belsize, that most staid and severe of suburbs, which seems to-day as far removed from the flash resort of a hundred years ago as does the Hampstead of our time from the feudal village which Mr. Barratt so delightfully sketches for us; when there were five free tenants of the Hampstead Manor paying a total rent of £5 13s. 10d. yearly. "It is estimated," says Mr. Barratt, "that the cash receipts of the Manor averaged some £22, and that the home farm was worth at least as much more: making a total income of, say, £45." We ought to add that the book is admirably illustrated, and that the published price is £5 5s.

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### "NELL GWYN"

THERE has gathered about the figure of NELL GWYN (Foulis and Co., 5s. net.) a mass of tradition; legends have grown up as to her ancestry, her amours, her brilliance, and her wit, until the clear-cut personality of the favourite of Drury Lane was in danger of disappearing, smothered under the weight of sugary plays and sentimental novels. Mr. Cecil Chesterton has rescued her from such a fate, and in his remarkable and arresting volume has shown us Nell as we feel she most indubitably was. Her origin is doubtful, Mr. Chesterton thinks; "but it seems increasingly certain that her father was a broken-down soldier named Captain Thomas Gwyn, and not, as has sometimes been asserted, a fruiterer of Covent Garden." The vividity of Nell's character stands out in startling clearness against the background of mean streets, the sordid surroundings of the slums. But—and we feel this throughout the book—the author makes it clear that she was never ashamed or depressed by her family; her buoyancy of temperament carried her over her troubles and trials, or, rather, her quick wit and happy temperament showed her only the humorous side of things. Nell's loyalty, her fundamental truth and honesty stand out of the picture. She never deceived herself, never denied the facts of her position, and she never used her power as a weapon

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From "The Story of Francis Horatio." (Dent.)

lounger, with some wit but no wisdom; no picture could be more fundamentally false. . . . He was tall and of powerful physique. His voice was loud, his laugh hearty and even boisterous. He was an indefatigable walker, whose rapid pace was the despair of those who attempted to accompany him."

In that simple and most significant touch the author has pricked the bubble that declared Charles a dilettante, pleasure-loving rake. One gets the impression of a submerged but restless energy, physical and temperamental.

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In a phrase, in a swift stroke of the brush, the author has laid bare the canker of Charles' soul. It was denied the monarch to possess that central loyalty necessary to every human being. Children legitimate he had none, and he desired them greatly; his own religion he was forbidden to practise openly, and the worm of deceit gnawed at his belief. His love of country had been wounded almost to death. The men who had ruled England during his wanderings had killed his father, and put a price on his own head. "It would be expecting impossibilities of human nature to expect him to have been passionately patriotic—to have felt the fatherland as the central and inviolable thing."

One feels the tragedy of Charles, the wasted energies, the great possibilities squandered on trifling things. One feels also his heroism, the fortitude that laughed at pain, the magnanimity that could pardon even treachery and betrayal.

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# CHRISTMAS BOOKS FOR THE BAIRNS

ÆSOP, whoever and whatever he was, knew beyond other men the secret of the fabulist's magic, seeing that he contrived to make himself also into a fable. This year he is in luck. He has been retranslated and reillustrated, and will be more read and more of a fable than ever. In one variant, as the folklorists say—for editions as well as stories have variants—we have the new-old book with the same old classical title, ÆSOP'S FABLES, illustrated by Charles Folkard (A. and C. Black, 6s.). Here the Fox and the Grapes revive in one coloured page, and the unhappy Blackamoor, that could not be made white, in another. The Old Man and his Son and the Ass offer a typical Old English street scene (English, of course, for Æsop is a Londoner in London), with a pump, a shop-front, and a comedy group. Mr. Folkard has indeed a pretty fantasy. Why are mice and why are frogs so attractive in the Æsopian cartoon? One might answer,

From "The Bran Pie," p. 240 (Duckworth and Co.).

"Because they are so ridiculously human." Turn now to the other book of fables, variant No. 2, a new translation by V. S. Vernon Jones, with G. K. C. writing the introduction, and Arthur Rackham doing the pictures (Heinemann, 6s. net) in his most expressive Rackhamish manner. He and G. K. C. contrive together to persuade one that Æsop is a sort of algebra of human nature, with impersonal persons, pattern pigs, fairy-tale foxes, and a gnat like a stinging and singing atom of arithmetic. As for Mr. Rackham's pictures, the Quack Frog is good and everything that fable asks. So is that of the Lion and the Elephant; and so is the Fisherman Piping. As a contemporary illustration, note "The Two Pots," in which the artist has excelled himself, for, without intending it, he has made the brass-pot ever or never so little like G. B. S., and the other figures as a kind of Toby pigs, ever or never so little like G. K. C. "The Fir-Tree and the Bramble," of which the bramble is rather like a lady now appearing nightly on the stage, is another example of the same subtle, and possibly unconscious, adaptation from the life.

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From fables it is but a step to fairy-tales. "But the princess sat with a cherry in her hand, and her mouth open, forgetting to pop the cherry in, so absorbed was she in listening to Sven. When he had come to the end of his last trill, the princess said, 'It was just like the ice melting, and the chaffinches twittering, and the trout dancing in the brook.'"

This comes from the story of "The Boy who could not Tell a Lie." If anyone, little or big, wishes to fall into the same happy state of oblivion as the princess, let him or her get and read JOLLY CALLE (Dent and Sons, Ld.), a book of Swedish fairy-tales by Helena Nyblom. All the stories are told with a sort of gay, adventurous humour that is most infectious. Moreover, there is a kind of canny folk-wisdom in them which is tonic as well as amusing. In some of the stories, such as "Rolf of Orkanäs" and "The Wild Waves of the Sea," the spirit of adventure, the sense of the mystery that always waits a little further on, is wonderfully expressed. Indeed, it would be difficult to praise these tales too highly, so fresh are they, so delightfully told. The illustrations by Charles Folkard are about as good as can be, charming in colour and line, and full of resource, and no child but will revel in their artistic reality.

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THE BRAN PIE (Duckworth and Co.), as its name suggests, is full of good things. The fairy stories are of the kind that every child loves and believes in, and the chief essential in telling a fairy tale is, after all, to inspire belief. Beautifully got up, with fine illustrations, it is a gift to make glad the heart of a bairn this Christmastide.

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The flavour of George Macdonald's goblin stories for children hangs about those written now by his son, D. Greville Macdonald. TRYSTIE'S QUEST succeeds last year's "Magic Crook" (Fifield and Co., 5s.), both illustrated by the delicately imaginative pencil of Arthur Hughes. This second story is a very decided improvement on the first; there is a more definite line drawn about the creatures of the fairy landscapes, though there is just a tendency in both creatures and landscape to dissolve and pass in a mist, leaving a dream-like effect upon the senses. What, however, the book loses as a constructed tale of adventure it gains as a work of imagination. The true child will recognise it at once, and find scope for fancy in filling up the chinks. The idea of the Pigwidgeons, a goblin family, cut out of turnips, carrots, and parsnips by a boy, and attired in character, is the master-stroke of the book.

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*(Continued on page 282.)*

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Every boy scout who expects to be a warrior, whether with men or microbes, or the forces of death in any kind, should read Mr. Canton's book, though he may say a boy is not a child at all.

❀ ❀ ❀

Three or four years ago poetry was said to be out of fashion. This blessed Christmas proves it to be handsomely come in again. Take a volume like THE POEM-BOOK OF THE GAEL (Chatto and Windus, 6s. net), which Miss Eleanor Hull has gotten out of the Irish Gaelic poets with the aid of a noble company of translators.

❀ ❀ ❀

Better winter nights' solace by the fire than Runeberg's saga it would be hard to find. We do not know if the OXFORD BOOK OF VICTORIAN VERSE (Clarendon Press, 6s. net; India paper, 7s. 6d. net) which "Q.," otherwise Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, has added to his other famous Oxford book, can be put in the Christmas list; but we are sadly tempted to co-opt it by the batch of timely verse it contains, including Miss Barlow's "Christmas Rede," Miss Guiney's "Carol" and "Tryste Noël," and Miss Coleridge's song of "Our Lady." It is curious that nearly all the Christmas pages are by women poets.

❀ ❀ ❀

It is natural to fall back upon Blake after anything that has an echo of Nativity music in it. Here, by good fortune, is the newest setting of that most inexhaustible of all small song-books, THE SONGS OF INNOCENCE, decorated by Charles Robinson and Mary H. Robinson (Dent and Sons, Ltd., 3s. 6d. net). The artists and the decorators have turned to him with a refreshing transparency of idea and purity of colour. The frontispiece is a lovely piece of work—a child descending a cloudy ladder in a luminous skyey world. The lily and the tiger are not forgotten, white or striped and tawny, in other pages; but the tiger is ingeniously dis-terrified. Set by this the ANTHOLOGY OF BABYHOOD, which Mrs. Muriel N. d'Auvergne has edited (Hutchinson and Co., 3s. 6d. net). It ranges far, from Blake and Coleridge to Swinburne and Christina Rossetti, from Greene and Crashaw to Mrs. Meynell and Mrs. Hingston (Katherine Tynan, to wit). Some of the older poems in it wear well. What better than Southwell's "Burning Babe"? which ends:—

"With this He vanished out of sight,
And swiftly shrunk away;
And straight I called unto mind
That it was Christmas Day."

Mrs. d'Auvergne's rhymed version of Eugénie de Guérin's lyric of a child's kiss is charming.

❀ ❀ ❀

The Tomboy in fiction is always popular, but not often so well drawn as Raymond Jacbern's charming little heroine (TABITHA SMALLWAYS. W. R. Chambers, 3s. 6d.). It is one of the most difficult things

in art to draw a girl in her early teens. She must possess the frank, high spirits of the healthy child, with some of the reserve of after years. The author has given us a spirited and convincing story. Tabitha goes to live with the Stevensons at the Rookery to be a companion for Audrey, aged fifteen. Mrs. Stevenson, who has spent some years of her married life in India, does not find it the easiest thing in the world to manage her daughters, who, in her absence, have been under the care of Aunt Caroline, who had spoiled them to their hearts' content. It is decided to send the two girls to school with Tabitha, and the complications and adventures that ensue make good reading. Tabitha is the life and soul of the school, the ringleader of all mischief, a delightful, feckless lassie, whom we all love. TABITHA SMALLWAYS is one of the brightest Christmas books that we have met with, and we confidently recommend it for fun-loving children.

❀ ❀ ❀

The tale of WHITE EAR AND PETER (Macmillan and Co., 6s.), a fox terrier and a fox, is easily written, with bright, descriptive touches, and a suggestion of the open air, an atmosphere of country life. Mr. Neils Heiberg writes convincingly about animals, and the story is strong enough to hold boys and girls, as well as their elders, from the start. The author, however, falls too much into the psychological vein, and discusses the motives and the temperaments of his chief "characters" too minutely. He is quite obviously at home with animals, and his observation of their habits is keen and careful; but however strong an attachment may exist between a human and a four-footed creature, there is a gulf beyond which neither can pass. That dogs reason we may believe, that Peter in particular deduced certain moral laws from the tragic death of White Ear we cannot suppose. The fox, in his character of Ishmael—he is brought up as a cub in the stables where Peter reigns supreme—is convincing. We understand and accept the fact that he feels every man's hand against him, that he appreciates his position as a pariah cut off from his own breed—hated and feared by the dog kind with whom he is forced to dwell. Mr. Heiberg is at his best when he is describing a run across country; one feels the fresh, strong air, hears the wind in the trees, tastes the full savour of the instinct for the chase. The book is well got up, the illustrations spirited, and excellently reproduced.

❀ ❀ ❀

There is only one way in which to commence a book of fairy tales, and Mr. Arthur F. Wallis has opened on the right note (MAGIC DOMINIONS. Smith, Elder and Co., 3s. 6d.). "Long, long ago," he tells us, "there lived a King who ordered his Court with the greatest splendour, and received homage and honour from all the nations." Imagination quickens, memory gets to work, as the door of the enchanted kingdom swings ajar, and we catch our breath as we peep at the wonders inside. The combination of mystery with plain fact takes us back to the days of childhood, when it was not only the transmutation of Cinderella's pumpkin into a coach that delighted us, but the inimitable touch relating to the footmen, the coachman, the golden buttons on their coats. Mr. Wallis has mastered the art of the fairy story, and has achieved a notable success. "The Jar Fairy and the Star Fairy" handles the ever popular theme of love disguised as a swineherd, and a pretty, petulant Princess, who at the end finds the whole world in her lover's arms. An old tale, yet ever new, and told as Mr. Wallis tells it, instinct with charm and freshness. "The Prince who was Somebody Else"


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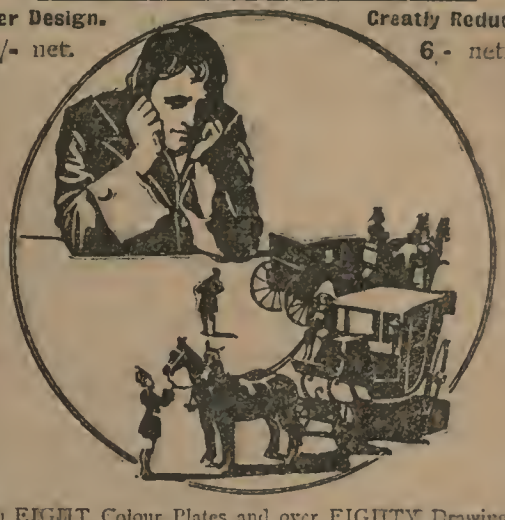

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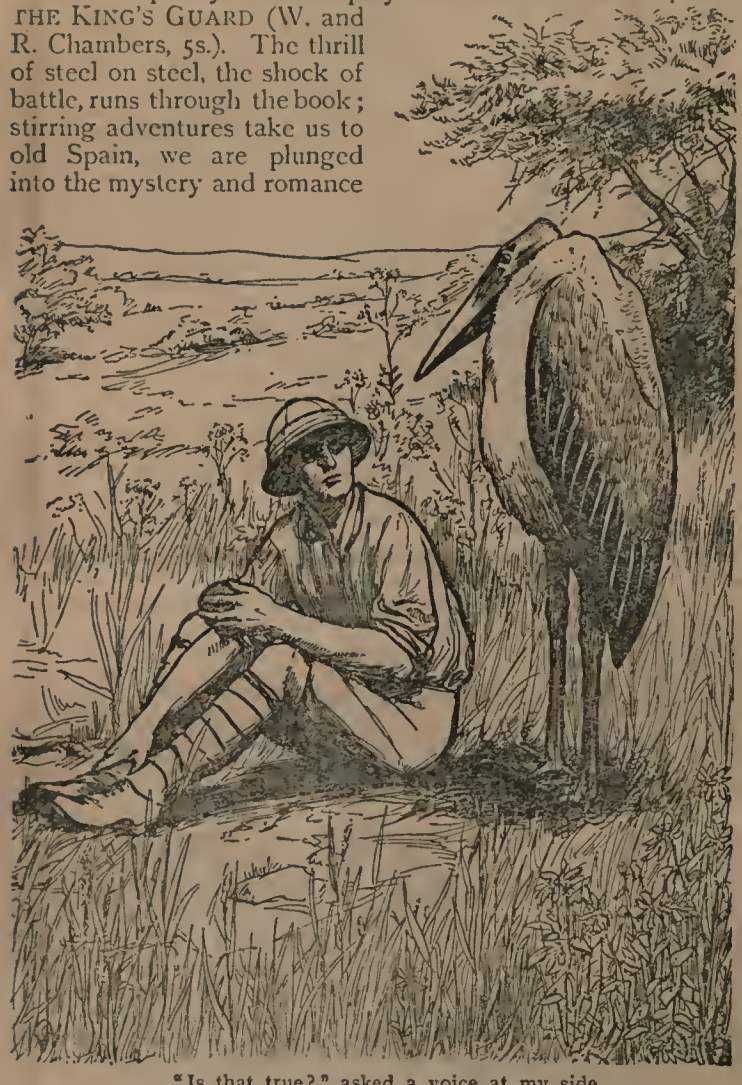
contains certain dainty fancies. At the marriage of the Prince and Princess we read that the clerk "wrote their names in a book made of rosemary leaves; while the wedding march was played by the white moths that had become music." The illustrations to this dainty collection of old-world fairy tales are not wholly satisfactory. They lack the touch of matter-of-fact earnestness that is so necessary a corollary of phantasy, and, generally speaking, are of too impressionist a character. The most admirable, the "Magician and the Sprat," is the accompanying sketch to the "Battle of the Fishes."

❀ ❀ ❀

There is plenty of sword play in THE CAPTAIN OF THE KING'S GUARD (W. and R. Chambers, 5s.). The thrill of steel on steel, the shock of battle, runs through the book; stirring adventures take us to old Spain, we are plunged into the mystery and romance of Madrid, then in a twinkling carried to bonnie Prince Charlie, the young Pretender, who is so popular a hero in picturesque fiction. Commander Curley knows how to handle a fight, and shows amazing fertility in concocting startling situations. The characterisation is at times carelessly drawn, but your schoolboy cares but little for psychology; as long as there is movement and colour in a tale he is content. We have nothing but praise for the English which the author uses throughout the book. He frankly adopts modern phrascology, and with the best possible results. The narrative runs crisply, and there is a diversity of setting that will give joy to every boy scout ambitious of qualifying for brave deeds and hairbreadth escapes.



"Is that true?" asked a voice at my side.
From "Oddle and Iddle" (Smith, Elder and Co.).

❀ ❀ ❀

THE RED HUSSAR (W. and R. Chambers, 3s 6d.) introduces us to Napoleon III. and other historical personages. We are plunged into the midst of the Franco-German War, in company with Will Trevor and his French cousins, Antoine and Marguerite. The author, Mr. Reginald Horsley, is not convincing in his methods. His style is stilted, his situations mishandled, and we must frankly take exception to his interpretation of the Emperor's thoughts on the eve of campaign. It is always a delicate matter to introduce an historical figure into a romance. To present Louis Napoleon with any degree of success, qualities of introspection, imagination, and deduction are required, which we find utterly lacking in the author. To tell a tale simply and forcefully is an ambition to which, in time, he might attain. He invites criticism, however, by his interpolation of figures that do not belong to the world of boys' books.

❀ ❀ ❀

How Augustus Dight suddenly found himself in a world of wonders, and what he did therein, is set forth in ODDLE AND IDDLE (Smith, Elder and Co., 3s. 6d.). Returned from his work on the farm—this is the real, right atmosphere for a tale about hobgoblins—Augustus is about to crack a nut presented to him by a small boy at a Christmas party, and supposed to be imbued with certain magic qualities. It was, in effect, a wishing nut, and Augustus decided then and there to test its power. "I happened upon one of the large black beetles that one sees in the neighbourhood. He was engaged in rolling along a ball of dirt, several times the size of himself, with another beetle, his wife, perhaps, to help him." Augustus wishes, on the impulse of the moment, that he were the size of the beetle, "and able to understand whatsoever language he talks." And straightway, in the true and orthodox fashion of fairyland, the thing comes to pass. He learns many things from the beetles, and makes the acquaintance of Oddle, "in form like a little boy, but with a face that resembled neither man nor beast. His skin was green, he wore a brown tunic, and had a soft green hat on his head." Iddle, the goblin's brother, is exactly like him, and Augustus is worried somewhat by the resemblance. During the time of his sojourn with the imps, his size remains unchanged. The story is deftly woven, compounded of fancies light as gossamer, and swift touches of sure fact. A dainty conceit that will charm alike the child and the child-lover.

❀ ❀ ❀

Alan Mackenzie, at nineteen years of age, leaves school, and goes into the world to seek adventure. The tale (THE GHOST ROCK, Nisbet and Co., 3s. 6d.) is told in the first person, and the hero is a clean-limbed, honest English boy, typical of many another. He goes to his uncle's home, "a dilapidated castle on the shore of Loch Hourn, a desolate enough spot, but never so to me, who knew and loved every inch of its lonely country." Mr. Frederick Watson sets Alan on the trail of buried treasures, and many startling and weird things come to pass in the search for gold. The story of buried treasure always has, and always will, fascinate a boy, and though Alan meets with happenings little short of miraculous, the author is to be forgiven by reason of the sustained interest in the plot, and the vivid nature of his description. Alan and his uncle set sail up the Amazon, "that unending river,

*(Continued on page 286.)*

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which runs like a great canal of brown, muddy water twenty miles wide, now silent and devastating, and always suggestive of danger and death." They travel in search of the Hidden City, where, according to the legend, the buried gold lies hidden. The thrilling escapades of the quest, the final outcome of the adventure, together with the secret of the Ghost Rock, we must leave to Mr. Watson to tell. The book should stand high among Christmas favourites, and will certainly win a rapturous reception from every schoolboy, who secretly nourishes the hope that one day he will set sail on adventurous seas and sojourn among savages.

❀ ❀ ❀

The joyous adventures of a dog, a cat, and their boon companions are told in SPIDER AND CO. (Duckworth, 2s. 6d.). A violent storm throws the creatures on their own resources, divorcing them at once from the care and the restraint of man. The story is slight, but by the author, S. H. Hamer, told with delicious humour, and the difficulties Spider and Co. encounter in their efforts to found a home are recounted with exactly the right touch. Mrs. Rooster is the type of a woman with a miserable soul, who by some accident has found her way into the body of a farmyard fowl. The Elephant, who, in the course of the story, breaks in upon the happy family, carries the companions off for a long ride, during which they meet Mr. Quacker, the Wart Hog, and other diverting zoological specimens. Children will revel in this book. The adventures are of the kind that appeals to young minds, and the conclusion of the story will satisfy them. For, in the end, Spider and Co. grow tired of liberty, and return to the discipline and the comforts of their old homes, content once more to be under human dominion.

❀ ❀ ❀

Miss Grace James has given us a collection of Japanese fairy tales (GREEN WILLOW, Macmillan and Co., 5s. net), taken in part from the mythology of Japan and in part reproduced by her from memory. There is a suggestion of modernity about the style and in the illustrations which strikes an unexpected and at times an almost jarring note. The stories lack the simplicity that properly belongs to the folk-lore of the world, for phrasing counts less in a story of goblins and ghosts than the capacity for setting the nerves athrill or sending a sensation of creepiness up the spine. The best of the collection, we consider, is "The Maiden of Char." The phrasing here is simpler, and the effect produced is more direct, the emotion roused more intimate. "Then they took her, her mother, and the wise woman, and they tied her hair, and pinned it high upon her head with gold and coral pins, and held it with a great lacquer comb. She said, 'How heavy it is!' When they dressed her in the robe of grey silk, and tied the girdle of brocade fast, she shuddered, and said, 'I am cold!' Then they would have thrown over her a mantle 'broidered with plum blossom, but she would have none of it, saying, 'No, no, I burn.'" "The Land of Youth" suffers from flowery language, and too great a number of ornate adjectives, in marked contrast to the story quoted above. We have an uneasy sense that we are in a strange land, peopled not with fairies and goblins, monsters and ghosts, beautiful princesses, romantic knights, but with meticulous beings, who respond to attenuated feelings unknown to the lovers of fairy lore. The book is well bound, and makes a handsome, tasteful volume.

❀ ❀ ❀

Rachel and Penelope Shaw (SALLIE'S CHILDREN, W. and R. Chambers, 3s. 6d.) come to England to stay with their grandparents while their mother runs a tea-shop in New Battersea. On the voyage they meet one Mr. Addison, who looks after them, and gives them the best time possible in the restricted possibilities of a steamer. Their trials and tribulations in England are surmounted by a patience and tact phenomenal in schoolgirls, even of the American variety. There is an effect, a touch of the goody-goody about the story, which discounts its interest and detracts from its healthy, breezy atmosphere. In the ultimate, of course, the children win the hearts of the old people, and become first favourites among the surrounding villagers. The mother rejoins them, having made the tea-shop pay, and the curtain comes down on the thanks of everyone concerned that Sallie sent her children over the water.

❀ ❀ ❀

Miss Mary Wilkins inevitably writes with a literary flavour and polished style, and her latest essay in the art of the child's books, THE GREEN DOOR (Smith, Elder and Co.), is notable for the qualities of atmosphere and delicate characterisation. "Letitia's Great-aunt Peggy used to play grace hoops with her, and dominoes and checkers, and even dolls. Sometimes it was hard for Letitia to realise that she was not another little girl." Miss Peggy, indeed, fulfils the functions of the perfect aunt to admiration. Sometimes, however, the world grew very narrow, the child became dissatisfied, wanted more clothes, more dolls, more everything. She wanted to pass through the little green door, "at the very back of the house, towards the fields, in a room opening out of the kitchen."

Eventually, like Fatima, she could resist no longer the desire to pass the boundary, and after much heart-burning she fitted the key in the little green door and went through. Of Letitia's experiences there Miss Wilkins treats in her own inimitable fashion. The story has a freshness and originality that makes it fragrant.

❀ ❀ ❀

Schooldays are the happiest time in a boy's or girl's life. We had the same thing told to us in our childhood, and believed it as little as the young people now addressed in the same vein. But if boys and girls but little appreciate the charm of school, there is not one among them who does not like to read of the things that happen there. SCHOOLGIRL HONOUR (Nisbet and Co., 3s. 6d.) is a good story, well told, with a shrewd insight into the workings of the young and feminine mind. Miss Kathleen Rhodes starts her story with commendable promptitude, and from the moment that Maimie Green puts her head in at the door of the fifth-form class-room and announces she had a piece of news to tell her friends, we know that mischief is afloat. The author's girls are healthy studies of flesh and blood, brimful of high spirits and vivacity, and always thinking out some daring escapade. The story will make delicious reading for more than one girl home for the holidays.

❀ ❀ ❀

The story of TWO TROUBADOURS (Smith, Elder and Co., 3s. 6d.) lacks the touch of spirit and adventure necessary to justify its title. The twins—Louis and Francis—are good little boys, of a painfully prim character and ordered neatness, and they become more model as the story advances, until at last one almost fears an early death-bed for the irreproachable pair. Miss Esme Stuart spares us this catastrophe, but finds it necessary to inflict a severe illness on Louis, in consequence of an heroic drowning act, in which he saves the life of a small girl, and narrowly

*(Continued on page 288.)*

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loses his own. We wish the twins would develop a little natural naughtiness, and we hunger for them to tear their clothes, pull someone's hair, or throw brickbats at their aged aunt. Alas! our craving for impropriety of conduct remains unappeased; the twins remain spick and span throughout the book. Shade of "Helen's Babies"—if only they would do some desperate thing; but the poor children, trimmed to pattern, pruned to shape, cannot escape from the vigilance of the author; the unhappy Troubadours are uncannily good, and remain so to the end of the story.

❀ ❀ ❀

Dedicated "to the three dearest children in the world," Miss Kate Douglas Wiggin gives us in THE BIRDS' CHRISTMAS CAROL (Gay and Hancock) a dainty little volume, charmingly illustrated by Francis E. Hiley. As we are reminded by another publication from her pen, Miss Wiggin communed at least on one occasion with the greatest interpreter of children and childhood that our literature has produced—Charles Dickens; and her carol has caught something of the master's tender but hearty love of all that pertains to the little ones and to the season which is theirs. A delightful volume, whose only fault is that it is too slender.

❀ ❀ ❀

TOTA, who is introduced to us by Mrs. Hobart-Hampden (Macmillan and Co.), is a very prim little lady, the most interesting member of a prim, precocious family resident in the East. The sister instructs the elderly nurse to say "Mother" instead of "Ma," and all of Tota's sisters have a quaint air of charming staidness. Tota herself has also a spice, and more than a spice, of Anglo-Saxon venturesomeness, and she determines to visit "on her own" the territory of a neighbouring Rajah, whose reputation is forbidding, not to say sinister. It is not very clear where the exact geographical whereabouts of the Rajah's territory may be, but Tota's adventures with his officers and retainers, who have long curved knives stuck in their belts, and wear little round caps, are very entertaining, and the child's simplicity and fearlessness are thrown into bold relief by the brilliance and colour of her new surroundings, whose half-picturesque, half-sordid character are convincingly portrayed. Needless to say, the object of her captors is to wed her to the eldest son of the Rajah, but "Tota came of a fighting stock," and the steps that she and her friends take to thwart this little plot make amusing enough reading, though, to be quite candid, the story lacks something of originality, and the theme is—well, a trifle musty.

❀ ❀ ❀

Frankly, we are disappointed with GOLDEN HOUSE, by Bella Sidney Woolf (Mrs. R. H. Lock) (Duckworth and Co.), which opens charmingly, introducing us to a Mrs. Smith, who has to type furiously for a living in the suburbs, and two of the jolliest little boys it has been our good fortune to meet, Peter and Bungo. The children have their Golden House in the back garden of the little villa that their mother works so hard to support. "Golden House," the authoress explains, "was their manner of putting into words the things they had not got—the fairy-tale life that lay outside their everyday world." . . . "It's all gold walks and everything," says Peter, "and all the flowers in the garden are yellow, and canaries in the trees, and it's in the country and by the sea—and it's, oh, too lovely for words!" So far, the Court is with you, Peter, and we listen to further accounts of the castle with delight, and then the fairy godmother

appears—and, alas! the illusion vanishes. For the fairy godmother, Lady Merivale, has a novel of 100,000 words waiting to be typed, four motor cars, "rare sympathy," and a cottage in Somerset, and is, in fact, an entirely incredible person. However, the sympathy and the cottage are both placed at the disposal of Mrs Smith, who later turns out to be Mrs. Wykeham-Bell, and the daughter-in-law of a rich man, whose residence is near the cottage in question; and so the pretty romance that promised is spoilt.

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Miss May Baldwin contrives to break distinctly fresh ground in CORAH'S SCHOOL CHUMS (W. and R. Chambers), no easy matter in the writing of a child's story. Corah is a typical young English schoolgirl, who proceeds with her brother Jock to South Africa. Thus we get an excellent outline of life in one of our most fascinating colonies, so written as to interest young people. A girl who has followed Corah through Miss Baldwin's pages would have gained an infinitely better idea of the colony that has played so important a part in our own history than if she read through a thousand laborious text-books, with their misleading and inadequate "statements of fact." Perhaps, also, she will be tempted to turn her footsteps later on to the direction of the land of the gold mines and the great Karoo. In view of the fact that women are in an overwhelming majority in this old land, while they are at a premium in all our colonies, we may hope that books such as this will render real service to the Empire.

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The pages which record the adventures of A CAVALIER OF FORTUNE, by Escott Lyner (W. and R. Chambers), are, if we may be permitted the expression, terribly noisy. The clash of swords, the snapping of pistols, the thud of falling bodies, the strange oaths of stranger men deafen our ears in every chapter, and the wild attacks and hairbreadth escapes must surely pall on the spirit even of the most adventurous juvenile. The book is written, however, with a certain verve and freshness, even at parts with a real power, that carries us forward, jaded as we are by combat, and nauseated by adventure. It is just well enough written to make one wish that the author had taken sufficient pains to avoid the crudities and absurdities which plentifully besprinkle his pages. At the same time—for boys are not, fortunately, hypercritical—the interest is undeniably well sustained, and the volume should have many readers. It is, therefore, perhaps a pity that the author should have perpetrated many gross historical caricatures, of which the worst is his portrait of James II.

❀ ❀ ❀

There are few gifts we can imagine a boy learning to value more than the admirably produced volume of nature sketches which Mr. St. Mars has written under the title of ON NATURE'S TRAIL (Nesbit and Co., Ltd., 6s. net). Beautifully illustrated, the work should have a permanent place in the affection of the schoolboy, who loves to read of birds, beasts, and fishes. Lieut.-Col. Patterson, in his preface, states that Mr. St. Mars "seems to have not only a genius for the wilds, but the most intimate and extraordinary knowledge of beasts and birds. He must have studied nature at first-hand as well as in books . . . and he has a remarkable gift for picturing what he has seen." It is just that faculty which most writers of nature-books lack, and it is this that gives the pages of Mr. St. Mars their peculiar charm and value. Witness this forceful piece of descriptive writing: "He got within spring—he sprang. Then

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he rolled over sideways and screamed, because a thing, a big half-white, half-grey thing, which was like a cat, and yet not like any cat he had ever seen, flew past over his back and hit him on the cheek. It sprang for the rabbit, that thing, even as the cat had done, but its spring was no mere jump as the cat's was, it was a long, grand leap, and it reached that rabbit. A pitiful, child-like squeal announced the fact, and thereafter was silence—just silence—and Grey Ghost crouching low over the dead bunny." If nature is shown to us red in tooth and claw in these sketches, the portrait is faithful as well as vivid. This book will be eagerly read by many old boys as well as young.

❀ ❀ ❀

PHŒBE'S HERO, by the author of "Laddie" (W. and R. Chambers, Ltd., 2s. 6d.), is of a type that is too much neglected in these days, when the homely virtues of those who put duty first are in danger of being ignored for the showy achievements of men who are determined to be successful at all costs. Yet often the really strong man—the real super-hero—is he who plods on steadily through life, with no illusions as to the dreariness of the common round and the simple task, but determined to go "through with it" because it is the right thing to do. That, after all, is the quality that has made our race, and in this book is admirably portrayed in Giles Gerard, the eldest son of the parson of Little Mapleton, who dies leaving his family with little of this world's goods. Giles goes as clerk to an iron works, in order that his brilliant young brother may go to the 'Varsity and become a Senior Classic. In life, perhaps, the latter would have the best time of it. Still, even the plodder has his victories, and Phœbe's hero, at any rate, is rewarded.

❀ ❀ ❀

The THREE HUNDRED AND ONE THINGS A BRIGHT GIRL CAN DO, by Jean Stewart (Sampson Low, Marston and Co., Ltd.), marks the change that has come over the spirit and outlook of women. As the authoress tells us in her preface, had the book been written many years ago, it would have contained more pages about needlework and fewer about out-of-door exercises. We are not quite so sure, however, that, as she affirms, girls and women are surpassing boys and men in carriage, health, and intellect, still less that men are carelessly sucking filthy tobacco pipes, and for ever crowding into parlours and hot billiard-rooms (why should that most fascinating and healthy of games be played in the cold?). Apart from these extravagances, however, the tone of Miss Stewart's book is eminently practical, and her work ranges over an immense variety of subjects, including not only such well-known outlets for woman's energy as hockey, lawn tennis, and croquet, but swimming, rowing, sculling, and golf. To come to more useful accomplishments, it provides some admirable hints for home theatricals, the making of fruit cordials and sweets, and the organising of indoor games. On the whole, the book will well repay a bright girl's attention.

## ANNOUNCEMENT.

Special features for No. 10 include G. K. Chesterton's Rejoinder to G. Bernard Shaw, the conclusion of "Napoleon as a Socialist," by Dr. Sarolea; a Character Sketch, with Portrait, of John Masefield; "The Tyranny of the Novel," by Dr. Barry; a Sketch of H. G. Wells, by Richard Curle; "The Trial of the Knights Templars," by Henri Mazel, of the *Mercure de France*.

In KITTY DONOVAN, DADDY'S GIRL, and PEGGY FROM KERRY (W. and R. Chambers, Ltd.), Mrs. L. T. Meade maintains the high level of careful workmanship which has always distinguished her work. Her characterisation is always interesting, if not profound, and, without being in the least namby-pamby, still less dull, her stories have that serious note, with that appreciation of home-life and its charms, which is too often lacking nowadays.

❀ ❀ ❀

Those who believe in Bible teaching by means of tableaux representation will welcome BETHLEHEM TABLEAUX, by J. K. C. Chesshire (Dent, 5s.). The book gives a vivid account of how Bible pictures can be represented with very limited material, and the effects produced, as seen in the illustrations, are marvellously Scriptural in character.

❀ ❀ ❀

Constable has brought out a new children's edition of THE ARABIAN NIGHTS (illustrated by Réné Bull, 10s. 6d.). The illustrations will make the book beloved by children; weird, bejewelled Eastern figures are to be found there, fantastic wizards, with all the implements of their black magic; strange forest scenes, where gnomes and spirits of the wood emerge from every tree; wondrous ships, perilously overloaded, whose approach scatters the gaping monsters of the deep—these, and more than these, will throw their spell over the lucky children who possess this book.

❀ ❀ ❀

### TOY BOOKS FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

Messrs. W. and R. Chambers have published a delightful selection of toy books this Christmas. Among the most notable of their issue is the ever popular BUSTER BROWN, brought up to date in a series of amusing sketches. We have also the adventures of KAPTEN KIDDO AND PUPPO, and other picture-books equally delightful to the small children, who will find infinite satisfaction in their pages. ROUND ABOUT PAPERS (Sidgwick and Jackson, 1s. 6d.) are refreshing and delightful. Well got up and charmingly illustrated, it will please every child to read the discussion of the rival merits of Banbury Cakes and Chelsea Buns, and we ourselves were allured by the picturesque presentment of the Potteries.

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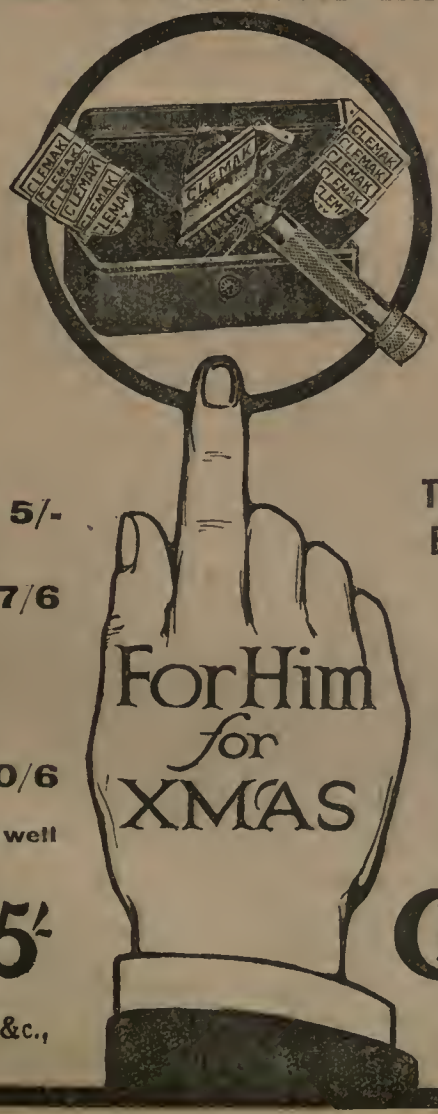


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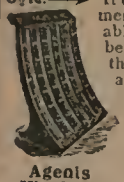

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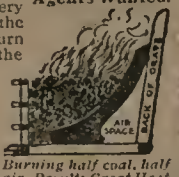


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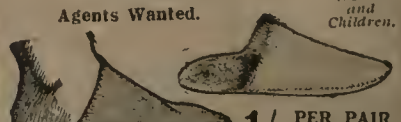

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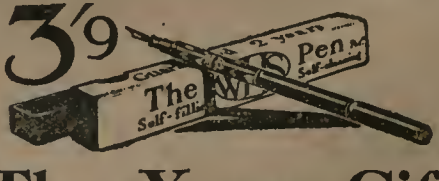


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# HISTORY IN THE MAKING

## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THE Turkish and Balkans Peace delegates held their first meeting at St. James's Palace on Monday. They were welcomed by Sir Edward Grey, who in the name of His Majesty the King expressed best wishes for the success of their labours. "In this country," continued Sir Edward, "you will find an atmosphere of calm and impartiality that will be favourable to your work." By accomplishing peace they would not only build up the prosperity, moral, economic, and national of their respective countries, but would also secure the respect of the whole of Europe. In reply, the Greek Premier expressed the hope that with the help of the Almighty they would reach the long-desired goal of lasting peace.

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Dr. Daneff, Bulgarian delegate to the London Peace Conference, in an interview, said that the chief points to be settled with Turkey were frontier questions, financial problems, and then important territorial questions in connection with Adrianople, the Adriatic, and the Ægean Islands. On the question of Adrianople, the Bulgarians would not give way. If Turkey refused to yield that place, which was necessary for the security of Bulgaria's future frontiers, Bulgaria would begin the war again, and her allies had given the assurance that they would march with her.

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In Committee on the Welsh Church Bill in the House of Commons an important amendment was moved by Mr. France, a Liberal member, the effect of which would be to take from the Church the tithe rent charge, and leave her the other funds. He thought this could form the basis of a settlement by consent. Mr. Gladstone seconded the amendment, as he believed it offered the only settlement which could be accepted by both parties with honour and satisfaction. The Home Secretary said if the amendment were carried he would have to drop the Bill. On a division the majority of the Government fell to 50.

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The strike on the North-Eastern Railway is at an end. The Commissioner appointed to enquire into the circumstances of the conviction of Knox, the engine-driver, reported that the evidence failed to convince him that Knox was drunk, in the police sense of the term. As a result Knox has been granted a free pardon, and reinstated in his old position. Under the terms of settlement the men on strike are to resume duty on their former conditions. The men are not to molest or annoy such of the company's employees as have not joined in the strike. Those who struck work are to be fined six days' pay at the standard rate, and no man to be proceeded against for breach of contract who pays the fine. The men's representatives state that they deprecate these spasmodic strikes, and consider that in future North-Eastern men must not strike except with legal notice to the company, and, in the case of members of a Trade Union, in accordance with the Trade Union rules. The strike has cost the company £50,000.

---

Since Lord Lansdowne's announcement that there would be no Referendum on Tariff Reform there has been considerable dissatisfaction in the Conservative party. In an important speech at Ashton-under-Lyne Mr. Bonar Law made special reference to the subject. Whenever the Opposition are in office they will call a conference with the colonies with regard to food duties. If the colonies do not think these duties will be necessary they will not be imposed. If considered necessary, he did not think the people of this country would object to the necessary readjustment. In view of the proposed conference Mr. Bonar Law thought it would be unfair to resort to a referendum. The question of whether or not food duties should be imposed would not arise until after the negotiations

were completed. That was the reason why they objected to submit the proposals to the Referendum.

Mr. Austen Chamberlain, speaking at Carlisle, referred to the proposal of "some of their friends" that Tariff Reform should be postponed. That policy, he believed, would be disastrous to the party. At a Tariff Reform demonstration in Glasgow Mr. Chamberlain outlined the proposed policy. No pedantry forced them to put a tax on raw material, and it would not be done. For manufactured articles they proposed a 10 per cent. duty, and on foreign wheat a duty of 2s. per quarter, which equalled a farthing on the four-pound loaf, and a 5 per cent. *ad valorem* duty on other foodstuffs. The party leaders would not exceed these duties without a fresh mandate from the people.

Mr. Churchill, in a speech at the Royal Volunteer Naval Reserve in London, referred in an optimistic tone to the position which the nation at present occupies in the world. The delegates had come to London because they knew that we were seeking no selfish ends. It was the Navy which gave to British diplomacy the power to work effectively for the peace of Europe, and it was the Navy which, perhaps more than any other material agency, was binding together the great dominions of the Crown and leading on, not merely to national safety, but to Imperial union.

In London there has been formed a National Insurance Practitioners' Association for the purpose of promoting the interests of those doctors prepared to accept service under the Insurance Act. The results of the voting by medical men all over the country on the Government's terms for insurance work continue to show a large aggregate majority for a refusal of service. The difference between the figures, however, is not quite so marked as on previous occasions.

In reply to a question in the House of Commons the Postmaster-General said, in view of the fact that, according to the reports that had at present reached him, not a single letter had been destroyed in the recent malicious attempts upon pillar-boxes, he did not consider that the circumstances required the imposition upon the counter staff of the additional work which would be involved by allowing firms, companies, and individuals who required to post large numbers of letters at the same time to have facilities for handing them in direct at the Post Office.

Rumours have been heard to the effect that if a woman's suffrage amendment were carried the Prime Minister would resign. The subject came before the House of Commons in the form of a question. In reply, Mr. Asquith said he was not aware that a belief existed among members of the House of Commons "that the result of carrying an amendment to the Franchise and Registration Bill enfranchising women would be the resignation of the Prime Minister and the break-up of the Ministry," or of any ground upon which it was supposed to rest. His public declarations on the subject were on record, and were perfectly plain and explicit.

The question of juvenile employment is occupying the Board of Trade. At a meeting at London Mansion House Mr. Sydney Buxton explained the method of procedure by means of Advisory Committees, representative of education authorities and labour exchanges.

In connection with diseases of animals Mr. Runciman is receiving advice from a number of representative scientific men and agriculturists to deal with the equipment of buildings, land, instruments, and staff, in order to establish a research institution.

According to the *Times*, a telegram has been received from the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company of Canada advising that it has signed an agreement with the Newfoundland Government, under which the Canadian Company is granted exclusive rights for wireless telegraphy stations until the year 1926. A number of coast stations are to be erected, and the Company is to receive a Government subsidy.

Mr. Lionel Yexley, speaking to the Naval Stewards' Association, Portsmouth, said he spoke with authority when he stated that the scale of pay just issued was but an instalment, and that further increases were to come. The Admiralty Christmas box was simply to meet the pressing needs of the lower deck, and was in no sense finality.

A note has been presented to Persia by the British Government demanding adequate reparation for the shooting of Captain Eckford by tribesmen near Shiraz. The Governor of Fars has exonerated Captain Eckford from any charge of carelessness, and has asked for the co-operation of the Governor of Behbehan with a large force for the purpose of punishing the guilty tribe. The Persian Government has promised to make compensation.

General Botha has resigned the Premiership of the South African Union. For some time there have been acute differences in the Cabinet between the Moderates, of which he is the leader, and the Dutch party, led by the Minister of Justice, General Hertzog, whose attitude is said to be anti-British. In accepting the resignation, Lord Gladstone requested General Botha to form a new Administration.

Naturally the views of Sir Wilfrid Laurier with regard to Canadian Naval Policy are attracting much attention. He prefers a fleet built, owned, and manned by Canada, with the object of not merely defending the Dominion coasts, but also helping to fulfil the requirements of the Admiralty Memorandum of "restoring greater freedom to the movements of British squadrons in every sea." In Canada there is a growing feeling that the Conservative and Liberal parties are not very far apart in regard to the naval policy of the Dominion. Both parties have gone much further than could have been expected a few years ago. Both recognise the obligation of Canada to join the Mother-country, Australia, and New Zealand in the defence of the Empire.

The death is announced of Mr. Whitelaw Reid, the United States Ambassador to Great Britain. In a telegram to President Taft, King George, in deploring his loss, says, "I shall mourn an old friend of many years' standing, for whom I had the greatest regard and respect." In the House of Commons tributes were paid by Mr. Asquith and Mr. Balfour. The Prime Minister announced that the Government proposed to offer a British battleship to convey the remains of the Ambassador to his native land.

Increased expenditure on the German Navy and new taxation to meet it are foreshadowed in the semi-official *North German Gazette*. Such demands are said to be inevitable, in view of the political situation.

According to a Peking dispatch, the Russian Minister has warned the Chinese Government that a rupture of negotiations is imminent if the settlement of the Mongolian question is further delayed.

# THE STRIKERS AND THE PUBLIC BY ROWLAND KENNEY

[IN the recent railway dispute, the public have had abundant opportunities of hearing both the opinions of the railway companies and of the impartial outsider. We thought it would be interesting to our readers to have also the opinion of the railway men. Our contributor, Mr. Rowland Kenney, a former railway worker and the first editor of the *Daily Herald*, whose contributions to the *English Review* have attracted widespread attention, is fully qualified to voice the grievances of the railwaymen. We trust that Mr. Kenney's paper may elicit some definite facts, reassuring the public on the risks involved to the men in the working of our railway system.]

I.

IN considering the North Eastern Railway dispute, we can pass over the Driver Knox incident with a paragraph, and get on to more important phases of the trouble in the railway world. At the conclusion of the inquiry instituted by the Home Office, the Commissioner, Mr. Chester Jones, decided that Knox was not legally drunk; consequently the conviction by the local magistrates and the penalising of Knox by his employers was a miscarriage of justice. The police, the magistrates, and the railway officials were wrong; the strikers were right.

Now no one interested in railway work was surprised when the men struck, just as no one who has followed recent developments believes for a moment that they struck on the driver's point alone. The really remarkable thing was that the strike did not immediately spread from one end of the country to the other.

II.

Ever since the so-called settlement of last year's national dispute, railwaymen have gradually become more and more convinced that their leaders committed a grave blunder in sending them back to work when they did. The fact that over one hundred thousand railwaymen were working for less than a pound a week had been driven home to the public, and public sympathy was entirely on the side of the men. The companies were hopelessly beaten. Had the men's leaders held out for more definite and better terms than a Royal Commission and reformed Conciliation Boards, their claims would have been met.

Added to this there is the undoubted fact that, although some men's wages have been increased during the past year, many who are known as active trade unionists have been victimised in various ways. Under these circumstances, is it any wonder that the men are sullen and discontented? If they take no steps to improve their conditions, they are scandalously overworked and underpaid. Should they take any effective steps they are robbed of their means of livelihood.

With regard to dismissals of trade unionists for trifling offences, the Secretary of the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants says: "I have repeatedly drawn the attention of the officials of the Midland to these (the Midland) cases, and have only received a curt acknowledgment. Many persons who took a prominent part in the strike (of 1911) have been removed from their positions, and have suffered reductions of 10s., 15s., and in some cases 20s. a week in their wages." That is evidence enough of the system of petty tyranny in which the railway officials indulge, and which will, if persisted in, precipitate another national railway war.

III.

And now let me deal with the other phase of the North Eastern dispute. A certain section of the press has raised a cry to the effect that the men struck for the right to get drunk, and has tried to raise shudders of horror by pointing out to members of the travelling public the risks they run from drunken drivers. In spite of the fact that the first contention is a malicious lie—the men all along protested that Knox was innocent—their appeal to the public for sympathy with the company has had some effect. It would be a matter of surprise if it had not. With the exception of shipwreck, there are few thrills so horrible as those experienced in a railway accident. And that is where the companies and the tremendous interests bound up with the companies have scored.

IV.

But, with its accustomed hysterical partisanship, there is one thing the press has not done. It has not dwelt upon the horrible loss of life and the terrible number of accidents annually registered against the British railway system. It has not pointed out the grievous risks the public run from existing defects in the working of British railways. It has done very little to familiarise the public with the lack of safeguards so far as employés are concerned, and it has never pointed out that nearly every step taken by the companies to prevent accidents has been taken under compulsion, or because interests more powerful than themselves have indulged in peaceful persuasion.

Yet it must be admitted that much has been done to protect the lives of passengers. The reason for this is obvious. Members of Parliament, their wives and families, even railway directors and their wives and families, do occasionally travel, and in their interests a tolerable degree of safety must be assured.

V.

With the men the case is different. They have no powerful interests at work to protect them. The press make no public outcry about the risks they run. According to the railway returns for 1907, one shunter in thirteen was killed or injured in the United Kingdom during the year. *Thus a man engaged in the peaceful occupation of shunting runs seven times the risks our soldiers ran in the South African War.* From Board of Trade figures, which have been ably marshalled by Mr. A. T. Brockelbank, in his book "Mammon's Victims," there were 12,500 shunting accidents on British railways (including private sidings) during 1907-8-9-10. Of those accidents no less than forty-five per cent. occurred under the two most risky operations, braking, spragging, and chocking wheels, and coupling and uncoupling vehicles, both of which can be made comparatively safe by the adoption of safety appliances.

It may be asked, what has all this to do with the public? It has everything to do with the public. It is the duty of the public to see that the murderous British railway system is humanised. Nearly 400 men are killed and 25,000 injured annually in attending to the transport requirements of the public. Also, when one realises this terrible state of affairs, it is not difficult to understand why the men become more and more sullen and discontented. The wonder to me is, and I write from personal experience of railway work, that the men are so careful of the lives and limbs of the public, considering what little interest the public displays in their welfare.

# A SALUTE TO THE LAST SOCIALIST BY G. K. CHESTERTON

I.

AT the beginning of this discussion I said that Individualism and Socialism were both dead. I think it is now established; for I speak quite seriously when I say that Mr. Bernard Shaw could raise the dead, if anybody could. But besides his vitality, he has another great quality I could never achieve—neatness. And he lays the corpse of Socialism so neatly and correctly beside the corpse of Individualism that he makes his opponent's task easier, like the magnanimous combatant he is.

For what was it that killed the Manchester School? It was the thing that kills every superstition—an unfulfilled prophecy. The Individualists said that something must happen; and it did not happen. Of course, there must have been something wrong in theory about a system that has turned out so totally wrong in practice. But it is not any economic theory that has made the Capitalists drop competition, and even the Collectivists rather faintly follow them. It is experience. Competition has not made the nation rich; it has made more and more of it poor. After that it is useless to prove by printed figures in a book that it must make it rich. And it is equally useless for Mr. Shaw to prove in a book that the Peasant State must turn into the Capitalist State. For the simple and unanswerable answer is that it never does.

II.

If Mr. Bernard Shaw's criticism of the Peasant State were correct, there could not be any Peasant State for him to criticise. He says that the Peasant State, in the twinkling of an eye, under my bewildered gaze, turns into Chicago. He then says I am right in saying the Peasant State ("more's the pity") occupies most of the planet. Thus the question (which is often a difficult one) seems to be simplified. Does Chicago occupy most of the planet? There is private property practically all over the earth. If it had ended in Chicago there would be nothing but Chicago; and Mr. Shaw's "bogtrotting" dislike of peasantry could not find in the whole planet so much as a peasant to dislike. Why should he sneer at the money-love of the French peasants? Has he not heard the news? Does he not know that the whole of France is now covered by the commercial city of Lyons? Why should he bother about the gombeenman in the Irish village? Surely by this time his full fell work is accomplished; and the city of Belfast covers the whole of Ireland. On Mr. Shaw's principles it is plainly impossible that there can be any peasants anywhere. I believe I have two true affections—one for truth, and the other for Mr. Shaw. I follow truth with reluctance.

And the truth is this: that Mr. Shaw might just as well say that a horse always turns into a donkey (because a foal's ears grow longer) as say that a society of small owners always turns into a capitalist society like Chicago. The plain facts of the planet are against him. Almost everywhere where you have that patient horse, the peasant, his foals are peasants after him for centuries and centuries. Almost everywhere where you have that donkey, the Capitalist, or that equal donkey, the proletarian, you will find they came out of some other donkeydom. You say a village state like Montenegro must produce millionaires as in Chicago. Very well; who are the millionaires of Montenegro? Tell us about the Montenegrin Soap Trust. Give us the latest news of the Montenegrin Mutoscope Multi-Millionaire Ring. The simple fact is that Montenegro, being a peasant state, will not produce millionaires. That is why it will produce soldiers.

III.

It is exactly the same taken the other way. If the peasant state must produce Chicago, what was the peasant state that did produce Chicago? Tell us about their agriculture, their legends of the spade and spear, their peasant festivals and dances. Sing us one of the songs of Zion. Revive the hopeless but heroic story of that Montenegro that became Chicago. Or, if you do not mind a cold douche of common sense, abandon such an effort, and realise what you know quite well already. That is, that the town called Chicago was made as all such towns are made, out of the sweepings of other towns; and that only after they have established a lying and swindling reputation as money magnets do they attract the most desperate of the rural poor. What kind of people did found Chicago? A very mixed lot, no doubt; adventurers, younger sons, men fleeing from justice, travelling showmen, penitent convicts, touts, advertisers, moneylenders, jerry-builders, runaway slaves. But if any peasants went there, they must have been a mere margin of European peasantry: for the quite evident reason that they have not prevented the great part of Europe from remaining peasant, nor even the overflowings of Italian or Irish peasantry from resuming, as soon as possible, a peasant life, even in America. In fact, Mr. Shaw has acknowledged that the peasant society *does* stay put. He cannot admit it is universal without admitting it is enduring.

IV.

He has drawn a delightfully pathetic picture of me staring at Montenegro as it turns to Chicago before my eyes. But I think I can imagine a more pathetic and a much more probable picture. I can imagine Mr. Shaw going, year after year, to a village in France, which I happen to have visited in childhood, and at roughly regular intervals ever since. Nearly everybody in that village has had land and food and wine and essential self-government for centuries upon centuries; but now much more than before, as in the case of Ireland. I can imagine Mr. Shaw going there every year to see how the evolution of Capitalism is getting on. I picture him every year peering eagerly along the dreary French road for the first factory chimney; and then, with a sudden sinking of the heart, seeing only the dreary French poplar. I conceive him crouching with his hand to his ear, or, perhaps, even his ear to the ground, to hear the far-off sound of the factory "hooter" which makes men so happy in Belfast; and then bursting into tears as he hears only the confounded old cattle-call that tells him that free men are still alive.

V.

I want to add two paragraphs; one about how my way would work, and the other about how his would work. Now a society of small proprietors does in unquestionable fact survive, because it knows what the peasants of the Balkans have just taught the world, while all the Capitalist states, with their Collectivist ideals, stood helpless. It knows how, in the short or the long run, to make tyranny a dangerous game. The Turks have been particularly brave; but I will bet my

boots that for centuries they have had *some* fear even of Montenegro. The Rothschilds have not been particularly brave; but I will bet my boots they have never had the faintest fear of the Fabian Society. The reason is that the sense of property, of controlling and protecting something from all wrong (including official wrong), does develop an instinct of instant self-defence. Thus the experiment of the usurper and exploiter is watched from the beginning, and prevented in all its doings. Mr. Shaw says the gombeenman is in Ireland, as in England, and may as much be Tim Malone as Ikey Mo. True: but in Ireland, a peasant country, he is called the gombeenman. In England, a country without peasants, he is called neither Malone nor Mo. He is called the famous philanthropist, Lord Windsor. He has not been watched from his filthy beginnings.

VI.

And for the second point, Mr. Shaw asks me how I can solve our huge human problems without Socialism. I ask him how he can solve them with Socialism. Socialism does not mean putting capital in the hands of the people. The only way to do that is our way; to put as much capital as possible in the hands of as many people as possible. Socialism means putting capital in the hands of the Government—that is, the Politicians. He asks me what St. Clare would have said if the Pope forbade her to go without property. The Pope never did forbid her to go without property. May I, in turn, ask what St. Clare would have said if the Pope had said this: "I propose to take away from all the poor people in Italy their doors and hearthstones, their little yards and struggling vines, and give them and their ox and their ass and everything that is theirs into the hands of the Doge of Venice (that complete Republic), of the government of the somewhat fluctuating state of Florence, now I think under some dictator, and of myself—who am a temporal prince. Outside Us there shall be no private property." Which would have strained St. Clare's Catholic loyalty most?

* * *

## PROGRESS

WHENEVER a god rides out of the east,
Crying a new-dawn creed,
At every stone that is flung in scorn
The wounds of the old gods bleed;
For never a faith or a creed was yet
But once was heresy;
Never a god first spake to men
But spake a blasphemy.

Whenever a man achieves desire
And turns to rest again,
That hour a thousand thousand men
Have lived and died in vain;
For never a halt was called as yet
But that an end befell,
And never a star dies out in heaven
But a new lamp burns in hell.

And never a god or a man toil yet,
By the broken road of dreams,
To the highest peak, but ever beyond
A higher vision gleams;
And never the end of that road shall be,
Never its last fulfil,
Till the stars shall fall from the roof of time
And the sun and the moon stand still.

E. G. BUCKERIDGE.

## LIFE AT HIGH PRESSURE

FORTUNATUS, we are told, had a wishing-hat which, when he put it on and wished himself anywhere, behold! he was there. He triumphed over space. We moderns are improving upon Fortunatus: we are triumphing over time as well as space. By our marvellous discoveries and inventions, the world, in regard to distances and intercommunications, is shrinking to quite modest dimensions. As a consequence, civilisation has so quickened the pace, so increased the pressure of life, and taxed human powers, that man is in danger of being sacrificed on the altar of progress. So much is plain from the disquieting report of the Medical Officer of the English Local Government Board. It is to the good that there is a marked decline in the death-rate; against this is the fall in the birth-rate, a circumstance which gives cause for serious thought. Another grave fact which the report brings to light is the increase of 9 per cent. in the death-rate between the ages 55-65. This is attributable to the high pressure of modern times, the real effect of which tells at an age when the natural forces are abated, when man, so to speak, is descending the hill of life, and can ill bear the storm and stress of business.

What is the remedy? On the present lines, when the gospel of work, as glorified by Carlyle, holds the field, no remedy is within sight. The moneyed class—as we see conspicuously in the United States—occupy the seat of honour. In the words of Martineau, "prosperity is their idol; the spread of luxury, the multiplication of external refinements, their criterion as a nation's happiness." So long as mammon worship all but universally prevails, the devotees are condemned to a life of bustle and hustle in which anxiety and worry too often predominate. The remedy can only come by the appearance of a higher ideal. As Franklin puts it, the purely material side of life has to be subordinated to the service of the mind. But it will be said, as a nation, we are making strides in that direction. Not only the schoolmaster, but the professor is abroad, and what between secondary schools and University extension schemes, higher education should soon be within the reach of all. Unfortunately, education is sharing in the materialistic tendency of the times; it is aiming at bread-and-butter results rather than at mind-culture. Education of this type will not lessen but intensify the pressure of life, because, by increasing the number of competitors, it increases the struggle for existence among the so-called professional classes. Unless we are on our guard, we may find that utilitarian education, with its specialising and narrowing effects, may retard culture in the highest sense of the term. We may have to expiate this fault, in the words of Renan, by widespread intellectual mediocrity, vulgarity of manners, and lack of general intelligence.

The remark made by Spencer in New York thirty years ago, that America needed a revised ideal, is applicable to this country to-day. The conquest of the earth and the subjugation of the powers of Nature to human use he admitted to be the predominant need, and this task Spencer saw the Americans were discharging with a feverish energy that was bringing about in business men a nervous collapse and a weakened physique. Life, he remarked, is not for working, but rather working is for life; by which he meant life with leisure to be devoted to intellectual and moral ends. Carlyle's gospel of work has had its day. The time is ripe for Spencer's gospel of leisure.

# NAPOLEON AS A SOCIALIST

BY CHARLES SARÓLEA

PART II.

## I.

But although the Testamentary Law has completely attained its object, and has led, in one or two generations, *without violence and confiscation*, to the suppression of the landed aristocracy, the much more important question remains to be solved, Was the object a desirable one? Have the results been beneficial, or have they been detrimental to the welfare of the French people?

Without entering into theoretical considerations as to the desirability of the object in itself, most economists are satisfied with examining the immediate effects of the revolution. And the main result, the creation of a whole nation of landowners, seems to them so marvellous, so far-reaching, that in the judgment of the majority of economists the testamentary provision of the *Code Napoléon* must appear as the most beneficent law in the history of mankind. John Stuart Mill has changed his opinions on many fundamental problems of economics, politics, and ethics, but he has never changed or wavered in his admiration of peasant proprietorship. And although, strange to say, he has failed to trace peasant proprietorship to its direct cause, and has even, in flagrant contradiction with himself, expressed disapproval of the Napoleonic laws of succession, the chapters on the subject in his "Political Economy" remain as the most eloquent plea in favour of the social conditions of France and Belgium.

But it is only when we examine the indirect results of the system that we can realise all that France owes to the Testamentary Law, and, even though the benefits conferred have been attended with some disadvantages, those are only the price and compensation which mankind has to pay for every permanent blessing conferred upon it.

(1) The creation of peasant proprietorship has enormously increased national prosperity and the productive capacity of the French people, and has proved once more the truth of Arthur Young's aphorism: "The magic of property transforms a desert into a garden." France has, indeed, become the garden and the market garden of Europe. The vitality of French agriculture has withstood every crisis. French viticulture has emerged triumphant from the dire invasion of the phylloxera, which has cost the French nation more than the German invasion of 1870. It may be that, under the new conditions of scientific agriculture, large estates are more productive than the small ones; but, after all, political economy is human economy, and it is the breeding of men, and not the breeding of cattle, that matters to a nation.

(2) The Testamentary Law has encouraged thrift and all the prudential virtues. To him that hath shall be given. The man who can buy independence, security, and dignity by converting his savings into a plot of land will be induced to save more. Hence that passion for saving which is mainly the result of the hunger for land. Hence the hidden treasures, the woollen stockings full of louis and napoleons, which have made France one of the great money markets of the world.

(3) By increasing the national prosperity, by encouraging thrift, the Testamentary Law has raised the standard of living. It may be that the French peasant will submit to hardships which few farm-labourers would submit to in England, but, in the long run, the peasant is rewarded for his toil. No one who knows the French provinces will doubt that, on the whole, the standard of comfort amongst the lower classes is higher in France than in Great Britain, and that where in individual cases it is lower, it is so, not as the result of poverty, but of that sordid miserliness which is the national vice of the French people. The comparison ought not to be made to apply to individual cases or to particular districts. It ought to be made between the five or six millions of French peasant proprietors and the three or four millions of British unskilled labourers and unemployed whom the agricultural or commercial or industrial crises have driven into the slums of our large cities.

(4) And it is because the Testamentary Law has given to millions of French people a stake and an interest in the country that it has made for order and stability. That great constructive measure of reform of the French Revolution has been in effect a great conservative measure. Paris may be the revolutionary centre of Europe, because it is the intellectual centre, and because the French intellect, which is ever creating new ideas and new ideals, must needs be revolutionary. Paris may be the ever-smouldering volcano, it may be ever experimenting in politics. But the provinces of France are probably the most conservative part of civilised Europe. The French peasant is conservative because he has something to conserve, as the Russian peasant is a rebel because he has everything to gain by insurrection.

(5) Peasant proprietorship has enabled France to escape from the curse of pauperism. And, therefore, without the inexhaustible source of wealth possessed by England, France is, nevertheless, the richer country, because wealth is more equally divided, and because the division ensures the happiness and comfort of the greater number. There is no corresponding term in the French language to the hideous word slum. The word does not exist because the thing is non-existent. There is a great deal of individual poverty in France, because wherever there are large centres of population there must be poverty, but there is no systematic poverty such as exists in England, and such as Rowntree has revealed to us in comparatively small cities like York. France has been saved through the Testamentary Law from the appalling evil which is the source of most other social evils, and which must bring about in a few generations the moral degradation and the physiological decline of the British race.

## II.

It remains for us to examine whether those incalculable advantages produced by French peasant proprietorship, which we have just analysed, are not counterbalanced and outweighed by even greater disadvantages.

(1) It has been objected in the first place that a nation may be threatened with an even greater evil than the degradation of the race, namely, its extinction, as the result of the systematic restriction of the population. And it has been contended that in France the Testamentary Law is directly or indirectly responsible for that evil.

Now it is quite true that peasant proprietorship tends to the diminution of the population. But that diminution is in reality caused by a law which is the tragic paradox of human history, and which in all times has been a menace to nations in an advanced state of civilisation. It is a universal law and a natural law, which has only been checked by the interposition of Belgium, in Catholic countries like Canada and Ireland, in Belgium and Germany. In all times and in all countries the increase of population seems to have been in inverse ratio to quality. The more means parents have to support their children, the fewer children they have. It is the proletariat that always have been most prolific; it is the miserable and unhappy that multiply at the expense of the strong.

(2) There is another accusation levelled at the Testamentary Law which is just as true and just as false, according to one's preconceptions, namely, that the Testamentary Law is responsible for the failure of French colonisation. France has always produced poineers and soldiers, but France has not produced colonists, because France does not produce emigrants. But the Frenchman fails to emigrate not because of peasant proprietorship, but because his native country, partly, no doubt, owing to peasant proprietorship, has more attractions than any foreign country. The Frenchman does not emigrate because French life is too easy, and because France is the most beautiful country God ever created, after His own Kingdom of Heaven. And it is as fair to blame the Testamentary Law for the failure of emigration as it would be to blame the radiance of the sun, or the abundance of the soil, or the smiling vineyards, or the temperament of the people.

(3) There is one other accusation which seems to contain more truth. The Testamentary Law, the small holdings have discouraged industry and checked commercial enterprise. France could not, in any case, not being a great coal and iron producing country, have become a great commercial power, but the Testamentary Law still further discourages industry and hampers commercial development. For, under modern conditions, commerce and industry on a large scale cannot be carried on without considerable enterprise and risk. The French peasant will risk his life, but he will not risk his money, because in risking his money he risks more than his life—he risks the future of his children, his leisure and independence, his place in society.

III.

The above analysis, brief as it is, may suffice to put the problem of the Testamentary Law in its main aspects, and to provide the reader with the necessary elements for forming an independent judgment. In a question of such formidable complexity, raising so many vital issues, where the evil is so often mixed up with the good, it is impossible to expect unanimity of opinion. I shall leave it to the reader to draw his own practical conclusions from the previous pages. For those conclusions must force themselves on his consideration. Assuming that the Testamentary Law has been a blessing to France, the question immediately arises, Why should it not be applicable to England? *It has been applied to Belgium, to Holland, and to many Continental countries.* Bulgaria, which only thirty years ago was living under the aristocratic régime of the Turkish landlord, has become, through the operation of the Napoleonic Law, the peasant's paradise, and this beneficent revolution has taken place in less than a generation. Bulgaria has become, in consequence, the paramount power in the Balkan, whereas Roumania, whose land is appropriated by a needy aristocracy and mortgaged to the Jewish moneylender, has become a feudatory State of Austria and Germany.

The great problem which Napoleon set himself to solve still remains unsolved in this country. Most Radicals are agreed that landed estates are an anachronism and an evil, and that their suppression is desirable. They may be right or they may be wrong, but if they are right they ought to employ the most efficient and the simplest means to bring about the desirable consummation, and they ought to profit by the experience of other nations. Now, the experience of France, as well as of smaller countries like Belgium and Bulgaria, has shown that all other means to suppress large landed estates are makeshifts, or involve such a measure of injustice and violence as renders them impracticable. The ultimate question is, therefore, whether the reform of the Testamentary Law is not even for England the only simple, direct, logical, efficient, practicable and conservative method to bring about a better social order based on equality, and that Mr. Lloyd George can only succeed by following in the footsteps of the first Napoleon.

# SILHOUETTES

*From the gallery of memory, mutascopic and fragmentary, there flashes at times a picture, many-coloured and complete; more often the screen gives back an outline, blurred in parts, yet conveying an impression so vivid and compelling that the mind holds only the salient points, and there emerges of scenes and emotions—a silhouette.*

IT was a brilliant morning. The sun was blazing, and the water cool, and it was Sunday, when a man can loaf and invite his soul. We were not rich, but we "borrowed" a motor launch, stowed a cargo of beef sandwiches and bottled beer, and felt like plutocrats. She was a down-river boat, which means she was built for work, and had none of the airy fairy smartness of the up-river craft and their swagger crew.

As far as Richmond things were very comfortable. But after we had safely engineered her through the lock we found ourselves in trouble. A punt was wobbling in midstream, aimlessly drifting right across our course.

The skipper grew excited, and said rude things. "Keep 'er out," he shouted to our steersman. "Yer don't want to drown this yere infant in his cradle?"

He pointed to the elegant young man in the punt, immaculate in creamy flannels and white shoes. I have never seen such shocked surprise on any face. He interrogated the river, questioned the low-lying meadows on either side fringed with willows, through whose green flamed the gold of laburnum, the rose-red of the may. We had come into the land where it is always afternoon tea and banjos, and they did not want us! A pleasant land, very far away from the factory, the workshop, the grind and clatter, the dust and din of our life. Hardly fair, somehow, that the young man in flannels should have it all his own way. Did he grudge us a peep at his river? Hadn't we eyes to see the gold of the laburnum? Couldn't we smell the scent of the nutsie may? And the lark that was singing in the blue of the middle heaven, wasn't he singing to us?

We slowed down as we passed Hampton Court. A dinghy shot swiftly round the bend, sent along by a slip of a girl in a green frock. She gave us a smile as she passed, and we cheered her, which was very wrong indeed; you must not shout up river: it disturbs the people taking tea!

There was a whole heap of boats waiting to go in at the next lock, smart motors, a skiff or two, and a swagger punt. Our launch was a bit unwieldy by the side of the trim-looking craft, and we were painfully conscious that a black serge suit and a billy-cock hat were hardly correct wear. Down river was the place for us, among the barges and the lighters, where the tide runs strong, and the clang of the hammers in the foundries, the throbbing of the engines in the factories, take the place of the banjo and the gramophone, and the smut and the grime of the city shut out the presence of green fields.

Somehow the beauty of the scene before us, the red in the sky, the white and pink and yellow of the flowering trees upflung against a background of soft green, gripped one almost to pain. Almond and wild cherry, lilac and chestnut drenched the air with colour and perfume; and somewhere—everywhere down river—were little children who had never gathered daisies, who would not know the deep note of the thrush. . . .

The skipper, possessing a deep knowledge of tides, announced it was time to turn, and through the soft grey gloaming we raced down stream. Some day we may visit the land of promise again, and rescue our comrades from down river. But the day is not yet. And what shall we do with the youth in cream flannels?

# MR. MASEFIELD'S PORTRAIT BY ERNEST RHYS

I.

TEN or eleven years ago—it can hardly be more—a note from Mr. Yeats served to introduce a new acquaintance, whom he said had shared adventures with a brother of the present writer's in America. This new acquaintance was Mr. John Masefield, then unknown to the world that he has excited by "The Everlasting Mercy" and probed in "The Street of To-day." One might have anticipated, from the wandering and seafaring he had done, a burly, weather-beaten, sailor-like person, with a touch in his speech of the sailor's lingo. Instead there appeared what his portrait still may suggest—a stripling-like figure with one of those faces innocent and seemingly transparent that hide more than they tell, and a voice of fine and delicate timbre. Much had happened since he had left America; and the brother with whom he had made friends had—unknown to him—died on a journey along the Hudson River banks; and there were topics in plenty to be talked on—rough experiences and wild seafaring, and hard days in queer seaports where people like Jimmy Hicks and the schooner-man rub against the shore-posts. This is not to be taken as anything more than a freely filled-in draft of that particular, or any other, conversation; for Mr. Masefield has a notable gift of taciturnity, and what he communicates is apt to be brief and to the point, with the colloquial extemporiness (the word is Dr. Johnson's) left out.

II.

The pages that carry the fantasy of those years of travel and apprenticeship are widely scattered, and include many ballads and stories. Among the latter, several ran through the columns of that classic newspaper, the *Manchester Guardian*, into which so many rare things stray by instinctive attraction. Some of these sketches were afterwards collected in "A Tarpaulin Muster," the volume that appeared in 1907. Others have, I believe, never been reprinted. A sensation of life, keenly lived and experienced, a realism dashed with imagination, was to be felt in the tales of this prentice or diploma work. They told of the souls of men and the souls of places (which are even harder to express) after a mode vivid as Bret Harte's early tales, or the "Noughts and Crosses" of "Q," although with less narrative certainty. And if we look for the personal traits in them, and the marks of those memories and apprehensions, nervous whims and susceptibilities that spring of reality, and betray the man in the book, the man's voice in the page, it is necessary for the sake of the portrait. They tell, or half-tell, what it is goes to make the other picture of the mind that is behind the mask the painter paints. So you may dip into the page describing a white night at sea, with an uncanny mist ("for the most part," says its writer, "my significant memories are of the sea!"), to get at the unusual temperament it betrays.

The imagination of life looked for in the very article of life; the other thing "greater than life expressed in life"—these are the desires of the seer, who is bound to individualise what he sees in order to relate it to his own region and vision. We come to this, then, that Mr. Masefield's portrait is that of a wanderer and a realistic visionary who may have danced below-decks with strange shipmates, but who saw in the ship's lantern all the stars of the sky strung together.

III.

It follows, too, that, having what the late Philip Gilbert Hamerton called "the itch of transcendentalism," he should be continually making experiments, venturing on the impossible; destined never to be quite satisfied perhaps with anything he does. He would surprise the ghosts, if he could, of the human hopes and fears that have been gathered up through centuries in a place, a street, a landscape, and surprise it in prose, too. Necessarily his prose gets lyrical, even too lyrical at times; as when his hero, escaped from the street of to-day, tries to envision the natural world from the hilltop. There he is seized by the exultation of the Mount of Vision. He is a creature obsessed by the spirit of life; he has the sense of being thrust up by the power of the earth into the cup of the sky, attaining a life new and strange, fiery and glorious. Richard Jefferies, in his "Story of My Heart," made the same attempt to reach the supernature that attends on nature. Herman Melville tried it in "Moley Dick." Mr. W. H. Hudson has come very near indeed to its achievement in one of his books of the Purple East. If a little gallery of the actual portraits of these transcenders of the everyday art were got together, I do not know—indeed, it is very doubtful—if there would be any family likeness; but their imaginary portraits might be given a certain subresemblance.

IV.

"Once upon a time," said the sailor, "the devil and Davy Jones came to Cardiff, to the place called Tiger Bay. They put up at Tony Adams's, not far from Pier Head, at the corner of Sunday Lane. And all the time they stayed there they used to be going to the rum-shop, where they sat at a table, smoking their cigars and dicing each other for different persons' souls. Now, you must know that the devil gets landsmen, and Davy Jones the sailor folk; and they get tired of always having the same, so then they dice each other for some of another sort."

In the Cardiff story of "Davy Jones's Gift" that thus opens, in which the sailor and the devil play for souls, we have the actual fable, it may be, of Mr. Masefield's art. For in his poems and fictions the stake is always really the same: he is playing for men's and women's souls against the ravening demons that seek to destroy the balance of "Perfect Life" and free intelligence in nature and human nature. And that, again, is why, if you want a satisfying picture of the artist in the man and the man in the artist—a hard thing to get—you must paint this portrait with a tinge of foreign colour in the cheeks.

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It will prove of interest to our readers to recall the fact that recently the Royal Society of Literature honoured itself and Mr. Masefield by awarding the distinguished poet the Polignac Prize of £100 for his poem entitled "The Everlasting Mercy." This work, published in the pages of the *English Review*, and since issued in book form, gives expression in the highest degree to those qualities of temperament and imagination emphasised by Mr. Rhys in the foregoing article. —ED.

JOHN MASEFIELD, NATUS 1878

# THE TRIAL OF THE KNIGHTS TEMPLARS

## BY HENRI MAZEL *(of the "Mercure de France")*

I.

THERE have been few trials in French history more important than that of the Templars; firstly, because of the number and rank of the accused; secondly, because of the gravity of the political consequences following their conviction; and lastly, because of the obscurity of the attendant inquiries and discussions, and the difficulty which historians even to-day find in arriving at an indisputable conclusion as regards the guilt or innocence of the Knights Templars.

It is known that the Templars, like their brothers-in-arms, the Hospitallers, constituted an order of monk-knights, having for its mission the defence of the Holy Land against the Saracens. For nearly two hundred years (to be exact, from 1119, the date of the founding of the Order by Hugues de Payens, until 1291, the date of the capture of Saint Jean d'Acre, the only fortress which in Palestine remained to the Christians) the Templars had shed their blood in floods for the Cross. In fact, at this last fateful hour, the Master of the Templars, William De Beaujeu, with 500 of his Knights, perished on the walls of Saint Jean d'Acre. From this date onward the Order of the Templars (unlike the Order of the Hospitallers, which continued the struggle against the infidels, at the same time establishing themselves at Rhodes) considered its military career as finished, and concentrated its energies solely upon the administration of its wealth, which was enormous.

II.

It is difficult to know how the Order of the Templars came to be the greatest banking house in Christendom. The Knights, at the time of the Trial, appeared little better than unlettered and stupid soldiers, with all the ignorance appertaining to such. The Grand Master, Jacques de Molay, knew neither how to speak, how to act, nor how to direct. Can it be credited that under the governing committee whom the public alone knew worked a mysterious band of financiers, weaving invisible webs, in which the kings and barons of that time found themselves caught? It is probable that this is the explanation of the eagerness with which the most powerful sovereigns of that time, the King of France and the Pope, encompassed the ruin of the Order. It is incontestable that there were as many mysteries connected with the Order of the Templars as with that of the Masons, which body, it is said, became heir to their secrets. It is difficult to fathom the motive for these secret practices. Was it simply the desire of throwing dust in the eyes of the public, or was it a means of indulging with impunity in sacrilegious orgies, as their accusers would have it; or was it merely a process of carrying on shady financial operations? One cannot say. It is, nevertheless, curious that at the time of the trial, when the wealth of the Templars was undoubtedly the true cause of their condemnation, their status as bankers was never called into question.

Without a doubt, it was in order to appropriate the wealth of the Order that the Chancellor, William de Nogaret, attacked them. King Philippe-le-Bel was in great straits for money, and the Order was known to be inordinately rich, being possessed of nearly ten thousand manors in Christendom, and holding in its hands the greater part of the money deposits then in existence. A judicial robbery which Nogaret had essayed against the Jews in 1306 had not been productive of great results, so in the following year it was decided to take proceedings against the Templars. Whether the Jews had any part in this change of front cannot be affirmed, for it was not until later, and indirectly by taking their place, that they profited by the ruin of the banker-knights.

III.

The arrest of the Templars was made with a precision and a rapidity of which there are few examples in history. Even to-day, with all our resources of administration, we could hardly succeed better in bringing off such a colossal coup. Sealed orders had been sent by Nogaret to all the King's officers. These were opened at the same hour, and the authorities immediately arrested all the Templars in their jurisdiction. Nowhere was there any resistance. The Templars themselves were not prepared. It is true they were well aware that in popular opinion they were held in disfavour, and still more so in that of the King of France; but nothing could have made them credit the possibility of such an unexpected catastrophe. Jacques de Molay was quite justified in believing that he had dissipated all prejudice against him in the mind of the Pope, and that he was on good terms with the King. On October 12th, 1307, he was seen in the company of Philippe-le-Bel in Paris at the funeral of a princess of the Court; but the following day he was arrested with 139 of his brethren, being all of the Order that were then in Paris.

They were delivered over to the Inquisition, an Inquisition fully as devoted to the King as that of Spain to its monarch, and which did not hesitate to have recourse to the most terrible tortures in order to drag from its unhappy victims whatever it was desired that they should confess. In order to blacken the Templars in the eyes of the people, as well as in those of the Church, it was thought necessary to convict them of sacrilege, orgies, and unnatural vices. The unfortunate men, conquered by suffering, confessed that the Order had a secret law, that the knights denied Christ, spat on the Cross, and gave themselves up to infamous practices. The tortures had been so atrocious that twenty-five of the accused died after the ordeal of questioning. A few, however, of the more heroic, with difficulty, were able to withstand the tortures. All the others, and among them Jacques de Molay, confessed to whatever their executioners desired, "*dixerunt voluntatem torquentium.*"

IV.

Their fate would have been sealed from this moment if Clement V. had not intervened. The Pope was a deplorably weak man, but the iniquity of the officers of the King of France had been so odious that he could not choose but raise his voice against them. This he did in order to delay proceedings. Nogaret felt that his prey would escape him if he could not silence the Pope, and to that end he set on foot against him a campaign of violent calumny accompanied by unbridled threats. The King of France held over the unhappy Pope the proceedings which had been brought against the memory of Boniface VIII., who had been a personal enemy of the King, and whose memory that monarch desired to dishonour. Clement V., however, sought to save it, feeling that otherwise the Papacy itself would be dishonoured along with it. A compromise was

effected; Philippe-le-Bel did homage to the memory of Boniface VIII., and Clement V. abandoned the Templars to their fate.

The trial against the Order itself was relegated to a General Council, which was convoked at Vienne, in Provence; but the trial against the persons of the Templars was given to the hands of the Diocesan Bishops and of the Inquisitors. This was what Nogaret wanted; he was certain of being able to lay hands on his victims whenever he should desire it. To begin with, he allowed a Pontifical commission to be formed at Paris, and before this appeared those Templars already interrogated by the Inquisitor, William, being those brethren who, on the rack, had renounced the vows of the Order.

Brother Ponsard de Gisi afterwards wrote of the matter in these words: "They bound my hands behind my back so tightly that the blood spurted from my finger-nails. Further, I was made to submit to other tortures equally severe. I denied all that I now believe. I said everything they wanted me to." Another brother, Aimery de Villiers-le-Duc, writes in a similar strain: "I could not resist the torture by fire; I confessed to anything. I feel that I should have confessed that I had murdered God had they demanded it."

V.

The King's satellites now began to scent danger to themselves, and at once had recourse to the Episcopal authority, which the Pope had unhappily authorised. The Archbishop of Sens, Metropolitan of the Bishop of Paris, was the brother of one of the principal ministers of the King. He was a man of great authority and versatility. He brought together a provincial council, an inquisitorial tribunal which possessed the right of condemning those accused without appeal, and of having those who had been arrested executed on the day of or the day following their condemnation. In virtue of this atrocious right, fifty-four Templars who had recanted were condemned as heretics, and on the same day were publicly burnt on a spot between the gate Saint Antoine and the Bois de Vincennes, on May 12th, 1310.

From this moment there were no more recantations. The Council of Vienne, in Provence, assembled, and was closely supervised by the King of France, who was in residence at Lyons. Nine knights presented themselves unexpectedly for the purpose of defending the Order. They were thrown into prison without being given a hearing. As the Council was not sufficiently docile, the King himself removed to Vienne, and it was there that, on the 3rd of April, 1312, the Pope read a Bull, *Vox in excelso*, the object of which was to satisfy Philippe-le-Bel without seeming to violate the claims of justice. The Pope declared that nothing appeared against the Order which would justify canonical condemnation, but that the Order was odious to the King of France, and that no one had appeared to defend it. Thereupon he decreed its suppression, not by a definite sentence, but by a provisional measure.

VI.

This was the utmost that the King desired, for it allowed him to lay his hands on the goods of the Templars. At once his indebtedness to them (for the Order was a creditor of the King of France for enormous sums) became extinct, from the mere fact of the suppression of the Templars. Afterwards the King repudiated his debts, and these were so heavy that the Hospitallers, to whom the goods of the Templars had been transferred, were more impoverished than enriched by this Greek gift. It was therefore the Royal treasury which, as Nogaret had wished, benefited by this odious act of spoliation.

Those Templars who were still in prison were released, or at least those who confessed themselves guilty. The others were broken by the tortures which the Inquisition was wont to inflict upon heretics and unbelievers. The two highest dignitaries of the Order, Jacques de Molay and Geoffroy de Charney, ought to have been freed from prison after having served seven years, inasmuch as they had confessed to the crimes of which they had been accused. This they had hoped would be the case; but they were sentenced to perpetual detention. Then from the depths of their despair their courage returned. "We are only guilty," they cried, "of having basely betrayed our Order with the object of saving our lives. The Order is pure; it is saintly; the accusations are absurd; the confessions lies." They were at once delivered over to the Provost of Paris, and on the same day beheaded on an island in the Seine, which is now part of the city, and which supports the statue of Henry IV. by the Pont Neuf. Their tardy heroism redeemed somewhat their former weakness and honoured their Order.

VII.

During the six months which followed, Pope Clement V., King Philippe-le-Bel, and his Chancellor, Nogaret, died. Popular opinion regarded their deaths as the just chastisement of their cruel conduct against the Knights Templars, and as a proof of the innocence of these latter.

As regards this last-named point, history has ended by ratifying the verdict pronounced by contemporaneous opinion. Those who have believed in the guilt of the Templars have been carried away by their desire to absolve the King or to excuse the Pope. In fine, the Templars were innocent; and those condemned in 1307 and 1314 should be regarded as victims of the atrocious hate of a Chancellor, of the cupidity of a King, and the weakness of a Pope.

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# RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS

## COMPETITION No. I.

Prize of £5 for an Essay on THE BEST METHODS OF ORGANIZING READING CIRCLES IN CONNECTION WITH "EVERYMAN."

PRIZE.—M. Taylor, Old Manor House, Presham, North Shields.

HIGHLY COMMENDED.—(1) Rev. A. Hankey, 8, Second Avenue, Hove; (2) Charles H. Rule, 39, Hardman Lane, Failsworth, Manchester; (3) R. H. Boyd, 52, Weltje Road, Hammersmith, London.

## COMPETITION No. II.

Prize of £3 for the best Essay on THE ENGLISH BOOKS MOST SUITABLE FOR A SCHOOL CURRICULUM FOR BOYS AND GIRLS OF 14-18.

PRIZE.—A. G. Phillips. (We should be glad if Mr. Phillips would communicate with us.)

HIGHLY COMMENDED.—(1) Miss Marie Lattersall, 40, Bessborough Road, Birkenhead; (2) Miss Emily Collyns, 10, Queen's Crescent, York Road, Exeter, Devon; (3) J. Inch Low, High School, Stirling.

## COMPETITION No. III.

Prize of £2 for the best Essay on THE FEMALE CHARACTERS OF BERNARD SHAW.

PRIZE.—Arthur Owen Orrett, 55, Botanic Avenue, Dublin.

HIGHLY COMMENDED.—(1) C. G. L. Du Cane, 21, Henshall Road, Chester; (2) John Ritchie, 8, Albany Lane, Dumfries.

# H. G. WELLS

## By Richard Curle

I.

Criticising Mr. Wells is rather like criticising an active volcano—any moment he may burst out on completely new ground. For he has the mind of a tireless experimenter. He is never satisfied with one position for long. And he has all the Socialist's fervour in regard to life—his is a positive attitude. He knows there are things worth getting, and he intends to get them. In all his later books there is an enormous visible struggle after some ideal which he is just unable to express. For, curiously enough, he gives one, in spite of his fluency and mastery of expression, a sense of incoherency. It is never quite clear what his aims really are—perhaps because they are always changing, because he thinks too quickly. At any rate, the result is that, although he is the easiest of writers to read, he is one of the most difficult to keep up with. His rapid, questioning, and restless brain permeates his work below the surface, as it were. His novels are really immense doctrinaire tracts on the problems of existence, stated so dramatically, so fascinatingly, and with what we may call such devilish cleverness that they have had probably more influence on recent opinion than the works of anyone else. For, to the younger generation, Wells is a force, and Shaw isn't. In another few years, no doubt, someone else will be a force, and Wells won't—but that doesn't concern us here.

II.

But Mr. Wells' novels are not merely dissertations on life; they are something much better than that—they are alive in themselves. They are full of electric vitality, of boundless energy. His characters have the advantage of being really interesting. They are seldom creations in the highest sense of the word (perhaps Uncle Ponderevo, of "Tono-Bungay" is his greatest achievement in that line), but they are certainly not dummies and certainly not just repetitions of the author's personality. They live, not because of profound or delicate psychology, but because of the vast energy with which they are imagined. For Mr. Wells pours into them all the cravings of this nervous generation; they are representative of every tendency of our time. One feels that Mr. Wells must be acutely sensitive to surrounding conditions. More than any other writer he gives one the idea of having his finger on the very pulse of the passing moment. And with it all he is intensely critical—not a mere observer at all, not a mere approver. He accepts nothing without putting it to the test of his own judgment. And he is fearless, not simply of conventionality, but (what is much rarer in that type of mind) of unconventionality. He is inherently inquisitive, he likes knowledge—knowledge of people, knowledge of movements, knowledge of sensations, knowledge of facts. And he doesn't want only to watch, he wants to be at the wheel; he wants to taste life, and he wants to guide it.

III.

Broadly speaking, one can divide Mr. Wells' work into three classes—scientific romances and stories, sociological studies, novels. In the first class you have such books as "The War of the Worlds" and the "First Men in the Moon"—distinguished by a singular quality of minute realism. He uses technical terms so skilfully that he makes his narrative precise, clear-cut, and strangely convincing. He is like Poe in his gift of rendering powerfully the emotions of people in physical as apart from spiritual crises. And, above all, he is exciting, absorbingly exciting. He knows how to create in his readers that responsive mood which is the secret of the romancer.

And in his sociological studies, too, he writes with that personal air of conviction which is so telling. His style is almost familiar. He seems to be speaking at one with friendly and reasonable vehemence. There is nothing eccentric about him. He indulges in none of those brilliant flashes which one naturally distrusts. Yet he gives invariably a feeling of extraordinary cleverness and sincerity. He reads like a prophet who has donned a new mantle.

IV.

But, of course, Mr. Wells' really important books are his novels. It is they which have raised his reputation to where it stands; it is by them that he will be placed hereafter. They display all his usual gifts—realism, detail, vitality, and so on; but they are saturated with a kind of malicious spirit of caricature which you aren't aware of in the earlier books. Nowadays Mr. Wells appears always to have his knife into someone or something. One has the impression that he is hard at work paying back old scores. Yet, with it all, his huge zest for life still remains. His latest novel, "Marriage," shows it as strongly as ever; so do the "New Machiavelli," "Tono-Bungay"—all of them, in fact. His novels have the bright hardness of an emotional, imaginative, but not too compassionate nature. His sympathy with the unfortunate is very real, but no more real than is his irritation with the smug.

The best of all his books whatsoever is "Tono-Bungay," for it is the book of his that is the most original, the most breathing, and the only one in which there is an abiding glow of atmosphere. In other words, it is the greatest just because it is the most poetical in its realism. The description of the quap upon the shores of the African wild is very impressive, and the whole underlying plot of the book is romantic. "Tono-Bungay" is truly imaginative, much more imaginative than the "New Machiavelli," for instance, because it is not all conceived in that one tone of startling light. Moreover, it is less polemical than "The New Machiavelli" or "Marriage," and thus the more centralised. Perhaps, after all, its nearest rivals amongst his novels is the ever fresh and delightful "Kipps." In regard to the others, "Love and Mr. Lewisham" and "Mr. Polly" are of the order of "Kipps," but "Anne Veronica" is decidedly tedious.

V.

Mr. Wells' style represents clearly the qualities and limitations of his mind—it is a keen style, and pliable, and most capable, but it is not touched with the finest modulations. It is not, as a rule, either thrilling or poetical, but it is invariably alert, virile, and amazingly in hand. He is an absolute master of his medium.

One must admit that lapses from good taste are not uncommon in Mr. Wells' work. As to that, he would probably answer that good taste was a mid-Victorian fetich. Nevertheless, there is such a thing, and it seems as well not to offend it, considering that it has really nothing to do with Mrs. Grundy but is much more subtle. Somehow one does feel uncomfortable when one notes how Mr. Wells causes undergraduates to speak, or when one hears his heroines crying so often, "Oh, my dear"; then naturally his very prevalent tone of stinging satire leaves its mark—not altogether a pleasant mark.

Still, these are trifles which must count for very little in the burning energy of his work.

# LITERARY NOTES

BIOGRAPHY is dear to the heart of every bookman, and I make this my excuse for referring again to Sir Sidney Lee, who, if not the most eminent, is certainly the most experienced of living biographers. In the current number of the *Nineteenth Century and After*, Sir Sidney records some of his editorial impressions in connection with the newly published volumes of the "Dictionary of National Biography." Incidentally, the article sheds a strong light upon the principles which ought to govern all biographic effort. These the author has already expounded in his Leslie Stephen Lecture, but they receive reinforcement in the light of his latest experiences.

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It will, I daresay, interest many readers of EVERYMAN to learn that Sir Sidney Lee has become a convert to early biography. That there are very decided advantages in writing a biography soon after the death of the subject few will be disposed to deny, for, as Sir Sidney Lee observes, if the task is postponed to a period when direct testimony is no longer available, much of biographical value is likely to be missed. On the other hand, early biography has this very important disadvantage, that it is extremely difficult for the biographer to see his subject in its true proportions. I am aware that there are instances of early biography in which the proper perspective has been obtained, but, as a rule, I should say the chances of success are immeasurably increased if the writing of the biography of a man of conspicuous eminence is delayed for at least five years.

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Towards the close of his article, Sir Sidney Lee pays a tribute to the "ardour and magnanimity" of his contributors, despite the fact that he was compelled, in many cases, to handle their MSS. pretty freely. A striking instance of this came under my own notice. A contributor whom I knew possessed a decided talent for circumlocution found (on his MS. being returned with the proof) his article so transformed that his claims to be the author were certainly dubious. The MS. was literally one mass of deletions and corrections. But, though somewhat taken aback, the hapless contributor uttered no complaint. Indeed, such was his confidence in the ability and judgment of his editor that he tried to profit by this lesson in subsequent contributions to the Dictionary, and, I believe, largely succeeded.

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In the December issue of *Blackwood's Magazine* there is a discriminating tribute to the late editor, Mr. William Blackwood, which, I should not be surprised to learn, is from the pen of Mr. D. S. Meldrum. There are two kinds of editors. In the first class I should place the late Mr. W. T. Stead, the impress of whose strong personality was to be found on almost every page of his magazine. The other class of editors are those who possibly never write a line for their journals, but whose influence, nevertheless, is equally powerful by reason of the unerring skill with which they judge literary wares and gauge the needs of their readers.

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Mr. Blackwood belonged to the latter category. He was not a writer himself, nor a man of outstanding intellectual ability; but he knew a good article when he saw it. To my mind one of the most gratifying features of his long editorial reign is the encouragement he gave to young writers. He tried, as has been well said, to make reputations, and not to buy them ready made. The tendency nowadays is to worship "names," not literary merit. It is forgotten that some eminent writers have a habit of living on their past reputation, and frequently adhibit their names to articles which are unworthy of them. It is to Mr. Blackwood's credit that he encouraged by liberal remuneration literary merit wherever he found it.

* * * * *

The departure of Sir Hugh Clifford for the Gold Coast, where he will shortly assume the duties of Governor, recalls the interesting fact that he is not only a distinguished Colonial Civil Servant, but a man of considerable literary capacity. For many years he was resident in the Malay States, and wrote two books on that region which are now recognised as standard works. "In Court and Kampong," published some fifteen years ago, gives many fascinating pictures of native life. This was followed in 1905 by "Further India," in which Sir Hugh graphically, as well as authoritatively, relates the story of exploration in Burma, Malaya, Siam, and Indo-China. The new Governor of the Gold Coast is also joint compiler of a dictionary of the Malay tongue. Lady Clifford was formerly Mrs. Henry de la Pasture, under which name, I need hardly add, she has published many popular novels and plays.

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In the obituary notice of Father John Gerard, in the *Times*, mention is made of his book on the Gunpowder Plot; but, by a curious omission, no reference is made to the fact that it attracted the notice of the late Mr. S. R. Gardiner, who subjected it to the withering fire of his criticism. Those who would find the great historian at his best should read the reply to Father Gerard in his book, "What Gunpowder Plot Was." In later times Father Gerard, in his "The Old Riddle and the Newest Answer," crossed swords with Haeckel. This book also created some stir, and quickly ran through several editions.

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The Bodleian Library, Oxford, which, like the British Museum and other three libraries, is entitled to a copy of every book published in this country, is being extended in order to cope with the formidable influx. During the debates on the new Copyright Act, it was urged that extension would be unnecessary if the authorities restricted their demands to books suitable for the library. I am glad, however, that the Bodleian persists in making what Lord Haldane called "a sort of omnibus demand for every book," for it is difficult to over-estimate the advantage of having libraries in various parts of the country to which the reader may resort with every confidence that he will see the book he wants.

* * * * *

I am glad to note that preparations are about to be made for the fitting celebration of the 300th anniversary of the publication of the work in which John Napier of Merchiston first described his famous invention of logarithms. Napier was not exactly a man to stir the popular imagination, but in simplifying and shortening the processes of multiplication and division, he made us all his debtors. Hume somewhere in his "History" refers to Napier as the person to whom the title of a great man is more justly due than to any other whom Scotland ever produced. Hume did not live to know Burns and Scott, and his judgment will not be upheld; but unquestionably Napier was a man considerably in advance of his age. He not only invented and wrote books on logarithms: he devised warlike machines for defence.

X. Y. Z.

# THE STREET THAT NEVER SLEEPS

All day long it resounds with the roar of traffic, and at night, when the whole world around is hushed, its presses throb with fierce intensity. In the dark, deserted streets of the City itself (where the very houses seem not merely to sleep, but to be dead) silence reigns supreme, but, west of Ludgate Circus, you come on a scene of feverish bustle and excitement. All is light and movement. Dozens of men are rushing with white bales of papers to waiting carts, whose drivers are vociferously eager to be off. Motors are speeding away at a reckless pace. There is a babel of strange sounds—curious orders shouted in stentorian voices, mingled with entreaties to "hurry up." What is happening? The "dailies" are catching their trains, and, though nearly two o'clock in the morning, it is *the* hour of all others for Fleet Street, for, note well if these are missed, then the work of the day goes for nothing. Every nerve, therefore, is strained to avert that calamity; from the chief "Sub" to the "Printer's Devil," everybody works as one man.

* * *

In the old days, indeed—so the story runs—at least one proprietor used himself, on occasions, to join in the ardours of the rush, until a new hand from the North, who knew not Pharaoh, one night told the great man to "Get oot o' the way." A fat, excitable little person, he used to drop more copies than he ever carried to the carts, what time he proclaimed aloud his impending ruin to the perplexed crowd, who assembled at the strange spectacle of a gentleman in evening dress clasping a four-quire bundle to his shirt front. But his was the spirit that wins through even in Fleet Street, where many a great circulation has been built up with little capital, but confidence and hard work. That clean-shaven, hard-faced man, for instance, elbowing his way through the crowd with the swing of a boy, and reputed to be worth thousands, was, not long ago, a struggling journalist, hard put to it to live. He conceived a bright idea for a paper—and it made his fortune. His friend, who waves to him from a motor, came penniless to Fleet Street from Australia but a year or so ago, and is to-day a rich man, reputed to know more about the science of advertising than any ten others.

* * *

Fleet Street has been kind to these. But there are others who pass one by in the jostling, eager crowd, men of worn mien and anxious air, some of them brilliant scholars, some of them writers whose books are known throughout Europe, some of them men who seemed once to have the world of letters at their feet. But they have missed their chance. The reading public has forgotten their achievements, and the years find them still struggling on, although hope has left them—the tragedies of the street, "whose ways," poor Robert Buchanan said bitterly, "were paved with broken hearts!"

* * *

Every failure is not a tragedy, however. Some of the unsuccessful take life with a light touch, instinct with that spirit of adventure that finds exhilaration in the glorious uncertainty that depresses other more careful souls. And then the chances of existence fluctuate so swiftly in Fleet Street. To-day a man is penniless, living on hope—in the confident assurance that the book which he is writing will one day ring the bell, that the articles he so patiently submits to office after office will eventually see the light of day in print and materialise into a pink beneficent cheque. To-morrow the unexpected has happened; a new paper has been started, which strikes the angle of his particular point of view. His "copy," that a little while ago was mere waste paper, becomes an asset, and his articles are in demand. Many are the devices that editors, more kindly or less determined than their fellows, employ to keep the outside contributor at bay. The presiding genius of a big weekly, unable to find it in his heart to turn down the many applicants that offered him their articles, hit on a plan for cutting short the interview. He would place a sheet of manuscript, freshly written, on the chair beside his desk on the approach of a pressman, and thus ensure a speedy issue to the conversation. There was no other chair available, and the eloquence of the greatest hustler in the street inevitably filtered into a thin stream under the prolonged ordeal of standing. For the most part, if you don't sound your own trumpet in the newspaper world, nobody will do it for you. That is perhaps partly the reason for the failure of real talent. Ineffective genius is one of the saddest things in all the world.

* * *

But the street that never sleeps is too concerned with the world's business to think overmuch of its own failures, and, besides, it is served by all sorts and conditions of men, and has learnt to take the rough with the smooth. Too many figures crowd upon its consciousness for it to give them more than passing thought, figures that seem to baffle classification and to defy analysis. There is, for instance, that strange irregular of the press, "the liner," the man who to-day reports a fire at Dalston, and who to-morrow chronicles a burglary in Regent Street, who writes up a murder or a wedding with equal gusto, and who seems incapable either of reticence or fatigue. He has no regular engagement, no settled work. But his sources of information, like Sam Weller's, are extensive and peculiar, and seem to cover half London. His ingenuity and resource are endless. Sometimes he gets the first news of a great "scoop" that startles all the world. Sometimes he is idle for days on end. He is bright, alert, indomitable; not always, alas! is he reliable. He is the last of the old Bohemian figures that used to crowd the street, which are now, slowly but surely, giving way before the impact of a younger generation.

* * *

Of all the representatives of that generation, none, I venture to say, have had so truly a revolutionary effect as the lady journalist. At her coming, as the Napoleon of the press has told us; the old Bohemianism vanished, and the street became more businesslike, more efficient, less slovenly, and more human. The new spirit found expression in several directions. The dingy old offices, hidden away in corners of quaint courts—picturesque, if insanitary—gave way to spacious buildings, beautifully furnished, admirably equipped. Woman proved herself again the great civilising agent, and Fleet Street became respectable.

* * *

It is only when the ladies have gone home, when late at night the news is crowding in, and the tape is busiest, that we lapse back to the old condition of affairs. For then we have no time to think of the amenities, we forget ourselves in the pressure of the work in hand. Perhaps, after all, that is when we are at our best, and fulfilling our truest function. For surely the greatness and the tragedy of Fleet Street consists in this: that it is ready to tell anybody's story—except its own.

M. H.

# NOSTALGIA

## By Peter Altenberg

It was a gigantic yellow house, and it stood amidst meadows and orchards.

It was a school for girls, especially for "Englischen Fräulein." Pious, gentle nuns taught in it, and there was a great deal of home-sickness within its walls.

Fathers came sometimes to visit their little daughters and take them out. "Papa, God greet thee," said the little Austrian daughters, and in the simple music of the greeting lay the hymn of their whole small hearts. In "Adieu, papa," it died away like harp-arpeggios.

. . . . . .

I sat alone one rainy November Sunday afternoon in the warm, snug café of the little country town, smoking and dreaming.

A tall, handsome man came in with a wonderful little girl. She was exactly like an angel without wings, in a green velvet coat.

The gentleman took a place at my table. "Bring illustrated papers for the child," he said to the waiter.

"Thank you, papa, but I don't want them," said the angel without wings.

Silence. Then the father asked:

"What's the matter with you?"

"Nothing," answered the child.

"How far on are you in mathematics?" he asked again, feeling that this was a safe general topic.

"At fractions," said the angel. "What are they? What's the use of them? I haven't the least idea. Why must one learn arithmetic? I can't understand why."

"Long hair, short understanding," said her father smiling, and playfully stroked the fair, silky locks that shone like gold.

"Well. Why must one . . ."

Silence again. I don't think I ever saw such a pathetic little face. It trembled like a flower in a snowstorm. It reminded you of Eleonora Duse saying "Oh!" or of Gemma Bellincioni singing it.

The father thought to himself, "A little mental arithmetic will be a distraction. Anyhow, it can do her no harm. . . . Her interest needs rousing. . . ." So he said aloud: "Arithmetic is fine. It used to be my forte at school." (A gleam of long past arithmetical triumphs flitted over his face.) "Now look here. . . . Suppose . . . for example, that someone buys a house. Are you listening?"

"Yes. Someone buys a house."

"Say, for example, the house you were born it at Görz. (He thought that it would make the lesson more exciting to bring knowledge into relationship with family affairs.) Say it cost 20,000 gulden. How much ground-rent would it have to bring in to make it worth 5 per cent.?"

The angel said: "No one can possibly know that. . . . Papa, does Uncle Victor come often now to see us?"

"No. He comes very seldom. When he does come he sits in your empty schoolroom. Now attend to me. How much is 5 per cent. interest on 20,000 florins? As many five florins, of course, as there are hundreds in 20,000. That is simple enough, isn't it?"

"Oh, yes," the child said, without seeing it in the least. She wondered why Uncle Victor came so seldom.

The father continued: "How much must it bring in in rents?—1,000 florins. It's quite simple."

"Yes, 1,000. Papa, does the big white lamp in the dining-room still smoke when it is lit?"

"I believe so. Now you have some idea of 'interest,' haven't you?"

"I suppose so. But, papa, how can money yield interest? It is not like a pear-tree. It is just dead money."

"Little duffer!" said her father, and thought, "It's her teachers' business, after all."

Another silence, broken by a whisper, "Papa, I want to go home with you . . . please. . . ."

"No, you are too sensible a little girl."

Two tears came swimming slowly down her cheeks, shimmering pearls of home-sickness. Then she said with a smile:

"There are three little sisters at school, papa. The eldest may eat three buns for tea, the next eldest two, and the youngest only one. I wonder if next term they will be raised?"

Her father laughed. "There, you see, you ought to be happy at school. You have plenty of fun."

"Fun! Things may be funny and make us laugh without making us happy."

"You little philosopher," he said, looking at her proudly, and he read in the dewy, shining eyes of his little daughter that philosophy and life were one and the same thing.

She became rosy and pale, pale and rosy by turns. A kind of combat went on in the sweet, small face. "Adieu, papa; oh! papa, adieu," was written on it.

I should have liked to say to the father, "That little Madonna-like face, sir, has a breaking heart underneath." He would have answered, "My dear sir, it can't be helped. *C'est la vie.* Everyone, you know, cannot sit in a café smoking and dreaming all day."

"Where are you in history?" the father asked, thinking to distract her again.

"We are doing Egypt," answered the little girl.

"Egypt? That's capital!" he said, as if there was no other country in the world to compare with Egypt. "The Pyramids," he said. "Mummies, King Cheops. Then the Babylonians and Assyrians, eh? . . ." The more he could trot out the better, he thought.

"Yes, all those," said the child, as much as to say, "What do I care about dead races?"

"When do you have dancing?" asked her father cheerfully. Dancing was a lively theme.

"To-day."

"At what time?"

"When you are gone, papa. Dancing is from seven to eight."

"Ah! Capital! Dancing is good for you. Be industrious. Take pains with your dancing."

. . . . . .

The pair rose to go, and I came forward and said: "Excuse me, sir; excuse me. I have a very great favour to ask of you."

"Indeed. What may it be?"

"I entreat you, sir, to let your little daughter off her dancing lesson to-day."

He stared at me. Then he pressed my hand.

"Granted," he said.

The angel looked up at me with her shining eyes.

"How is it you understand me so perfectly, strange man?" the eyes said.

"Run along," he said to the child. Then he turned to me again. "I beg your pardon," he said, "but is it the right principle?"

"Yes, certainly," I replied. "In affairs that affect the soul the only right principle is to have no principle."—*Translated by Beatrice Marshall.*

## THE "WESTWARD HO!" AND "REFUGEES" CONTROVERSY

As the Editor has asked me to undertake the honourable, if rather dangerous, task of summing up this debate, it would be pusillanimous to refuse; but, as in nearly all critical cases, there are hardly any positive statutes to appeal to, and the common or case-made law of the subject is of a very vague and floating description.

Perhaps to say that Father Benson has answered himself is not only the shortest but the best "rede," and I have no doubt that both Mr. Candlish and Mr. Huffington saw this in their different ways and with regard to their different subjects. "One of the best historical novels in the world" means "one of the best prose epics in the world," and when you view it in that light, the question of truth simply falls. The maker has made, by his accuser's confession—and made consummately—that which he set out to make; and nobody has any business to complain that he did not make something else. On the other hand, as I understand it, without taking any side on this part of the question, it is scarcely alleged that "The Refugees" is one of the best historical novels in the world; and, that being so, it is deprived of its privilege, and is open to indictment on fresh counts. But of it I should prefer to say no more, for I have a great objection to speaking of the work of living writers unless I am actually reviewing it.

On the "Westward Ho!" side, however, there is more to be said, and something not difficult to say. It is quite unnecessary to review the details of Monsignor Benson's charge. Having a tolerably familiar acquaintance, not merely with the literature, but with the history of the sixteenth century, I should certainly say that in cruelty, treachery, injustice, and general confidence their own end justified any means, the Reformers were no whit behind their opponents; in fact, considering their smaller numbers and lesser opportunities, they probably deserved the palm—or whatever vegetable is the symbol of demerit. Nor, though I am a very patriotic person, can I vindicate for the English so extreme a superiority in those respects over the Spaniards—though perhaps we deserve a less scarlet colouring than they do. The point is, "does the frank partisanship of Kingsley's attitude injure the artistic effect of his book?" Monsignor Benson seems, accuser as he is, to admit that it does not. Now, curiously enough, I should say (speaking quite impartially) that it conceivably might do so. For my own part, having read "Westward Ho!" I should say about once a year—at least once a year or two—since it was first given me in 1859, I can also say that, from the very first, I never thought of taking my views of history from it. But there is undoubtedly a kind of propaganda—certainly a kind of purpose—in the book, and in so far it is open to the reproach of being bad art. If a man cannot disengage himself from that purpose, cannot even utilise it as a stimulus and vivifying agent, and neglect it as anything else, then, *to him*, it is bad art; but whether this is his fault or Kingsley's is another question. *I* should say it is his.

For myself, I disagree *in toto* with Shelley's religious and poetical views; but I never found these views—or his eagerness in attempting to make proselytes to them—interfere in the very slightest degree with my enjoyment of him as a poet. Though I disagree far less, I still do not agree, with Kingsley's political and (if not with his religious) with his ecclesiastical views. I know him to be a master of inaccurate though honest statement, and an almost equal master of, again honest, paralogism and fallacy. But these things are, in the first place, flagrantly—almost childishly—open, and, in the second, they are ultimately whelmed in; they even, by the passion and conviction with which the writer produces them, add to the volume and vigour of his creative presentment. It is, of course, not wrong—it is, on the contrary, quite right to point them out; but in the circumstances they can neither be sentenced nor even condemned—only left to be called up for judgment on the Greek Kalends.

There are some minutiæ into which I have neither space nor desire to enter, such as the case in which proselytism in a work of art is malicious and insidious, not open and *naif*. This would, of itself, be inconsistent with good art, and, therefore, could never be excused by it. But in the case before us the thing seems to me to be simple enough. The beatification of art has been achieved, the work has entered into the heaven thereof, and so its faults are purged—nay, they have even ceased to be faults at all.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

* * *

## CORRESPONDENCE

### THE CASE FOR THE EUGENIST.

*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

DEAR SIR,—Your contributor, Mr. Hector Macpherson, seems rather to have deserted his thesis in his article entitled "The Case Against the Eugenist," which, while it is very interesting, does not appear to state the case either for or against the Eugenist, but merely a set of co-existent problems.

One sentence at least is woefully ambiguous—"the new science of Eugenics would stop Nature's waste by the propagation of the fit." That sentence may mean two things, one of which is quite absurd, and so can be disregarded, as I am sure that Mr. Macpherson had no desire to imply that "Nature's waste" is "by propagation of the fit"; the other is right, so far as it goes, but it shows that your contributor has missed the whole point of the science of Eugenics, which seeks to "stop Nature's waste" by *preventing* the propagation of the *un*fit—quite a different thing.

Mr. Macpherson, for the purposes of his "argument," has fallen into the usual error of endeavouring to dissociate heredity from environment, although his remarks about "social heredity" appear to show that at the back of his mind he is convinced of their inseparableness.

The action of heredity apart from environment is most felt in matters relating to temperament and mental defectiveness, and it is against this, particularly in the case of epileptics, that the Eugenists' campaign is principally directed.

I am sure that the bulk of Eugenists will agree with the abolition of slums and the improvement of environment generally, but the improvement must come from both ends; to use a homely simile, in order to minimise the amount of ash from your sitting-room fire, you do not *only* improve your grate, but *also* you seek for a better, cleaner burning coal.

Legislation at present militates against the raising of the physical and moral standard by encouraging the reckless and improvident, as well as the unfit (biologically), to propagate thoughtlessly, and laying such heavy burdens on the middle-class man that he is forced into a soul-cramping, nature-souring repression, or an even more wasteful veiled licentiousness, in order to live; here we have, I think, the real

problem, where the Eugenist, the Hygienist and the Religionist meet on common ground.—I am, sir, etc.,

CHAS. S. ADCOCK.

Birmingham, December 6th, 1912.

## CONSTANTINOPLE FOR CHRISTENDOM.

*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

DEAR SIR,—Does the Rev. Percy Dearmer seriously suggest that King Ferdinand of Bulgaria and King Peter of Servia were only actuated by Christian motives in declaring war upon the Turks?

If Europe shuddered when this took place, it absolutely rocked with horror and indignation when King Peter so far forgot his Christian obligations as to connive at the murder of his predecessor.

In the light of present events, it is probably bad taste for me to mention this, but one is compelled to consider it a freak of fancy that the Balkan Nero should be judged a Christian hero.

I should like proofs also of King Ferdinand ever showing the slightest feeling of sympathy for the miserable Macedonians.

He saw Macedonia not as a country misruled, misgoverned, and under the heel of religious fanatics, but as a country rich in potential possibilities, the attaining of which would prove the crowning point of a life's ambition.

The reverend gentleman's article, in my opinion, breathes the same spirit that has made Mohammedanism the sinister force it is to-day—a religion inculcating a fervour that brooks no obstacles, sees no danger, for the extension of which the Turks, as a disunited nation, are willing to fight as one man, and fight and suffer for months under conditions that would not be tolerated by any other army in the world.

We, as Christians, must remember (we so often forget) that the milk of human kindness is not an ingredient of Mohammedanism. Brotherly love is considered by the Turks an unnatural weakness.

Their religion is essentially a religion of the sword. When they slay innocent unbelievers, they are performing a religious duty, and if only Christians were half as determined to carry out their religious duties as the Turks are to perform theirs it would be a splendid thing for Christianity.

Christian slackness has caused quite as much misery in this world as Mahomet's tenets of intolerance. We know perfectly well that wherever the Turk has conquered, he has brought ruin, tears, and devastation. But he cannot help it! He is as much amazed at Europe considering him incompetent as we Europeans are at his incompetence. It is Europe's fault the Balkans are throbbing with war to-day—a war that Europeans are fondly hoping will soon be over. The signing of Peace treaties, or any safeguard with the Turks, means absolutely nothing, so far as the principle of adhering to them is concerned. She really would appreciate a breather.

The Ottoman problem will yet become the most serious that European diplomatists have had to face.

The sword of Mahomet is never sheathed, and Europe must wake up to the fact that the surest guarantee of her peace and progress is the absolute suppression of Turkey as a controlling or governing nation.—I am, sir, etc., F. W. M.

Nottingham, December 6th, 1912.

*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

SIR,—In expressing my thanks for EVERYMAN, which I hold to be the best penny literary paper, and one which allows universal freedom of expression, I beg your indulgence for a few remarks on your article, "Constantinople for Christendom," in which the Rev. Percy Dearmer proposes, in the name of sentiment and Christianity, to take Constantinople from Mohammedanism and give it to Christendom. This proposal is certainly not new; all the papers are full of it. But I am astonished to see a rev. gentleman, who is supposed to represent Christianity, coming forward with such a proposition on behalf of his religion. A religion in the abstract is neither good nor bad; all depends on the interpretation.

I agree that the Turks are not without fault, but it would have been well for the rev. gentleman to have followed his advice to the politicians and read his history books. He would have found that "cruelty, intolerance, obscurantism, and fatalism" have stained Christianity a darker hue than Mohammedanism. The kingdom of heaven ruled amongst the Christians when they were few in number and the State was in the hands of their opponents; but since their accession to power that ruling spirit has been dethroned. I agree that the European world is more civilised, more cultured, but not more humane than the Turkish. Sometimes, indeed, the bestial side is more conspicuous with the former, because of that culture. And Japan has the European culture without her religion. But let Mr. Dearmer turn his eyes to Russia, "from Kieff to Vladivostock," and let him see how the Poles, the Finns, the Jews are treated in the name of "sentiment and Christianity." But why go so far? Let him turn to the war itself and see the achievements of the Greeks in Salonica. One instance only—I quote now from the *Times*: "It is regrettable that one cannot so highly compliment the Greeks upon their occupation as upon their conquest of Salonica.... While the Turkish flag still floated over the Konak, the inhabitants of Salonica, Christian and Mussulman, enjoyed perfect security.... Now, unfortunately, all this has changed, so changed that a complete record of all the cases of wounding, pillage, and looting of the last few days would fill pages of the *Times*." This must certainly have been dictated by "sentiment and Christianity." I fear that some of the mistakes committed by the Young Turks were a result of their training in Christian Europe.

It would have been better for the writer, instead of humanising Turkey by depriving her of Constantinople, to have loved Turkey a little less and to have preached Christianity to the Christians. He who does wrong wittingly is more guilty than he who does wrong unwittingly; and the rev. gentleman says that the Turks regard the massacre of Christians "as a natural and meritorious act." Humanity, the glory of Christianity, is a dead letter in Europe: occasionally it is used to mask the misdeeds of Christians. Christ said of the Pharisees, "Whatever they bid you observe, that observe and do; but do not ye after their works, for they say and do not." Would He arise now, He would not wait for another to crucify Him: He would crucify Himself, seeing His teachings so crucified by His vicars. To take by the sword the home of others is neither sentiment nor Christianity, for though the owners won it by the sword, they have possessed it for four and a half centuries. Many great modern States hold by the same right territories which were not theirs a shorter time ago. The contention that the Turks prove good servants but bad masters has no basis; you can only be a good master when there is no outside power constantly provoking you. Let the rev. gentleman read the reports of impartial papers; he will see who the aggressors were. Many Mohammedan women

have been outraged and Mohammedan mosques desecrated by Christians, no doubt in the name of "sentiment and Christianity." I wonder what a Christian State would say if a party of Mohammedans desecrated Christian churches and outraged Christian women in their own State. Not long ago Russia, fearing that the Jew would have a little shelter in England, set up the agitation over "Peter the Painter," who is now almost forgotten. Such mischievous interference, on a larger scale, was constantly being perpetrated in Turkey by some interested parties, giving the Turk no opportunity even to set his house in order, as, indeed, was his earnest intention. The proof of this earnestness lies in the fact that he was unprepared for war. Five years for such a task was an impossibly short period. King Ferdinand proclaimed this war as one between the "Cross and Crescent"; but, then, he is a king. Possibly Russia influenced him in this sentiment. But these words ill become a reverend gentleman. True religion, let it be Christianity, Mohammedanism, Judaism, does not come with a sword: it preaches, convinces, and nothing more. Leaders who preach the sword are not leaders, but misleaders.—I am, sir, etc.,

Manchester. I. WASSILEVSKY.

## THE SERVILE STATE.

*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

DEAR SIR,—Mr. Hilaire Belloc, in his article entitled "The Servile State," makes two statements which cannot be allowed to go unchallenged, for upon them, in the present writer's opinion, rest the logical argument of his theory. Mr. Belloc says firstly:—

"We live in a state of society in which the *means of production* (that is, capital and land) belong to a fraction of the free citizens composing that society."

I submit that this statement is in substance entirely incorrect. Capital by itself is no longer Capital from a marketable view; it is valueless. Land by itself produces as much as—the Sahara. They become productive factors when considered as correlatives, and only as correlatives, of labour. And this brings me to Mr. Belloc's second remarkable sentence.

"The great majority possess no land, nor the instruments whereby things necessary to their livelihood can be produced. . . ."

I agree with him that the majority possess no land—there is not sufficient of it to go round—but they certainly do possess the instruments necessary to produce their daily needs—labour. In this respect the majority have the advantage of the wealthy minority. For the prehistoric man was able to make himself an axe by tying a flint stone to a branch of a tree, and, so armed, seek out and kill some animal for food. Capital deprived of Labour is ineffective, but Labour without Capital can at least subsist.

The means of production, I contend, are in the hands of the majority. They control the food store, because it remains with them to fill the food store or not, and, not only this, they can and do decide what compensation they shall receive for their labour.

In any society there will always be a class of non-producers, the physically unfit, moral degenerates, etc., and there is admittedly present a certain degree of insecurity and insufficiency. There is also much underpaid labour. But this social disease is not so much the result of Capitalistic tyranny as a condition in which the, as yet, untried power of Labour finds itself, a condition which, as she continues to find her own power, she will rectify. In the industrial struggles of the past two years Labour became cognisant of her own inherent power, and she measured swords with her enemy. The partial failure of the Labour agitation of 1911-12 was not a victory for Capital as an economic force, but was the result of treachery by the leaders of the democratic party. It proved the impossibility of Socialism, inasmuch as this, a democrat, as soon as he becomes an official, is no longer a democrat. He is an autocrat.

The means of production being in the hands of the majority, the majority will see that such a condition of affairs as that indicated by Mr. Belloc be made impossible. The masses wield the same power to-day as they did when they repealed the corn laws; they exercised the same power to confiscate the rule of the Upper House. And by that same power which put an Insurance Act on the Statute Book, so will the majority, if necessary, erase it. That power is *not* the insignia of a "Servile State."—I am, sir, etc.,

LEWIS ESSEX.

## THE "EDWIN DROOD" CONTROVERSY.

*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

DEAR SIR,—Your correspondent, Mr. Weaver, appears to be taking too much for granted when he claims that Mr. Geddie holds (with him) "that 'Edwin Drood' is the work of a man whose invention was gone, whose brain was spent, but who still cherished one ambition: to leave personalty running into six figures, instead of the five he did leave." I fail to discover where Mr. Geddie gives occasion for such an interpretation (or perversion) of his meaning. He distinctly states "that 'Edwin Drood' is not a poor story." My admiration of Dickens does not prevent me from perceiving that he was over-anxious, in his closing days, to accumulate a large sum of money; but Mr. Weaver seems singularly blind to the flashes of the old genius in "Edwin Drood." Admittedly, it cannot be compared to "David Copperfield" or "Great Expectations." One might as well expect the heat of the sun to be as powerful at sunset as at noonday. It is not a fair comparison. Nobody thinks "Count Robert of Paris" comparable to "Waverley" or "Guy Mannering"; but nobody will deny that the wizard's touch is visible there. So with "Edwin Drood." Dickens' powers had declined, but his genius did not desert him till that noble heart was stilled. His last unfinished book is thoroughly characteristic, abounding in touches of true Dickensian humour. Consider the amazing fertility of genius necessary to produce the number of characters which stalk through the pages of Dickens. Possibly Mr. Weaver's invention would fail him if he had created one-tenth of the number. If "Edwin Drood" is Dickens' sunset, let us say that it is a brilliant sunset, and sheds its expiring beams over a course gloriously run. I agree with Mr. Geddie that the evidence pointing to the death of Edwin is conclusive; so strong, in fact, is this position, that no argument is necessary for its support. He has no further part nor lot in the novel. Dickens was too great an artist to leave no place in a book for one for whom resurrection was intended. Edwin was murdered by Jasper, or the whole story is unintelligible.

The most baffling question, and the one to which Mr. Geddie devotes no attention, is, "Who is Datchery?" Sir William Robertson Nicoll argues strongly in favour of Helena Landless. This seems to me improbable. I am one of those who think the internal evidence in favour of Bazzard. What says Mr. Geddie?—I am, sir, etc., S. WHORTON.

Norton Canes, near Cannock, Staffs.

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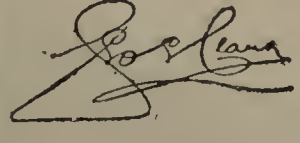

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## THE IONA BOOKS*

THESE books, unpretentious in themselves, are the outcome of a movement which, though not yet fully realised, may have immeasurable results. In its immediate aspect it is national: in its wider meaning it affects Christendom. It is finding expression in many and varied ways, and its origin is deep rooted in the past. As Miss Small puts it in her introduction to the first of the series, "Scotland is, in characteristically deliberate fashion, awakening to the fact that her history, at all events her religious history, is not yet closed: she has a duty within herself which she owes to herself and to her 'Chief End,' which, when fulfilled, may send her forth upon a mission beyond herself far greater than she has ever dreamt." The underlying spirit is manifesting itself, not only in the growing recognition of the necessity for Christian unity in a land too long distracted by sectarian strife, but in weariness of that strife and a sense of its sinfulness. With a deepening and quickening of spiritual life there is dawning upon the people the fact that in essentials they are at one; and the efforts that are being made to draw together the two great Presbyterian bodies are the first result of that growing consciousness. The ultimate goal, though it may not yet be appreciated except by the dreamers, is the reunion of Christendom.

A great statesman has said that the youth of the nation are the trustees of posterity. It is to the younger people of Scotland that the primary appeal of the Iona Books is made: to those in the homeland and to the rapidly increasing number in the nations beyond the seas to whom Scotland is dear. They seek to supply two aids towards the achievement of her high destiny. "The first is the sympathetic study of Scottish religious history": there is little in Scottish history which is not associated with her religion. "The second is the use of prayer." Wherefore this is a series at once devotional and patriotic. The name they bear is happily chosen; for piety and patriotism cling about the sacred isle like music round a shell. Or, in the words of Fiona Macleod, "Here Learning and Faith had their tranquil home. . . . And here Hope waits." It is with prayer and the use of prayer that the earlier books deal. The first is an indication of the forgotten treasures in devotional literature that await recovery. It is a series of "Ancient Scottish Prayers," or rather collects, originally printed at Edinburgh in 1595, and, then, intended for those "quha glaidlie wald carie ane thin buik." The quaint language of those beautiful petitions, so far from being a hindrance, is an added attraction, for its cadences linger in the memory as echoes from the Scotland of long ago. The next, entitled "An Act of Prayer," has been prepared by Miss Small. Its purpose is explained in the introductory note contributed by Professor Cairns, of Aberdeen. The keynote of it is this: "True union must begin in common worship." Mr. J. H. Oldham deals in the third booklet with "The Possibilities of Prayer," and to his most convincing and devout paper are appended "Some Thoughts About Prayer," selected from various writers. "A Scottish Anthology" combines in itself both the patriotic and the devotional. The authors quoted range from S. Columba to R. L. Stevenson, and the selection is made with considerable skill. It is a delightful companion for the pocket.

Women have played a high and noble part in the history of Scotland and of her Church. Her ancient Pictish capital was dedicated to St. Bride; to St. Margaret she owed the revivifying of her Church when it was falling into laxity and decay. These Iona Books are understood to be a part of woman's service to Scotland to-day. They are but the forerunners of others on the isle itself and of the Celtic saints. We heartily commend them. Of their aim and of their contents something has been said. In external form they are attractive; in that and in paper and type they are worthy of the publishing house from which they come. No better or more appropriate gifts could be bestowed at Christmastide than these, nor any which seek to serve a higher end.

* "Ancient Scottish Prayers." With Introduction by Annie H. Small. "An Act of Prayer." Prepared by Annie H. Small. Introduction by Professor D. S. Cairns. "The Possibilities of Prayer." By J. H. Oldham. "A Scottish Anthology." By A. H. S. (London and Edinburgh: T. N. Foulis.)

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## UNDER WHICH KING?*

THE book before us is not in every detail the work we were intended to see. Mrs. Lang tells us that her husband "had no time even to correct the first proofs," and was thus debarred from probable modifications. She goes on to "ask those who differ from the author to remember the circumstances in which the work has been published." It is sad to use the past tense in speaking of Andrew Lang, but it is difficult not to feel stimulated by the perusal of his last book. He "was ever a fighter," and it was with no failing arm that he broke a last lance for his beloved "Will." In some respects his last exploit is his most notable of all. A garrison that has withstood a siege of half a century might well have lost appetite for a vigorous offensive; but Andrew Lang sallied forth with the well-founded hope of reversing the positions and of besieging the besiegers in their own entrenchments. Never did battle's end see a more gallant charge.

The campaign or the siege—to keep the metaphor we have already used—is not over. Perhaps it never will be over. To quote the book before us, "It is absolutely impossible to prove that Will, or Bacon, or the Man in the Moon, was the author of the Shakespearean plays and poems." Truly it is a dreary prospect that lies before us—a vista of irritating and interminable bickerings. And Andrew Lang forbids us to remain neutral; the cause he champions is too splendid, too universal.

"You see these things as the Baconians do, or as I do. Argument is unavailing." This is not very reassuring for the lovers of peace, unless, indeed, the Baconians and the "Anti-Willians"—to use Andrew Lang's own glorious and inclusive neologism—are to-morrow to be one with Sennacherib's host. And yet it is true that we must all take sides or have already taken sides. When we first awoke to this controversy, and had heard the first amœbic strophes of "Anti-Willians" and "Stratfordians," it was with us as with a Gilbertian chorus, say the impressionable "Pirates of Penzance"; conviction lurked in each last word. Now we recognise that even a prejudice may be true; that a prejudice rooted in a broad faith in human nature may be truer than a diseased conscientiousness, akin to a belief in the nastier medicines; that vegetarianism, agnosticism, and anti-vaccinationism may be not only unpalatable, but even untrue. "But the story does not suit you, and you call it 'a mere myth,' which, 'of course, will be believed by those who wish to believe it.' But, most excellent of mortals, will it not, by parity of reasoning, 'of course be disbelieved by those who did *not* wish to believe it'?"

We are infinitely indebted to Andrew Lang for the

*(Continued on page 314.)*

* "Shakespeare, Bacon and the Great Unknown." By Andrew Lang. With 8 illustrations. 9s. net. (Longmans.)

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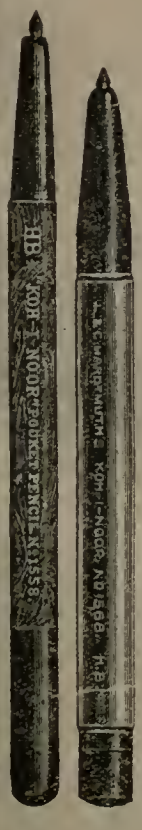

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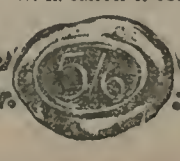



word "Anti-Willian," coined with a special view to Mr. Greenwood. It not only classifies and includes all his adversaries; it describes them. They are "Antis." A new "Anti" sect has recently arisen in Belgium, where, by the way, they have revived the forgotten art of breeding Shakespeares, with Rutland on its banner. Its common feeling with the now almost venerable Baconian heresy is one of envy, hatred, and malice for the "illiterate clown of Stratford." Andrew Lang shows that he was not by any means illiterate, or, since the burden of proof lies with the attacking party, that his illiteracy is palpably "not proven." In any case there is strong presumptive evidence for supposing that Shakespeare had all the grounding and all the tags for such display—commonplace in his day—of classical lore as he made. Lyly and the anterooms of palaces gave the necessary minimum of social instruction. Andrew Lang thinks the "Anti-Willians" ill-advised in insisting on the complete illiteracy of Shakespeare. How could a man who could not write his own name carry off the farce of covering a Bacon? Detection was certain. Churton Collins was an indiscreet ally of the Stratfordian forces. His zeal for a learned Shakespeare drove him into one of the worst of scholarly diseases, a compilation of most unconvincing parallels. With the bulk of the positive evidence on its side, the concession of perfectly conceivable hypotheses, and genius thrown into the scale, the Stratfordian theory can repel that "fool of a word 'impossible,'" and, with Andrew Lang, sally out to take the enemy's forces in the rear.

## THE STRANGLING OF PERSIA*

"THE Strangling of Persia" is the story of the last and vain struggle of Persia in asserting her political independence against the encroachment of Russia. Mr. Morgan Shuster was called from the Civil Service of the United States to control the finances of regenerate Persia, and to save the country from bankruptcy. On accepting the high and responsible office the young American administrator thought that he was the servant of a free Persian Government. He was very soon made to realise that Persia was being bullied into vassalage by Russia, and that England and Germany were the tacit accomplices of Russian policy, and were partly bound to her by agreement.

One cannot help admiring and respecting the candour and truthfulness and admirable intentions of Mr. Morgan Shuster, and one must admit that his book contains a true record of recent political events in the kingdom of the Shah, and constitutes an historical document of prime importance. Yet admitting all this, and whilst lamenting the impending destruction of an ancient Asiatic nation, whilst anticipating great trouble from the aggressive policy of the Russian Government, we do not agree with Mr. Morgan Shuster's severe condemnation of Sir Edward Grey's foreign policy, for British foreign policy is determined by that of the Triple Entente, which is itself the outcome of the Triple Alliance. As long as the international situation remains what it is, as long as the peace and balance of power of Europe is threatened by the Triple Alliance, the British Government will be helpless in Persia, and will be compelled to acquiesce in a policy which the British people disapproves of.

The cause of peace and of Europ[illegible] liberty would certainly not be served by Great Br[illegible]ain challenging the policy of an Empire of one hundred and seventy million people, and by transforming the already

* "The Strangling of Persia." By W. Morgan Shuster. 12s. 6d. net. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

formidable Triple Alliance into a Quadruple Alliance. The truth of the matter is that unhappy Persia is now paying the penalty of the aggressive militarism which is still the dominant political philosophy of Europe.

## CHRISTMAS, YULE AND NOËL*

MR. MILES has compiled a most enthralling book, completed by exquisite illustrations. Christmas is discussed under many headings and from several points of view; in fact, so uncertain is the point of view of the author, that we are never sure whether such a word as "enlightened" on the one hand, or such a one as "Catholic," for instance, on the other, wears with the better grace its inverted commas. To be quite just, we think that words of the latter class have mostly been spared this adornment; but the inference may be drawn from many passages of the text that the truth is normally to be found on the other side of the hill. Mr. Miles has divided his book into two parts—"The Christian Feast" and "Pagan Survivals"—and we seem to detect a change of attitude as he turns from the one to the other. In Part I. he is sometimes almost a mystic, in Part II. he has got his folk-lorist spectacles on, and never strays far from the side of Dr. Frazer. We may note that in the preface readers of a certain cast of mind are recommended to skip Part I. and pass on to the really interesting part of the book.

If we may be allowed a preference, we shall vote for Part I., where detail does not run riot to quite the same extent, and where the broad principles belong rather to history, in the ordinary sense, and to life as we know it, than to a system of philosophy and research that can only have its full meaning for the most special kind of specialist. We do not mean to disparage the second part of the book; it is a storehouse of interesting facts and theories, presented in an entertaining manner, and, with the bibliography appended, should form a valuable book of reference. "Christmas, regarded in all its aspects, is a microcosm of European religion," and, as we have already hinted, a good many aspects of the festival are considered in Mr. Miles's book.

In the first part, for instance, the origins of the Christian feast are discussed. Mr. Miles, by the way, does not confine himself to the central day of the festival. He includes in his subject the whole period from the beginning of November to Candlemas, laying, of course, special stress on the "Twelve Days," and enlarging on the observances of the Continental New Year, which successfully disputes a large part of the patrimony of Christmas. He shows how the theological and secular conceptions of the season fought out a long rivalry, till the Church ended by conniving at customs and conceptions that had nothing to do with asceticism. The Roman and Germanic predecessors of the Christian festival are also discussed, and their part assigned in its subsequent development. Two delightful chapters deal with Christmas poetry, and the reproduction of many examples of curious or beautiful carols points the moral, and provides the purchasing reader with a valuable little anthology. Mr. Miles defines the Christmas sentiment as the union of "the carol spirit and the mystical spirit." "Christmas in Liturgy and Popular Devotion" is another fine chapter, containing, besides a very good account of that rather hackneyed subject, Christmas in Rome, descriptions of the Italian Christmas in London, and the history of the *presepio*, *Krippe*, or *crèche*. In the

* "Christmas in Ritual and Tradition, Christian and Pagan." By Clement A. Miles. With four coloured plates and seventeen other illustrations. 10s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)


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discussion of the Christmas drama we feel that the author is too busy in avoiding the fringes of a bigger subject to be quite at his best. Mr. Miles believes that Protestantism emasculated Christmas by discountenancing the bluff irreverence that was often the garment of a robust faith.

Part II. is, we have hinted, rather a mine than a narrative. The pagan survivals of the season are taken step by step, festival by festival, and special sections deal with such matters as the Yule Log, the Christmas Tree, and the Mistletoe. The material is good, so is the treatment.

## A TRAVELLER IN THE UNSEEN*

IT is good to find so distinguished a member of the Society for Psychical Research as Professor Sir W. F. Barrett turning the attention, which that society has tended to focus so much on séances where trivialities abound, or on country-house ghosts, and to find him directing his scrutiny to more important objects. In the booklet before us, "Swedenborg, The Savant and the Seer," Professor Barrett endeavours to deal scientifically, and yet sympathetically, with the life-work of one of the great succession of those who, in all ages and under all the great religions of the world, have professed to bring tidings from beyond the veil.

The booklet is, in the main, the same as the lecture given by Sir William before the Swedenborg Society last spring, when Count von Wrangel, the Swedish Ambassador, took the chair. In two pages the bare outline of the life of the great Swedish savant is given; twenty-three pages are devoted to his work as a man of science, chiefly in the regions of mathematics and engineering; the rest deals with his life as seer from 1744-1772.

Everyman and Everywoman, ignorant of the life and work of Swedenborg, will make a good beginning by reading Sir William's careful lecture. Later, they may wish to get Garth Wilkinson's study, or even to tackle one of the large volumes which the Swedenborg Society keeps so faithfully before the public; "voluminous and wearisome," Sir William calls them. One is tempted to ask, had he read the one on "Conjugal Love"? By that time the reader will not be guiding his or her reading by the reviews in a penny weekly paper. They may even have discovered the "Theosophic Correspondence" of Louis Claude de St. Martin, and many of his other works, which contain such sympathetic and yet spiritually discriminating criticism of Swedenborg. It may even have dawned on their opening spiritual intelligence that the unseen world is fully as complex as this world, and possibly may have some rare and untried complexities greater even than any we are aware of here.

## THE ODYSSEUS OF MUMPER'S DELL†

"MORE than most authors, Borrow appears greater than his books, though he is their offspring." That is very nearly the whole truth about this extraordinary writer, to whom literature in certain forms—etymology, rhetoric, and a boundless curiosity about languages and dialects—was the breath of life. That he ever became a writer is largely due to accident; that he ever became a professional writer he would have been the first hotly to deny. He was essentially an amateur of life. For these reasons the literature about Borrow is always likely to bear a very heavy ratio to the literature by Borrow, and for these reasons the volume of so excellent a writer and so sound a critic and psychologist as Mr. Thomas is likely to appeal to a wide circle of readers.

The quasi-autobiographical character of all Borrow's work at once arouses his own biographer to the consideration of the great problem of truth in literature. "A brute memory" like that of Borrow is too great a force to be turned loose in literature. "The facts may convey a false impression which an omission or a positive 'lie' may correct." Mr. Thomas instances a correction in the proofs of "Lavengro," where Jasper Petulengro's short arm is coolly changed into a long one. "The short arm was true to 'the facts'; the long arm was more impressive, and was truer to the created character, which was more important." Borrow never quite made up his mind whether to give his work to the world as fiction or as unmitigated "fact." The queer reappearances that his characters make in the most unexpected places seem to confirm the idea of fiction, but Mr. Thomas contends justly enough that these chance encounters were more probable in the case of an inveterate vagabond than for the ordinary stay-at-home. There are, of course, glaring exceptions to the general verisimilitude of the work, but we think that Borrow's truth of intention and truth of effect are ably and convincingly vindicated. Mr. Thomas is right, we are sure, on the difficult subject of Borrow's relations to Isopel Berners. "There can be little doubt that this episode is truthfully reported." And why? Because "it is an extraordinary love-making, but then all love-making, when truthfully reported, is extraordinary." We are not sure that this would be quite enough to silence a sceptic. As to Borrow's travesties of Catholicism, Mr. Thomas asks for a grain of humour in the swallowing of them.

Borrow was a mass of paradoxes. His tastes and his distastes were of a most positive kind, but they clashed in a bewildering manner. "His contempt for those who were not middle-class Englishmen seemed unmitigated." And he spent his whole life getting outside of the circle of "middle-class Englishmen." By the people he met in queer corners of the world he was taken for everything but an Englishman. The proud circumstance of a middle-class origin he insisted on noisily in his later, more prosperous years. And through his national prejudices he saw Spain and Romany, Russia and the unattainable China as fairylands of romance. He drew wonderful portraits of his casual acquaintances, but he failed to give an impression of his father, whose portrait strikes Mr. Thomas as "too much done to a turn." He was once on the point of starting for London on an atheistic crusade, and his literary immortality is due to the fact that he wrote—and lived—"The Bible in Spain." Mr. Thomas has no doubt of the sincerity of the missionary; it was no mere prejudice or fanaticism that sent him to Spain; it was not entirely his admiration for a country where "the wealthy are not blindly idolised," and where there were wild regions and wild men; it was because he believed that the Bible was, in his own words, "the well-head of all that is useful and conducive to the happiness of society."

Mr. Thomas has special chapters on the styles of the various books; the Borrovian style he finds, in the main, less eccentric than it is generally represented, and he recognises most often "the massive style of the early Victorian *Quarterly Review*." Altogether a good book; Borrow may feel satisfied with his latest biographer.

* "Swedenborg, The Savant and the Seer." By Professor Sir W. F. Barrett. 6d. (John M. Watkins.)

† "George Borrow: The Man and His Books." By Edward Thomas. 10s. 6d. net. (Chapman and Hall.)

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# BOOKS OF THE WEEK

THIS new and revised edition of Mr. Herbert Paul's QUEEN ANNE (Hodder and Stoughton, 7s.) comes opportunely at the present moment, when the thoughts of the public are turning more and more towards a serious examination of the forces which have built up our party system. The sovereign whose character Mr. Paul analyses in these pages had little direct personal influence on the course of events. None the less, the political happenings of her life are of profound interest, for probably at no other period of English history had party divisions a more real significance. When Bolingbroke opposed Harley, when Pope wrote his immortal satire on Addison, when Swift crossed swords with Defoe, the words Whig and Tory meant something. In the great struggle between the two parties, Anne, though secretly a decided Tory, did little of her own volition that counted either way. Sovereign in name, it was her pathetic fate to be, as Mr. Paul says, "a bone of contention between ambitious statesmen and plotting favourites." True, she presided, as Mr. Paul points out, at her own Cabinets. She assisted at the debates in the House of Lords. But "she was the creature of bed-chamber intrigue," and she was in some respects the most pathetic figure of her reign. "Her sad life was as inconspicuous as the life of royalty can be. Married to a husband whom she could not respect, seeing all her children die in childhood, . . . suspicion haunted Anne's life and increased its gloom. The secret tragedy of her maimed existence and her wasted years may be read in the little coffins at Westminster Abbey, where the bodies of her children lie."

❀ ❀ ❀

THE GODS OF THE DEAD, by Winifred Graham (William Rider and Son, Ltd.), were first let loose in the neighbourhood of a suburban household by the burning in the back garden of an Egyptian mummy, which had been given to the great-grandfather of Cosmo Tarnus, a struggling architect. Cosmo, it seems, had been somewhat unfortunate, and had attributed his ill-luck to "the Princess," whose preserved remains he secretly detested. Cosmo's wife was expecting a happy event, and the architect fondly hoped that it might be a son. But, alas! Fate determined otherwise, and the child, who was born on the night of the mummy's cremation, had "something of Egyptian beauty in her slumbrous eyes, and the parents had always a strange feeling that she did not belong to them." Camilla—the child's name—was enabled by some unborn power to unconsciously command veneration, and willed a charm over meaner minds. Her subsequent adventures it would be unfair, indeed impossible, to summarise. They include so much that is mysterious and eventful, that the reader will like to master them for himself.

❀ ❀ ❀

THE LOG OF "THE EASY WAY," by John L. Matthews (Gay and Hancock, Ltd.), is the record of one of the most original and, in its way, delightful voyages to be found in the whole history of navigation. It was on the first day of September, 1900, that the author chanced on old Mac, an ancient mariner, with whom and his wife Janet he set out on an adventurous journey. The end was—nowhere! The boat, "heavily framed and heavily planked, with two-by-six timbers extending out two feet each side of the cabin to support the guard and bear transverse shocks, with gunwales two feet high and without a break from end to end, and, lastly, with heavy straps

of iron on the outside, two and a half inches wide and half an inch thick"—the boat was named *The Easy Way*. For seven months the author and his party went drifting here and there, "up an old canal in Fairy Land"—otherwise the old Illinois and Michigan Canal, that goes to the Mississippi and thence on to Chicago and Memphis and Arkansas City, past all sorts and conditions of interesting scenes that we find very charmingly described in this refreshing book, which gives one a pleasant insight into the joys of vagabondage.

❀ ❀ ❀

One of the daintiest anthologies that it has been our good fortune to light upon is that prepared by Mr. Alfred Rawlings and published by Messrs. Gay and Hancock, under the title of A FLOWER ANTHOLOGY. It contains some of the most felicitous thoughts of our poets on the flowers that they loved and wrote about. The book is charmingly illustrated, and contains some admirable translations from Ovid and Claudian. The book is as refreshing as the flowers it depicts.

❀ ❀ ❀

THE BURGUNDIAN (Gay and Hancock, 6s.) goes at a quick pace. It is a tale of old France, and we have mystery, romance, bloodshed, and the clash of arms throughout the piece. Miss Angelotti can create atmosphere, and possesses the faculty of painting scenes from the past with a strength and vividity that crashes home to the reader. The style is at times a touch stilted, but there are moments when the author gets away from precision, and the narrative flows on in quick, nervous English. The author is, we think, hampered at times by the consciousness that she is writing of the Middle Ages, and is at a loss to adopt a prose mediæval enough for the purposes of her narrative and at the same time void of too great a similarity to modern phrasing. When she is in the full flight of her story she forgets her period, and her characters live; but there are certain passages that bear the mark of straining after effect, a too marked attempt to conjure up the phraseology of the days when Burgundy had a part to play in the destiny of France. The characterisation is not marked by distinction or subtlety, but for the purposes of the story the hero is convincing enough, and Marguerite is cleverly portrayed. The chief merit of the book lies in the hurry of event, the clash of arms, the roar and bustle of conflict. One carries away a definite impression of stir and stress, swift thrust and parry. It is a book that should be read in the chimney corner, its bustle gaining contrast by the quiet atmosphere of the domestic hearth.

❀ ❀ ❀

THE RED DAGGER (Murray and Evenden, 6s.) tells of a romantic quest for a missing sister. This long-lost relative, after many alarums and excursions, is discovered in a convent, whose shelter she declines to leave. Mr. Hugh Nayland has a gift for vivid presentment of exciting scenes, but he would do better to try his hand at a quieter theme, one less out of the track of common, everyday occurrence.

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Brightly written, with a certain capacity for characterisation, Miss Evelyn St. Leger should, we think, have found a more literary title for her book than THE BLACKBERRY PICKERS (Putnam and Sons, 6s.). The story opens with a newspaper poster. Flaming head-lines greet the passer-by, containing items concerning the latest "Ragging Scandal." In somewhat disjointed fashion we are introduced to Luke Hammond, who, we also learn, is suspect of being someone

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*(Continued on page 322.)*

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**Fate Knocks at the Door.** By Will L. Comfort. 6s. (J. B. Lippincott and Co.)

This is a good, though an exasperatingly disconnected, tale of love and adventure. The portion which deals with the Philippines is extremely well done.

**The Weaving of the Shuttle.** By C. Holmes Cantley. (Duckworth and Co.)

A novel written for the most part in the Yorkshire dialect, but the author does not possess the genius necessary to the success of this method. To any but a "Tyke" this story will prove dull reading.

**Tamsie.** By Rosamund Napier. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

A romance of Romany life set in the Exmoor Forest. The writer shows an intimate knowledge of gipsy life and of gipsy superstitions, and the descriptions of Exmoor are good. The story, however, is too protracted, for the authoress is not a Borrow.

**The Forest Farm.** By Peter Rosegger. (A. C. Fifield, the Vineyard Press.)

A volume of charming tales of the Austrian Tyrol by the Burns of Styria. Not the least interesting part of the book is Dr. Julius Petersen's biographical sketch of this prophet, poet, and teacher from the Styrian hills.

* * *

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Allingham, William. "Poems." (Macmillan, 2s. 6d.)
Animal and Nature Painting Book. (Dean.)
"Arabian Nights." Illustrated by Rene Bull. (Constable, 10s. 6d.)
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Baldwin, May. "Corah's School Chums." (Chambers, 6s.)
Bodley, J. E. C. "Cardinal Manning." (Longmans, 9s.)
Bonser, A. E., and Read, M. M. "The Delightful Book." (Dean, 3s. 6d.)
Cunliffe, R. J., M.A. "A New Shakespearean Dictionary." (Blackie, 9s.)
Currey, Commander E. H. "The Captain of the King's Guard." (Chambers, 6s.)
Dickens, Charles. "Gone Astray." (Chapman and Hall, 1s.)
"Dollie's Book of Nursery Rhymes." (Dean.)
Dromgoole, W. A. "The Island of Beautiful Things." (Pitman, 6s.)
"Everyday Painting Book." (Dean, 1s.)
Fishwick, Lt.-Col. "Shakespearian Addresses." (Sherratt and Hughes, 10s. 6d.)
Hall, Cyril. "Wood, and What We Make of It." (Blackie, 3s. 6d.)
Hallard, J. H. "Omar Khayyam" (Trans.). (Rivington, 2s. 6d.)
Harris, J. C. "Uncle Remus and the Little Boy." (Grant Richards, 3s. 6d.)
Hays, Margaret G. "Kiddie Land." (Dean, 3s. 6d.)
Hedin, Sven. "From Pole to Pole." (Macmillan, 7s. 6d.)
Homan, F. "In the Days of Long Ago." (Sampson Low.)
Horsley, Reginald. "The Red Hussar." (Chambers, 6s.)
Hunt, B. "Folk Tales of Breffny." (Macmillan, 3s. 6d.)
Jacberns, Raymond. "Tabitha Smallways." (Chambers, 6s.)
Kelman, John, D.D. "The Road." Two vols. (Oliphant, Anderson and Ferrier, 3s. 6d.)
Lamont, Annie K. "A Little Book of Verse." (William Kidd.)
Leonard, R. M. "The Pageant of English Prose. (Oxford University Press, 1s. 6d. and 2s.)
Letts, Winnifred. "Naughty Sophia." (Grant Richards, 6s.)
Lowell, James R. "Poems." (Oxford University Press, 1s. 6d. and 2s.)
Lucas, E. V. "The Life of Charles Lamb." (Methuen, 7s. 6d.)
Mackenzie, Compton. "Carnival." (Martin Secker.)
Macpherson Hector. "Scotland's Debt to Protestantism." (Blackwood, 1s.)
Marsh, H. G. C. "We Two and Others." (Dean, 2s. 6d.)
Mason, Charlotte. "The Parents' Review." (Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent and Co., 6d.)
Masson, David. "Memories of Two Cities (Edinburgh and Aberdeen)." (Oliphant, Anderson and Ferrier, 7s. 6d.)
McKilliam. "A Chronicle of the Popes." (Bell, 7s. 6d.)
Meade, L. T. "Peggy from Kerry." (Chambers, 6s.)
Paget, Stephen, and Crum, J. M. C. "Francis Paget, Bishop of Oxford. (Macmillan, 15s.)
"Patchwork Puzzles," Nos. 4 and 5. (Dean.)
Poe, Edgar Allan. "The Bells, and Other Poems." (Hodder and Stoughton, 15s.)
Raffalovich, G. "Hearts Adrift." (Griffiths, 6s.)
Reade, Charles. "The Cloister and the Hearth." (Chambers.)
Re-Bartlett, Lucy. "Sex and Sanctity." (Longmans, 2s. 6d.)
Quiller-Couch, Sir Arthur. "The Oxford Book of Victorian Verse." (Clarendon Press, 6s.)
Sackville, Lady Margaret. "Lyrics." (Herbert, Daniel, 3s. 6d. and 2s. 6d.)
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Scott, Edith H. "With the Eyes of a Child." (Liverpool Booksellers' Co., 7s. 6d.)
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Sharland, R. E. "Voices of Dawn." (Arrowsmith, 1s.)
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"The Inns of Court and of Chancery." Six Lectures. (Macmillan, 1s.)
"The Three Bears." (Dean, 6d.)
"The Year." (Headley, 2s. 6d.)
Ward, A. W., and Watter, A. R. "The Cambridge History of English Literature." Vol. IX. (Cambridge University Press, 9s.)
Walters, J. C. "The Complete Edwin Drood." (Chapman and Hall, 6s.)
Watson, E. J. "A Tale of Wulstan." (Arrowsmith.)
Wilson, Philip. "The Beginnings of Modern Ireland." (Maunsel, 12s. 6d.)

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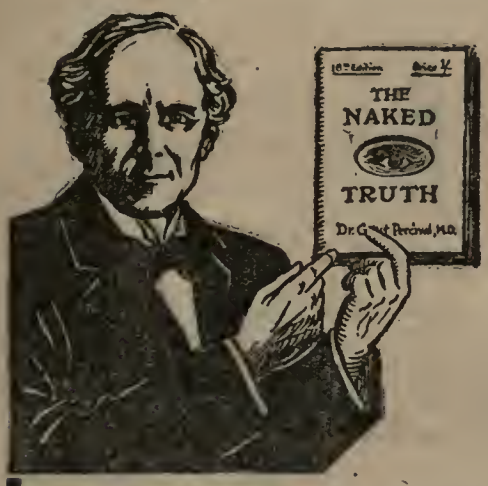


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### ARTICLES

BY

MGR. BENSON

NORMAN MACLEAN

MRS. SIDNEY WEBB

CANON BARRY

# HISTORY IN THE MAKING

## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

OWING to the attitude of the Turkish delegates towards the Greek representatives at the Conference, the proceedings have been delayed. In diplomatic circles a feeling of hopefulness prevails. Good results are anticipated from the meetings of the Ambassadors. Everything, however, depends on the speedy and successful ending of the Conference between Turkey and the Allies, and that again depends on the question of Adrianople. That is admittedly a hard nut to crack.

---

The close of the year finds the Unionist party in a state of distraction over Tariff Reform. The trouble began when Lord Lansdowne, in a recent speech, cancelled Mr. Balfour's pledge with regard to a Referendum. Mr. Law, in his speech at Ashton-under-Lyne, brought the crisis to a head. A Referendum was impracticable, he said, because the question of food taxes in this country would be left for decision to the Oversea Dominions. The result is the splitting of the party into three sections—those who dislike the food taxes and prefer the Referendum, those in favour of the food taxes, and those who object to them being referred to the Colonies. The Colonies themselves are not enamoured of the proposal. In Canada, Conservatives as well as Liberals declare that the British taxpayers alone must decide whether their food is to be taxed or not.

---

In the House of Commons the Prime Minister outlined the Government programme after the Christmas holidays. They mean to dispose of Home Rule, Welsh Disestablishment, and the Franchise Bill. They also hope to deal with the Osborne Bill, the Railways Bill, and the Lords' amendments to the Scottish Temperance Bill, which has been suspended in the Upper House till the middle of January. Mr. Asquith hopes to see the programme finished by the middle of February, but he could give no pledge.

---

The result of the voting on the Insurance Act at the divisional meetings of the British Medical Association shows that against service were 11,309, and in favour 2,422. The Chancellor of the Exchequer has caused it to be known that the Government will protect against boycott or intimidation those doctors who agree to offer themselves for service.

---

Lord Rosebery's public references to the party system prepare us for the views which he has just expressed in an article which he contributes to the *Review of Reviews*. The party system, he thinks, is an evil—perhaps, even probably, a necessary evil, but still an evil. Its operation blights efficiency, which implies the rule of the fittest, whereas the present system puts in power, not the fittest, but the most eligible from the party point of view—that is, very often the very worst. Lord Rosebery offers no substitute. After all, he says, if you get rid of party in one shape, it will turn up again in another. "Party is as ineradicable as our climate: it is, indeed, part of our moral climate."

---

In an address to the Glasgow International Polity Club, Mr. Norman Angell said, in regard to war, they could not separate the economic from the moral problem. In the last analysis the two were bound together. The Balkans War, he remarked, was one of the best examples they could have in support of their thesis, for Turkey had always maintained that the only road to prosperity was by wielding the sword and conquering the neighbourhood. The war demonstrated that even after four or five hundred years' employment of physical force in conquest was a failure.

The declaration of Mr. John Dillon that, under Home Rule, the whole educational system of Ireland would be recast has greatly alarmed Roman Catholic dignitaries. Dr. O'Dwyer, Roman Catholic Bishop of Limerick, said they looked to Home Rule to bring Irishmen together; but Mr. Dillon had given them warning that the first work of the Irish Parliament would be to raise an issue letting loose the angriest political and religious passions. The Nationalist intimation, he said, was no less alarming for Protestants than for Catholics.

---

Since the publication of Darwin's epoch-making works, scientific controversy has hotly raged round the question of man's origin and antiquity. Special attention has been given to the discovery of primitive human remains. At a meeting of the Geological Society in London a palæolithic skull and mandible recently found in Essex were exhibited. The opinion was expressed that the skull provided the first discovered evidence of the primitive source whence man arose. The caveman, it is thought, was a degenerate offshoot of early man, and probably became extinct.

---

The controversy over the Territorial Force shows no sign of abatement. Speaking on the subject, Earl Percy said that the Force had failed to become the basis of a nation in arms. The voluntary system, he declared, had broken down, and in that case the time had come to resort to national service. Invasion was not the only danger. Germany would seize the first opportunity to disturb the European equilibrium and drive a wedge into the Triple Entente. Our fate would be decided on the Continent, and we must have an army on the Continental model. Addressing a meeting of employers, Lord Beauchamp said the Government were determined not to adopt compulsion, but would take the necessary steps to further the organisation of the Territorial Army.

---

With regard to the Cabinet crisis in South Africa, the public are getting a glimpse behind the scenes. General Botha's resignation arose from a speech in which General Hertzog was understood to say that he wished to suck the Empire till it was finished, and then throw it aside. This construction of his speech he repudiates. His meaning was that the interests of South Africa came first, and that when they conflicted with the interests of the Empire he would vote for South Africa. General Botha suggested that General Hertzog should give an undertaking that without consulting him he should agree not to speak on matters calculated to create unpleasantness. This General Hertzog refused to do, whereupon General Botha resigned.

---

In the Italian Chamber the Marquis di San Giuliano made special reference to the Triple Alliance, which he said was one of the great causes of economic progress. In regard to the Albanian problem, Austria and Italy agreed on the fundamental lines of solution, on the principles of nationality, the country to be neutralised under the guarantee of the Great Powers.

---

In the Canadian House of Commons, Mr. Forster, the Minister of Trade and Commerce, said it must not be supposed that the Admiralty memorandum, strong as it was, contained the most important part of the information that had been received. If the present measure was blocked, it meant a delay of two years at least, and meanwhile the fate of the Empire might be decided.

# THE CENTENARY OF PEACE WITH AMERICA

FROM the earliest days poets and prophets have looked forward to a time when nations would hang the trumpet in the hall, and study war no more. The millennial ideal is far from being realised. The "warless world" of which Tennyson sang is not yet within sight. From the dawn of history—except for a brief space under Rome—the world has not experienced universal peace. With the era of Industrialism, the modern world was expected to leave behind the barbarities of the battlefield, and to find salvation in cultivating the arts of peace. At the time of the Great Exhibition optimism was the dominant note. Writers like Buckle, in prophetic vision, saw the rise of a new day, when the nations, by the magic wand of commerce, would be transformed into universal brotherhood. Cobden, it will be remembered, viewed Free Trade as a potent instrument for developing a pacific civilisation.

One hundred years ago Britain stood in inglorious isolation. She had lost her great American colony: her sun seemed to have set. Her defeat contained the germs of future greatness. She learned the futility and folly of despotism, and the experience so gained stood her in good stead in dealing with her Australian colonies. To the wisdom of her colonial policy this country to-day owes her position as the leading world Power. In that lurks another danger arising out of the rivalries and jealousies of other Powers, whose colonial aspirations are beset with insuperable difficulties. In this connection it should be noted that the loyalty of the colonies and the unity of race, religion, and national sentiment between this country and America are likely in the near future to give a new meaning to the balance of power, which up till now has had purely a European significance. In his day Canning called in the New World to redress the balance of the Old. Britain has called in America and the colonies to redress the balance of power on the side of a pacific and progressive civilisation. Too long have the military nations of the Continent assumed the dictatorship of civilisation, and in Napoleonic fashion been engaged cutting and carving the map of Europe to suit their purely selfish designs. For this state of things Great Britain is not without her share of blame. For purely selfish reasons we have propped up among alien peoples a hideous government, whose history is written in letters of blood—a government alien in race, religion, and political traditions. In the name of the Balance of Power we have helped to arrest the civilisation of the Near East. With the fall of Turkey that melancholy chapter of British diplomacy is closed, let us hope for ever. The seeds of nationality and liberty, which in America and the Colonies have produced such excellent fruit, only need opportunity in the Balkans to produce like results. One hundred years' experience have proved the value, the enduring worth, the undying vitality of the great elements of liberty and peace. Civilisation in the Balkans will make rapid progress only when it develops on Anglo-Saxon lines, and refuses to be dictated to by a despotism which, under the sanctimonious name of Divine right, seeks, not national liberty for others, but self-aggrandisement for itself. We do well to celebrate the centenary of peace with our kin beyond the sea. The American, like the French, Revolution takes its place in history as one great turning-point in civilisation.

HECTOR MACPHERSON.

# THE CONQUEST OF THE SOUTH POLE*

WHATEVER may be thought of Captain Amundsen's sudden transference of his affections from the North to the South Pole when Captain Scott announced his intention of going to the Antarctic to continue and complete the work of Sir Ernest Shackleton, it is impossible to read these entrancing volumes without being deeply impressed by the marvellous rapidity and ease with which the hardy Norseman reached the goal of his endeavours. All things considered, it is no disparagement of Captain Peary to say that Captain Amundsen's performance is the most brilliant in the now fairly extensive annals of Polar exploration.

I.

We do not propose to recount the story of Captain Amundsen's triumphal progress (for it was nothing less) to the South Pole. That has already been done so often that no good purpose would be served in going over the ground again. Our intention is rather to try to bring into prominence the factors upon which the success of his achievement was essentially based.

But, first of all, a word or two about the book. Handsomely produced, it is an excellent piece of descriptive journalism, but it lacks the literary finish of the Antarctic volumes of Sir Ernest Shackleton and Captain Scott. Though the work extends to nearly 900 pages, only the first four chapters of Vol. II., covering 175 pages, deal with the actual journey to and from the South Pole. The first volume contains a somewhat fulsome introduction by Dr. Nansen, which, by the way, does scant justice to British explorers in the Antarctic. The remainder is taken up with a history of the South Pole, the detailing of preparations, and a thoroughly readable narrative of the journey to the South, and of life at Framheim, the winter headquarters on the edge of the Great Ice Barrier.

In Vol. II., in addition to the description of the journey to the Pole, there is an interesting chapter by Lieutenant Prestrud on his eastern sledge journey to King Edward VII. Land. This expedition not only confirmed Captain Scott's discovery, but resulted in a careful examination of the Bay of Whales and the Ice Barrier, and the collection of a number of valuable geological specimens. In another chapter Lieutenant Nilsen describes the voyages of the *Fram* to and from the base in the Bay of Whales.

II.

The tale unfolded in these volumes affords convincing proof that Norse valour and daring have lost none of their ancient glory. There is here revealed the old spirit of adventure, and with it foresight, skill, determination, dauntless courage, and quiet, cheerful endurance. But, as has already been pointed out, what impresses most of all is the alacrity with which the Norsemen scored their triumph. Indeed, the swiftness, comparative ease, and high spirits with which the whole enterprise was carried out is suggestive rather of a holiday party out for a ramble than of a small group of men battling with stupendous forces and facing death in an undiscovered land. From Framheim to the South Pole and back is a distance of about 1,860 miles, and it was covered in 99 days. On the outgoing journey the average rate of progress was 15½ miles per day, but on the homeward journey the speed was actually increased to 22½ miles per day. Obstacles seem to have been surmounted with the minimum of trouble. It is really amazing to learn that, on the first day of the ascent to the high plateau, the distance covered by men, dogs, and heavily laden sledges was 11½ miles, "with a rise of 2,000 feet." Two "fairly steep slopes" were negotiated at "a jog trot."

III.

Unquestionably, Captain Amundsen had extraordinary good fortune. To begin with, the weather was remarkably fine. True, the party experienced a blizzard or two, an occasional gale, and some fogs while working their way through the mountains and during the march across the plateau, but these never seriously interfered with their progress. Delays there were, but they were, as a rule, of short duration. On the other hand, there are numerous references to the exemplary behaviour of the weather, and in one place Captain Amundsen alludes to the dogs lying "snoring in the heat of the sun."

But perhaps the most important factor of all was the wonderful performance of the dogs. Captain Amundsen has demonstrated beyond the shadow of a doubt that, if properly fed and cared for, these animals are a far more valuable asset to a Polar exploration party than ponies. Of the fifty-two dogs with which he started from Framheim, he managed to take forty-two on to the plateau, and no fewer than eighteen to the Pole, while twelve actually completed the double journey. Here is how the dogs (and their drivers) did their work immediately before reaching the great plateau:—

> "For this last pull up I must give the highest praise both to the dogs and their drivers; it was a brilliant performance on both sides. I can still see the situation clearly before me. The dogs seemed positively to understand that this was the last big effort that was asked of them; they lay flat down and hauled, dug their claws in and dragged themselves forward. . . . How they toiled, men and beasts, up that slope! But they got on, inch by inch, until the steepest part was behind them."

IV.

But if Fortune smiled on Captain Amundsen and his comrades, it were foolish to ignore the fact that the success of the expedition was due in no small measure to his own experience, judgment, and organising ability. Again and again we are shown how carefully every part of the undertaking, to the minutest detail, had been thought out. The expedition, from start to finish, was admirably managed. Take, for example, the provisioning. On the homeward journey a depôt was missed, but the misfortune did not disturb the equanimity of the party in the slightest, for they "had food enough." At a later stage, when the depôt in 85° S. was reached, the dogs "had double pemmican rations, besides as many oatmeal biscuits as they would eat. We had such masses of biscuits now that we could positively throw them about." Clearly, ample provision had been made for man and for beast.

Nor must we forget to place to Captain Amundsen's credit that he journeyed to the South Pole and back without loss of human life; indeed, without serious mishap of any kind. Considering the innumerable chasms and hummocks encountered by the way, likewise the dangerous condition of the glaciers, it says much for the skill and vigilance of the party that they suffered comparatively little. Some discomfort, caused by shortness of breath while on the high plateau, and frost-bitten faces, seem to have been the only ailments.

W. FORBES GRAY.

* "The South Pole." By Roald Amundsen. Translated by A. G. Chater. Two vols. £2 2s. net. (Murray.)

# AN ETON EDUCATION BY MGR. R. H. BENSON

## PART I.

I.

TO Etonians, at any rate, Eton is the Queen of Schools. She has nursed them for years with an exquisite grace that is all her own; she has led them up from wide-eyed childhood to the august splendours of the Sixth Form or the Eleven or the Eight, or, at the very least, to the secure and detached dignity of one who can "fag," and walk arm-in-arm up High Street with a friend; one who talks with masters of the affairs of the house, and presents his tutor—as one man to another—when he leaves, with a piece of engraved plate. She has, that is to say, introduced them to the world that lies outside the walls of home, and taught them an Art of Life—an Art which her very enemies and critics acknowledge as supreme. She has sent them into the world of men with a stamp upon them, that no other dares imitate, and of which they themselves are never ashamed: they leave unbuttoned always the lowest button of their waistcoat, and count themselves cadets, at least, of the noblest House in the world. But the education she gives them is simply deplorable.

I was fortunate enough to win a scholarship at Eton, owing to the admirable teaching I received, *ad hoc*, at my private school: that is to say, out of a large and highly specialised class of boys from all over the country, I was selected, for my knowledge of classics, my skill in Latin versifying, and my adequateness in mathematics, with eleven or twelve others, to represent what is, I suppose, the most coveted schoolboy educational team of the year. Such, at any rate, is an Eton scholarship deemed to be by professional educationists. And I left Eton four years later, a disappointment to everyone, including myself: I had learned so to hate the classics that I have never, willingly, read a Greek play since; I fumbled, the other day only, over a sum in simple division, and it has never even entered my head to try to win a Latin verse prize in the *Westminster Gazette*. Yet I am not wholly without intelligence, neither was I altogether so at Eton: I managed, for example, to win the English Verse prize, without advice or help from anyone, in the half in which I left. There are to-day, I suppose, still left two subjects which I can study without repugnance—history and English; since in neither of these two branches of knowledge can I remember a single lesson ever being given to me while I was at school.

II.

Now what is wrong with Eton education (and, for the matter of that, with all the *general* education at all the greater public schools)? Why is it that boy after boy leaves such schools immeasurably the intellectual inferior not only of all his rivals in the Continental schools, but the inferior also of the English grammar-school boy, and, of course, of the "crammer's pup." After I had left Eton I went, for a year, to Messrs. Wren and Gurney; and I say without hesitation that I learned there, in that one year, not just a few examinational tips, a few brilliant and telling tricks, but more of the solid principles of mathematics, more of the general outlines of history in its broad and really important aspect, more of the real glories of the classics, more accuracy, more appreciativeness, in a word, a more sound knowledge of the things that are thought to make an educated man, than in all my four years at Eton—incalculably more. In six weeks, too, in Brittany, I began not only to perceive that French was actually a language in which real ideas could be conveyed, but even to learn how to begin to convey them. And I had "learned" French for four years, previously, at Eton.

First, I would say that at Eton no real attention whatever is paid to the idiosyncrasies of the individual boy. Roughly speaking, it may be said that there are four kinds of boys—classical, mathematical, literary, and scientific (or mechanical). Under the first class I would comprise those of whom classical scholars are made—boys to whom the deliberate analysis of language and its laws comes very nearly naturally; men who take an actual delight in Greek poetry, and can distinguish, inevitably, the respective force, let us say, of an aorist and a perfect. The second class represents those who take to pure abstract thought in itself, apart, originally, from its effects in the world of matter; the third class are those to whom humanity is interesting; the fourth, those to whom material objects and their inter-relations are the one solid realm of fact. Now these classes of minds are almost as diverse as if they were separate creations. Yet at Eton, in the main, they are all treated exactly alike. "Specialisation" is considered the supreme danger, except in the case of the "Army class," for which a grudging exception is made. The whole lot practically go through the mill together; the boy whose fingers are itching for cogs and wheels, or the scalpel; the boy who really wants to know what politics are all about, and why France has a Republic and Russia an autocracy; the boy who shamefacedly makes poetry in a pocket-book under the elms of the playing-fields; the boy who longs not to have the moon, but to weigh it like other people, and to whom the potentialities of the number nine are as beautiful as the opening of a flower—all these minds and temperaments pass alike under the car not even of the classical scholar, but of the heaviest grammarian.

III.

For Eton herself, in spite of her protests, is an almost insane specialist. She talks of "a broad and liberal education," and provides instead one of the narrowest type. When she is pressed as to why a training in the smallest niceties of Ciceronian Latin, and in the exact force of Greek particles at a certain period—(for it is not even Greek and Latin in general that she teaches)—is "liberal," she answers incoherently that the study of these details, and these only, give a peculiarly magical tone to the minds that submit to them, partly because they are so exceedingly repulsive to a majority of students. If she really taught Latin and Greek, it would not be quite so bad; if she rendered her average child capable of seeing the point of any of Plautus' jokes, or of understanding that Horace really wrote poetry, and did not, instead, sit down and "make up" lines which fulfilled some arbitrary conditions of metre; if her children understood that Homer was as really excited about his wars and adventures as Mr. Rudyard Kipling—if they learnt, that is to say, Latin and Greek, I suppose it might just be arguable that these things formed quite as good, and nearly as useful, a training for the mind as Shakespeare or the elements of chemistry. But it is not so. Her boys are trained instead in the elements that least mattered, in phases of languages that have long ago passed away, to give place to new and vital

demands. They are taught, drearily and ineffectively, to handle a few of the tools of a class that is, perhaps, the narrowest-minded in the world, and the most complacent—the classical grammarian.

IV.

Another point is the extreme dreariness—(what Eton masters would call the "discipline")—with which subjects are usually taught. Now everyone would acknowledge—(except, I suppose, the modern Kindergarten school)—that there must be real effort in the process of learning. Boys, like the rest of us, have a strong element of sloth in their nature. But the efforts ought not to depress, but to stimulate. The chemically minded boy will work very hard indeed at what is called "stinks"; he will certainly learn the discipline of labour, and profit by it too, since he soon perceives that results cannot be obtained without it. But what is there peculiarly helpful or broadening in being forced to make efforts in a cause which neither then nor afterwards appears to him to justify the labour? Allow that the Eton theory is sound, even, and that no man can be called truly educated who has not thoroughly mastered the forces of the Optative and "done" Horace's Odes, with notes, yet, even so, why should the appalling labours of the Lexicon be laid upon him? Why are "cribs" considered immoral? With the use of "cribs," under supervision, he will learn far more quickly and joyously; he will remember what he learns, at least with equal ease; and it is even conceivable that he may some day catch a glimpse of the truth that Horace's Odes are a part of literature. I remember still with horror and resentment the hours I spent over grammars and dictionaries, and yet, classically speaking, I am an exceedingly poor scholar. I remember with even deeper resentment my excursions into trigonometry, my feeble, dreary hours under a German master; and yet I cannot bless myself in German now, nor do a simple sum in practice. In French I learned—(and many hundreds of Etonians will corroborate me in my memory)—that "Esprit does not mean Spirit." But I do not know what it does mean. If these subjects are worth learning, why are they not taught—really taught—at Eton? Why are the memories of the tasks among the most dismal remembrances of our lives? Is it, perhaps, that I myself was idle and uninterested? Certainly it was so. *But whose business was it to interest me, if not my masters'?*

V.

So far, then, I should sum up as follows:—

(1) An Eton education is not, fundamentally, in the least "liberal" or "broad." It is intensely narrow. The backbone of an Eton education is the "Classics"; by which is meant a minute study of certain minute details of grammarians' analyses of the Latin and Greek languages at certain limited periods of their development. The poetry and literature of classical writers are never even viewed afar off except by exceptional boys.

(2) No allowance is made for individual temperaments. Specialisation in history, modern languages, science, mechanics, is rigidly excluded—and even in mathematics, too, to some extent.

(3) What is taught is taught drearily. Of course there are, again, exceptional boys who will understand and take advantage of the real learning of their teachers, and will arrive at proficiency in spite of the heart-breaking obstacles of their methods. But the average Eton boy leaves Eton entirely uneducated, and with a profound and lasting taste for even those branches of knowledge which he might have acquired.

(*To be continued.*)

# WAR AGAINST POVERTY

## A REJOINDER BY MRS. SIDNEY WEBB

I AM interested in Mr. Munroe's extraordinary suggestion, in the letter which he contributes to EVERYMAN of December 13th, that I am proposing the creation of five separate authorities "to visit the same family." My proposal is the exact reverse of the creation of new authorities: I wish to diminish those that already exist, by one. At the present time there are six separate authorities giving treatment or relief out of public funds to working-class families—the Public Health authority, the Public Education authority, the Public Lunacy authority, the Old Age Pension authority, the Unemployment authority, and the Poor Law authority. The Poor Law Commission discovered that, in some cases, three or four of these authorities were actually maintaining or treating members of the same family, without any knowledge on the part of any one of them that the others were doing it. It is this system of overlapping and disorder that we are proposing to put an end to. We propose that all sick people shall be treated by the Public Health authority, all children by the Public Education authority, all mentally defective and lunatic people by the Lunacy authority, all aged people by the Old Age Pension authority, and all unemployed persons by the authority which deals with unemployment; and that there shall be a definite system of co-ordinating the work of these existing authorities so as to prevent overlapping and confusion. Does Mr. Munroe desire to abolish the Public Health authority, the Public Education authority, the Lunacy authority, the Old-Age Pension authority, the Unemployment authority, or any of these? Does he wish to throw back all the persons who are being educated, treated, or otherwise helped by these authorities into the Poor Law, with its stigma of pauperism? Any of your readers who wish for more detailed information about this policy of Prevention, and who desire to be convinced as to the extravagance and confusion of our present methods, had better read our little book on the "Prevention of Destitution," of which, apparently, Mr. Munroe knows the title but does not know the contents.

Those of your readers who are definitely Conservative in politics will find practically the same scheme of Reform proposed in the excellent little booklet on "Poor Law Reform. A Practical Programme: The scheme of the Unionist Social Reform Committee, explained by Mr. John W. Hills, M.P., and Maurice Woods, with an introduction by the Right Hon. F. E. Smith, K.C., M.P." (West Strand Publishing Company, 1s. net). To quote from the general account of this scheme, we find that the Unionist Social Reform Committee "studied the conditions which they found existing at the moment, and tried to disentangle those features which were essential and permanent from those which were subsidiary and accidental; and, having done so, to re-examine, in the light of the experience thus gained, the conflicting theories of the different schools. When this was done they found that the points of agreement were far greater than the points of difference, and it appeared possible to find a solution acceptable to a wide body of moderate opinion." As a result of this impartial investigation, the Unionist Social Reform Committee proposes to abolish the Poor Law authority and to distribute the whole of its work amongst those public authorities that are already engaged in the work of Prevention.

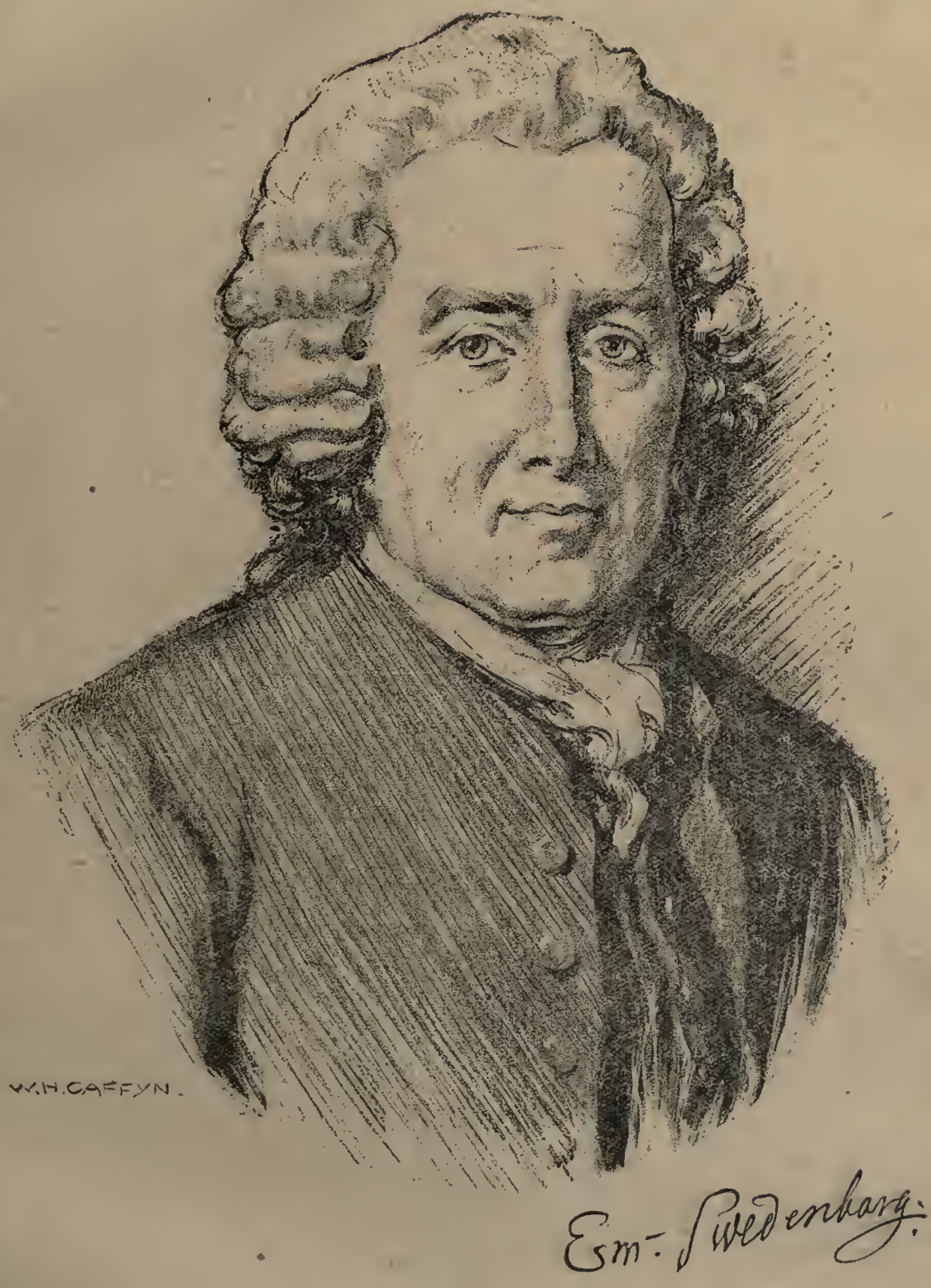
# SWEDENBORG: THE SAVANT AND THE SEER

## By J. Howard Spalding

EMANUEL SWEDENBORG was born in Stockholm in the year 1688, and died in London in 1772. He was the second son of Jesper Swedberg, Bishop of Skara. The surname was changed to Swedenborg when the family was ennobled by Queen Ulrica Eleonora in 1719. He was a man of boundless industry, and distinguished himself in many departments of knowledge and practical work—as a mathematician, engineer, and metallurgist—besides traversing the whole range of the science known to his time, and that, not as a mere student, but as a bold explorer, whose constant aim it was to penetrate the most hidden secrets of nature. In some of his speculations he passed out of the ken of his contemporaries; and many MSS. of his scientific and philosophical papers have lain hidden in the library of the Swedish Royal Academy of Sciences till the present day, when they are being unearthed and published under the supervision of a committee composed of some of the most eminent men of science in Sweden. When he had reached his fifty-sixth year, he abandoned a career in which he had attained honour in his own country, and a European reputation, relinquished all prospects of worldly distinction, and devoted himself with the same indefatigable industry which he had displayed in all his former pursuits to an investigation of the nature and laws of the spiritual world, and their bearing on the life and destiny of man. The break between his earlier and later aims was not so sudden as this statement may seem to imply, but it was complete. For a year or two he continued to discharge his professional duties as Assessor of the Swedish Board of Mines. Then he resigned his office, that he might devote himself entirely to a life of unrecognised, unremitting, and almost solitary toil in the new vocation to which he believed he had been called.

This change was brought about by an event which he described as the "opening of his spiritual senses," that is, by his being introduced into conscious, sensible intercourse with the spiritual world and its inhabitants. The nature of this intromission can only be understood by means of the facts disclosed to Swedenborg by the experience itself. If those facts are admitted, the process becomes comprehensible, and even simple. Man, Swedenborg says, is, even during his life on earth, a denizen of two worlds. By means of his physical body he inhabits the natural world, and is subject to its laws; and by means of his mind, which is itself a spiritual body in perfect human form, and the cause from which the physical body derives its form, he inhabits the spiritual world and is subject to its laws. When a man undergoes the change which we call death, he merely lays aside the physical body which had served for his use in the natural world, of which it was a part, and then finds himself just as much a man in every organ and faculty, in a word, just as much *himself* in every essential respect as he was before. The only difference is that the natural world and all that it contains have completely vanished from his purview, and that he finds himself existing in a spiritual body, cognate with the spiritual environment in which he is thenceforward to live. He possesses every sense which he possessed before, only of a more exquisite quality, but his senses now take cognisance of spiritual and not of natural things, although, to the mere sense, the objects, animate and inanimate, by which he finds himself surrounded, so exactly resemble those with which he was familiar during his life on earth, that, unless he reflects on the subject, he perceives no difference whatever. He develops no new faculty; he simply begins to exercise consciously faculties which were latent in him before. Every man, therefore, according to Swedenborg's testimony, possesses, during his life on earth, faculties capable of bringing him into conscious intercourse with spiritual beings and the world in which they live; and there have been innumerable instances in history of temporary and partial intromissions into that world, in states of trance and sometimes in states of wakefulness. The Bible, for instance, is full of them. The difference in Swedenborg's case was that, for the last twenty-eight years of his life, his spiritual senses were aroused to full and continuous activity, while he was awake and in the enjoyment of his natural powers of observation and reason. Now, according to his report, although objects in the spiritual world appear to exist in space, and the changes they undergo to occur in time, just as they do in this world, yet space and time, as we know them, that is, as fixed and measurable quantities, do not exist there. All the apparent changes of place which take place there are really changes in the spiritual state of the person who experiences them, by which he is brought into *rapport* with the spiritual states of other denizens of the spiritual world, of which he was previously but remotely, or not at all, aware. "These appearances," Swedenborg says, "are so real that a spirit [one who has but lately arrived from the natural world] is entirely ignorant that they originate in this way. The angels [those who have passed into heaven] know, but do not think about it." This being the nature of spiritual motion, Swedenborg, after his spiritual senses were brought into full activity, was able to traverse the whole spiritual world, or, in other words, to become sensibly acquainted with the infinitely varied spiritual states in which men exist there, without being in the least impeded by his earthly body, which had no relation whatever to these mental journeys.

Swedenborg was from his youth a sincerely, though unobtrusively, religious man; but although, no doubt, he had his own thoughts about the theology taught in his day, he seems, until this crisis in his life arrived, to have accepted in the main the doctrinal teaching of the Lutheran Church in Sweden, of which his father had been a dignitary. At all events, up to this time he had given no special study to theology. The crisis occurred in the year 1744. He immediately began to learn Hebrew, so that he might be able to read the Old Testament in the original language, and commenced a minute and reiterated study of the Bible from Genesis to Revelation, in the course of which he prepared for his own use several large volumes of indexes and notes which, considering the space of time in which they were compiled, are monuments of industry. In 1747 he began to write his great expository work, the "Arcana Coelestia," the first volume of which he published in 1749. In this brief space of time he reached those convictions about God, Creation, and Man from which he never afterwards swerved; for there is nothing essential in his subsequent teaching which is not contained in the "Arcana." A brief account of the new outlook on the whole field of human life which Swedenborg thus attained will be given in the next number of EVERYMAN.




EMANUEL SWEDENBORG, NATUS 1688, OBIIT 1772

# THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

## A REPLY

MY DEAR PROFESSOR SAINTSBURY,—As one of her sons, I take it upon myself to answer the epistle you wrote to my mother, the Twentieth Century. I believe some of her sons may resent your good-humoured banter of the lady; but as I was your pupil for three years and learned to love your dear, kind ways, I couldn't resent your remarks, try as I might. As your pupil, I bowed to your knowledge of Shakespeare and Milton, but when you leave your recognised province and dilate upon the waywardness of the young century, I confess that my head refuses to incline forwards even an inch. You say many things that are true, but you show a complete lack of sympathy. For example, you deplore the fact that we have lost our manners, and you do not realise that the loss of them is good for us. The main characteristic of modernism is its contempt for the little things of life. There are many very little things—Good Manners, Tariff Reform, the Insurance Bill, the White Slave Traffic, Puritanism: in short, most things that figure in daily newspapers. The young century objects to a meticulous regard for, say, manners when there are huge problems to face. When a man is thinking about a plan for abolishing the idle rich and raising the down-trodden labourer he is apt to forget mere politeness. The young century refuses to take seriously the ranting of righteous M.P.s and bishops about white slaves, because it knows the root of the evil is that some men, *e.g.*, M.P.s and bishops, have too much money while others have too little. Again, the century considers the Insurance Bill an insult. The Bill says to the worker, "Poor chap! we know you can't make a decent enough wage to live or to die comfortably; we'll give you a sort of pension."

You lament the death of charity; we lament the sad fact that charity is not dead. Charity lives because some people have more money than they ought to have; it is a bye-product of capitalism. Now I know you will smile and say to yourself, "I've heard all this before: it is merely Socialism." You might even call it cant, whatever cant may mean; but you should know that we young 'uns are in deadly earnest. You, professor, are a much cleverer man than, say, a successful brewer; but the brewer makes more money: he may become a lord, he may even become a Cabinet Minister. For, as you know, cleverness isn't essential for party politics. We want to stop this race for wealth; we object to any man buying his wife a diamond necklace so long as labourers are rising at 5 a.m. and working till 6 p.m. I am afraid you find the world so pleasant with all its books that you forget about the people who rise at 5 a.m. The moderns are disinterested; every good Socialist is an altruist.

I have been writing of the "modern" people of the century. Dear me! the folks who revel in picture shows and party politics are mid-Victorian, or at least mid-Victorian with a difference. I admit that the taste of the people is poor; cheap musical comedies, mawkish melodrama, vulgar farce attract crowds, while Ibsen, Shaw—yea, Shakespeare also, fill the front row of the pit. Are we any worse than previous ages? I don't think so; and I say boldly that altruism in its best form is more universal now than it has been for generations. Judge the century by its silliness if you will, but do think kindly of the men and women who honestly strive after, if not a new Heaven, at least a new Earth.—Your admiring, yea, loving pupil,

A. S. NEILL.

# SILHOUETTES

*From the gallery of memory, mutascopic and fragmentary, there flashes at times a picture, many-coloured and complete; more often the screen gives back an outline, blurred in parts, yet conveying an impression so vivid and compelling that the mind holds only the salient points, and there emerges of scenes and emotions—a silhouette!*

THE crowd, good-humoured and expectant, was waiting for the gallery doors to open for a popular musical comedy. It was Saturday evening, and City offices and West End shops had let loose their staffs. Pretty typists, smart milliners, the ubiquitous flapper, a number of gallery "boys" eager to see their stage favourites, and the usual nondescripts that fringe all London crowds—men and women shabby of aspect, uncertain as to age.

A sharp-faced woman with a feather in her hat, holding a small child by the hand, grumbled that the doors were not yet open, and feared it was going to rain. The child whimpered a little, and was promptly cuffed, whereat a kindly matron sucking an orange just behind declared it was a shame!

"Shame yourself," retorted the lady of the feather.

"I can't abide to see a little 'un hit," said the good creature, and extracted a pear-drop from a pocket hidden in a remote portion of her garments. The small child took the sweet, and we relapsed into silence, broken shortly by the arrival of an itinerant musician. His face was black, and he twanged a banjo hopelessly out of tune as accompaniment to a weary voice. No one applauded; the stout matron shook her head, the lady of the feather sniffed contempt.

The musician took his failure with philosophy and sheered off to another pitch. The rain by this time had commenced to fall, and even the flappers grew dispirited. We huddled together closer, and ached for the opening of the doors.

And then, just as our patience was exhausted, an old man in an Inverness coat and slouch hat strode into the empty space before us. Something there was in his carriage, his face and figure, that arrested the attention. His clothes were threadbare and tattered indescribably, but he folded his rags about him with an air of defiance that yet lacked bravado. He took off his hat and announced that he would give impersonations of great men. It was an old turn—we had seen it, every one of us, at the music-halls—the man with the hat twisted into a variety of forms, with features to match. He went right through the gamut, and was Napoleon crossing the Alps and a Pierrot upon the sands within two minutes. The man was an actor—more, he was an artist. His poverty, his rags, concealed, but could not kill his genius.

The show finished, he handed round his hat with an air of princely condescension that impressed us. We gave him our pennies cheerfully, and the stout lady wished him luck. I noticed his boots were broken, but the brave old mouth did not quiver, nor did his eyes flinch. He stood before us indifferent to our offerings, and, the doors opening at the moment, moved aside to let us pass. The light flashed full in his face, and in the moment that his eyes met mine I recognised him. He had been a famous actor once, and had played in the very theatre at whose threshold he now postured for our pence. He read the knowledge in my face—a swift pang rent his fortitude; for a moment he waited, the next he gathered his rags about him and passed into the shadows of the Strand.

"Lor!" said the lady of the feather, "he ain't wot you might call grateful-like, is he?"

"I think the man was hungry," said the friendly matron, and she gave a little sigh.

# HENRY MAYERS HYNDMAN

THE new volume of Mr. Hyndman's reminiscences is quite as fascinating as his last, though in the nature of things the canvas is somewhat smaller. The previous volume told us of Mr. Hyndman's wanderings in search, among other things, of a political creed, and brought us in contact with Garibaldians, Irish Fenians, and Land Leaguers, old Chartists and Republicans, to say nothing of politicians like Disraeli and astute onlookers of the governing class like Lady Dorothy Nevill. But from the moment that Marx converted him to collectivism, Mr. Hyndman, in the intellectual sense at least, ceased to wander, With an intensity of conviction and a self-sacrificing enthusiasm as rare as they are admirable, he threw all his energies into the Socialist movement. The present volume is practically a record of his relations with that movement since the eighties. And very entertaining as well as instructive reading it makes.

I.

The apparent paradox of Mr. Hyndman's character, which lends peculiar interest to his book, is that he contrives to be a strict and, as many people would say, a fanatical believer in a fixed creed and panacea, without ever for a moment allowing this to interfere with the ease and humanity of the rest of his nature. He is a Marxian of the Marxians—"at the feet of Gamaliel himself." Yet there is nothing about him, except his convictions, that suggests the popular image of the "Socialist"—an image which, though it has nothing whatever to do with Socialism, has undoubtedly its counterpart in real life among the devotees of that doctrine. Take away Mr. Hyndman's Marxianism—you would find it no easy job, by the way—and you have a very genial, highly cultured and travelled old English gentleman, with all the traditions that go with that type, with its courtesy, with its generous love of the good things of life, and with, as far as externals go, not a little of its conservatism. He retains also to a great extent those strong, though more or less subconscious, articles of political faith which that type inherited, but which among Socialists too often tend to get rubbed out, notably an intense love of personal liberty, a belief in the sanctity of nationality, and a strong sense that, whatever pacifists may say, there is nothing in the world so splendid as armed fighting in a just cause.

II.

That impression, the impression of the author's personality, is the final and most significant thing that strikes one as one lays down Mr. Hyndman's book. But, in the course of reading it, one comes upon plenty of good stories well told, and plenty of shrewd criticisms of men and things.

Most readers will probably turn with peculiar interest to what the writer has to say of his principal contemporaries in the Socialist movement, and especially of Mr. Bernard Shaw. Of Mr. Shaw he writes very cleverly, though perhaps one may be tempted to think that neither of these very able and very honest men is quite capable of understanding, and therefore of doing justice to, the other. Between them there is a gulf fixed—a gulf, I think, less of conviction than of temperament and habit of mind. One of the most amusing passages in the book is that in which he describes his dinner with Shaw after the latter had spoken for him at Burnley. "It commenced," says Mr. Hyndman, "by my watching him with concealed and silent horror supply his waste of tissue by eating only the white of fried eggs. Since a well-known cricketer excused himself to me years before for having dropped an easy catch on the ground that he supped on oysters and hot port wine and water the previous evening, I do not think my natural sense of the fitting and the congruous in matters gastronomic had received such a shock." They proceeded to discuss Shakespeare, for whom Mr. Hyndman—here again the contrast is characteristic—has a full-blooded admiration, while finding Ibsen simply boring.

III.

It will be seen that Mr. Hyndman has no more sympathy with Mr. Shaw's fancies in the matter of food and drink than with his belief in the "New Drama." In a very ingenious passage, he attributes all Shaw's defects as a playwright to these peculiarities. "Take Shaw now and feed him up for a season on fine flesh dishes artfully combined and carefully cooked, turn a highly skilled French chef on to him in every department of his glorious art, prescribe for him stout, black jack, or, better still, the highest class of Burgundy of the Romanée Conti variety, born in a good year, and Shaw would be raised forthwith to the nth power of intellectual attainment. His strong human sympathies, no longer half-soured by albuminous indigestion, would bring the tears to our eyes, and tend them gently as they course down our cheeks. Lyrics of exquisite form and infinite fancy would literally ripple out of him, while his blank verse and his rhymed couplets would be the joy of all mankind. As to his humour, Mercutio, whom Shakespeare killed, as he himself confessed, in order to prevent Mercutio from killing him, would be a mere lay figure by the side of the irrepressible funsters Shaw should furnish for us." Mr. Hyndman does not add that under such treatment G. B. S. would inevitably accept Marx's Theory of Value; but one feels that he thinks so.

IV.

Of the other figures that stand out prominently in the history of the Socialist movement in England, Mr Hyndman has much that is interesting to say. A powerful, if a very tragic, interest attaches to his narrative of the tragedy of Marx's daughter, Eleanor. Mr. Hyndman tells the tale simply and strongly, and with all the instinctive though restrained loathing which a decent man feels for a cur of the type of Aveling. He attempts to draw no moral; and perhaps to such a story there is no moral save the old reflection that Satan is the Prince of this World. Nevertheless, considered as a commentary on "advanced ethics," there is perhaps this to be said: that no girl, fresh from a convent school, and easily capable of being exhibited to the world as an example of defenceless innocence, ever placed herself so utterly at the mercy of an inconceivably worthless man in consequence of her ignorance as did Eleanor Marx, as the direct result of the inheritance of the most advanced revolutionary culture of the age. It is the one solid thing to be said against the anarchic morals that were preached so easily in the early Socialist movement that they meant one thing to the slightly inhuman idealists who invented them and quite another thing to the devils who occasionally took advantage of them. It is one thing to have Free Love preached with perfectly sincere conviction and with almost too austere purity of motive by Bernard Shaw. It is quite another thing to see its consequences deduced and practised with diabolic logic by Edward Aveling.

There is little more that needs adding, except that whatever may happen ultimately to the cause of Socialism, these two volumes of Mr. Hyndman's will always stand out as monuments not only of historical interest, but of personal nobility. C. C.

# LITERARY NOTES

THE lamented death of Mr. Whitelaw Reid reminds me of a rather curious fact, namely, that the United States have produced quite a small army of literary ambassadors and consuls. And in saying this, I am thinking not of second-rate men, but of some of the greatest names in American literature. Mr. Whitelaw Reid's predecessors include Motley and Lowell, the foremost historian and the finest literary critic of the New World. Nathaniel Hawthorne and Bret Harte both served as consuls in this country, the former in Liverpool and the latter in Glasgow. Washington Irving, on the other hand, was for a short time secretary to the United States Legation in London.

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And if we go further afield, we are confronted with the equally notable names of Fenimore Cooper and Bayard Taylor. Cooper was U.S. consul at Lyons for three years, and Taylor was ambassador at Berlin, a post for which he was eminently fitted in more ways than one. He had a profound knowledge of German literature, one of the fruits of which was his classic translation of Goethe's "Faust." I ought also to mention his brilliant lectures, entitled "Studies in German Literature," which are still recommended to English students as a thoroughly competent survey of the leading characteristics of the subject.

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Mr. Whitelaw Reid maintained the literary tradition, though with less brilliancy than his predecessors. The fact is he was not so much a man of letters as an able journalist and publicist. He made no mark in the realm of pure literature, though some critics have been writing as if he did. Most of his books deal with political subjects, and are of ephemeral interest. Occasionally, however, he gave lectures and addresses which clearly showed that the literary talent was not dormant. As an after-dinner speaker, I should not place him alongside of his immediate predecessor, Mr. Choate, who not only proved himself a man of marvellous versatility, but spoke with a grace, fluency, and humour which were quite irresistible. Nevertheless, Mr. Whitelaw Reid wrote books, and may therefore be acclaimed a literary ambassador.

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Lady Sybil Grant, who was the principal guest at the annual ladies' dinner of the Authors' Club, is the elder daughter of Lord Rosebery. Many well-known authors and lady writers were present to welcome this recent recruit to the ranks of literature. Flattering things were said of Lady Grant's literary attainments, and while some of these were deserved, one must not forget that for the present she is basking in the sunshine of her distinguished father's reputation. I observed that in announcing her recent book, her publishers were careful to add that she was the daughter of Lord Rosebery. But the critics generally are agreed that Lady Sybil gives promise of outliving the necessity for adventitious support of this kind.

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The approaching centenary of Wagner's birth is likely to bring us one or two fresh books about the composer. Messrs. Bell already announce a biography from the pen of Mr. John Runciman. The literature regarding Wagner and his music-dramas is now so extensive that I am surprised any publisher finds it worth his while to add to its volume. This remark applies specially to biography. There is the elaborate autobiography in two bulky volumes which Messrs. Constable published about a year ago. Then there is Mr. W. J. Henderson's admirable monograph, which not only tells Wagner's life-story, but explains his artistic aims, and details the history and meaning of each of his great works. We have also Mr. Lidgey's shorter biography in the Master Musicians series. But Mr. Runciman is a musical critic, with a point of view of his own, and no doubt he will have something fresh and arresting to say in his forthcoming book.

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Financially, the past record of the shilling monthly magazine has not been of the brightest. I shall therefore watch with interest the progress of the *British Review*, a new magazine which Messrs. Williams and Norgate are starting in January. This firm has already achieved a brilliant success with its half-crown quarterly, the *Hibbert Journal*, and I do not despair of their making the new venture pay its way, though I hardly think any substantial profit need be looked for. The *British Review*, which will incorporate the *Oxford and Cambridge Review*, will be Imperialist, but an effort will be made to allow all sides an impartial hearing. Good space is to be given to literature, and first-class writers only will contribute to the pages of the magazine. I have seen the contents-page of the first number. The topics are varied and timely, and the writers include Sir A. T. Quiller-Couch, Mr. Cecil Chesterton, Mr. Hilaire Belloc, Mr. Philip Gibbs, and Mr. F. E. Smith, M.P.

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Next March celebrations are to be held on a national scale in connection with the centenary of the birth of David Livingstone, the famous African missionary and explorer. The publishers are not unmindful of the fact, and one or two fresh books about Livingstone are already on sale, as well as new editions of old ones. Mr. Murray holds the copyright of Livingstone's "Second Expedition to Africa, 1858-64," and his "Last Journals." If I am not mistaken, a cheap edition of the latter work was published a few months ago. Mr. Murray also publishes a half-crown edition of the best personal Life of Livingstone—that by W. G. Blaikie. It requires, however, to be supplemented by Sir Harry H. Johnston's monograph, which deals specially with Livingstone's exploration work. A shilling edition of this book has just been published by Messrs. Philip.

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I hear that two of the best selling books this Christmas season are Captain Amundsen's "The South Pole" and "The Girlhood of Queen Victoria," both published by Mr. Murray. These works are expensive, but there seems to be a public for them. Captain Amundsen's book is already in its second edition, and there is every prospect of "The Girlhood of Queen Victoria" being similarly honoured shortly. This, indeed, is not to be wondered at, for, as the *Times'* reviewer remarked, it is "one of the most engaging, and to all Britons most engrossing, revelations of Royal life that have ever been published."

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It is gratifying to learn, on the high authority of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, that the British Museum expenditure on foreign books greatly exceeds that of any other library in Europe. This is as it should be, for, of recent years, the increase of scientific books of high value published on the Continent, particularly in France, Germany, and Italy, has been very appreciable. Mr. Lloyd George was asked in the House of Commons the other day if he would provide in the next estimates for an additional £10,000, so as to enable the British Museum to retain its position as one of the greatest libraries in the world. The Chancellor's reply was of a reassuring nature. X. Y. Z.

# LEONARD MERRICK ⁂ ⁂ ⁂ By M. Hamilton

The novel of psychology, the dissection of motive, the narrow presentment of a single phase of character too often crowds out Romance and obliterates humour. And without humour and the flutter of the skirts of chance, adventure, the soul and spirit of Romance cannot live. Life, as the novelist sees it to-day, is, for the most part, fragmentary. We are treated to pages of the burden of Brixton, the morals of Mayfair, the dull and ordered routine of suburban or society life. If the author once in a while kicks over the traces and makes a dash into the land of adventure—the land of swift laughter, quick tears, and valiant comradeship—he takes but a furtive peep, and, unable to breathe the atmosphere, comes back, eager to resume the dissection of a dreary soul.

Across the waste of wordy volumes comes the flash of Leonard Merrick's art, the gleam of a lantern, the echo of a laugh—Romance and the quest of the open road, the road that passes through Bohemia.

A perfection of style, a notable sense of humour, and a poignant realisation of emotional heights and depths have gone to the making of that modern epic, "Conrad in Quest of his Youth." It is an old tale, newly and exquisitely told, of the man who, finding himself possessed, after long years, of the means to attain his secret ideals, discovers he has outgrown them. His pilgrimage in search of his boyhood's friends, his anxious attempts to revivify his old attachments, are inimitably portrayed. The scene at the hotel in the Riviera, where he at last discovers the idol of his youth, is comedy at the highest. She has grown a little stouter, and her smile is not so swift, nor her laugh so infectious. In the old days he was able at times to forget that she was married. Now, alas, it is impossible to overlook the fact! No author has ever painted the sensations of suspense so perfectly as Mr. Merrick; but though Conrad waits with carefully nurtured excitement for the visit of his old love, we realise it is not the real thing, and are prepared for the *denouement* when, tired out with anticipation, he falls asleep. Disillusioned, unable to blow the ashes of dead romance into living flame, he gives up the quest of the past and launches into an unexplored country—stageland.

To accompany the author behind the scenes is to smell the grease-paint, catch the flare of the footlights, listen and wait for the ready laughter that bubbles from the lips of the chorus girls. Beside the art of Leonard Merrick the majority of theatrical novels are tawdry imitations of the real thing. His landladies are inimitable. Who can forget the lady who, in the days of her youth, was a gymnastic expert in that exquisite idyll, "A Call from the Past"? Who can forget the lodgings where the girls cooked their supper—when they had any—and laughed when they had none in "Peggy Harper"? They are so human, these men and women of Bohemia; their sorrows grip one, their laughter, brave and confident, brings a smile to your lips, a smile and a sigh. Poverty Corner, with its tale of failure, its story of hunger and disappointment, seems very near. We remember the miserable day when we stood without a penny in our pockets in the dreary rain, the wet soaking through our boots and nothing before us but a long tramp home; until—and in Bohemia it so often happens—one chances on a friend—a light-hearted companion, who once journeyed with us on the road—and the scene shifts! We find ourselves in Soho—nobody paints its cosy little restaurants like Mr. Merrick—and forget our sorrows over an eighteenpenny *table d'hôte*, with a bottle of wine thrown in!

Always one finds the spirit of adventure, the high courage that will not be cast down, the will that does not accept defeat. One emerges from the novel with a purpose, with a sense of desolation heavy on one's shoulders. There is, we feel, no escape, that the sins of the fathers are inevitably visited upon the grandchildren, and that a grim determinism bars the road. But Mr. Merrick, with his cleansing humour, his poignant emotion, gives us courage, sweeps away morbidity, throws open to every one of us the gates of Romance.

His women are drawn with a strength and delicacy difficult to equal. The feminine point of view is perfectly expressed in "When Love Flies Out of the Window." The husband, an unsuccessful dramatist, reluctantly consents to his wife's return to the stage. She makes a hit in musical comedy, and is flushed and happy at her triumph. The husband, viewing her performance from a seat in the gallery—he will not accept a stall—writhes in agony that his wife should be the target for alien, if admiring, eyes. He could have borne it had she played the lead in Grand Opera. Great music thrilled him like great literature. But to win the cheap enthusiasm of the uncultured by her singing of an inane ditty and her exhibition of dainty and elaborate clothing galls him beyond expression. She returns to their lodgings in Guilford Street, eager for his praise. The poor soul had ordered a dainty supper, with champagne, and tentatively suggests a week-end trip to Brighton. The disappointed dramatist will have none of it, and the wife is reduced to tears. She knows—she knows full well—his talents are greater than hers, his character stronger, but to the very quick she feels he might have let her enjoy her triumph, "her little tinpot triumph," as she says.

One realises the masculine standpoint, the inability of the man to share the earnings of his wife; one realises also—and herein lies the fidelity of Mr. Merrick's methods—the disappointment of the woman, her burning sense of injustice. He paints the scene, simply but with deadly effect. The very quietness of the treatment moves more deeply than excess of emotion. It is in the same book one meets the matchless poet who has achieved a wide reputation and a large income by the writing of librettos for comic opera. Advancing years and increased girth does not depress him or modify the exuberance of his genius. He merely alters the figure of his hero and increases the age—to match his own.

Allied to Mr. Merrick's humour is a sense of tragedy—tragedy of temperament, the most irremediable of all. The sketch of the negro in "Quaint Companions," who has only to sing to obliterate all thought of his colour from the audience, is a remarkable one. He loves a white woman, who marries him for money. He knows it, and the knowledge embitters his life. We forget the egregious vanity, the colossal conceit, of the black man, and in the end we feel that the white woman is the despicable party to the deal. And yet, with a sureness of touch, Mr. Merrick paints the other side, and shows us the abyss of misery the wife suffers from her marriage.

But, fine as is this characterisation, Bohemia is the author's true country. Here he is Prince, and his subjects laugh and cry, strive and work, live and love at his bidding. Mr. Merrick has found the secret of Romance, captured the lantern of Adventure.

# JUPITER CARLYLE

By NORMAN MACLEAN.

I.

THERE are some books which tell us about things, and other books which make us see things. To that last order belongs the autobiography of Alexander Carlyle of Inveresk, in whose pages the social, ecclesiastical, and literary life of Scotland and England in the eighteenth century lives for us again. It is an amazing book, written as it was by an old man, for he depicts the vanished days of his youth with a vividness which makes us feel as if we were eye-witnesses of the rout at Prestonpans, or sharers with David Hume and John Home and Principal Robertson in the feasting and revelling of a vanished generation. Carlyle writes of great days and of great men. Scotland was awakening from the torpid condition in which it lay for a century; the dreary Puritanic creed which had held the people under a cloud for a century was releasing its hold, and the stirring of a new intellectual life was everywhere audible. The educated classes in Edinburgh were emerging from their provincialism, and were beginning to speak English and not broad Scotch; and they did it after the manner in which the Duke of Wellington spoke French—with a great deal of courage! The debt which we owe to Carlyle is that he makes us see the birth of a new era in the national life, and the men and women who brought the nation to the birth. He writes of the things he knows, for in them he himself had a great share.

II.

The weirdest figures in his pages are undoubtedly those of Lord Grange and his wife. I remember standing in the desolate burying-ground of Trumpan in Waternish, Skye, waiting for a shallow grave being dug among a forest of nettles, when an old man led me to a corner of the desolate place and said, "That is where Lady Grange was buried." I did not then know the strangest story in Scottish history, and when I learned the facts of her abduction I was filled with amazement how such a thing could have happened in Scotland in the eighteenth century. The actors in that tragic episode are all in these pages. In the parish of Prestonpans, of which Carlyle's father was minister, Lord Grange was the leading man. He had been Lord Justice's Clerk, but was removed from that office. His wife was a jealous woman of ungovernable temper. As a boy, Carlyle used to go to this house to play with the children, and at the door of the room where they played "we always kept alternate watch lest my lady should come upon us." One day the boy had wandered far from home, and Lady Grange, passing in her carriage, seized him and brought him back. "She was gorgeously dressed; her face was like the moon, and patched all over. For these eighty years that I have been wandering in this wilderness I have seen nothing like her but General Dickson of Kilbucho." Lord Grange, who alternated between great religious devotion and unrestrained debauchery, was a sanctified scoundrel.

III.

Carlyle gives it as his opinion that he and his associates were not insincere in their profession of religion. "I have frequently seen them drowned in tears during the whole of a sacramental day, when, so far as my observation reached, they would have no rational object in acting a part." Those men were the victims of their nerves; and when we remember how men were deeply devout when they made a countryside desolate by evictions, or with prayer on their lips engaged in the horrors of the slave trade, we can the better understand degenerates like Lord Grange. Terrified lest his wife should, in one of her jealous fits, disclose his Jacobite plotting to the Government, he conceived the diabolical plot of having her seized and carried away to the fastnesses of the North. With the help of Lord Lovat and Macleod of Macleod, she was carried away to St. Kilda. At a much later date, Macleod tried to improve the condition of the inhabitants of St. Kilda by ordering that all dunghills be removed from before their doors. A St. Kilda man boasted how he circumvented that order by making the dunghill inside his house! No fate could have been more awful than this—that the lady of the patches and the gorgeous chariot should have been transported to a "dug-out" in lone St. Kilda, to live on a dunghill with the cattle. There she could tell no secrets—for nobody on the island could speak any language but Gaelic.

IV.

This happened in 1732, and when the plotters feared her place of exile might be discovered she was removed to Waternish, where she died in 1745. Carlyle says she died in Harris, which is an excusable mistake, for Harris and Waternish both belonged to Macleod. For thirteen years Lady Grange was consigned to a living hell, and nobody was ever punished for it. Such was the law and order in Scotland in the eighteenth century. In 1741 Carlyle dined with Lord Grange and Lord Lovat, the two leading actors in the weird drama. Lovat was then seventy-five, tall and stately, with a very flat nose. "As soon as we were set Lovat asked me to send him a whiting from a dish of fish that was next me. As they were all haddocks, I considered that they were not whiting. . . . . Upon this his Lordship stormed and swore more than fifty dragoons; he was sure they must be whitings, as he had bespoke them. I retracted, saying that I had but little skill. . . . Upon this he calmed, and I sent him one, which he was greatly pleased with, saying again that he never could eat a haddock in his life." While Lord Grange and Lord Lovat thus feasted, Lady Grange was eating her heart out on a dunghill in St. Kilda! It was a strange world in which such things could have happened.

V.

But the old order was rapidly running to its end, and the day of Lovat was nearly past. Four years after Lord Lovat ate the haddock, swearing it was a whiting, Prince Charles came and ushered in the new day in Scotland. Carlyle makes us see the alarm and panic that seized Edinburgh when the wild Highlanders approached. He joined the corps of students, which was armed to assist in the defence of the city. It is his pen which makes us see Professor McLaren busy making the walls defensible and erecting cannon near to Potterrow; the spectators in tears as the volunteers marched out, and the loud lamentations that so affected one of the valiant corps that he said to his companion, "Does not this remind you of a passage in Livy when the Gens Fabii marched out of Rome to prevent the Gauls entering the city, and the whole matrons and virgins of Rome were wringing their hands and loudly lamenting? . . ." "Hold your tongue," says his companion. "You must recollect the end, Mr. Hew, *omnes ad unum pericre*"; the inglorious retreat of the dragoons galloping along the lang dykes; the battle at Prestonpans, when, in the space of fifteen minutes, Prince Charlie and his half-armed host became masters of Scotland.

(*To be continued.*)

# THE TYRANNY OF THE NOVEL ⁂ BY CANON BARRY

I.

TELL me, British man or woman, why do you read novels? What is the secret of this unexampled craving for fiction which has transmuted literature into mere saga, romantic or sentimental or brutal, but always in demand? Is it that you have grown to a greatness of imagination beyond all previous ages? On the contrary, your power of creating splendid or touching pictures for the mind's eye seems nearly worn out. You cannot equal the fairy-tales which enchanted your fathers of old. Taken in the mass, you neither invent fresh dramas yourselves nor discriminate on the boards of your theatres any subtleties in character. But you read novels by the million. Do you open your Bible as often as fifty years ago was the custom? I am sure that you do not. The very words of it are fading out of your remembrance; allusions to them bewilder you save when they re-appear disguised under a modern name. I have seen a sublime passage in the Book of Job corrected from Mr. Kipling's "Recessional"; and printers, I find, will query a verse of the Psalms, as if new to them. The English Bible is losing its hold on the English people. But the story, long or short, pours out from the press and overflows our publishers' lists, one wave leaping on another. Why the novel and not the Bible? It is a question worth asking.

II.

I will answer it in a sentence. You have taken to the human story because you no longer believe in a divine one. Your religion is not even a myth to you; it is gone, and its place knows it no more. Says that mad German, the superman: "I saw a great sadness coming over mankind. The best became weary of their works. A doctrine ran out, a belief went with it, 'All is empty, all is equal, all hath been.'" Here is the disillusion that seized on the educated, on nobles and rulers, first; from them passing down to the middle class, the crowd, the Board School. The long twilight of the gods set in; and now in mixed but fading gleams of a sun below the horizon cast upward on the clouds men stumble and dream. These dreams, my misguided friends, are well named fiction —"making" and make-believe, but they are all that is left of your old Bible, with pages tacked on at a venture. Rusty keys, again, many such fictions prove, "opening the doors of the castles of death"—Gospels travestied, "caricatures of the angels of life"; sorrows of Satan over which tears may be shed by the heterodox-pious; Christians from the music-hall; heavenly twins; and "rosaries" thrown into popular cadence, with words of Holy Writ applied to emotions which they never contemplated. New fortune-tellers we may call our late and latest prose-poets, as did Zaruthustra. For, in the universal eclipse of faith, what can be done except to guess at things possible and impossible in the darkness? We must somehow make to ourselves prophets and prophetesses, if the old have turned out a deception. Let any, the veriest charlatan, approach us declaring that he has insight and foresight, we will endow him with wealth from the Rand, his wife shall flaunt De Beers' diamonds, or if he prefers not to adorn a wife in this fashion, well, he thereby proclaims an era of unlimited free choice, which will give him matter and form when he conceives a fresh novel. At any cost Utopias we demand; behold, Utopias are forthcoming!

III.

It is not hard to devise them. Break one of the Ten Commandments in theory as well as in practice. Then, with such fragments, build. "Thou shalt not kill" gives us at once anarchy in the boldest form; in a milder, it will suggest firing a theatre amid some crowded neighbourhood. "Thou shalt not steal" foreshadows and provokes the ingenious drawings of a Socialism where the State plunders the people, or All-men filch by law from Everyman. "Thou shalt not commit adultery" may be translated into promiscuous, intermittent, or terminable-at-will marriage, unless it be kept as a precept to enhance the gratification of trampling it in the mire. As we manufacture paradox cheap by inserting a negative in first principles, so the advanced and popular novelist bears always in mind a Christian axiom or institution, and then assails it with a parable of revolt and freedom. So we are invited to plunge into new hells, with guides like Maxim Gorky, to skim over more than one new heaven on earth, when Mr. H. G. Wells soars into the blue on his aeroplane. Some ancient power has always given in its resignation, some god has been retired, with or without a pension. The formula of revolution is simplicity itself. "As you were not," cries the magician, and Utopia rises to the light.

IV.

When religion as a firmly held view of existence was above all, men glanced at novels for amusement, women were a very small part of the reading public, and no one thought of taking the story-teller seriously. Now we move on a different tack. The sermon is preached to an array of empty benches; it is the story-book that draws and sells. Advantages it has which the pulpit cannot rival. We may read it anywhere, as long as we like, in what mood we choose, and it binds us to nothing. It caresses the sense of solitude, in which the Ego is dominant and supreme. It makes the reader lord or lady of a castle in Spain—that house entirely to our liking, fitted up to suit our wildest fantasies, and for which (as we are persuaded) we pay no rent. It has taken as its own the beauty and the wonder of life; and this it terms romance; but likewise the pain, terror, misery, crime, madness, that lurk in things; and this, it will have, is realism. Starting from no centre, it streams out in the most opposite directions; it is the chaos of thought, for its whole being is founded on impression, phantasms of the dead and the living, experiences feigned, fancy let loose. How tremendous are the possibilities for good or evil, in dreams large as the world; but how little do the victims of this hypnotic trance consider them? We none of us realise the vast modern machinery in which we are caught up. The novel is a machine second to no other, ubiquitous and almost irresistible. But, like an eyeless monster, it is purely indifferent to results; for it is a mill, not a soul; and it will deliver any message. "Art for art" signifies that it has no message of its own.

V.

To say of a religion that its oracles are dumb is to sign its death-warrant. How shall we do when oracles on every side of us give out contradictory answers? That is our unhappy condition. The Bible remaining a sealed book, when we betake ourselves to these

scattered leaves and try to piece them together, few coherent syllables emerge; certainly no pages of any fresh Gospel, except the pure negative or reversal of ancient beliefs and sacred customs. Perhaps deliverance lies in this fact. Inspiration cannot be negative. The question we put to our novels and novelists requires a positive answer. We ask, "How ought we to live? By what must we live?" To reply that we "ought to love if we would live" is perfectly true and equally futile. Love? Of course, we shall love. Our problem concerns right love, that which makes for true humanity, for progress towards the light, for a happiness worthy of our best nature. What, then, do we mean by the better and the worse? No sooner do we put upon novel reading a test such as this than we perceive at least one saving truth. I will term it the indifference of art. Form is nothing but form. However beautiful, it does not guarantee that its content shall furnish us with reality. Art is a dream which may be true or false. The novel is well adapted to illustrate the Gospel in Christian hands. But for the Gospel it never can be a substitute. Imagination should be the servant of life. The tyranny of the novel betokens that faith has given way to feeling, and that feeling is debauched by excitement following on the loss of long-cherished ideals.

## AN APPEAL

HOP O' MY THUMB, Hop o' my Thumb,
He'll never be rich till "kingdom come,"
Except in what makes of life an art,
The joy of the poor little beggar's heart!
With one shoe off and another on,
And half a shirt and his jacket gone,
He's lent to his sister his other slipper;
For shoes are "shared" by this tiny "Kipper."
Your kiddies would make fine hullabaloos
If any one borrowed their boot or slipper,
But that is a different pair of shoes—
No shoes are owned by this tiny nipper:

No shoes are owned, they are only shared—
It's many a day since the two went paired.
But that is nothing if only at last,
When the buffeting day is over and past,
And he's run the line of the laughing street
With at least *one* shoe on his hurrying feet,
He can win his way to the final glory—
The dance, the game, and the fairy-story—
Can win his way to the warmth and light,
To the playroom toys and the playroom glory!
Your kiddies don't run through the streets at night,
But that is a very different story.

Perhaps as they play by the nursery fire,
With toys and games to their hearts' desire,
They will think of the children out in the gloom,
And give some pennies to build a room
Where hundreds of children can dance and play
Who are crowded out now and turned away,
Not born to be lucky like little Jack Horner,
But dodging a "cop" round some dark street corner.
Will you give to these poorest poor a plum,
And make them as happy as little Jack Horner—
A new play-centre for Hop o' my Thumb,
To which all the banished children may come
Who used to rush round the dark street corner?

ANNIE MATHESON.

## 'TWIXT LAND AND SEA*

MR. CONRAD'S latest book contains three stories, "A Smile of Fortune," "The Secret Sharer," and "Freya of the Seven Isles." In subject and technique they are a reversion to his earlier and richer manner. They remind one more of "Youth" than of "A Set of Six." They glow with the rich fancy, with the exuberant touch of these wonderful first stories of the East, but they retain also the finish of his later period.

"A Smile of Fortune" is a tale about Mauritius, the tale of a captain who brought his ship there, and fell straightway into the web of a curious and sinister drama. It contains one of Conrad's greatest creations in Jacobus, the inscrutable, self-sacrificing, and sordid ships' dealer, whose one apparent motive is avarice, but of whom we half get a secret impression of something quite different. The figure of his passionate and wild daughter suggests an underworld of emotions, whose shadow lies menacingly across the pages. This girl, so tragic and so futile, throws powerfully the gloom of her incoherent sorrow into the very sunlight of the Tropics.

"The Secret Sharer" is the story of how a captain, anchored in his ship at the head of the Gulf of Siam, rescued a murderer from the water and hid him in his cabin and enabled him to escape. It has the excitement of a moving and perilous adventure, and it is told with such an air of probability, such an exactitude of detail, and, above all, in such a thrilling, whispered manner (for the conversation between the two is carried on invariably in a low voice, and this comes to pervade the whole story like a kind of mysterious twilight), that it reads very like a real reminiscence.

The third tale in the book is a tragic love story of the Malay Archipelago. It concerns four people, Captain Jasper Allen, of the brig *Bonito*, Freya Nielsen and her father, and the Dutch Lieutenant Heemskirk. Perhaps it is the most painful story that Conrad has ever written. The extraordinary sense of fatality hovering over the lives of Freya and Jasper deepens from page to page, until it grows at last into concrete and appalling disaster. Their love for one another has the silent intensity of strong and faithful natures, and the final shattering of their cherished hopes means simply the shattering of their lives. Heemskirk is the devil of the piece. His jealousy evolves a plan by which the *Bonito* is wrecked, and, with it, all Jasper's chances of worldly success. There is something profoundly melancholy in this drama set amidst the treacherous splendour of Eastern seas—something profoundly melancholy and at the same time profoundly beautiful; for the nobility of such characters as Freya and Jasper transfigures the whole story. Freya especially is a rare and touching conception, worthy to take her place beside the Mrs. Gould of "Nostromo," and the Winnie Verloc of "The Secret Agent."

The style of these three stories is, of course, extremely distinguished, and the psychology is subtle without being over-exaggerated. They are told with the impressive originality and force that mark all Conrad's work. For he is an artist, and his desire is not to preach but to convince. His language is the choice medium of a master, whose early prodigality of expression has been toned down into a mellow but still musical use of words.

In short, "'Twixt Land and Sea" is not only a remarkable book, but a book far beyond the capacity of anyone but a man of genius. R. C.

* "'Twixt Land and Sea." By Joseph Conrad. 6s. (J. M. Dent and Sons, Ltd.)

# THE GOLDFINCHES OF GALILEE ❧ BY RENÉ BAZIN

WHENEVER the Lord Jesus passed along the roads His coming gladdened the birds. As soon as they saw His white robe, they came in flocks; some perched on the twigs in the hedges, making them look as if they were in blossom; others hopped along in the dust that His feet had trod; others hovered in the air and made a shade over Him. Those that knew how to sing took care to do so, while those who had no voice could at least show Him their feathers.

All were saying in their own way: "Our thanks, Lord, for raiment, voice, colour, food, for the leaves that shelter us; thanks for life and thanks for our wings." He smiled and blessed them, and they went on their way. Even the brooding mothers did not fear to leave their nests, guessing that for this once the eggs would not suffer thereby—they came to Him silently and went quickly away again.

One day, however, on one of the Galilean slopes, two birds lingered, sad among their gay companions. It was the season when the blackthorn is in flower and the may-tree is still green. Jesus felt the presence of grief and stopped. He understood what birds cannot express: "Master, we built our nest, in all trust, low down in a tree—there were already two eggs in it—the floods came and carried away our home." He raised His hand and said, in a voice so gentle that it sounded pitying rather than commanding: "Begin again, little ones."

The goldfinches built a new nest right at the top of an oak, for fear of the floods. It took a long time: all the horse-hair, wool, and feathers which go to make goldfinches' nests had been used to the last scrap by the first builders—those happy folk who were heard singing all around. Yet lo! at the very moment when the home was being finished, round, open to the sky, and rocked by the wind, a storm broke, so violent and so laden with hail that everything was overturned.

The pair of goldfinches set out to look for the Master. They were not like us, who are always engaged in self-pity. They only wanted to know if there was any hope left of having a family to bring up that year, and why two broods had been failures.

It was late in the season; the young birds, already fledged, were able to flutter, and were beginning to look as grown-up as their parents, while the sun at noon burned like a farmhouse oven. Besides this, the Lord had gone on His way, preaching to the people, and by now He must be far off.

For a long time they sought Him, having no knowledge of where He was, and no way of asking for it. Only when in a village they found a weeping woman, a sick child, a blind man, or a sorrowful face, they said to themselves: "The Lord Jesus is not here," and went on their way. This happened to them often; but at last, towards the end of summer, they came into a town where all was excitement.

The children were carrying branches, and the men were reasoning among themselves and saying: "Yet it is true that He raised Jairus's daughter—we have seen her walking about full of life." Young girls were weeping with joy as they put off their mourning garments.

The two goldfinches waited for Jesus on an overhanging bough on the outskirts of the village, and, just as night was approaching, He passed by and recognised them. "Nothing is lost, little ones," He said. "Begin once again; you must build the nest in the middle of the tree, neither too low, for fear of the floods, nor too high, because you are not strong enough to brave the storm. Go in peace." Around Him were several groups of men, and one, hearing Him speak, began to say: "Thou art telling these birds to build, Master, and winter is at hand!" "Before the materials are collected," said another "the leaves will be off the trees!" "The frost will kill the mother-bird on her eggs," said a third, "and, even if they managed to grow up, the nestlings would find no food on the frozen earth."

But He who seemed a prince among them gazed sadly at the men, then smiled to the birds and said: "Spring is obedient to Me. Go in faith."

Then the pair of goldfinches flew away into the night; without a halt, and yet unwearied, they went back in one steady flight to the country where their two broods had already perished. The mares had been put out to grass all the summer, so they found horse-hair in abundance; the sheep had caught their fleeces in the thorns, so there was no lack of wool; many fallen feathers lay lightly on the surface of the pools, so they chose the downiest. The nest was soon built, and the mother-bird laid six eggs and began to sit.

Then it was that a wondrous thing was seen: while all the trees were getting bare, the one in which the nest was, as well as its neighbours for a fair-sized field away, kept its leaves. The sky stayed blue over this blest spot, the clouds whirled round it, leaving a great blue rent through which light and heat fell on the motionless mother-bird, while the wind became milder when it crossed the boundary marked out by God. This lasted for the needful space of time. Six young goldfinches came out of the six shells. Like all others of their kind, when their eyes first opened they saw that the earth was beautiful, grew their first feathers and tried to fly. It was only when their wings were fully grown that the leaves turned yellow, and that the young ones saw that, a hundred yards away from their nest, winter had long since laid bare the ground.

"You see, children," added our good old Perrette, "that if the Lord Jesus made a new spring for the goldfinches whose brood was late, He would do much more for you, if you asked Him. But nothing would have happened if the father and mother had not begun their nest again three times over—and that is what we have got to learn." —*Translated by Miss Honey.*

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Love forgives nothing unless it forgives everything. —*The Chouans.*

When we love, is it not because we recognise beauty that we have dreamed of, the beauty that has existed in idea for us, is realised?—*The Country Doctor.*

A power that can be defied with impunity is drawing to its end. This axiom is as deeply engraved on the heart of woman as in the mind of kings.—*The Wild Ass's Skin.*

Young men are not indulgent, because they do not know life and its difficulties. An old critic is kind and mild, a young critic is merciless, for he knows nothing; the other knows all.—*The Lily of the Valley.*

—SELECTIONS FROM BALZAC.

# HYDE PARK—THE PEOPLE'S FORUM

IT IS unique as the one place in all the world where a man may find an audience or an argument waiting for him at almost any hour of the day on almost any subject. From early morning till far into the evening calm—in fact, till midnight and the policeman turn out the eager disputants—you may discover little groups of philosophers congregated near the Marble Arch, intent upon some knotty problem of politics, science or morals. There is scarcely a single phase of modern thought that they do not pull to pieces with strong, if somewhat unskilful hands. Land Nationalisation, Tariff Reform, Modernism, the New Theology, and the Marxian Theory of Surplus Value—all these, and many another cure for the ills that flesh is heir to, are expounded by earnest orators to the jaded crowd, who listen impartially to all and turn from each with the listlessness of epicures, suffering from intellectual *ennui*.

* * *

One finds alike in the crowds and in their instructors the strangest, most arresting contrasts. Look, for instance, a moment at that fashionably dressed, erect, soldierly figure, whose owner looks for all the world like a cavalry officer, which, in fact, he is. With iron-grey moustache, and clothes cut in Savile Row, you may find his type any day in any club in Pall Mall; but in Hyde Park of all places in the world—who on earth would have dreamt of finding him speaking here? Yet he attends day by day to explain to a lukewarm crowd the judicial injustice of which he is the victim, a certain lawsuit having gone against him. His speech over, he sells pamphlets dealing in detail with the case, and, with Anglo-Saxon tenacity, comes back the next day, and the next, as he has done for the past three years. Then turn from him, with his halting but obviously sincere speech, to the fluent foreign gentleman with a large map of Peru, who speaks with almost torrential eloquence on the industrial possibilities and the freedom—Putumayo notwithstanding—of his country. The crowd, who have listened to the wrongs of the cavalryman, hear his wonderful stories with the same stoical unconcern, and pass on to the excited Anglo-Israelite, who proclaims aloud that we are the lost tribes of Israel, and that our flag should be, "not the Union Jack, but the Union Jacob"—a deliverance that moves even the Hyde Park frequenters to hilarity.

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These are men remarkable rather for their eccentricities than for their personalities or power of speech. Others, however, are really interesting because of themselves and a certain originality of thought that long debating practice has given them. There are working men, for instance, astonishingly well up in physical science, able to floor theologians flat on occasions with sudden, awkward interrogatories. "Politics and religion," said John Stuart Mill, "will always interest mankind," and in the Park they prove of compelling interest. One notes that the level of religious or metaphysical discussions are infinitely higher, showing alike originality of thought and penetration, than the political combats, which tend to degenerate into mere party squabbles. Sometimes, indeed, they are redeemed by a certain *naïveté*, as, for instance, when I heard a Socialist assert that "It's all very well for the political parties to call us brigands, but what are they doing? Why, pinching our programme piecemeal." Strange and numerous are the creeds and philosophies advocated. Humanitarian Deism, Egoism, the teaching of Tolstoy, the suggestions of Nietzsche—all are thrown into the melting-pot. I have even heard Buddha most carefully interpreted by a young workman who knew his subject thoroughly from A to Z. One gets a little shock, so undemocratic are the very best of us, when we find a workman, who has obviously come straight from the workshop, quoting Huxley and Spencer at length and holding his own against an Oxford Graduate. Variety is the spice of life, however, and social differences count for little when two men get at grips in argument. Most of the discussions are friendly, and I can recall only one in all the years I have known them that ended in violence. That was when a Theosophist smote a Platonist—with, I regret to say, tragic results.

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As a rule, the disputants dispense with introductions in these informal encounters, but they soon become known, curiously enough, by the name of the particular philosophy they profess. There used to be a convinced Determinist, for instance, who came to be called "Necessity," and was known to all the frequenters of the Forum by that appellation. Another propagandist was called the "Aramaic Greek," and yet a third was known as "Bacon." But no one, so far as I know, was called after an imaginative writer.

* * *

You will find little literary appreciation, even among the pick and flower of the Parkites. You will be astonished at the interest, enthusiasm even, touching economic, or scientific, or metaphysical questions. But literature is rarely mentioned. The fact is that the description of the intellectual workman given thirty years ago in one of Gissing's novels still holds good. He has read Darwin and Marx, but does not know a line of Shakespeare, and has never laughed over Dickens. Perhaps, however, opportunities of a wider culture are now opening before him, but Hyde Park remains forensic, disputatious, didactic—anything but literary.

* * *

As a rule, the arguments are conducted, if not with eloquence, with a certain rough-and-ready wit, a forensic capacity for using the right word at the psychological moment, that many a trained debater might envy. Sometimes, however, an earnest but illiterate speaker holds the field, and on occasions his audience interrupt and endeavour to correct him.

"Why do you use such bad grammar?" asked a prosperous middle-class man of a fiery but illiterate orator. "Grammar!" retorted the speaker. "That's one of the things you've taken from the poor. Why should you have grammar and not me?"

* * *

"There were two schools of elocution in London," said G. B. S., "when I came to town—the Lyceum and Hyde Park. The former was not available, so I had to graduate in the other." Perhaps, after all, it was the better school—certainly it was the more sincere. Its denizens have a thousand limitations—they are crude, unpolished, some of them uninformed. But they have nearly all of them the ready wit that distinguishes the masses from the classes; they have an impatience of shams, a real generosity of feeling. Above all, they are tolerant even of the social reformer, who tells them in the same speech that he wants the State abolished, the railways nationalised!

# CORRESPONDENCE

## CONSTANTINOPLE FOR CHRISTENDOM.

*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

DEAR SIR,—Your correspondent, "J. G. W.," exhibits, like a great many people who use the word Catholicism in connection with the Roman Church, a peculiar disregard of the evidential value of historical fact.

Referring in his letter to St. Sofia, he says that "this great building would become a Greek Church; it would not, therefore, return to its original owners, the Roman Catholics."

This inaccuracy is so peculiar that I append a short history of the most perfect specimen of Byzantine art for his edification. The building was begun in 328 in Byzantium, which was then a small episcopal see, subject to the Metropolitan of Heraclea. It was completed and dedicated by Constantine in 360. The present building was begun by the Emperor Justinian immediately after the second fire in 532, on the same site as the primitive building (the first fire occurring in 404). Various additions and alterations were made through the centuries, till the Church of Holy Wisdom became beautiful as any dream of heaven.

In 1201 the Crusaders occupied Constantinople, and in the scenes of disgraceful looting that occurred many of the glorious riches were stripped from the building.

The Roman Liturgy was forcibly substituted for the Greek, and the Western Church held supremacy in Constantinople till 1261 (when the Greek service was restored) by a system of arbitrary tyranny.

In 1453 the city fell to the sword of Islam, and since then St. Sofia, denuded of its remaining glory, with its glorious mosaics hidden under whitewash, became a mosque.

Thus it will be seen that for only sixty years was St. Sofia used for the Roman Liturgy, a period in which it could scarcely be described as Roman Catholic property, unless, of course, "J. G. W." considers all Pre-schismatic worship as Roman Catholic.

With best wishes for the success of EVERYMAN, I am, sir, etc.,

CYRIL WAY.

Middlesex Hospital, W.

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*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

SIR,—The last paragraph of "J. G. W.'s" letter rather surprised me.

May I ask when the Church of St. Sofia belonged to the Roman Church? Also his authority for such a statement, as the only period during which the services of the West were used therein was when Constantinople was occupied by the Crusaders, from 1203 to 1261.

I am surprised to hear that Ferdinand, King of Bulgaria, *abjured his faith* when he entered the "Holy Eastern Orthodox Catholic Church," as His Holiness Pope Pius X., Patriarch of the Roman Catholic Church, would scarcely agree to this statement.

I am sure all Christians, of whatever denomination, would rejoice to hear that St. Sofia's was again restored to Christian worship.

There is no comparison between our government of Moslems in India and Turkish rule (or misrule) of Eastern Christians. Let "J. G. W." read the history of Armenia, and see how many times the Armenians have appealed to the Pope for protection.

May I take this opportunity, sir, of thanking you for such an interesting paper as EVERYMAN?

With all good wishes, I am, sir, etc.,

P. G. C. E.

Walthamstow, Essex, December 14th, 1912.

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## THE ETHICAL FOUNDATIONS OF PATRIOTISM.

*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

DEAR SIR,—In his recent article on "The Ethical Foundations of Patriotism," Dr. Sarolea does good service towards the attainment of a higher ideal of what patriotism means. He sees that there must be unity in the economic fundamentals of civilisation, but that each nation must be allowed to retain its own individuality.

I do not think, however, that he recognises sufficiently the fact that national individuality *can* be efficiently retained and developed without the different nations necessarily remaining, as at present, disconnected units. The nations of our own Empire, for example, are each developing rapidly an individuality of their own, and the community of political ideals among them is rapidly diminishing; yet, at the same time, an increasingly large degree of economic co-operation exists between them. Why cannot such agreement exist also between European nations?

There is at present no tie between them so strong as the blood relationship between the peoples of the British Empire, but the increasing emphasis upon the need for economy in industrial production will soon provide a very strong bond of union. Identity of national interest does already exist to a large extent, and common aims are sooner reached by partners than by competitors.

A European empire is, as Dr. Sarolea says, quite undesirable. But why not aim for an international representative board, composed, perhaps, of the Cabinets of each country, which, while leaving the countries to their own methods of government, should have power to legislate to prevent waste in methods of production or competition, and to further the progress toward the common ideals of the nations? Or, if the time is not ripe for a body with such powers, a responsible and permanent international advisory committee could be constituted, and could execute much work of a very valuable kind. Obvious objections can be raised to such a scheme on the score of impracticability, but that does not diminish its value as an ideal to be striven for; and surely the highest patriotism is in thus seeking the highest good for all.

"Art, Science, and Religion have become international." Why stop with these things?—I am, sir, etc.,

ROBERT G. LUNNON.

London, N., December 14th, 1912.

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## THE COLLAPSE OF SOCIALISM.

*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

SIR,—May I venture to suggest that Shaw's brilliant defence of Socialism has got a vital defect, although it is a complete and irresistible reply to G. K. C.? It is *not* a defence of Socialism, *but* of the Single-Tax. So also the other two essays to which he refers us are clear and unmistakable expositions of the philosophy of Henry George.

Of course, Shaw may call the Single-Tax by the name of "Socialism," as indeed he appears to do; but surely that is rather misleading when nineteen Socialists out of twenty mean by "Socialism" something which certainly is not the Single-Tax. It is also unfortunate that, after demolishing G. K. C.'s ideal of the Peasant State, he should so calmly

assume that his opponent has no alternative left him but Socialism. There is another—the Single-Tax.

Can anyone discover in these articles of Shaw's any argument in favour of nationalising all the means of production and distribution, any argument for nationalising all the human beings in this country, any argument for the employment of all the population in Government industry under the supervision of Government officials, any argument for the abolition of exchange and the consequent disappearance of value (for he does not believe in the crude labour theories of value)? Is he not defending the thing which we Single-Taxers want—the absorption by the State of those economic functions which are essentially monopolistic, of which the first and foremost is the collection of rent?

It is very strange how many people assume that there are only two possible stable forms of Society—Anarchism and Socialism, no-Government and all-Government. Why do our philosophers not set themselves to find out what *are* the functions of Government, and to advocate that the State perform neither more nor less than them?—I am, sir, etc.,

FRANCIS C. R. DOUGLAS.

Glasgow, December 13th, 1912.

## SCOTLAND'S DEBT TO PROTESTANTISM.

*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

DEAR SIR,—It was evidently the intention of your contributor, Mr. Hector Macpherson, to prove in his article on "Scotland's Debt to Protestantism" that, "politically, socially, and intellectually, as well as religiously," Scotland owes something to Protestantism. The universality of the proposition and the little space at the writer's disposal may, perhaps, account for the fact that it is a little difficult for the reader to see from the article what the debt particularly consists of, and this obscurity in the main point no doubt accounts for the proof being anything but obvious.

Leaving aside Mr. Macpherson's string of disconnected assertions, which, even if there were anything in them, would still be quite beside the subject of the article, a study of the three authorities given does not throw much light upon the matter. Froude merely alleges, in the passage quoted, that the Scottish working classes left those who had been their leaders and placed themselves under Knox and his fellow-preachers, and that the organisation thus formed ultimately became the ruling body in the country. Macaulay's dictum, which, I take it, refers to the increase in wealth of the Protestant countries (a point, by the way, which now no longer holds good, for in no countries is the poverty amongst the working classes greater than it is in what are known as the Protestant nations), could not, even if it did hold good, be rightly put forward as evidence of the intellectual and religious benefits which Protestantism is alleged to have given to Scotland, for, if it could, then it would be reasonable to maintain that the wealth of a certain man was in itself proof of his intellectuality and godliness; and, lastly, as the subject at issue is concerned with the benefits conferred by Protestantism, Adam Smith's opinion of the defects of Roman Catholicism is, of course, quite out of the question.

I suppose Mr. Macpherson really meant to prove that Protestantism made Scotland an independent nation, and that Protestantism was thus the cause of the untold benefits which we are given to understand came to Scotland; but he himself, in the course of the article, effectively disproves that Protestantism did make Scotland an independent nation. It is obvious that none but an independent nation could engage in the game of playing England and France against each other, and, if Mr. Macpherson is correct in saying that Scotland was, at the time of Mary Queen of Scots, in a position to do this, it is pretty clear that Scotland was indeed at the time independent; and, again, as Scotland is no longer an independent nation, if the fall of Catholicism signified the Protestant capture of the Scottish Government, it must have been the Protestants who were responsible for the break-up of Scottish independence.

In conclusion, if I have got hold of the point of Mr. Macpherson's article, and if to deprive a nation of its independence is to injure it socially, politically, and intellectually, as well as religiously, then it is obvious that Scotland's debt to Protestantism must be a devilish one.—I am, sir, etc.,

F. JOSEPH.

*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

DEAR SIR,—I, too, should like to congratulate you most heartily on your impartiality, so strikingly illustrated by the simultaneous protests which you were able to publish from a Protestant and Roman Catholic. Nothing, surely, is more calculated to make for Christian reunion—passionately desired by so many—than a fuller knowledge of the point of view of typical thinkers in each Christian communion.

It will be good for our Protestant friends to realise the depth of feeling of his Roman Catholic countrymen, and to learn about their personal piety and devotion. It will be good for our Roman Catholic countrymen to know why, in this country, some of his theology and a good deal of the politics of his religion repels.

By the articles in your paper we shall get to know the marked and growing distinction which thoughtful Roman Catholics in England are now making between the Catholic faith as a religious life and experience, as distinct from sympathy with, and assent to, the growing and intolerable claims—religious and political—of the Vatican. In other words, we shall see how, in their writings, they are insisting more and more on the joys of religious life and experience rather than on the wisdom or efficacy of modern Papal claims and decrees which, when promulgated, serve only to irritate, distress, and embarrass.

In this most desirable development Roman Catholics will inevitably get nearer to our own national Church, wherein, if they are permitted to study it, they will find the Catholic faith, as a religious life and experience, freed from those embarrassing Vatican relationships which, directly or indirectly, have alienated more than half of Christendom—wantonly and unnecessarily. Roman Catholics would also learn of the wonderful progress which has been made by the English Church towards closer relationships with the 80,000,000 Christians of the Eastern Church.

Monsignor Benson—who might perhaps pay a little more respect to the Church of his early training—does excellently well to point out the libels and misrepresentations of Protestant writers and historians, but he does violence to truth and Christian charity when he attributes the sins of England to her overthrow of Papal claims—claims abundantly proved to be unscriptural, unhistorical, and described by the greater of the Popes as profane.

EVERYMAN, by its fearless policy of publishing diverse views, will earn the lasting gratitude of all Catholics who seek the truth, and, in fact, of all Christians who desire, above all things, reunion.—I am, sir, etc.,

X.

Birmingham, December 1st, 1912.

## "THE SERVILE STATE."

*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

SIR,—It is really amazing and almost incredible that a man of Mr. Belloc's perspicacity and encyclopædic culture should so misunderstand the trend of modern industrial development as to entertain such a fantasy as "The Servile State." His proposition, "that the kind of legislation to which we are growing accustomed in this country, under the name of 'Social Reform,' is making for the re-establishing of compulsory labour," needs but calm examination to reveal its inherent fallaciousness. Surely it is obvious to every clear and rational thinker that the effect of these Social Reforms (*e.g.*, minimum wage, invalidity, insurance, etc., etc.) is to *discstablish* capitalistic wage-slavery.

Every "betterment" of the wage-earner's condition, such as the reduction of hours and increase of money wages, increases his economic potentiality, and thereby cripples the power of capitalism and reduces the power to exploit. In other words, the servility of the wage-earner to the capitalist is lessened.

Mr. Belloc is really unintelligible when he talks of "positive law compelling one man to labour for the advantage of others."

What legislative enactment compels John Smith to labour for the advantage of Messrs. Brown, Jones and Co.?

The instance of the Insurance Act does not hold. The degree of compulsion enforced under that statute is only conditional, and is in the interest of the wage-earner. The logic of Mr. Belloc's argument is that the Insurance Act is designed to assist the capitalist to exploit the worker!

Mr. Belloc is equally wrong in his conception of the Socialist method. Apart from the intrinsic justice of "confiscation" (the term is inaccurate), there is the far more business-like and equitable method of *purchase*, the practicability of which is now amply proven.

The temerity of Mr. Belloc is almost pathetic. I well remember his debate with Mr. Ramsay Macdonald in London last year, and how signally he failed to substantiate the thesis he now propounds to the public.

—I am, sir, etc., J. W. COOPER.

Kirkintilloch, December 2nd, 1912.

* * *

## CHILDREN'S WELFARE.

THE Children's Welfare Exhibition, which has been organised by the *Daily News and Leader*, is the first attempt to exhibit collectively and exclusively all the interests that appeal specially to those concerned with any aspect of child-life. It represents the latest developments of science and progress in the feeding, clothing, housing, education, and amusement of children. Its interests range from model nurseries and play-rooms to Morris dances and a fairy pageant; from the latest hygienic furniture to the most fascinating hobbies and handicrafts. There is a long and interesting list of lectures on educational subjects, which will be delivered by experts in the course of the Exhibition. And over and above this, the Exhibition will be a regular fairyland to the children themselves, just at that period of the Christmas holidays when new attractions are specially valuable. With a large-scale model railway and a yacht-pond, toys and books and games and handicrafts, and last, but not least, "the largest Christmas tree that ever was" waiting for their inspection at Olympia, no child need be bored or unhappy this Christmas—at any rate, during the time (December 31st—January 11th) that the Children's Welfare Exhibition is open.


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## AN ARTHURIAN ROMANCE*

IN his illuminating preface, which traces the history of the Arthurian legends from Geoffrey of Monmouth down to Tennyson's Idylls, Mr. Kirtlin says that critics through the ages have held "Sir Gawain and the Green Knight" in the highest estimation. Gaston Paris pronounced it "the jewel of English mediæval literature," and it deserves his praise. The vigorous, vivid narrative, the idea of which was taken by the anonymous author from the Conte del Graal of Christien de Troy, shines out, indeed, with a jewel-like lustre from its archaic setting. The style is terse and pictorial. The story moves rapidly, and never fails to grip the reader's interest. In it the character of Sir Gawain, which both Mallory and Tennyson have so strangely misrepresented and maligned, is triumphantly vindicated. He stands forth here as a very perfect knight, "*sans peur et sans reproche*," the mirror of chivalry and pink of courtesy.

Nothing could be more fascinatingly told than the adventures of Sir Gawain as a guest at the Christmas revels in the castle of his headless enemy, the Green Knight, in disguise. It is a picture of life and manners in those far-off days of priceless value.

Mr. Kirtlin has not only reproduced, as he modestly hopes, some of the "perfume" of the original alliterative poem, but he has done a great deal more. His version teems with gorgeous colour, like the margin of a richly wrought mediæval manuscript, and there are rare descriptive passages, which one is tempted to quote, such as this of Sir Gawain's helmet:—

"It was high on his head, and hasped behind with a light Kerchief of pleasaunce over the visor, and embroidered and bound with the best of gems on broad silken borders, and with birds on the borders, such as painted parrots at their feeding, and with turtles and true love-knots intertwisted thickly, and it was as if many a maiden had been making it seven winters."

And the following, how quaint it is:—

"The seasons succeeded each after the other. After Christmas came the crabbed Lenten season, when the folk eat fish and simple food. Then the weather of the world doth fight with winter. The cold doth vanish, and the clouds uplift, and the rain falls upon fair fields in warm showers, and the flowers appear on the ground."

At this "dear season of the year," as the unknown author of "Sir Gawain and the Green Knight" calls Yuletide, when so-called seasonable publications flood the market, it is refreshing to alight on this genuine classic Christmas story of an old temptation that is ever new being gallantly fought and overcome in the days of chivalry.

## VALSERINE†

MR. RAPHAEL has undertaken to introduce the works of Marguerite Audoux to those who cannot read French. Those who have cared for Marie Claire will welcome this small volume; it has all the characteristics that one would expect, including an extreme simplicity which almost seems like a very elaborate art. It consists of short stories—some, in fact, are mere incidents. "Valserine," the most complete, is, we are told, merely the sketch for a long story; but it gives enough to bring very vividly before us the character of Valserine and her friends. Valserine cannot quite explain, even to herself, the reasons of her actions, and her likes and dislikes, nor does the world and her friends quite know why they treat her so kindly; and yet it all seems absolutely natural.

"Mother and Daughter," just an incident in two lives, is the most moving thing in the book; it would spoil it to tell the story, but no one will read it without being moved. All the stories are interesting, but we are not quite sure they are worth reprinting. The volume contains the original French version of every story, and therefore has a double interest. In these days, when so much has been made of a decadent and elaborate art, it is a very healthy sign that literature so healthy and sane has a public of its own.

* "Sir Gawain and the Green Knight." With an Introduction on the Arthur and Gawain Sagas in early English literature. By Rev. Ernest J. B. Kirtlin.

† "Valserine, and Other Stories." (English and French Versions.) By Marguerite Audoux. English Translation by John N. Raphael. (Chapman and Hall.)

## BEE, THE PRINCESS OF THE DWARFS*

IT is no light task to retell worthily a story told by such a master of the literary art as Anatole France. Much more is required than a mere knowledge of the English equivalents of the French words. There must be something of spiritual affinity, of real insight into the master's genius. It is high praise, but not too high, to say that Mr. Wright's retelling of "Bee, the Princess of the Dwarfs" is the fruit of such insight. He has seized, and holds captive, with wonderful success, much of M. France's delicate and elusive charm. One must have the magic ring of King Loc to enter that enchanted world, and to read the lesson of its profound simplicities. "Bee" is a story for children that grown-ups will ponder, and a story for men and women that children will delight in. It appeals both to the sense of wonder and to the wisdom of experience. The child will read it for the entrancing adventures of Bee and George of the White Moor; the man will ask himself many questions regarding the symbolism of the Dwarfs and the Sylphs. And he will give many answers, and many of them will be right. Perhaps he will come nearest to the complete answer if he remember well the words of King Loc e'er he sent Bee and George back to Clarides: "Children, it is not enough to love much; you must love well. Great love is good, undoubtedly; wise love is better. May yours be as mild as it is strong; may it want nothing, not even indulgence, and may some pity be mingled with it. You are young, beautiful and good; but you are human, and, for that very reason, subject to many miseries. This is why, if some pity does not form part of the feelings you have for each other, these feelings will not be adapted to the circumstances of your common life; they will be like holiday clothes, which are no protection against the wind and the rain. You only love those securely whom you love even in their weaknesses and meannesses. Mercy, forgiveness, consolation—that is love and all its science."

It should be added that some exquisite illustrations enhance the value of the book. In Mr. Charles Robinson we have one whose interpretative gift is an open sesame to Anatole France's world. Indeed, translator, artist and publisher seem to have entered into a loyal compact to make this volume attractive.

## PLAYS BY SUDERMANN†

STUDENTS of the modern drama who cannot read German must certainly possess these volumes. The translations in each case read smoothly, though they

* Bee, the Princess of the Dwarfs." By Anatole France. Retold in English by Peter Wright, and illustrated by Charles Robinson. (London: J. M. Dent and Sons. 1912.)

† "Roses." Four One-Act Plays. "Morituri." Three One-Act Plays. By Herman Sudermann. Translated by Grace, Frank, and A. Alexander. 2s. net each volume. (Duckworth.)

(Continued on page 346.)

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The three one-act plays, with the general title "Morituri," belong to a higher and nobler realm of art. "Teja" is a story of past times, when War and Death are twin rulers of the world, when men have no time for love, and women willingly give their husbands to fight and die for their country. This is a somewhat familiar theme of tragedy, but it is here treated in the grand manner, and the play takes rank amongst the great tragedies. "Fritzschen" is quite a *modern* play—the hero loved a maiden who was in every way his fitting mate, but his father wishes him before he settles down to go into the world, and, as he puts it, to see life; the hero goes forth, lives wildly, loses his courage and self-respect, and has to redeem both by going forth to death.

"The Eternal Masculine" is almost a comedy; it does not give one the same pleasure as "The Far Away Princess"—it is more serious, more elaborate, and more cynical. The heroine, the queen, is determined to make all men her lovers, particularly two rivals, a painter and a marshal; they neither of them quite yield; ultimately they become allies, and the queen is defeated.

## TWEEDLEDUM AND TWEEDLEDEE*

"HIC IBAT SIMOIS!" Full oft in his wanderings on the ocean of romance must the tempest-buffeted, problem-haunted reader recall the gracious lineaments of "Q.'s" Troy. To-day he may visit her again, as a passenger in the barquentine *Hannah Hoo*, Caius Hocken master, and, in the company of that worthy seaman, he can "go round about her, tell the towers thereof, mark well her bulwarks, consider her palaces," till the hour strikes for the appearance of that other master-mariner, 'Bias Hunken.

The master hand of Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch was never better employed than in the delineation of these two delightful sea-captains, so alike and yet so different, "the same but not the same," as it stands written, both in a poem he has parodied and in his parody. And of their twin courses through the fields of love, life, and laughter, who else could have shown so well

"The variance now, the eventual unity"?

Captains Hocken and Hunken were of those who "shunned the fair sex in all its branches," as Cai said of 'Bias. It was Cai who first came under the guns of the enemy, the widowed, but merry, Mrs. Bosenna, and whose unhappy explanation, "I ought to warn

* "Hocken and Hunken." By "Q." 6s. (Blackwood.)

you that 'Bias isn't easily caught," with its merited repartee, "God defend me! Who wants to catch him?" ensured the common destruction of the pair. Their subsequent adventures in the tented field, the stroke by which the widow contrived to divide their forces and crush them in detail, the bitter rivalries, the final reconciliation—all these things will be found in this book, told with inimitable charm and humour. If we must carp, we will say that "Q.'s" children are here, as elsewhere, just a little uncomfortable and unconvincing, though little Fancy Tabb's "These grown-ups are so *helpless*" is worthy of Puck. Among innumerable delightful touches we can only quote the case of the Regatta Treasurer, who "had, as a rule, imbibed so much beer in the course of the forenoon that any one argument appeared to him as cogent as any other."

## BENJAMIN WAUGH*

FEW men have lived more as if they acted in the spirit of Aubrey de Vere's line, "A child's useless tear is a blot on the earth," than did Benjamin Waugh, the Founder of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, whose "Life," by his daughter, Rosa Waugh, with an introduction by Lord Alverstone (T. Fisher Unwin), demands the sympathetic attention of all interested in philanthropic work. Miss Waugh tells the tale of her father's strenuous life and unceasing labours in an admirable manner. The biography is adequate, the account of his life's work comprehensive, and both are written without the fulsome flattery which has been too obvious in some recent memoirs. It is a record of high endeavour, and a brave battle with the many difficulties and obstacles which ever beset the path of the pioneer. As Lord Alverstone truly says, Benjamin Waugh was "a man of indomitable courage, energy, and perseverance. He knew that he was right, and at great personal sacrifices and with invincible perseverance he met this opposition and gradually completely overcame it." If Lord Shaftesbury was "The Children's Earl," Benjamin Waugh was "The Children's Man"; and the society he founded, and "The Children's Charter," which he did so much to place on the Statute Book, will ever be memorials of his kind heart, his clear head, and his monumental labours.

## VICTOR HUGO†

A PATHETIC interest attaches itself to the "Life of Victor Hugo" by the late Mr. A. E. Davidson, as it is the last and posthumous production of its gifted author. The task of editing it has been self-entrusted to the competent care of Mr. Francis Gribble. Mr. Gribble's task has been a light one, for the book was left practically complete. As it stands it fully deserves the high praise given to it by Mr. Gribble of being the most complete as it is the most impartial of all the books written on the French poet.

Only those who, like the present reviewer, have had themselves to write on Victor Hugo, can realise the extraordinary difficulty and delicacy of the task undertaken by Mr. Davidson. Not only is it the life of a man whose career has been identified with every prominent event in recent French history for the past sixty years, but it is the life of a man in whom a marvellous genius was marred by lamentable weaknesses. The historian is continually distracted

* "Life of Benjamin Waugh." By Rosa Waugh. (Fisher Unwin.)

† "Victor Hugo: His Life and Work." By A. E. Davidson. (Eveleigh Nash.)

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between what he owes to one of the greatest personalities in world literature, and what he owes to the inexorable exigencies of historical truth. The difficulty is still further increased by the fact that Victor Hugo has forestalled his critics, that he had taken care to arrange his own biography for the benefit of posterity, and that, therefore, at every stage the writer is placed in the painful position of having to reveal the deliberate misrepresentations of the past.

Mr. Davidson's biography appears at the opportune moment when the publication of the complete works of Victor Hugo, in fifty volumes, has revealed the persistent vitality of Hugo's influence and his universal popularity not only in France but in the whole of Europe. The new biography may not detract from the number of Hugo's admirers, but it will certainly put their admiration to a severe test. For the critic exposes to view the darker side of the poet's life and character—his boundless vanity, his insincerity, his vindictiveness, his political inconsistency, that again and again burned on the morrow the ideals which he had previously worshipped, his sensuality, his harsh treatment of a devoted wife, his continuous self-glorification, his senile amours which led him, at seventy-seven years of age, into an intrigue with a servant girl.

After reading this lamentable examination of a glorious career of sixty years of uninterrupted poetic activity, one feels a secret misgiving, and one wonders whether, after all, Mr. Davidson has given us the secret of Victor Hugo's personality, and whether the Victor Hugo whom he reveals to us is indeed the real Victor Hugo. It is a fact that Victor Hugo was fond of money, and that he had many of the meannesses of the typical French *bourgeois*. But it is no less a fact that he has preached the gospel of charity and social pity as no other poet has ever done, and that for the last twenty-five years of his life, his genius has ever been in the service of the toilers and the shipwrecked of human society. It is a fact that Victor Hugo was as fickle a lover as Burns, Goethe, and Byron. But it is no less a fact that he has given us the purest love scenes of the French language. It is a fact that he was a self-seeking politician. But it is no less a fact that no poet has glorified more eloquently and more persistently than any modern poet the highest ideals of democracy.

I am, therefore, convinced that Mr. Davidson's biography, however valuable, is misleading. A poet cannot be judged by the same standards as the ordinary mortal. We may regret that Goethe or Victor Hugo fell too often a prey to their passions and to their imagination, but it is certain that without that imagination and without those passions they could not have been the poets they were. The only way to do justice to Hugo is to recognise in him, as in most poets, the presence of a double personality and of a double life: the humdrum everyday life, with its vagaries and vulgarities, and the ideal life of the Fantasy, which moves and soars in a higher world of its own creation. And, after all, it is that ideal life of the Fantasy, of poetic rapture and inspiration, which posterity will ultimately consider as the real life. It is *that* life of the imagination which alone gives us the secret of the poet's activity. In the Latin language the beautiful word *pietas* means both "piety" and "pity." Does this double meaning not convey to us a reminder that the pious cult which we owe to genius must necessarily demand on our part a large meed of reverent pity and indulgent sympathy for the frailties and weaknesses which are almost invariably the Nemesis and price of supreme poetic greatness?

## A HISTORY OF THE BRITISH NATION *

A HISTORY of the British nation (by a writer of repute), extending to a thousand pages, with 400 illustrations, and issued at 3s. 6d., is surely the last word in cheap publishing. Nevertheless, we think that the publishers would have been well advised had they brought out the work in two half-crown volumes. The price would have been increased, but, it seems to us, there would have been gain in the long run, for we should have had a really excellent work in a convenient form, whereas, as things are, it is impossible to hold the book, owing to its enormous bulk, for any length of time.

Our criticism, however, is limited to the form of the book. For its contents we have nothing but praise. There was room certainly for a popular and attractively written work exhibiting briefly and clearly the outstanding characteristics of our nation's growth, and Mr. Innes was well qualified to write it. In the preface a tribute is paid to Green's "Short History of the English People," but Mr. Innes does not attempt to emulate that work, except as regards length. Not only are his method and treatment different, but his picture is painted on a much larger canvas, for he aims at presenting "a live history of the mighty nation whose children we are," and not merely a history of the English people.

The work is well proportioned, admirably written, judicial in tone, and wonderfully accurate, as indeed we should expect from a historian like Mr. Innes. The epoch-making events are retold with freshness, point, and animation, and at every turn the reader is made to feel that he is in the hands of a writer who understands thoroughly the art of making British history interesting. The narrative is brought down to the present year, so that the book is quite up to date. It is well furnished with maps and genealogical tables, while to the illustrations historical notes are appended.

## SWEETHEARTS AT HOME †

THIS is a pretty story, intended presumably for children, but in these days the *genres* have become so entangled that it might very well prove to be a treasure for the elderly. Grown people often like their books to be about children, and we know plenty of children who have a marked preference for books that wholly exclude their own kind. Mr. Crockett seems to have laid aside the glory of his ancient weapons—the "Red Axe" and so forth. Like all the Kailyarders, in or past their prime, he aims nowadays chiefly at the lump in our throats. Often he reaches the mark, not so successfully perhaps as Mr. Barrie or the earlier Mr. Ian Maclaren, but still with moderate success. But threatened men live long, doubtless because they are on their guard, and bestow especial care on their weak spot. Humour, a gift akin to that of pathos, Mr. Crockett has in abundance. The governess, Miss Principia Crow, who "did not know much arithmetic—just enough to cheat at tennis"—is yet a very suitable instructor for her mendacious pupil—"Miss Crow pretended to teach, and Polly pretended to learn." As juvenile psychology we do not quite believe in the small boy who amuses himself with and translates passages from "Obermann."

*(Continued on page 350.)*

* "A History of the British Nation." By A. D. Innes. 3s. 6d. net. (Jack.)

† "Sweethearts at Home." By S. R. Crockett. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

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## STORIES AND PICTURES OF JAPAN *

THERE is a good deal of Lafcadio Hearn in this dainty volume. That is no great harm in a modern book on Japan, and, even if it were a blemish, we do not see how it could be avoided. Hearn is the ancestor of all Europeans who have fallen under the spell of the island kingdom, and "piety" is a virtue in Japan no less than it was in ancient Rome. But besides Hearn there are a great many other ingredients, among which we will rank very high the present author's own discoveries—not, of course, inventions—and his manner of presenting them. There are also the delicious Anglo-Japanese pictures of Miss Evelyn Paul.

Mr. Hadland Davis has aimed at being comprehensive rather than complete. He has strung together a very considerable number of stories and legends, interspersed with discussions of special subjects that serve to classify legends or observances. He has chapters, for instance, on bells, trees, gardens, mirrors, tea, and fans; he has an admirable section on Japanese poetry; he also has a fairly solid chapter—not too solid nor too long—on the Japanese theogony, supplemented by a useful appendix. The plan of the book is, we are glad to observe, not allowed to be too tyrannical. Mr. Davis is a story-teller, and he always returns to story-telling, but he likes an opening or a good excuse, and some of the stories are all the better for being dowered with a context. At the beginning of the book we found ourselves a little offended by Mr. Davis's running comment and occasionally incongruous colloquialisms; but as we went on, be it his doing or ours, we found the narrative much better, indeed excellent.

Many of the stories are good in themselves—we mean they would rank as good stories as they stand, and without any regard to their source; others demand some degree of curiosity about the nature and habits of the Japanese. We doubt if many people were ever gulled by the "Mikado" of Gilbert and Sullivan. That was a joke, understood alike of the perpetrators and the listeners, at a time when Japan was coincident with Utopia, and could serve as a peg for any invention, however improbable. Possibly a few were deceived by "Madame Chrysanthème." But, in spite of the opening lines of his introduction, we do not believe that Mr. Davis really thinks us as callous as all that. He is, of course, excusing his book, but his book needs no excuse. Nor do we believe that Japan is aiming, through adaptation of her national virtues and through skilful imitation, at a reproduction of European civilisation. Rather we believe, with Lafcadio Hearn, that she is forging, more or less consciously, a weapon wherewith to defend her spiritual autonomy. There is no need to insist on the continuance of the old *samurai* spirit, with the example of General Nogi still fresh in our thoughts.

Japan has a civilisation, not merely a culture. Civilisation is a system of word-saving conventions, culture admits of explanations. Thus—a bad example, but we cannot for the moment find a better—we learn that at Japanese wedding feasts branches of the *male* and *female* pines of Takasogo are arranged so that the former is a little above the latter, and that many delicate social and political questions are thus tacitly answered in advance. The language seems to carry this characteristic to extremes; at any rate, it is difficult to reconcile the terse "Ho-jo-ki" with its translation, "Notes from a Ten-feet-square Hut."

We should find it difficult to infer from Mr. Davis's

* "Myths and Legends of Japan." By F. Hadland Davis. With 32 full-page illustrations. By Evelyn Paul. 7s. 6d. net. (George G. Harrap and Co.)

book that the Japanese character is as unintelligible as he and others would have us believe. The close union of art and life, the love of nature, explain a good many things, even the granting of souls to dolls and some apparent symbolical exaggerations about trees and gardens. And in England, where we have a troy and avoirdupois system of weights, even the fact that, "in measuring metal and soft goods, the feet on the yard-stick are not alike," will not strike us as so very unusual. The passion for children is universal in human nature, and some Japanese stories and customs are merely beautiful idealisations of this passion. If there is one thing in Japanese religion more intelligible than another to us Europeans, while remaining strikingly characteristic of Japan, it is the god of children, Jizo. Possibly the trait that strikes Occidentals the most is what we will call the "micromasia" of the Japanese. "Westerners have been inclined to describe the dwarf Japanese tree as unnatural. It is no more unnatural than the Japanese smile, and reveals that the nation, like the Greeks of old, is still closely in touch with Nature."

The stories are of every kind. That of "Yuki-Onna, the Lady of the Snow," causes the shudder down the back. The legend of the "White Butterfly" is of an exquisite pathos. The story of the "Jellyfish and the Monkey" is delightful comedy, while in the account of the fearsome hobgoblin, the "Kappa," who is so courteous that, if saluted, he returns the obeisance with such vehemence that "the strength-giving liquid runs out from the hollow in his cranium," and he is easily vanquished, we touch pure farce. We will conclude with a Japanese proverb that passes rather harsh judgment on cats: "Feed a dog for three days and he will remember your kindness for three years; feed a cat for three years and she will forget your kindness in three days."

## THE INFERNO*

THIS is the third of the four autobiographical volumes which August Strindberg has written. It is the sort of book which is just now very much in the fashion, and will no doubt find a public. But we feel very strongly that Strindberg was better employed in writing his plays, some of which belong to the ranks of permanent literature, than in his long-drawn-out endeavour to present his soul naked to the public gaze. Every play or novel which can claim to be significant reveals human nature in a truer perspective than any autobiography can succeed in doing. If the autobiographer is sincere he makes himself out both worse and better than he really is, and the actual life of an artist is not, after all, the most important thing, either for himself or the public. No artist can adjust the balance between the greater and the less of his achievements. The most perfect creation in his own eyes may fall short of the critic's standard.

Strindberg sums up the meaning of his life thus: "Such, then, is my life; a sign, an example to serve for the betterment of others; a proverb to set forth the nothingness of fame and celebrity; a proverb to show the younger generation how they should not live."

The book has powerful, pathetic, and moving passages; but one can be more profitably employed, and even come to a truer understanding of the author, by reading his plays and putting resolutely aside his four autobiographical works.

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# BOOKS OF THE WEEK

MR. DION CLAYTON CALTHROP is always fresh in style and stimulating as to thought. He has a clear and definite point of view of life, and this he demonstrates in his own whimsical and inimitable fashion. The opening sentence of ST. QUIN (Alston Rivers, 6s.) grips and holds the interest from the first. A complete picture is conjured up. You have the setting of the story outlined—the author gets home in a stroke. There is none of the aimless peddling with words that marks the effort of the average novelist. The artist knows the image he wants to create, and with a stroke of his brush—a few words of his pen—gives us a definite impression. Edmond, born to prosperity, with a stake in the county and a prosperous future awaiting him, like the hero of the old fairy stories, received a gift at his christening. "And this odd and entirely unexpected gift was the cause of many anxious family gatherings." One gets a hint of the nature of the gift early in the story. "Once Barbara, his sister, gave him one of her books. It was called "Grimm's Fairy Tales." It was, had he known it, the key to the first door leading on to another world." At first the boy is not impressed with the book. Barbara argues with him at length and with insistence as to the existence of elves and goblins—the country that is owned by the "little people." "She told him how they came out at night, and drank out of acorn cups. And she told him how they danced, and how they sat under toadstools, and swung on the fronds of bracken." The conclusion of the chapter rings down on a sentence as significant as its opening statement. "Edmond was very late for dinner—almost a criminal offence. He had been all day alone . . . in the woods, looking for something it took him twelve years to find." The story of his quest is told with the same perfection of phrasing, the same swift, unexpected touches that show men and things at an unlooked-for angle. We follow Edmond to school, in his travels, and enjoy his adventures "with a little French girl" he met in Italy. In conclusion, Edmond comes into his inheritance, justifies the gift of his fairy godmother, and very thoroughly falls in love. On which, Bridgewater, the discreet family servant, prayed "that the new play might have a life-long run."

❀ ❀ ❀

Stories of previous incarnations, wonderful adventures in the realms of magic, do not, as a rule, allure the average reader, surfeited with a diet of revivified mummies and statues suddenly imbued with life, after —a very long way after—the immortal myth of Pygmalion and Galatea. IN THE WEIRD OF THE WANDERER (William Rider and Sons, 6s.), the author, under the pseudonym of Prospero Caliban, tells of one Nicholas Crabbe, who in a previous age was King Balthazar of Moxoene, and attained to an unlawful knowledge of magic arts and spells. He does not appear to have done anything very amusing or sensational with his sorcery, and the style in which the book is written does not aid the readers of the story. One could as readily believe in the events of over two thousand years ago told in nervous English, as written in a dull, somewhat prosy style, heavy and indigestible.

❀ ❀ ❀

Scotch stories are either very good or very bad. Miss Jane Findlater, in SEVEN SCOT STORIES (Smith, Elder and Co., 6s.), has given us some delightful studies. The characterisation is clever, and of a simplicity at once striking and complete. Stories of domestic life, of simple peasant folk, young lasses and old people, the most striking number of the seven is "Charlie over the Water." "Of all the children that she had brought forth, there now remained to the Widow MacKay only one, her son Charlie, and he was over the water." The widow would sit by the door of the cottage, and count on her fingers the tale of her grief, how and when she had lost her sons, and her one daughter, till at last Charlie alone was left. Now that all the bairns had left the home, the one tie to old days was Hector, her grandson, the child of her daughter Jessie. The picture of the old woman is finely drawn, with an intimate knowledge of the elemental things of life, a knowledge that, touched with the fine sympathy and understanding, makes the author's work remarkable. Hector, the grandson, wearied of life in the barren Scottish islands, and conscious also that the old woman is grieving sore for the sight of her remaining son, invents an imaginary postscript to Charlie's letter, inviting his mother to come over the water to America. The widow snatches eagerly at the chance, and after innumerable difficulties, duly overcome, the two set forth. The story of the voyage, the old lady's reception by her son, her first delights at the reunion, her subsequent heartaches for her own home, the discovery that Charlie's wife does not want her—these are all told with an exquisite pathos and simplicity. The story is a gem, and marks a high standard of achievement in a book remarkable alike for perfection of style and poignancy of emotion.

❀ ❀ ❀

Shakespeare's tragedy of ROMEO AND JULIET has seldom been presented to the public in more comely form than in the beautifully finished reprint which Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton are issuing at 10s. 6d. net, the volume being exquisitely illustrated by Mr. W. Hatherell. All the world loves a lover, and that perhaps is why the play remains the most popular of all Shakespeare's tragedies, the only one perhaps which the common people follow throughout with unflagging enthusiasm. It keeps perennially the charm of youth, and we suppose there is not a romantic actor worth his salt who has not longed to essay the part of the young hero, and not a few have made their reputation in it. Those who love its scenes of pageantry and passion, who have wept with Juliet and sighed with Romeo, can make no more charming gift than this sumptuous reproduction of this old love romance.

❀ ❀ ❀

LORNA DOONE (Sampson Low, Marston and Co.), one of the most gracious of modern romances, makes her appearance this season in a beautiful garb, exquisitely bound and illustrated. Blackmore's great work is presented in a most attractive guise. The strength and sympathy of the story grows with time; the characterisation, at once tender and compelling, leaves on the imagination a series of pictures that the years cannot efface. The great Jan Reid, with his vast thews and sinews, his native simplicity and great heart, stands unequalled in contemporary fiction. The style lends itself peculiarly to the story; the scenery of Exmoor, never more perfectly portrayed than in the romance, gains by the restraint of the author. The hills and dales, the soft, balmy air, with the hint of the salt in its taste, grows on one as do the lineaments of old and valued friends, until language and scenery become indissolubly united, forming a picture never to be forgotten. It is interesting to note the author's preface—first to the sixth, then to the twentieth edition—the unaffected delight of the man at the

*(Continued on page 354.)*

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popularity of his favourite child, the simple pleasure he took in his success, above all, the emotion he experienced that the sons of Exmoor should recognise and appreciate their own beloved land in the pages of "Lorna Doone," and grow once more familiar with the legends that they had listened to in childhood. The story is a beautiful one, and must ever remain dear to the lovers of romance. Messrs. Sampson and Son have earned the gratitude of the reading public by the issue of this delightful edition.

❀ ❀ ❀

This is pre-eminently the season for the publication of books on Charles Dickens, and Messrs. Foulis are to be congratulated on their issue of THE DICKENS ORIGINALS (6s. net). Mr. Edwin Pugh's interesting theories make good reading. Human curiosity is eternally voracious in regard to the literary idols of their adoption, and the methods of the master novelist invite unending speculation. Mr. Pugh's theories are ingenious and convincing. He suggests that Dickens did not reproduce his characters from life, but that he seized on the chief characteristics of men and women, and from these created a new being. "He looked at people as children do, with ever fresh, frank interest, and he saw how they were, all of them, really very funny or very pathetic, or very good or very bad. He seized on their salient peculiarities, and by a sort of sublime logic deduced the whole man from the cast and texture of his face, the colour of his hair or eyes, the cut of his clothes, his idiosyncrasies of manner or speech, and the general effect of his personality." One of the most arresting chapters is that on criminal prototypes. M. Horténse, lady's maid to Lady Dedlock, was founded on the notorious Mrs. Manning, who, with her husband, was hanged at Horsemonger Lane Gaol in 1849. Ikey Solomons, a criminal as well known and as infamous as Charles Peace to a later generation, suggested Fagin, while Julius Slinkton was sketched in part from Wainewright, the artist and the poisoner.

That Dickens, in his supreme art as creator, forgot the man or woman who suggested the conception no one who has read his books will admit. How far Leigh Hunt was his model for Harold Skimpole will always be a debatable point, and whether or no Dora was the child of his fancy, or owed some of her charm to dainty Maria Beadnell, Dickens's first love, is always open to dispute. The author solves some of the points at issue, and suggests helpful explanations on the more knotty problems. Written with pungency and wit, the book—beautifully illustrated—is a welcome addition to Dickensian literature.

❀ ❀ ❀

The child of the story-book is seldom convincing as heroine. It is when she plays the part of madcap and tomboy that she charms and arrests. ANGELIQUE (Duckworth, 6s.) is refreshingly mischievous, and Miss Constance Elizabeth Maud is to be congratulated on the series of vivacious sketches she has given us of LE PETIT CHOU, the fascinating little French girl, who is the idol and despair of all her family and friends. This book should be a favourite with all young people.

❀ ❀ ❀

BOYS OF THE BORDER (Blackie and Son, 3s. 6d.) is written with a dash and spirit that should suit the average schoolboy completely. The heroes of the story have plenty of fighting and many adventures. The story takes place in the reign of Henry the Second, and the atmosphere of the times is well suggested and artistically carried out.

## LIST OF BOOKS RECEIVED

Allen, J. Gordon. "The Cheap Cottage and the Small House." (Garden City Press, 1s. 6d.)
Bazin, Rene. "Six Contes." Edited by G. H. Clarke, M.A. (Frowde, 2s.)
"Blue Book, The." An Oxford Review. (Crosby Lockwood, 1s.)
Buckley, R. R. "St. Francis." (Nutt, 1s.)
Crosland. T. W. H. "Sonnets." (Richmond.)
Cureau, Dr. "Les Sociétés Primitives de l'Afrique Equatoriale." (Armand Colin, 6 francs.)
Gorebooth, Eva. "The Agate Lamp." (Longmans, Green, 2s. 6d.)
Green, F. E. "The Cottage Farm." (Daniel, 1s.)
Hamon, A. "The Technique of Bernard Shaw's Plays." (Daniel, 2s.)
Hawkeswood, C. E. M. "The Last Century in Europe." (Arnold.)
Hardenburg, W. E. "The Putumayo." (Fisher Unwin, 10s. 6d.)
Houghton, Stanley. "The Younger Generation." (Sidgwick and Jackson, 1s. 6d.)
Hutton, Edward. "Highways and Byways in Somerset. (Macmillan, 5s.)
"India." (Dean, 6d.)
Jenks, Edward. "A Short History of English Law." (Methuen, 10s. 6d.)
Keen, E. H. "Songs, Sonnets, and Verses." (Edinburgh University Press.)
Lawrence, Margery. "Songs of Childhood, and other Verses." (Grant Richards, 1s. 6d.)
Lucas, E. V. "A Little of Everything." (Methuen, 1s.)
MacGregor, J. Herrick. "The Wisdom of Waloopi." 4s.
Mann, Tom. "Debate on Syndicalism between Frank Rose and Tom Mann." (2d.)
Mann, Tom. "Forging his Weapon." (1d.)
Mann, Tom. "Symposium on Syndicalism. (1d.)
Mann, Tom. "The Railway Men." (1d.)
Montegazza, Vico. "L'Albania. (Bontempelli, Invernizzi, Rome.)
Montegazza, Vico. "La Guerra Balcanica." (Bontempelli, Invernizzi, Rome.)
"The Bedtime Book." (Dean, 6d.)
"The Dreamland Book." (Dean, 6d.)
"The Foundation of Freedom." (Bagot, 4d.)
Towers, Walter. "Fifty New Songs." (Nicol.)
"Tried Favourites." (Cookery Book.) (Fairgrieve and Marshall, 1s.)
Vandervelde, E. "La Co-operation Neutre et la Co-operation Socialiste." (Libraire Felix Alcan, 3.50 f.)
Wadna, A. S. "The Message of Zoroaster. (Dent, 5s.)
Walters, A. "Physical Phenomena." (The Liverpool Booksellers' Co., 6d.)
Walters, A. "The Truth at Last." (Philip.)
Watson, E. J. "Giosue Carducci. To the Sources of the Clitumnus." (Arrowsmith.)
Yarros, Victor. "Free Political Institutions." (Daniel, 1s.)

## NOTICES

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No. 12. Vol. 1. [REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O.] FRIDAY, JANUARY 3, 1913. One Penny.


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# HISTORY IN THE MAKING

## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

OWING to the dilatory methods of Turkey, business at the Peace Conference resolves itself into a series of adjournments. When, after considerable delay, the Turkish delegates tabled their counter-proposals they were so sweeping as to be wholly unacceptable to the Allies. The Turkish conditions included the retention of Adrianople, the conversion of Macedonia and Albania into autonomous principalities under Turkish suzerainty, and the retention of the islands by Turkey, with the exception of Crete, the disposal of which was to be settled by the Great Powers. The statement of terms amazed the Balkan delegates, and the Conference was adjourned to allow Turkey to bring forward proposals in accordance with the actual situation. At the next meeting, which took place on Monday, the Turkish delegates intimated that they had not received full instructions from Constantinople with regard to the drafting of the new counter-proposals, and another adjournment took place. These delays have greatly annoyed the Balkan delegates, and there is talk of an ultimatum if Turkey persists in her policy of procrastination.

Meanwhile, the Bulgarians appear to be taking steps for establishing an effective occupation of the conquered territories. The Turkish troops at Chatalja are reported to be nearly free from cholera, but their sanitary conditions are deplorable, while the health conditions of the Bulgarians outside the lines are said to be satisfactory.

The influence of the British Medical Association over the doctors with regard to the medical working of the Insurance Act seems to be weakening. From all parts of the country come reports that the doctors, on the whole, are willing to give the Act a trial, and the Government are confident that at the appointed time an adequate medical service will be forthcoming. The Scottish Insurance Commissioners have issued an intimation to insured persons that they have received from every area in the country assurances from Insurance Committees and medical men that panels will, with one or two exceptions, be formed. At a conference of delegates of the Scottish Trade Union Congress in Glasgow a resolution was passed in favour of a State medical service.

A statement has been issued by the National Insurance Practitioners' Association to the profession, in which attention is drawn to the recent announcement of the Commissioners that no insured person can make private arrangements with a doctor, directly or through his approved society, except with the sanction of the Insurance Committee and Commissioners. This statement has been issued because the Association believes that many doctors are being induced to refrain from taking service on the panels by misleading statements that it will be possible for them to make these private arrangements.

Friction on the North-Eastern Railway has not yet ceased. A Conference of delegates, representing the various unions, has been held at York, when a resolution was passed declaring that the fines imposed upon the strikers were absolutely unjust, and calling for further action. A new difficulty has arisen in connection with Knox, the engine-driver, whose case was the cause of the original trouble. Knox is said to be suspended for contravention of a regulation regarding signals. The matter, however, is not expected to lead to serious results.

The sub-committee of the Mansion House Fund Committee in connection with the *Titanic* disaster have issued a report showing the amount of relief work up till December 20th. The Claims Committee have dealt with 911 cases, of which 683 are British and 228 foreign.

The Postmaster announces that the reduction in charges for deferred telegrams and cable letters to Canada, Newfoundland, the United States, Australia, New Zealand, the South African Union, Rhodesia, and British Central Africa will take effect from January 1st.

Lord Hardinge, the Viceroy of India, continues to make satisfactory progress, and is now considered to be out of danger. His injuries were more serious than were at first stated.

The death is announced of Herr von Kiderlen-Waechter, German Imperial Secretary for Foreign Affairs, in his sixtieth year. He was appointed Foreign Secretary in 1910. He belonged to the Bismarck school of statesmen.

Of the 40 Labour Union officials charged at Indianapolis, U.S., with being concerned in a dynamite conspiracy 38 have been found guilty. Upon Ryan, President of the Union, sentence of seven years' penal servitude was passed. Several other leaders were each sentenced to six years' penal servitude. The majority received short terms of imprisonment.

In connection with the prevention of tropical diseases an important discovery is announced. For some time Dr. R. T. Leiper, interim Wandsworth Scholar of the London School of Tropical Medicine, and a graduate of Glasgow University, has been making investigations into the life history of bloodworms in man and animals. He has been successful in tracing the life history of the bloodworm which causes the disease known as the "Calabar swelling." The fact that large numbers of Europeans become infected with this worm makes the discovery of great importance. The discovery will enable science to determine the conditions in which the infection takes place, and it is expected that preventive measures will be able to be taken.

In a letter to the *Times* Lord MacDonnell returns to the question of Home Rule finance. He declares that if the onerous and inadequate financial provisions of the measure are enforced against Ireland she will not cease to be a source of weakness and anxiety to the Empire. It is disheartening, continues Lord MacDonnell, that after so many centuries of guardianship England should send her sister forth maimed and impoverished.

The Women's Social and Political Union, in a statement which they have issued, deny all knowledge of the recent case of tampering with railway signals. They have no reason to suppose that any suffragist was connected with the incident, which is not in accordance with Mrs. Pankhurst's injunction to respect human life.

Wednesday, February 12th, has been appointed by the Welsh Bishops to be observed in every church in their dioceses as a day of humble prayer and intercession against the disestablishment and disendowment of the four Welsh dioceses.

A scheme for the reform of the government of London has been adopted by the London Liberal Federation, and will form one of the chief planks in the Progressive platform at the County Council elections in March. The idea seems to be that the whole of the present administrative county, together with the City, should be governed by a central authority, composed of 200 Councillors, the elected Chairman being the Lord Mayor of London.

# ARBITRATION AS A SUBSTITUTE FOR WAR

PERHAPS the greatest obstacle to the speedy adoption of Arbitration in the international sphere is the belief in the inevitableness of war. War has been well styled the Great Illusion. Around the military profession poets have woven a halo of romance, and even thinkers of whom better things might have been expected have been captivated by the glamour and glitter of military glory. How can the average man be imbued with peace sentiments when writers like Ruskin are found investing with the glow of genius the military profession? Wordsworth goes further when he declares "Carnage to be God's Daughter." Peace advocates have also to contend against the combative element in human nature, and when this is allied with the politico-economic theory that national supremacy in trade and national prestige can best be secured through war, the task of peace advocates is rendered very difficult. Out of these erroneous views grows the belief that, taking man as he is, he is a being ruled more by his passions than by his interests, and that, therefore, appeals to reason in the matter of war are futile. Those who talk in this strain seem justified by history, for it is a notorious fact that, caught in the whirlwind of passion, nations have waged wars which stand condemned at the bar of common sense. It is not true that men and nations, in the long run, are more dominated by passion than by reason. Does not progress in civilisation consist in the fact that more and more the empire of reason is encroaching upon the empire of passion. In regard to war this, indeed, is one of the cheering signs of the times. A few facts justify this assertion. During the first fifty years of the last century little was heard of Arbitration. During the first ten years of the present century ninety-six Arbitration treaties have been signed. All previous centuries have witnessed ten wars to one Arbitration treaty. The first ten years of the present century has witnessed fifty treaties to one war. In an industrial era, when the whole world is linked in an ever-increasing complexity, nations think twice before they plunge into the horrors of war: passion is giving way to interest. The people are beginning to inquire into the utility of war. Democracy is specially interested in social reform, in securing the foundations for the erection of a rational existence, and is applying to romantic reasons for war utilitarian standards. The people are tired of singing hymns to the god of war. They are more likely to be influenced by a calculation of what might be done for individual and national well-being by the huge sums which are wasted in Dreadnoughts and armies. An American writer, Mr. Frederick Lynch, in a remarkable little book, "The Peace Problem," sets before his readers a few startling facts as to the waste of war which merit consideration. With the money spent by Britain in the South African war there could have been erected 1,000 Old People's Homes, 1,000 Public Playgrounds, 1,000 Public Libraries, 1,000 Trades Schools, 500 Hospitals, 3,000 Public Schools, and 150,000 Working Men's Houses. Facts like these are working mightily on the side of peace.

A great Frenchman, Victor Hugo, made a prediction which is slowly, but surely, reaching fulfilment. He predicted a time when the United States of America and the United States of Europe will work harmoniously in furthering the arts of peace, "when a cannon ball will be exhibited in public museums, just as an instrument of torture is now, and people will be amazed that such a thing could ever have been."

# NEW YEAR MESSAGE OF "EVERYMAN" BY THE EDITOR

I.

THE passing of the Old Year and the coming of the New affords a welcome opportunity of extending our most cordial good wishes to the readers of EVERYMAN. We are proud of the fact that in so brief a space we have succeeded in establishing those confidential relations which are generally only established between friends of old standing. The splendid response which EVERYMAN has received is conclusive evidence that the paper is filling a long-felt public need; and it is the consciousness of meeting such a need, and the loyal support of the public, which has enabled us to overcome the difficulties incidental to so novel a venture as EVERYMAN may claim to be.

We have not only received countless messages of sympathy and encouragement and numberless suggestions which have been almost invariably helpful—we have also been favoured with candid criticisms which have been no less helpful. Nor is our appreciation of those criticisms diminished by the fact that some of them are irrelevant and contradictory, and that we are, not unfrequently, blamed where no blame is deserved. In view of such criticisms, it will not be altogether unnecessary if we explain somewhat more fully the policy and purpose of our journal.

II.

Roman Catholic readers have blamed us for publishing anti-Catholic letters and articles—for instance, articles depreciatory of Cardinal Newman and of the present Pope. Protestants and Congregational readers have blamed us for allowing Roman Catholic contributors to state their own case. Anglicans and Conservatives have expressed their regret that their views have not received sufficient emphasis. Working men have blamed us for not giving sufficient prominence to the discussion of labour questions. It is obvious that those criticisms cannot all be true, as the one contradicts the other. Our Protestant and Roman Catholic friends seem both to forget that their position cannot be so desperately weak that if the truth were fully stated by their opponents, their own case would be in deadly peril. On the other hand, our Anglican and Conservative friends seem to forget that EVERYMAN cannot be held responsible if their leaders do not respond to our invitation, and refuse to accept the free hospitality of our columns.

III.

We persist, therefore, in claiming that absolute fairness is one of the distinctive features of EVERYMAN. We adhere to our policy of impartiality. We refuse to pledge ourselves to any partisan or sectarian scheme when we discuss the land problem. We shall try to do equal justice to the proposals of Lloyd George, to the older proposals of Henry George, and to the still older institution of Peasant Proprietorship. When we discuss Socialism, we shall give prominence to the gospel according to St. Marx, but we shall not allow our contributors to ignore the much older gospel according to St. Mark. Surely there already exists a sufficient number of party organs to justify the existence of at least one organ which keeps aloof from and above both sect and party. The ordinary newspaper is too much inclined to treat its readers as if they were totally incapable of judging for themselves on the merits of an argument, as if they were destined to stumble and to err if they were not charitably assisted at every step. We do not believe that the reader is in perpetual need of intellectual crutches to walk straight, and to think right. We do believe that the greatest service that we can render him is not to *assist* his thought, but to *stimulate* it. What is required for the solution of most of the burning questions of to-day is, not that we should teach or preach one particular system of thought, but that we should get the reader to think for himself, that we should convince him of the essential dignity of thought. Truth is not a monopoly, and it cannot be imposed upon the mind from outside: it can only be reached by persuasion—that is to say, by discussion: that is to say, by contradiction. In the etymological sense, and also in the deeper sense of the word, a *conviction* is a victory which we achieve over prejudice and ignorance.

IV.

It is for the very same reason that EVERYMAN will continue to invite the collaboration of eminent men of Letters from all parts of Europe. A few critics have expressed their regret that we should include so many foreigners. The Editor makes bold to think that the danger does not lie in listening too much to the voices of the wide world, but in listening too little. The danger does not lie in *too much* universality, but in excessive insularity. Surely the time has come when Everyman ought to realise that in things of the spirit there are no frontiers and there are no foreigners.

EVERYMAN, therefore, does not intend to become more parochial in the future; rather will it aim at becoming even more generous in its aspirations, wider in its intellectual horizon. So far do we regret having given too much attention to the outside world, that in this very number we are beginning a systematic survey of all the civilised countries of the globe.

V.

In one other direction EVERYMAN hopes considerably to extend its activity and increase its usefulness. One of the new features of EVERYMAN will be a series of papers discussing once a week a representative masterpiece of world literature. We shall do this, not in the somewhat abstract and academic method of the schools, but in a more concrete, direct, and definite way. Each literary masterpiece presents a succession of problems and raises in the mind of the reader a certain number of definite questions. We shall raise those questions, and try to answer them. And we shall invite our readers to discuss and to dispute our answers. Lack of space will, of course, prevent us from printing every communication received; but we can promise that every communication will be carefully considered, and will ultimately be embodied in a fuller appreciation of any literary masterpiece under consideration. The reader, therefore, will have no right in future to complain that our literary criticism is too dogmatic. It will be for him to challenge our dogmatism, to criticise our criticisms. Let him bear in mind that in the study of literature, as in the study of public questions, tangible results can only be achieved by a combination of hard, individual, and solitary thinking, and of social and collective collaboration. We fully realise that such collective collaboration assumes the continued interest of our reading public and its generous support. But that support has been so ungrudgingly given in the past that we may confidently look forward to it in the future.

# GREAT COUNTRIES OF THE WORLD

## AN ATTEMPT IN HUMAN GEOGRAPHY. BY CHARLES SAROLEA

### I.—RUSSIA

[EVERYMAN is starting to-day the first of a series of brief and comprehensive surveys of the leading countries and peoples of the globe. The Editor will endeavour to put in a nutshell those vital facts and factors of human geography which the conventional text-books so often fail to give. Having visited every country of Europe, as well as many parts of Asia, Africa, and America, he will be able to speak not only from statistical data, but from direct and personal observation. Each survey will be appropriately illustrated by a special map by Dr. Bartholomew.]

I.

RUSSIA is not a country, but a continent, extending for thousands of miles in one uninterrupted expanse (except for the break of the Ural Mountains) from Central Europe to the Far East, and from the ice-bound wastes of the White Sea to the sub-tropical shores of the Black Sea and the Caspian Sea. Russia is not a nation, but a bewildering conglomerate of nations, speaking every language—Polish, Finnish, Roumanian, Swedish, German—professing every form of religion—Pagan, Buddhist, Mahometan, Greek Orthodox, Roman Catholic—with every degree of civilisation, from the nomadic semi-savage tribes of the *Steppes* to the progressive Finns, with their Parliament of women and their universal popular education.

II.

The first and most important fact to remember about the Russians is that they are the most prolific people of the earth. Add the aggregate population of Great Britain, France, Italy, Spain, Belgium, Holland, Sweden, and Norway, and you will not reach the hundred and seventy teeming millions of the Russian Empire. And that population, notwithstanding an awful death-rate, notwithstanding plague and famine, increases automatically *by three millions a year*. Every year three-quarters of the entire population of Scotland is being added to Russia. In twenty-five years Russia will number two hundred and fifty millions! When we consider that those two hundred and fifty millions will by that time be fully equipped with every instrument of modern civilisation, we realise that Russia will be one of the most formidable world-forces, for good or evil, before the first half of this century has run its course. We realise that the future belongs, not to England, or to France, or to Germany, but to Russia. After generations of suffering, the Slav is at last coming into his inheritance.

III.

The vast plains of Russia, the most extensive in the planet, include three parallel zones—in the north the forest zone, in the centre the agricultural zone, with the "black earth," of wondrous fertility, and in the south the waving prairie inhabited by the Cossacks. If we add to those three zones the vineyards of the Crimea and of the Caucasus, we find that the soil of Russia produces every form of agricultural wealth. And the mineral resources of the country are no less varied and no less inexhaustible. We need only refer to the coal-fields of the Donetz, to the oil-fields of Baku, to the gold and silver mines of the Ural Mountains and of Siberia. If to-day Russia is one of the granaries of the world, to-morrow she will be one of its greatest industrial areas.

For the transport of her agricultural and industrial produce Russia possesses not only sixty thousand miles of railroad, but what is vastly more important—the most magnificent waterways of Europe. The Russian complains that he has no outlet on the ocean, that all his seas are inland lakes: the Baltic, the Black Sea, the Caspian, and Lake Baikal. But he forgets that he possesses the Don, the Dnieper, and the most glorious river of the world—the Volga! Let the tourist take his passage at Tver, on one of the floating hotels of the Kavkaz and Mercur—Tver is only eight hours' railway journey from St. Petersburg—and let him drift in an eight-days' journey on the Mother Volga down to the Caspian Sea, and he will then realise the unrivalled possibilities of Russian inland commerce.

IV.

It is true that a large proportion of the Russian Empire has not yet been assimilated. The alien races—the Catholic Pole, the Protestant, even the Germans and Finns, the Jews and Armenians—have not yet been won over by the conqueror. Still, the Russian element forms the enormous majority of the population. When the Government gives up its stupid methods of compulsion it is probable that the process of Russification will proceed at a very rapid pace. For let us not be deceived by superficial appearances. The Russian race possess many of the characteristics of a superior and imperial people. They have survived a struggle for life of ruthless severity. They have resisted the continued pressure of hunger, war, plague, of a cruel climate, and a more cruel Government. The Russians have got a splendid physique, they have a capacity of endurance which is surpassed by no other race. And although they emerged only yesterday from barbarism, they have already produced giants in every department of Art, of Literature, and Philosophy—scientists like Mendeleieff, philosophers like Solovioff, musicians like Tschaikowsky, painters like Verestchagin, men of letters like Tolstoy and Dostoieffsky.

V.

European Russia is surrounded by an industrial belt in the west, in the south, and in the east. But in the meantime Russia remains pre-eminently a nation of peasants. The *moujik* is still the backbone of the

Empire. He is a splendid worker when he is given a chance, and in Siberia and Central Asia he proves an ideal colonist. It is true that technically he is still a bad agriculturist. He is ignorant. He has no capital. He scratches the earth with his primitive plough, as in the days of Abraham. But enormous progress is being made, and great changes are impending. The Russian Government is instituting gigantic experiments in land reform, which our own land reformers would do well to follow very closely. Hitherto the communal system of property seems to have proved an insurmountable obstacle to agricul-

tural progress. That form of collective primitive agriculture has now broken down. The ancient institution of the "mir," or village community, is being disintegrated. Communism is giving way to peasant proprietorship and social co-operation.

VI.

But it is obvious that no reform of any kind will be carried through successfully until the methods of government in Russia have undergone drastic changes. Those hundred and seventy millions are still abominably ruled. In the first place, they are misgoverned by their spiritual rulers. The Greek Orthodox Church, with her parish priests, who are compelled to marry, with her hierarchy of monks and bishops, who are forbidden to marry, remains grossly ignorant and slothful, and maintains the people in sloth and ignorance. She is out of touch with modern life, and continues in abject mental submission to a despotic State.

Nor do the Russian people fare any better with their temporal rulers. The Tsar is the nominal head of the Empire. But the reality of power is vested in an irresponsible bureaucracy, corrupt by tradition, and, what is worse, corrupt by necessity, because despotism must needs breed corruption, and because the huge distances from St. Petersburg make supervision and responsibility impossible. It is true that since the heroic rising of 1905 the Russian people have received representative institutions; but the Duma is only a beginning. No reforms can be fruitful unless they are attended by a large measure of Home Rule in Finland, in Poland, in Trans-Caucasia, in Little Russia, and unless they are attended by an even larger measure of local self-government, and last, not least, unless they are attended by a concession of religious liberty—ever the foundation of political liberty.

VII.

Unfortunately for the prospects of reform at present, the ideals and the activity of the Government are still being diverted, by the delusion of imperialism, from the pressing home-problems. What the Russian people really want are better roads, more railways, better housing, better sanitation, better schools, a more liberal Church, a more liberal administration. But instead of the activities of the Government being turned in that direction, the huge revenue of the Empire is being spent on increasing an already huge and unwieldy army, and the political energy of the ruling classes is being devoted to the ambitious and perilous schemes of conquest in Persia, Mongolia, and Manchuria. Only six years ago the jingo policy brought humiliating disaster to the Russian arms. The Government has already forgotten the awful lesson, and is returning to the evil of its ways. They are "strangling" Persia. They are preparing to annex Mongolia and part of Manchuria. There lies the danger in the immediate future. A false and obsolete political philosophy, the imperialism of the governing class and the spiritual despotism of the Orthodox Church, are the two greatest obstacles in the way of the moral and intellectual enfranchisement of the Russian people.

* * *

## THE WOOD

THIS is a sombre Wood!
No Ghost need walk, for every tree's a Ghoul.
Ugly and black they stand, gaunt limbs outspread,
Grim, silent, weeping Watchers o'er the Dead.

Gnarled Trunk uplifts distorted arm
(An awesome threat!),
And with a grisly finger points
Derisively at gawky joints,
Dismal and wet.

Tall boughs awry,
Blown windward, sigh.
Dim, crystal raindrops, trembling, hang.
Beneath each crabbed and crumpled twig,
They dance a short, defiant jig;
Then slowly, with a sullen splash,
Tears, dreary tears, drip sadly down.

Yet, here yon tree-tops caught the After-glow
When fickle Moths were flitting to and fro;
And here stray Moonbeams flashed a silver light
On Summer Mists, soft stealing through the Night;
Here, rustling foliage draped each heaving bough,
Whispering a slumb'rous Evensong.

And now,
Misshapen Monsters wave repulsive arms,
And creak and crack, and thrill with wild alarms!

This is a sombre Wood!

REGINALD PEIRSON.

# "EVERYMAN'S" REFERENDUM ON LAND REFORM

I.

LAND Reform is the order of the day. It is increasingly felt that the Land Question is at the root of every social problem: the housing of the poor, the congestion of our cities, the desolation of our countryside. It is announced that Mr. Lloyd George intends to submit, almost immediately, far-reaching proposals for the solution of the problem. In view of this fact, it is highly desirable that all the aspects of the question shall be fully discussed. It is now generally admitted, even by those who are in favour of the Insurance Act, that it was forced upon Parliament before it had been adequately and maturely considered. Now the Land Question is far more complex, and involves much bigger issues than the Insurance Act, and for that reason a careful and painstaking discussion on Land Reform is of vital moment.

II.

With that object, EVERYMAN is opening to-day something in the nature of a referendum on Land Reform. We extend to every reader a cordial invitation to contribute to the discussion, and we have no doubt that a large number of them will assist in clearing up a problem, on the solution of which the future of the country so largely depends. But a popular referendum will only help us if we proceed on methodical and systematic lines. Three conditions, at least, have to be fulfilled if our discussion is to lead to tangible results. In the first place we have to keep a firm grasp of principles. In the second place we have to consider all the facts of the case, and in the third place we must carefully distinguish between the different solutions which are before us.

III.

In the first place we must keep a firm grasp of our principles, and we must be consistent in our principles. We must first know *what* is to be done before we discuss *how* it is to be done. It is clearly impossible to get at a satisfactory remedy, if we do not agree as to the evils which have to be remedied. It is clearly impossible to get at a definite conclusion, if we do not start from definite premises. For instance, the Conservative party seem to be in favour of Small Holdings. We are naturally driven to ask how they can also be in favour of Big Estates. They are in favour of Three Acres and a Cow. We are naturally driven to ask how they can also be in favour of a Million Acres and Deer and Grouse. The Conservative party believe in the sacred principle of Private Property. We naturally ask how they also believe in Land Monopoly, which is the negation of Private Property.

IV.

But we must not only be clear-minded and consistent about our first principles, we must also keep fully informed about the facts. In some of the last issues of EVERYMAN we had a discussion on Peasant Proprietorship between Mr. Chesterton and Mr. Shaw. I am sure the vast majority of our readers were keenly interested in that dialectical tournament, and which editor would not be grateful to such doughty champions for having chosen his paper for an arena? Yet with all deference and gratitude to those two men of genius, that brilliant discussion on Peasant Proprietorship was eminently unsatisfactory. For neither Mr. Chesterton nor Mr. Shaw troubled much about giving us the facts of the case. Mr. Chesterton's plea was that peasant proprietorship is a desirable ideal, but he did not tell us under what conditions that ideal was realised. On the other hand, Mr. Bernard Shaw told us that peasant proprietorship had ceased to exist, and that even if it could exist, under modern conditions, it would not be desirable. But neither of the two champions thought it worth their while to enlighten us on the working of peasant proprietorship in Servia, Bulgaria, Belgium, France, Southern Germany. Neither Mr. Shaw nor Mr. Chesterton informed us that at this very moment the Russian Government are instituting a colossal experiment in peasant proprietorship, and that millions of acres held by Village Communities are being transferred to peasant proprietors.

Now it is obvious that in an eminently practical question, like the Land Question, it is not sufficient to uphold certain principles. We must also take into consideration all the facts of the case. For that reason we would suggest that those readers who are disposed to take part in our discussion should at least take the trouble to study some of the leading authorities on the Land Question. A vast literature has accumulated on the subject, and is daily being added to. I can, therefore, only suggest a few standard works, such as John Stuart Mill's classical chapters in his "Political Economy"; Henry George's "Progress and Poverty" and "Social Problems"; Alfred Russel Wallace's "Land Nationalisation"; Prince Kropotkin's "Fields, Factories and Workshops"; and last, but not least, two excellent recent books dealing with various aspects of the Land Question: Mr. Rowntree's searching study on "Life and Labour in Belgium" (Macmillan, 5s.) and Mr. Green's stimulating book on the "Awakening of England" (Nelson, 2s.).

V.

After stating our guiding principles, after considering all the facts of the case, it will be no less important to keep distinct and separate the different solutions which are advocated. Each solution ought to be examined on its own merits and independently of the others. For the sake of convenience, we would propose to restrict our discussion to the following five solutions of the Land Question.

There is, in the first place, the old solution of peasant proprietorship through the operation of the Testamentary Law of the "Code Napoleon." That solution is often called "The French Solution." But such an appellation is obviously a misnomer, considering that the "French" solution has been adopted by half the civilised countries of the European Continent without expense, injustice, or violence.

A second solution is the Conservative solution of Small Holdings, and Land Purchase by the State, and the artificial creation of a new class of peasant proprietors by a system of State Credit and Purchase Annuities.

A third solution is the taxation of Land Values inaugurated by the Radical party, and which will probably be developed on a much larger scale by Mr. Lloyd George.

Last, and not least, there are the two solutions of the Single Tax and Land Nationalisation. The two solutions are often identified. A recent controversy in the *Christian Commonwealth* between Mr. Fels and Mr. Philip Snowden showed how confused popular

opinions still are about land reform, and it also revealed how radically different are the policy of the Single Tax and the policy of Land Nationalisation. According to Mr. Snowden, not only does the Single Tax policy not lead to the Nationalisation of land, but the one idea is the negation of the other. The Single Tax policy is essentially individualistic. Land Nationalisation is essentially Socialistic.

VI.

We firmly hope that on the lines suggested we shall have a searching and impartial discussion, and that we shall succeed in laying the foundation of a definite policy. It is highly probable that we shall not be able to publish all the answers submitted to us, and that we shall have to make a selection. But in order to enable us to print as large a number of contributions as possible, we would urge our readers carefully to keep in mind our limitations of space, and to restrict themselves to a concise and precise statement of the pros and cons of each particular solution of the Land Problem which the reader is prepared to advocate.

* * *

## CHRISTMAS, 1912

LAST night a great Voice cried, "Arise!
"And come with me to Paradise,
"To see, and tell His people all,
"How the Lord Christ keeps festival,
"At this, the time for peace and mirth,
"On all God's earth!"

Then I, though sure that sin and doubt,
Blinding mine eyes, would keep me out,
Followed that Voice o'er windy ways,
Through all the firmament, ablaze,
And, entering unquestioned, trod
The streets of God.

And lo! I stood before a throne
On which One sat and wept, alone,
In clouds that hid the Mercy Seat,
A broken sceptre at His feet,
While, from beneath His thorny crown,
Fresh blood dripped down.

Then, clearer than the Christmas bells,
Came cries, as from a thousand hells,
Chantings, and hymns of victory,
With women's shrieks in agony,
And children's wails, that made Him moan,
And shook His throne.

Now to high heaven I cried aloud,
Before a writhing, hurrying crowd.
Old men and maidens, hacked and torn,
Dead babes by raving mothers borne.
Lo! ev'n God's angels, rank on rank,
Shuddered and sank!

And now I saw each shining street,
Puddled and soiled, by bleeding feet.
I saw the gardens of the Lord,
All the white blossoms, all green sward,
All the pure lilies—every bud,
Dabbled with blood.

And one shrieked, "Son of Galilee!
"Dwellers in outer darkness, we!
"Vile Pagans—sent to Paradise,
"As Christians' Christmas sacrifice!"
—Then Jesus rent His robe, and cried,
"For this I died!"

RICCARDO STEPHENS.

## SILHOUETTES

*From the gallery of memory, mutascopic and fragmentary, there flashes at times a picture, many-coloured and complete; more often the screen gives back an outline, blurred in parts, yet conveying an impression so vivid and compelling that the mind holds only the salient points, and there emerges of scenes and emotions—a silhouette!*

THE curtain had gone down on the first Act of the Pantomime. There was a fifteen minutes' wait before the Fairies and the Goblins, the white Rabbits and pink Lamp-shades were wanted, and the girls in the dressing-room commenced to talk. Somebody said the show had gone very well that night. The theatre was crammed from floor to ceiling.

"I do like to play to full houses," said a little Dresden Shepherdess, settling her white wig.

Somebody remarked that it made very little difference anyway, and that when you'd been playing in pantomime for ten years you didn't feel enthusiastic.

"Ten years!" The Dresden Shepherdess opened her blue eyes.

"And you're still in the chorus, dear?" she asked. "You're different from *me*."

"Some people can push, some can't," said a graceful Water-melon; "you haven't all the brains and looks, my dear. . . . There's Flo."

The Water-melon, in pale green skirts and a golden wig, pointed to a Fairy Prince, gorgeous in blue and silver. "She's taking thirty shillings a week, girls, and she was offered four pounds to go to Glasgow. But"—with a tragic shake of the head—"she wouldn't leave London."

Somebody remarked, with profound gloom, that Flo didn't know which side her bread was buttered.

"Wild horses wouldn't keep *me* in town," said the Water-melon.

"Four pounds! Why, she refused five last week," said a fussy little woman, dressed as a golliwog. There was a murmur of astonishment, quenched with surprise, by the abrupt remark of Flo. "Well, and what should I gain if I earnt fifty pounds, anyway?" she asked.

A shrill chorus answered, "All the dresses she wanted, a motor-car, diamonds——"

"I've something more precious than diamonds or motor-cars," she said.

The Shepherdess murmured that Flo was a fool, and the Water-melon did not contradict her.

The gas-jets on the walls flared on their faces, lit up the quaint costumes. Along the corridors, up the stairs, came the voice of the call-boy, summoning the beginners for the second act.

In a flash the room was empty; the bright dresses flitted down the stairs. . . . In the wings the Dresden Shepherdess felt a hand upon her arm. She was waiting with a crowd of water-melons, rabbits, golliwogs, and lamp-shades for their call.

"Look," said Somebody, "there's Flo!"

The Shepherdess glanced up. The Fairy Prince had taken a bundle in a woollen shawl from an old woman, and was kissing the small white face of a little cripple.

"The child would never stand the journey to the North," murmured the Water-melon, and shook her head.

"All the same," said the Shepherdess, "five pounds is a lot of money. Is it worth while?"

The Fairy Prince caught the baby closer. "More than diamonds, precious," she said softly; and Somebody led the Shepherdess away.

# ROBERT HUGH BENSON

## As I Know Him ⁂ ⁂ ⁂ By Raymond Blathwayt

[In the fourth number of EVERYMAN we published a Protestant appreciation of Monsignor Robert Hugh Benson, one of the most picturesque, one of the most aggressive, and one of the most influential personalities in the Roman Catholic world. We are now giving an appreciation from the other side, and from the inside. It is unnecessary to add that we must leave the writer the entire responsibility of his opinions.—THE EDITOR.]

STARTING his career from the usual standpoint of an Eton and Trinity youth, Robert Hugh Benson (born 1871), the youngest son of an Archbishop of Canterbury, rapidly developed a personality, sympathetic, keenly reverential, artistic, and humorous, with a vision of life a thousand miles away from and beyond the very ordinary English type with which he had been so perilously threatened in earlier years. Even as an Anglican curate young Benson early found himself confronting the average placid life of the English parson with a troublesomely original outlook on life, and a mind and soul that would not be lulled into that condition of soporific comfort.

Hugh Benson *would* think; his originality of mind, his intense earnestness and conscientiousness, his logical outlook, and, perhaps more than anything else, his keen sense of humour, gave him an angle of vision so different from the ordinary bovine English point of view, if one may be permitted so contradictory and paradoxical an expression, that his revolt from the early family and national traditions, especially where religious matters were concerned, was almost inevitable.

One realised that fact very early in his career. Very highly cultivated, with a supreme realisation of the mystical as opposed to the actual in their influences on mind and soul, and, indeed, on life generally, with an acute historical appreciation of the value of tradition, and with an intellect almost Oriental in its subtlety, what wonder that the young curate soon found his feet set in far other paths than those habitually travelled by the average Anglican cleric? Cricket, football, mothers' meetings, and the ordinary sentimentality of the parochial young woman appalled the vehemently spiritual, and withal exceedingly acute, soul of this outwardly placid and sweet-natured, but inwardly turbulent, young priest chafing against the restraints of the English pulpit. For in an extraordinary manner the Church of Laud, Ken, Andrewes, George Herbert, Wesley, Charles Kingsley, and Charles Lowder possesses a formative influence not less powerful than that of Rome itself. Only it must be exercised upon, and bear fruit in the person rightly adapted for it. With the wrong person, and especially in these days of daring thought and revolt, it is hopeless. It never gained any real hold upon Hugh Benson, and I fancy his life and experiences in Canon Gore's Brotherhood of the Resurrection at Mirfield but strengthened him in his desire to be incorporated in and to form a part, however small, of the real thing which finds its consummation in the papal throne of Rome. And thus, in quitting the Church of his fathers, he found rest unto his soul.

His conversion resulted in an astonishing, a surprising, and a wholly unexpected realisation of freedom, a wonderful joyousness in the largeness of the new land wherein his feet were to wander whither they would for the future. Escaping from the narrow, meticulous—to use an odious literary phrase—somewhat sentimental and extraordinarily restricted modes of thought and life, as expressed and permitted by Anglicanism, he felt very much like a man coming out of a close, warmly curtained, highly scented little sitting-room, who suddenly would find himself on the top of a great hill, with the strong winds of heaven blowing all about him, a sky across which clamber great cumuli of white clouds, and a widely spreading champaign of country, hills and valleys and the King's highway all around him. And there came to him a wonderful appreciation of the intense reality of the genuine thing. It was so human, it was so much in accord with nature—his own nature and the nature of the great wide world, peopled with men and women, and alive with the lowing of cattle and the songs of birds and the rustling of the leaves—the humanity of the world.

For the first time he realised not only the splendour of Catholicism, but the splendour of the life religious. And so Hugh Benson found himself. One understands this when one hears him preaching at the top of his speed in the great Byzantine church at Westminster; when one listens to one of his deeply thoughtful Lenten conferences in the Carmelite Church in Kensington. Always the priest, always the Englishman, but, above everything else, always intensely human in all his sympathies. It is for this reason, perhaps, that mysticism—not the horrible incantational mysticism of San Francisco, Chicago, or West Kensington, revolting in its vulgarity, but the mysticism rather of St. Francis of Assisi, St. Catherine of Siena, St. Thomas à Kempis—possesses such a fascination for that tender, subtle soul.

It is always with a sense of this mysticism that his sermons and his novels are so delicately saturated, a delightful odour, as it were, giving one a vision of other worldliness, which has not been equalled since "John Inglesant" first burst upon a delighted and an admiring world. A mysticism with a mission to humanity, its own appointed part in the scheme of things, a mysticism that is a whole life in itself.

It is all these influences, I think, that have gone to the spiritual and mental formation of that slight boyish figure which flits so swiftly past one on its way to the pulpit in Westminster Cathedral. I do not wish to leave upon my readers' minds the vision or the idea of cowled monk or shaven priest. Hugh Benson, with all his love of the past and his artistic appreciation of mediævalism, is very much of to-day; he is alive to his finger tips. Indeed, for ought I know, he may be more at home in a Mayfair drawing-room or a West End literary club than ever he could be in the cells of the monks of the Thebaid. He will discuss aeroplanes, or General Booth, or the latest scientific discovery with the best; he can be the life and soul of the smoking-room, for he is pre-eminently a humorist, and he is ever delightfully interested in affairs of the moment, pulsating and vibrating as he is with ebullient humanity; but behind and beneath it all he is ever the priest and the mystic.

MONSIGNOR ROBERT HUGH BENSON, NATUS 1871

# JUPITER CARLYLE

By NORMAN MACLEAN

## PART II.

I.

The impression that is most abiding is that of the conviviality which marked the years which succeeded Culloden. All the classes, even of Churchmen, were united in the devotion to claret. There is a certain grimness in the phrases with which Carlyle depicts the men of his day. Dr. Alexander Webster, the leader of the Evangelical party in the Church, took a part in the prosecution of Carlyle for attending the theatre, but Carlyle has his revenge. "Best known as Dr. Bonum Magnum, . . . in this case he was only acting his natural part, which was that of running down all indecencies in clergymen but those of the table, and doing mischief, like a monkey, for its own satisfaction." This sentence is typical of what is weakest in Carlyle—his bitterness against those who oppose him, a bitterness which clouds his judgment. "He was held to be excellent company," says Carlyle of Webster, "even by those of dissolute manners; while, being a five-bottle man, he could lay them all under the table." Being met by an acquaintance on his way home in the early morning with traces of conviviality upon him, "Ah! Doctor," was the question put to him, "what would the auld wives of the Tolbooth say if they saw ye noo?" "Tut, man," was the retort, "they wouldna believe their een." All through his pages we meet a strange life.

II.

It was a life charitable to excess. Here is a surprising statement: "After Lord Drummore became a widower, he attached himself to a mistress. . . . This was all that could be laid to his charge, which, however, did not abate the universal concern of the city and the country when he was dying." Carlyle meets some of the English clergy at Harrogate, and he says of them: "Though inconceivably ignorant and sometimes indecent in their morals," they were "unassuming, and had no other affectation than that of behaving like gentlemen." The minister of London quarrels with a clerical bed-fellow at an inn, fights him, and turns him out. Carlyle has recorded many stories of others, but one is told of himself. Dr. Lindsay Alexander used to tell of a servant at Pinkieburn who followed him with admiring eye as he left for his home. "There he gaed, decent man, as steady as a wall, after his ain share o' five bottles o' port." There has truly been a reformation of social customs in Scotland since the days of Jupiter Carlyle.

III.

Of the many great men who act their part on Carlyle's stage, none appears in more charming guise than David Hume. To the pious of those days Hume was an atheist to be abhorred. But he remained on the friendliest terms with the ministers. Dr. Jardine and Hume often discussed revealed religion, and one night, descending the turnpike stair from his friend's house in the darkness, Hume fell. Jardine rushed for a candle, and, as he lifted the bulky body of his guest, slyly said, "Davie, I have often tell't ye that 'natural licht' is no sufficient." Robert Adam was forbidden to bring Hume to his mother's house, but when he brings him without saying who he is, she declares that "the large, jolly man who sat next me is the most agreeable of them all." "This was the very atheist," ing, adie, "mother, that you were so afraid of." "Well," he, "you may bring him as much as you please, for he's the most innocent, agreeable, facetious man I ever saw."

IV.

One wonders how many of the people of Edinburgh who walk along Princes Street and turn up St. David Street know how that last street got its name! Very few; for the people in our day love the refuse of the Press, and have no time for books such as this—books which make the past live for them. As the new town of Edinburgh was proceeding westward, Hume built himself a house in the south-west corner of St. Andrew Square, and, in the spirit of *plaisanterie*, Hume, with the aid of Miss Nancy Ord, "got the workmen to paint on the corner-stone of David's house 'St. David's Street,' where it remains to this day." When his housekeeper noticed it, taking it as an insult to her master, she rushed to his room exclaiming, "What d'ye think the ne'er-de-weels hae gane an' painted on oor house front?" When she had explained matters, Hume quietly replied, "Tut, Jenny! is that all? Many a better man than me has been called a saint." At another time, at the "Poker Club," when everybody wondered why a clerk ran away with £900: "I know that very well," says John Hume to David, "for when he was taken there was found in his pocket your 'Philosophical Works' and Boston's 'Fourfold State of Man.'"

V.

When one remembers the bitterness of bygone ecclesiastical controversies in Scotland, it is pleasant to think of these men agreeing to differ in the greatest good humour. Dr. Alexander Carlyle well deserved the title of the "preserver of the Church from fanaticism." Before his day a clergyman in Scotland was thought "profane who affected the manners of gentlemen, or was seen much in their company." He sought to demonstrate that a minister could be a good Christian and yet mingle in all sorts of society. "The greatest demi-god I ever saw," said Sir Walter Scott, "was Dr. Carlyle, minister of Musselburgh, commonly called Jupiter Carlyle, from having sat more than once for the king of gods and men to Gavin Hamilton." When he went on a mission to London, his portly figure, his long silver locks, the freshness of the colour on his face made a prodigious impression on the courtiers. "It was the soundness of his sense, his honourable principles, and his social qualities, unmixed with anything that detracted from the character of a clergyman, that gave him his place among the worthies." In his own parish he was greatly beloved, cared for the poor, and his ministry was so successful that a new church was built. The reader of the autobiography may not receive the impression that its writer was a pious man, but the fact was so. When his wife died, in 1804, this was how he recorded the event in his diary: "She composed her features into the most placid appearance, gave me her last kiss, and then, gently going out, like a taper in the socket, at seven breathed her last. No finer spirit ever took flight from a clay tabernacle to be united with the Father of all and the spirits of the just." It is a great loss that Carlyle did not live to finish his Autobiography,* but what he wrote will ever be valued as a mirror of that generation who seem to us already as those who had lived in another planet.

* A beautiful edition of the Autobiography is published by T. N. Foulis, with 32 portraits and notes, for 6s.

# LITERARY NOTES

THOSE who affirm that cheap publishing has reached a climax are quite mistaken. For proof of this assertion I should point to the "Everyman Encyclopædia" which Messrs. Dent are bringing out, under the editorship of Mr. Andrew Boyle. We have had many surprises of late regarding cheap and handy works of reference, but the particulars of this latest venture fairly takes one's breath away. For twelve shillings it will be possible to obtain twelve neat and clearly printed volumes, containing concise, up-to-date, and reliable information on almost every conceivable subject.

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I have just seen the first volume of the "Everyman Encyclopædia," and what strikes me most of all is its marvellous compactness. I have handled critically not a few works of reference, but cannot recall one which fulfilled better my ideas of condensation. It is claimed for this new work that it will include more articles than the largest encyclopædia so far published in English. That may seem pretentious, but if succeeding volumes are as good as the first, the claim will be made good. Space is being economised, not only by condensation and the elimination of all unimportant matter, but by the exclusion of maps and the use of illustrations only in the case of subjects calling specially for pictorial or diagrammatic treatment. Altogether, the new encyclopædia promises to be a most useful adjunct to "Everyman's Library," and I shall be surprised if it has not an enormous sale.

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The small army of newspaper correspondents have now returned from the Balkans, and are busily engaged in writing up their experiences in fulfilment of publishers' commissions. Indeed, the first contribution to the literature of the Balkan War has already been published by Messrs. Methuen, under the title of "Adventures of War with Cross and Crescent." This amazing feat of bookmaking has been accomplished by Mr. Philip Gibbs, of the *Graphic*, and Mr. Bernard Grant, of the *Daily Mirror*. The former was with the Bulgarian forces and the latter with the Turkish. The book therefore furnishes something like a conspectus of the war in the Balkans, and not merely impressions of one corner of the field of operations.

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But the book which will interest me most is that by Mr. Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett, of the *Daily Telegraph*. It will be published by Mr. Heinemann. Of all the accounts of the war which appeared in the London dailies, Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett's was the most vivid and illuminating. This, of course, was largely due to the fact that circumstances enabled him to witness more of the war than probably any other British correspondent. Among the numerous books now being turned out with astonishing rapidity, to gratify an omnivorous reading public, I should say Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett's has most chance of attaining permanent value.

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Dantesque literature has grown so enormously of recent years that there must be few openings for fresh books. I doubt if there is a single aspect of the Florentine poet's life and writings which has not been treated more than once. Scartazzini's bibliography—one of the best, but by no means the most recent—covers many pages. Be that as it may, Dante scholars of the standing of Mr. Edmund G. Gardner and Mr. Philip H. Wicksteed are always welcome; and it is interesting to learn that both are publishing new works through Messrs. Dent. From Mr. Gardner, whom most Dante students gratefully remember as the author of a brilliant exposition of the "Paradiso," we are to have an illustrated study of "Dante and the Mystics."

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Mr. Wicksteed, on the other hand, entitles his book "Dante and Aquinas." Its object is to provide a connected idea of the general theological and philosophical background of the "Commedia." This is a subject well suited to Mr. Wicksteed's powers, for in his book of popular sermons on Dante he has shown how wide is his knowledge and how deep his insight in regard to the great poem. But Mr. Wicksteed's most notable service to Dantesque literature consists in having rendered accessible to English readers the essays of Dr. Karl Witte, who did more for the revival of interest in Dante during last century than any other scholar. In translating and editing this work he was assisted by Mr. C. M. Lawrence. Mr. Wicksteed has also collaborated with Mr. E. G. Gardner in translating Dante's writings.

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Possessing the libraries of the late Dr. Furnivall and the late Professor Skeat, the School of English Language and Literature should lack nothing philologically. It is only a few months since Dr. Furnivall's library was presented to the College, and now comes the announcement that Dr. Skeat's collection will also find a permanent home there. Dr. Skeat was an indefatigable collector as well as an indefatigable author; and at the time of his death his was probably the largest and finest private library of its kind in the country. It was particularly rich in works on Middle English and English philology generally, of which subjects Professor Skeat had an unrivalled knowledge.

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Reading the other day a review of the literary output of 1912, I came across the statement that the year had been strongest in the domain of biography. The writer is correct, but I should say we had quantity rather than quality. Many well-written and extremely readable biographies appeared, but, with the possible exception of Mr. W. F. Monypenny's second instalment of "The Life of Disraeli," no biography of the first rank. On the whole, I should be inclined to assign the place of honour for 1912 to Mr. Wilfrid Ward's "Life of Newman." While lacking literary distinction, it presents a skilfully drawn portrait, not of the ideal but of the actual Newman. As has been well said, its "obvious truthfulness" entitles it to rank as a notable biographical achievement.

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Hardly less noteworthy is the record of another Churchman—Father Tyrrell, the martyred Modernist whose "Autobiography and Life," arranged, with supplements, by Miss Petre, has been described, and not extravagantly, as one of the "most intimate and merciless confessions of a soul that have ever been written." Among other important biographies of the year 1912, I should name Mr. Herbert Jenkins' "Life of Borrow," which covers and completes Dr. Knapp's account; the official "Life" of G. F. Watts, by his wife; Mr. A. B. Paine's "Life of Mark Twain," a wordy but deeply interesting work; and last, but not least, Sir Sidney Lee's article on Edward VII., contributed to the new Supplement of the "Dictionary of National Biography." I hope Messrs. Smith, Elder will issue this illuminating record of our late King in book form, as they did in the case of Sir Sidney Lee's article on Queen Victoria.

X. Y. Z.

# THE SPIRITUAL INTERPRETATION OF NATURE

## By Hector Macpherson

I.

Within the last forty years the attitude of leading scientists towards Nature has undergone a great change. At the time when Tyndall delivered his famous Belfast address, the mechanical theory of Nature was much in vogue. Science, with its ether, atoms, and molecules, was supposed to have reached the fundamental material from which, by a gradual process of increasing complexity, the entire Cosmos had been evolved. Upon this conception Spencer based his "First Principles," in which he set himself to trace the transformations of matter and energy from gaseous nebulæ to the highest forms of civilisation, or, as Grant Allen once put it, from star to soul. On the same lines was Huxley's memorable lecture on Protoplasm. Vigorous protests against the attempt to interpret Nature by means of mechanical analogies were made by British representatives of the Hegelian philosophy, notably by Hutchison, Stirling, Green, the two Cairds, and Professor Pringle Pattison. From a somewhat different standpoint, Mr. Balfour, in his "Defence of Philosophic Doubt," carried the war into the camp of the enemy, with the result that in the writings of the present generation of scientists materialism is at a discount.

In his later years Spencer felt the inadequacy of the mechanical theory when made to do duty as philosophy. I remember how, in conversation with me, he was anxious to emphasise the view that the philosophic preliminary to "First Principles" had no real organic connection with his theory of Evolution, which rested purely on a scientific basis, and for its acceptance was independent of metaphysical interpretations. In the later editions of his "First Principles" and "Principles of Biology," we find Spencer departing from the mechanical and leaning decidedly to the dynamic theory.

II.

The substitution of the dynamic for the mechanical theory of the Cosmos was foreshadowed by Spencer when he made energy, not matter, the basal factor in Evolution, thereby paving the way for the spiritual interpretation of Nature. The changed tone from the Mid-Victorian School of Science is reflected in such books as Professor Arthur Thomson's "The Bible of Nature" and "The Spiritual Interpretation of Nature," by Professor J. Y. Simpson. In this suggestive volume Professor Simpson seeks to press biology into the service of religion.

When Spencer described the world of phenomena as the manifestation of an Infinite and Eternal Energy, he was on the road to Theism, had he not allowed himself to be hampered by the Agnosticism of the Hamiltonian philosophy. The supreme question is this, Is the Universe essentially unknowable? Can nothing whatever be predicated of the Infinite and Eternal Energy? In the Universal Scheme of things, can there be traced no all-pervading purpose? Is the life of humanity a thing of sound and fury signifying nothing, a chaotic procession in which tragedy and comedy mingle in bewildering confusion? Or does the truth lie with poets and theologians when they tell us that through the ages an increasing purpose runs, that death does not end all, that the high aspirations of the soul are not delusive by-products of material energy, but rather prophetic hints of a life that will bloom and blossom otherwhere?

III.

Professor Simpson, treating these high themes from the standpoint of Science, is in full agreement with the poet and theologian. In dealing with inorganic Nature, a plausible case can be made out for the mechanical theory. Given matter and energy, and the laws of mechanics, and the attempt may be made to explain phenomena along purely material lines, but the case is altered when we come to deal with life. There are those who think that some time in the dim past life may have been evolved from non-living matter. Spencer at one time evidently held some such opinion, but his mature thought led him to the view that "life in essence cannot be conceived in physico-chemical terms." This declaration finds justification in the final chapter of Professor Simpson's book, dealing with life in which as the outcome of biological study he comes to the following conclusion: "Life acts as a directive channel along which energy can flow to accomplish specific work. Life is unceasing, directive and selective control of energy; like some invisible charioteer it stands athwart a complex of moving forces, constraining and controlling them."

The materialist theory breaks down when the attempt is made to account for Consciousness. We are long since past the dogmatism of James Mill when he set himself to make the human mind as plain and intelligible as Fleet Street. J. S. Mill laboured hard, by means of the association-of-ideas formula, to explain Consciousness. From the standpoint of materialism no intelligible explanation of Consciousness is possible. Neither Mill, with his association-of-ideas, nor Spencer, with his theory of mental evolution, gives an answer to the supreme question—How can Consciousness at one and the same time be the product and the interpreter of experience? Spencer, after struggling hard to interpret mind in terms of matter and energy, comes at last to the conclusion that what we know as Consciousness cannot be identified with waves of molecular motion; "a unit of feeling has nothing in common with a unit of motion." To Professor Simpson's book we must refer the reader for a comprehensive treatment of Consciousness in its biological aspect—treatment which greatly strengthens the plea for a spiritual interpretation of Nature.

IV.

What is the nature of the spiritual principle which modern scientific thinkers find in the Universe? Is it unknowable, as Spencer says? If not, how is knowledge of it possible? If we approach the problem from the point of view of materialism, we are apt to think it is solved when we reduce the complex phenomena of Nature to atoms, molecules, and ether, but scientific, as well as philosophic, method demands that we must seek the meaning of Nature in its highest, not its lowest, manifestations. No amount of study of the acorn will enable us to understand the oak; neither will knowledge of atoms, molecules, and ether help us to understand life in its highest development in the mind of man. In mind we have the key to the Cosmos. The fact that we understand Nature shows that between it and the mind there is a rational and intelligible connection, that in a word they are both manifestations of one fundamental principle. In the words of the late Professor Pfleiderer, "the two have their root in a divine thinking, in a creative Reason, which manifests itself partly in the real world, and partly in

the thinking of our understanding, as it copies that order." And so in the end we come back to the truth which inspires the poetry of Goethe, and our own Wordsworth, that Nature and the mind find their unity in an all-embracing Spiritual Being, who is the inner soul of all things. In his highest poetic mood Wordsworth anticipates the latest conclusion of religion, philosophy, and science, with regard to the Cosmos. As Wordsworth expresses it:—

"To every form of being is assigned
An active principle: Howe'er removed
From sense and observation, it subsists
In all things, in all natures. . . .
No chasm, no solitude; from link to link
It circulates, the Soul of all the Worlds."

V.

How does man stand related to the "Soul of all the Worlds"? In the material universe, according to science, there is no such thing as isolated phenomena; all forms of existence are dynamically related. In that case between the "Soul of all the Worlds" and the mind of man there must be affinity. Here, too, Wordsworth anticipates modern religious and scientific thought when he declares that the external world is in correspondence with the mind, which, moreover, responds to the great fundamental facts of life, truth, goodness, beauty, love, faith, and hope. According to Wordsworth, we are not condemned to worship, as Huxley has it, at the altar of the unknowable; "we live by Admiration, Hope, and Love, and even as these are well and wisely fixed in dignity of being we ascend." In Goethe's poems, too, we find vivid expression of the conception of the oneness of Nature. What is the science of to-day but a confirmation of the sublime utterance of Goethe, with its piercing insight into the unity of things?

"As all Nature's thousand changes
  But one changeless God proclaims,
So in Art's wide Kingdom ranges
  One sole meaning still the same;
This is Truth, Eternal Reason,
  Which from Beauty takes its dress;
And serene through time and season,
  Stand for aye in loveliness."

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## THE MONTESSORI METHOD

I.

THE publication of an English version of Dr. Maria Montessori's exposition of the "Montessori Method" is an event of no little moment to all English-speaking people interested in pedagogy and parental responsibilities. To few has fallen the distinction of attaching their name to a new departure in pedagogical method, and, as Professor Henry W. Holmes, of Harvard, remarks in a thoughtful Introduction to Dr. Montessori's work, "We have no other example of an educational system—original at least in its systematic wholeness and in its practical application—worked out and inaugurated by the feminine mind and hand." In the English edition ("The Montessori Method," translated from the Italian by Anne E. George. Wm. Heinemann) Dr. Montessori has revised and supplemented in the light of further experience her volume, "Il Metodo della Pedagogia Scientifica applicato all' Educazione infantile nelle Case dei Bambini"—a book which no reader can study without conceiving the highest admiration for both the woman and her work.

II.

Maria Montessori is an Italian lady, a Doctor of Medicine, an earnest student of psychology, pedagogy and anthropology, an experienced teacher, and, above all, a sympathetic and understanding friend of children. Her method is the product of womanly insight, combined with untiring research and intelligent experiment. Her preparatory course was deliberate and thorough. Fifteen years ago, as assistant doctor at the Psychiatric Clinic of the University of Rome, she began to take a deep interest in the idiot children at the asylums she had occasion to visit. A study of children's diseases involved a study of "pedagogical treatment" for defective children, and the works, in particular, of Edward Séguin (published 1846 and 1866) inspired Dr. Montessori to devise a scientific system of education for feeble-minded children. Under the Italian Education Department Dr. Montessori was for some years engaged in teaching deficient children and training others to do the same. After devouring the literature of her subject, travelling in Europe to observe modern methods, and registering as a student of philosophy at the University to acquire a knowledge of normal pedagogy, Dr. Montessori proceeded to make researches in pedagogic anthropology in Rome. At length, in 1906, she was invited to organise infant schools in the model tenements established in Rome by Signor Edoardo Talamo. Hence arose the *Casa dei Bambini* ("the Children's House"), where Dr. Montessori's methods have been applied and developed in the education of children of from three to seven years of age.

III.

Under Dr. Montessori's training, defective children had succeeded in passing the same examinations as ordinary children—an achievement which encouraged their teacher to apply the same methods to normal children under school-going age. The results recorded are amazing. "Children of four years, after they have been in school for two months and a half, can write any word from dictation, and can pass to writing with ink in a note-book." "Some of our children have begun to write at the age of $3\frac{1}{2}$." "Almost all of the normal children treated with our method begin to write at four years, and at five know how to read and write at least as well as children who have finished the first elementary." Nor is this all. The children have all their senses trained and perfected; they learn how to work in house and garden; their physical development is cared for and encouraged; they learn to move gracefully and properly, and to understand the reason for such deportment; they learn self-discipline from their tenderest years. And, be it added, the children with whom Dr. Montessori has had to deal are mostly the offspring of poor parents, whose mothers leave them during the day and go out to work.

IV.

How is it done? For a complete answer the reader must turn for himself to Dr. Montessori's fascinating book. Here we can only mention a few of her guiding principles and methods. Spontaneity is the keynote of the Montessori method. She expels the teacher from the schoolroom and instals a "directress" in her place. The function of the directress is to interfere as little as possible and observe as much as possible. She must be something of an experimental psychologist. The child must be allowed and enabled to educate himself. Dr. Montessori reproduces in her book a letter written in ink in well-nigh copperplate writing, the work of a child of five! How far the Montessori method is capable of general application in our school system must be left for educationists to determine, but all who have the interests of children at heart—and who hasn't?—must welcome a system of auto-education so enlightened, so pleasing, and so fruitful.

# SWEDENBORG: THE SAVANT AND THE SEER

## By J. Howard Spalding

### Part II.

During the three years which elapsed between the opening of Swedenborg's spiritual senses and his beginning to write the "Arcana Coelestia," his ideas on spiritual, and even natural, subjects underwent a complete revolution. Everyone who accepts his teaching has, unless he has been instructed in it from childhood, to undergo a similar change; and it is usually a long, and sometimes a painful, process, for we love our mental children, and part from them with reluctance.

Swedenborg believed that he had himself been divinely instructed in the truths he was commissioned to proclaim. He never speaks in the dubious tone of one who has formed conclusions which he believes to be well founded, but which he recognises as being merely his own opinions. He speaks as one who knows. Yet he never asks us to accept his teaching on his mere *dictum*. The whole aim of the unique experiences to which he was subjected was that spiritual truths, even the most profound, might be rationally understood and, consequently, rationally obeyed.

It is impossible within the limits of this article to give even an imperfect sketch of the new outlook on the universe involved in Swedenborg's teaching, except in the form of bare statements more dogmatic in appearance than Swedenborg's own.

Love is the most real and substantial thing in the universe. It is, indeed, the Ultimate Reality,* because it is the very substance of God. But love, even Divine Love, would be powerless unless it were united with wisdom, just as man's will would be totally inoperative unless it manifested itself in some mode of thought, and was thus directed to definite ends. God *is* infinite Love and Wisdom, and therefore He is divinely Human, for love and wisdom do not exist as abstractions, but in some substantial, organic form, as all sensations do, and that form is the human. The more of genuine, unselfish love and the more of true wisdom a man possesses, the more he is a man, because the more he is like God.

But love and wisdom united would be futile imaginations did they not ultimate themselves in uses, by which they fulfil and complete themselves in beneficent action. Infinite Love, Wisdom, and Power, expressed in the production of unending and everlasting uses, are one aspect of that Divine Tri-unity which creates everything that exists into a trinal form. Finite man becomes an image and likeness of the Divine Man just so far as he is an embodiment of love, wisdom, and use. But his humanity is derivative; the Divine Human is eternal and self-existent.

God created the universe because He is infinite Love, Wisdom, and Use. For love desires to give whatever it possesses to others, and the divine Love can only be communicated to beings who are capable of receiving it consciously and willingly. It is impossible for any finite being on earth or in heaven to *generate* love and wisdom from himself. If he could, he would be able to create, which is an attribute of Deity. All love and wisdom, and therefore all life, flow into him through various channels from the one Divine Source; but this inflowing Life is manifested in each finite thing, whether animate or inanimate, according to its own nature or interior form, just as the light and heat which radiate from the sun of our world produce all the varieties of colour, growth, and other phenomena displayed by the animal and vegetable kingdoms.

The universe is maintained in being by a perpetual act of creative power as real as that which first called it into existence. The order of nature is nothing but a constant expression of the will of God.

The sole purpose of creation is that by means of the physical universe men may be brought into existence, and, after their brief sojourn on earth, pass into the spiritual world, where they live for ever—not in virtue of any power inherent in themselves, but because that Divine Love which called them into existence and sustained them every moment will never cease to sustain them, for it is inexhaustible and unchangeable. There are no inhabitants of the spiritual world who have not been born on this or some other planet.

The spiritual world consists of three great divisions, Heaven, Hell, and the World of Spirits—the latter a place or state intermediate between the other two, where influences from both the others meet. It is in this intermediate state that man lives as a spiritual being, though unconsciously, during his life on earth. All the influences for good which affect him come from Heaven, and all the impulses to evil from Hell. These influences are constantly equilibrated by Divine Providence in order that he may be left in freedom to comply with the one solicitation or the other, as he chooses, and may be led to choose rightly. The Divine Providence, in all its ordering of man's life, has regard to eternal ends, and not to the gratification of his natural desires. The measure in which this control accomplishes the intended end depends on the man himself, that is, on the exercise of his own free choice. He stands in the midst of the influences which act upon him, and is arbiter of his fate.

Religion, as conceived by Swedenborg, is not merely an indispensable adjunct to the life of man, but its very soul. It should govern all his desires, thoughts, and actions. Not that it is necessary or wise to be always thinking about religious subjects, for this may easily lead to morbid states of mind. True religion requires that a man should engage in the affairs of the world, and thus lead a life of active usefulness. His daily occupations, in his business and in his home, are the great field not only for the exercise but for the acquirement of true religion. "All religion," he says, "is a matter of life"; which means that a man has as much religion as he shows in his life, and no more.

The criterion which decides a man's final destiny in the eternal world is whether he possesses a genuine conscience or not. If he does, he, at last, after the necessary preparation which is provided in the world of spirits, enters Heaven. If he has not conscience, he cannot enter Heaven, for conscience is the very plane into which the Lord operates, and by which He guides man in perfect freedom. A conscienceless man necessarily goes to Hell, which is a provision of the Divine mercy for those to whom Heaven would be unendurable. Its inhabitants are kept from outrages against each other by such self-regarding motives as can influence them; by severe and protracted punishments

* An able discussion of this subject by Prof. Hite, of Cambridge, Mass., will be found in the Transactions of the Swedenborg Congress, 1910, published by the Swedenborg Society.

when these are necessary for the maintenance of order. For order reigns even in Hell. It would be a place and state of incomparably greater suffering than it is were it otherwise. But there is no purposeless suffering there; no punishment, even, inflicted for misdeeds committed during life on earth, but only for misdeeds done there.

A genuine conscience, which means a confirmed preference for good rather than evil, truth rather than falsity, the welfare of others rather than the satisfaction of one's own selfish desires, can be acquired only by shunning evils as sins against God. Men may and do shun evils from many other motives, but this alone forms conscience in man, because it attacks evils in their very seat, the man's own affections. The final value of conscience is that it renders it possible for the Lord to keep the natural evils of the man who possesses it in subjection, in the other life, without infringing his freedom. The angels are no more free from hereditary and acquired tendencies to evil than men on earth are; but "it is heaven to them," Swedenborg says, "to be withheld from the influence of their selfhood," which is the source of all evil.

Anyone who knows that there are evils which his religion condemns, and who shuns them for that reason, acquires conscience, even though his conceptions of right and wrong are very imperfect, or even erroneous; for he thus acquires a love of truth for its own sake which enables him to assimilate easily the instruction which is provided in the other life for all who are willing to receive it. Indeed, Swedenborg testifies that in his day more from the Gentile than the Christian nations were found to be fitted for life in heaven, for the former lived much more faithfully according to their religious convictions than the latter.

Swedenborg affirms all the great doctrines of Christianity, but in a form so modified that it amounts to a complete reconstruction; but into this field it is impossible to follow him here. Christianity, in his view, was not only the one true religion, but the universal religion, embracing in its ample fold all forms of sincere religion which have for their end the amendment of men's lives. For the two fundamental factors of all religion are these—thinking of God as a Divine Man, and shunning evils as sins. Everyone who thinks affirmatively about God at all thinks in this way, for he cannot think in any other. Everyone to whom religion is a reality acts in this way, to the best of his knowledge and ability, and this suffices; "for the Lord requires of no man more than that he should live according to what he knows."

Those who wish for further information about Swedenborg's life and teaching would do well to peruse an admirable sketch, "Swedenborg: the Savant and the Seer," by Prof. Sir W. F. Barrett, F.R.S. (Watkins). My acknowledgments are due to the Professor for permission to use his title as a heading for these articles. Fuller information will be found in the late Mr. Trowbridge's Life of Swedenborg (Warne). A little book of extracts, compiled by the author, and entitled "Golden Thoughts from Swedenborg" (Harrap), gives a brief view of his teaching in his own words.

## MR. NORMAN ANGELL ON THE BALKAN CRISIS*

TWO things are remarkable in this reply of the author of "The Great Illusion" to his most recent critics: that it should have been necessary to say so much, and yet to leave so much unsaid. Excessive space seems to have been given to the removal of obvious misconceptions: too little to frontal attacks on the militarist position, as seen in the light of recent events. Rightly regarded, the Balkan War is not the *débâcle*, but the triumph of the New Pacifism. This view emerges when we turn from the acts of the combatants, about which the critics say much, to the attitude of the Great Powers, of which they have said nothing. What was the accepted militarist doctrine up to the very day on which this war broke out? That any further dismemberment of the Turkish Empire, more especially a sudden and violent dismemberment, would mean Armageddon, and Europe would become a vast and bloody battlefield, on which the Great Powers would satiate their eager desire to fly at one another's throats. Dismemberment has happened, as violent, sudden, and extensive as the upholders of these precious doctrines could desire; yet Armageddon seems no nearer than before. The political sky is not yet fully serene; but the attitude of the Great Powers has throughout been steadily pacific, and we are nearer to-day than for centuries past to a united Europe. If any distinction is to be drawn, it is that those whose commerce was the greatest were the foremost to strive for peace. From the outset the only doubt was whether certain of these great nations might not be inclined to put their territorial ambitions before their commercial interests, which, though considerable, were not of the first magnitude. Yet, even in their case, the unseen economic forces prevailed; and, with the concession of autonomy to Albania and access to the Adriatic accorded to Servia, the peace of Europe, so far as it lies on the knees of the Great Powers, seems absolutely assured. Has political theory ever before met with such sudden and signal success as this derided doctrine of the New Pacifism? Yet of all this, perhaps because Mr. Angell wrote at an early period of the war, we find hardly anything in the present pamphlet. It is devoted, for the most part, to removal of misconceptions into which no one who had read the author's previous works with ordinary attention should easily have fallen. For what was their central thesis? That under modern conditions of industry and finance, commerce is the supreme of the material interests of nations, and peace the supreme interest of commerce, and that all are interconnected by strong, if sometimes invisible, threads of credit and trade, of which war is the arch-disruptionist. The doctrine does not apply where this economic *nexus* is non-existent, and is weakened where it is imperfect. It prevails in the case of the Great Powers, who stand breast-high in the main stream of European commerce; less fully in the case of the Balkan States, who are only on its brink. Above all—and this is the point on which Mr. Angell strenuously insists—it applies only to *offensive* wars. Wars of defence are wars waged to secure peace, and thus promote the interests of commerce. The recent upheaval in the Balkan States is but the latest example of the rising of oppressed peoples to end an intolerable tyranny, which, though misnamed "peace," was really lingering war, and its results will depend on the extent to which the victors carry out the principles for which the struggle has been waged. They "have now brought to an end a system of rule based on the accident of force." Whether good or ill comes of the war will depend on whether they act on pacifist principles, or simply attempt to restart the old Turkish régime under a new name. Let us hope with Mr. Angell that they will take the former and better course.

H. H. O'FARRELL, F.R.E.S.

* "Peace Theories and the Balkan War." By Norman Angell. 1s. (Horace Marshall.)

# CHRISSY AT THE LODGE ⁂ ⁂ ⁂ BY JANE BARLOW

TOWARDS noon of a blustery late-autumn day Christina Nolan, commonly called Chrissy at the Lodge, was on her way home after fetching herself a cabbage from the kitchen-garden. It was the only part of the grounds kept up at all since the Family's departure twenty years since, and it was so, merely because Peter Walsh, of Baskin Farm, had rented it to sell the fruit and vegetables. Though he made her welcome to as much cabbage as she wanted, she said bitterly: "Cock him up to be meddling in here"; and she availed herself of the permission as seldom as possible. But with just an old-age pension, and a dwelling rent free, between her and destitution, the pinch of sheer want might follow the loss of a sixpence; and this had befallen her to-day. Hence she now carried a fine, crinkled head resentfully under her fluttering shawl.

She was a frail little old woman, bent partly by rheumatism and partly by dejection, so that she looked less than her real size and more than her real age, albeit well over seventy. Pattering down the grass-grown avenue, she was full of regrets, which sprang from her root-grief, the absence of the Family. It was a poor case, she lamented, to see Connor's Court with ne'er a Connor in it, nor like to be. Much chance there was, and they out of it better than twenty year. Sure, poor Master Hugh himself, supposing he was alive yet at all, must be a very ould, feeble man by now. This was an exaggerated view, as the beginning of the score had found him a sturdy lad of fifteen.

Almost at the entrance gate, she was just turning into the path to her tumble-down lodge, when a youngish man ran in off the road, and approached, shouting: "Is this the gate of Connor's Court, ma'am?" He was a stranger, and looked "none too respectable," in Chrissy's opinion. She replied stiffly: "The back gate it is, and the back avenue."

"Oh, the back avenue," said he.

"Did you say it any better than I?" Chrissy inquired, sarcastically. Then pride and querulousness led her to continue: "But small blame to it if it looks like an ould cart-track these times, with sorra a living crathur working on it. I mind when three——"

"I suppose it's the shortest road up to the house, anyway," the stranger interrupted, without listening. He seemed flurried.

"If you had any business up there itself, you'd find nobody in it," said Chrissy, "for Hogan the caretaker's off with himself to Derryconrath fair, and won't be back to-night, drunk or sober." But the stranger was already running back to the gate, where she saw him join a man and a woman, who were waiting outside. "Quare bolting in and out of other people's places you have, me fine gentleman," Chrissy said, glowering after him, "and no fear of anybody troubling you to stop." And she went between overgrown laurel-boughs, gloomily, indoors.

Her day passed in lonesome monotony, bringing no sight of another fellow-creature. The remoteness of her residence would have discouraged callers, even if a habit of harsh thinking and plain speaking had not made Chrissy at the Lodge unpopular among her neighbours. After sunset she went out to pick up sticks in the shrubbery, more from bored restlessness than because she needed them. Rain was falling heavily, yet few drops pierced the matted evergreen roof, and she limped on quite a long way through the gathering dusk. But when she reached the junction of her path with the avenue, she stopped abruptly, startled by a voice. So deep were the shadows by this time that she could hardly descry its owner; however, she recognised it as that of the man who had questioned her in the morning. He was standing in the avenue, calling to someone whose steps splashed towards him: "Is that yourself, Jim? What kep' you till now? Sure you might have been there and back hopping on one toe. Raging they are up above."

"They *may* rage," was Jim's gruff answer. "Is Himself come?"

"Half an hour ago, by the front entrance. Come along with you now, and we'll get in through the house-yard. They're waiting for them contraptions you have. 'Tis uncommon handy, to be sure, that Hogan taking himself off."

While the two voices died away into the windy darkness, old Chrissy stood still, nothing short of horror-stricken. For she was instantly seized by the conviction that these intruders formed part of a gang who were about to commit a burglary up at the House. What else would bring them there at that hour? Breaking in they'd be, and plundering all before them: every stick the Family had left to their name. She remembered hearing tell that some of the painted pictures on the walls were worth a power of money. After them the miscreants would be, as sure as fate. But the worst of it was that she herself had no doubt given them valuable aid by her information about Hogan's absence. "As good as bidding them walk in it was," she confessed, "when, if I'd had the wit of a doting owl, terrifying that villain I'd have been with talk of wicked mastiff dogs, and watchmen, and all manner. Bad luck to me gabbing tongue—as little-good-for I am as Hogan himself. . . . I declare now, if I done right, I'd step after them, and see what they're at, I would so. Then I could get out the front way unbeknownst—unless it's killing me they were—and warn the pólis. Or maybe I might frighten them off meself. I'd a right to try it, and that's what I'll do."

Nevertheless it was what she did not do while several minutes passed. The undertaking seemed indeed very formidable. She was still a long step from the House; wind and rain were furious and drenching; above all, she intensely desired to slip back down the shrubbery, and barricade herself indoors, where she could pray for protection from murdering villains and thieves of the world. Against this instinct, however, other feelings vehemently strove; as when at last she said to herself: "'Tis poor Master Hugh they'd be robbing, I believe, and he belike none too well off. A dale the Family lost one time. I always had a great wish for poor Master Hugh. . . . I'll go," she said aloud, "in the name of God."

It was easier said than done in the face of the storm which met her on the long, bleak avenue. Perhaps the physical struggle helped her on, by diverting her mind from the perils of her goal. Sometimes she propped her courage by devising ferocious threats

and denunciations wherewith to overawe the housebreakers, should she encounter them. She had most confidence in telling them how "Ould Sir Denis did be walking yet about the passages, letting woeful groans. If that didn't put their hearts across, it was hard to say what would."

Under a blinding downpour she came to the wide gravel sweep before the house, and had an impression of gleams from the windows, but could not raise her head in its flapping shawl to make sure. Strong blasts nearly took her off her feet, driving her into sudden short trots, such as a successful cat allows a doomed mouse. One of them brought her to the steps of the portico, where she stumbled into the shelter of a pillar, and at that moment a wonderful thing happened. The heavy oak house-door was thrown back by a groom, who ran out, leaving it open behind him, and through it came what seemed to Chrissy an astonishing blaze of light. All about the hall lamps and candles were burning with profuse brilliancy, which drew her like a fascinated, half-drowned moth, until she stood on the threshold peering in. Two or three servants were busily astir, and in one of them she recognised, despite his livery and remarkably genteeler deportment, the man who had first roused her suspicions.

Next came the crowning marvel. For she saw crossing the hall a tall gentleman dressed in beautiful evening black and white, a grand, grown-up gentleman, yet so like the schoolboy of her cherished recollections that before she knew she had called shrilly: "Glory be to God, Master Hugh, and is it yourself?"

"And I give you me word," she used to relate, "he remembered me every iotum as well as I did him. To be sure he left me an ould woman, the way he wouldn't notice more differ, after a great while itself, than there is in a rusty gate, that's the same thing ever, only a trifle shabbier And he come over to shake hands with me, and said he was glad to see me again."

Chrissy enjoyed only a brief interview, as wife and dinner waiting obliged him to conclude quickly with: "Well, Chrissy, I'll see you to-morrow, and somebody must get you a cup of tea." But she was entirely satisfied, not to say enraptured, and her felicity eftsoon received a finishing touch, when she became aware that a little boy had begun to jump methodically over each white square of the chessboard-patterned marble floor, exactly as she had seen Master Hugh do at the same age. "If he belongs to His Honour there, he's the living moral of his father," she said to her acquaintance, the footman, who had drawn near to observe this dripping friend of the Family.

"Aye, indeed," he said, "and in bed he ought to be."

"Are they staying here?" Chrissy enquired with anxious eyes.

"So I understand," he said. "Sir Hugh's come into a fine fortune, and is intending to carry out all sorts of renovations. They're wanted bedad. Some of us should by rights have been in it a week ago to make arrangements, but the wires went wrong, and we never got word till last night. Run off our legs, we are, trying to get the place a bit regulated."

"Och, grand it is," said Chrissy, "and good-night to you kindly."

She set off homeward on her dark and stormy way in a species of blissful trance, impervious to the roughest weather. The wind roared through the trees till their straining branches loudly creaked; but she only heard a sound of many rakes and hoes grating on the neglected avenue, which had so long grieved her as a symbol of evil days. Now they were ended, and she felt herself a whole generation younger, in a world grown at once old and new. "There'll be people driving in and out," she mused, "and coming and going, like the good times over again. And 'twill be quare if I can't contrive a griddle-cake to entice the little gentleman. Master Hugh was powerful fond of griddle-cakes; troth, he'd have one part ate while you'd be buttering him the other. 'Tis the lucky day for Connor's Court."

When she was safely indoors, and had stirred up her smouldering turf-sod to warm and dry herself, she found that her adventures had made her rather hungry; so she set about heating what remained over from her dinner of greens. As she watched them beginning to steam, another happy forecast occurred to her. "Peter Walsh will be apt to have to find somewhere else for to grow his ould pitaties and cabbages in," she reflected. "Aye, will he, himself and his impidence." And as she lifted the pot off the fire: "Cock him up!" she added with very ungrateful glee.

* * *

## RUSSIA*

THE publication of this book is a grievous mistake. The first edition appeared in 1877, and gave an admirably truthful and vivid picture of the Empire of the Czars, immediately after the emancipation of the serfs —probably the greatest social revolution peacefully achieved in the modern world.

For twenty-five years, Wallace's masterpiece remained the classical treatise on the subject. It held in England the unique position which Leroy Beaulieu still holds on the Continent.

The fact that such an exhaustive account on a great contemporary people did not become obsolete after a quarter of a century, proved both the intrinsic merits of the work and the slowness of Russian advance. But since the beginning of the twentieth century autocratic Russia underwent a rapid and drastic transformation. The Russo-Japanese war, the Revolution of 1905, the establishment of representative Government, marked a new era. In the face of those revolutionary changes, there were only two courses open to the author. He might either republish the old book with a commentary and marginal notes, and such a combination of the old and the new would have made a most instructive and stimulating work. Failing such a republication, the author ought to have given us an entirely new work. Instead of following either of the above courses, Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace has followed a third course. He has partly rewritten the work of his maturity. By doing so he has taken the worst possible alternative. He has tried to pour new Russian wine into the old bottles. Not only has he spoiled a masterpiece, but in his desire to change as little as possible in the first edition, he has minimised the far-reaching changes which have been transforming the country. It is true that in the last hundred pages of the new edition he gives us an interesting summary of recent political events, but he tells us little of the social and spiritual conflicts, of the breaking up of the old land system, and of the peasant community, of the movement within the Orthodox Church, of the universal racial fermentation. It is necessary, therefore, to guard the reader against being misled by the deserved prestige of the eminent publicist, and against accepting this third and last edition of this old classic as a true account of the Russian Empire at the beginning of a new era.

* "Russia." By Sir D. Mackenzie Wallace. (Cassell.)

# AN ETON EDUCATION BY MGR. R. H. BENSON

## PART II.—RELIGION

I.

ACADEMIC religion can be, as every University man knows, a very beautiful thing. It is impossible for anyone who has ever been present, say, at evening prayer in the chapel of King's College, Cambridge, or of Magdalen, Oxford, ever quite to forget the experience. The glory of the buildings, the dignity of the service, the incomparable English, the amazing beauty of the music—all these things, combined together in the grave, academic atmosphere, unite to produce a very exceptional effect. This is true in a lesser degree of Eton College Chapel. None of the details, perhaps, is as perfect as in the homes of her elder sisters; nor is so much money spent upon music; the liturgy is not, usually, completely rendered; the building is not so sublime. Yet it must be allowed that every Etonian, looking back upon his school life, remembers, with a particular sense of tenderness and beauty, the Sunday evening services of the chapel; even though he may feel, as strongly as I myself do, the singular failure of Eton religion to affect his life, whether in faith or morals. Somehow or another, religion at Eton (more especially so far as the chapel is concerned) fails to do that which is one of the principal functions of faith and worship.

One reason for this failure is, no doubt, irremediable—viz.: the absence of clear, dogmatic teaching. It is a characteristic of the Church of England (some think it her glory) to refrain from official dogmatism. She permits dogmatically minded men to minister in her name; she tolerates the Ritualist on the one side and the Evangelical on the other; but, so far as her living voice is concerned, she refuses to identify herself with either party. And Eton, as a completely English institution, is devotedly representative of this attitude: she does not lend herself to the violent conversion-methods of Evangelical schools, nor to the more or less Catholic methods and doctrines of the Woodard schools. She strives to be truly impartial and comprehensive, and the inevitable result is, of course, that she does not teach dogmas dogmatically. I can vaguely remember plenty of sermons at Eton dealing generally with morals and good behaviour: I cannot remember one that elucidated a clear-cut doctrine. The result is, of course, that such definite motives as dogma alone can supply (and these are very considerable, even in the minds of children) are lacking in her religious system as promulgated in her chapel.

II.

Other religious forces at Eton are as follows:—

There are, first, besides the short morning service in chapel, prayers in each house, conducted by the master every evening; these are reverently and carefully rendered, and sometimes enlivened by a hymn. There are, next, the recently introduced services of preparation for Communion—a most excellent innovation, unknown in my day—voluntary services, conducted by some clerical master in "Lower Chapel"; and there is, thirdly, the preparation for Confirmation—a series of classes or interviews, held by nearly every tutor before the annual Confirmation takes place. Even laymen undertake these instructions in many instances; other lay tutors, either from diffidence, or from doubtfulness as to their own orthodoxy, hand over their pupils to some clerical confrère. These form, roughly speaking, the religious provisions of the school; but I suppose they are supplemented to some very small degree by individual efforts made by certain masters on behalf of certain boys. For myself, however, I never experienced anything of the kind.

III.

Now the supreme failure of Eton religion to affect life rises, I think, largely from a cause parallel to that which lies at the root of her failure to educate—viz.: an absence of individual treatment or classification. Just as a boy does not become educated merely by sitting in form and going through a prescribed routine of the kind previously described, so a boy does not become religious (I do not mean religiose) by listening to a beautifully sung service, by attending prayers in his house, or even by going to voluntary services of preparation for Communion. Unless in some manner or another the particular temperament of his soul is dealt with, unless he has some confidant (again, I do not say, or mean, confessor) whom he can consult about his interior troubles when occasion arises, I do not see how religion can be to him more than a formality. In Catholic schools, and in Evangelical, his need is abundantly met. In the Catholic school the boy has his confessor, a priest learned in the science of souls, to whom he can speak naturally and freely and with utter confidence in his discretion; in many Evangelical schools a parallel system is supplied, though scarcely, I venture to think, with the same safeguards. In the Woodard schools provision is made, in the person of the school-chaplain, a cleric who has no disciplinary or scholastic duties, in a manner closely resembling that of Catholic schools. But at Eton, so far as my own experience goes, there is absolutely no provision of the sort. Of course, a boy would be kindly received, and his confidence respected, should he approach any master for such a purpose; and, no doubt, such things occasionally happen; yet the system is unrecognised *as a system:* and it would require considerable courage, whether of despair or hope, before the boy would do such a thing on his own responsibility. The exceptional boy, no doubt, would do so (just as in education the exceptional boy can become a brilliant scholar with the help that Eton gives him); but the average boy—the ordinary, shy, diffident, unimaginative creature, who does all things by routine and convention—would be aghast at such a thought. He would scarcely think it good form. And it is, therefore, the average boy at Eton who is apt to make such a terrible mess of his religious and moral life.

IV.

Now, it might appear that the system of preparation for Confirmation might exactly meet this need. It might, partly, for a few weeks certainly; but it does not. I remember faintly my own experience, and, from my comparison of notes with others, I gather that it is typical. About six times I attended in my tutor's room, and was talked to about my responsibilities and privileges, in a perfectly kind, authoritative and academic manner. One single personal touch was given by a sudden, embarrassing question as to whether there was any particular difficulty in my life I would like to discuss. I suppose that I really had about twenty or thirty "difficulties"—matters, that is

(*Continued on page* 376.)

# THE CURE OF CONSUMPTION.

## SUCCESS OF THE ALABONE TREATMENT.

During the last twelve months methods for the cure of consumption have been placed more prominently before the public than in any previous epoch of the world's history. More especially has this been so in the case of sanatoria, but, unfortunately, statistics which have been put forward by these institutions purposely to show their curative value have, on analysis by the most distinguished men, been declared erroneous and misleading.

There is, however, a book, the forty-eighth edition of which has just been issued, which from cover to cover is full of highly valuable information, in addition to which it offers the chance of cure to those who are unfortunately afflicted with this disease. It is entitled, "The Cure of Consumption," and written by Dr. Edwin W. Alabone, of Highbury Quadrant, London, who for more than forty years has made a speciality of consumption, and has probably had more cases pass through his hands than any other living physician. His treatment, known over the world as "The Alabone Treatment," has been instrumental in restoring to perfect health some thousands of cases, a very large percentage of which had been pronounced utterly hopeless by our leading chest specialists, whilst others had been sent home from sanatoria to die. There can be no manner of doubt as to the *bona-fides* of these cases, seeing that they are attested to by many well-known physicians, divines, and men of the highest standing in the world of literature and art. Moreover, a considerable number of cures reported are those of medical men themselves, who had been compelled to relinquish their practice, but who, after adopting this treatment, were enabled to resume their work, they being permanently cured. The same can be said of members of the legal and other professions. The late Bishop of Gloucester, Dr. Parker, and many others of the clergy were strong supporters of Dr. Alabone's method, and did all in their power to get it universally adopted, having seen case after case recover. Dr. Alabone himself made a most generous offer to the Brompton Hospital, which, for some unknown reason, was rejected, thousands of the poorer class of sufferers thereby being debarred the chance of cure which might have been placed at their disposal. It seems incredible, but the fact remains.

The mere recital of the testimonies of a vast number of sufferers who have been restored to perfect health does not, however, with many persons bring conviction. It may, therefore, be well to place before the public the actual and spontaneous testimony of some of these cases. In doing so, we would first mention the cases of physicians themselves, and from an immense number of such we quote the following:

"Sir,—It is my honest opinion that no treatment—open air, medicinal, dietetic, or otherwise—is comparable to the inhalation treatment adopted by Dr. Alabone for the actual cure of consumption. I speak from experience in cases coming under my observation; and, for the sake of suffering humanity, I do think it a very great pity that Dr. Alabone's method does not find its way into all our hospitals and sanatoria where consumption is made a speciality.—Yours faithfully, ——, M.D., L.R.C.P., etc."

Whilst Dr. L——, M.R.C.S.Eng., states:

"It having been my good fortune to meet several patients of Dr. Alabone's, I feel bound to add my testimony as to the success of his treatment, having proved it by personal observation of the changes effected in their appearance, and their gratifying statements made by their own free will. I have seen cases pronounced 'utterly incurable' by the highest chest specialists quite recover. I therefore feel it a duty to write, expressing my gratification and surprise at their recovery."

"Sir,—I have some thirty patients in all stages of phthisis undergoing Dr. Alabone's treatment—some very bad—so that I should not be surprised if I had lost one or two, but at present I have lost none. The improvement in them is most marked and surprising. I do not think there is any doubt of the efficacy of his treatment in stopping the advancement of the disease. It has in my hands been very successful in many cases.—I am, yours faithfully, W. F——, M.D., L.R.C.P., L.M.Edin."

It is satisfactory to be able to record the fact that a considerable number of physicians have adopted this treatment with their patients, and have obtained from it the most satisfactory results—results, we venture to affirm, which have been attained by no other system known. Boards of Guardians are also discussing the advisability of introducing it into their infirmaries, many having witnessed its extraordinary success with members of their own families.

Nurses at sanatoria and hospitals who were stricken down by phthisis, and who, after undergoing open-air treatment, were pronounced incurable, have been cured, and resumed their usual avocations. One of many such writes:

"In the summer of 1902 I utterly collapsed from overwork, and a rest failed to effect any improvement in my condition. In the autumn I was pronounced to be suffering from slight tuberculosis (sputum having been examined). At the recommendation of a physician I went to a well-known sanatorium to undergo the 'open-air' treatment, and during my stay there of two months, instead of in any way ameliorating my symptoms, they became rapidly worse, till in April, 1903, I was advised to return home by the physician in attendance at the sanatorium.

"On my return my condition was found to be as follows: A large cavity in my left lung, which was seriously involved in tubercular disease from apex to base, and my right lung was also considerably affected, and there certainly seemed no hope that I should recover.

"Hearing of similar cases that had been cured by Dr. Alabone, I was taken to Highbury to see him—so weak that I was hardly able to walk up the steps of his house, and, I must admit, expecting little or nothing from his treatment; but within a week I felt that I was deriving benefit, and hope once more revived, and this alone was worth a great deal. At the end of my stay at the sanatorium I had lost about 10 lb. in weight. This I gradually regained, and with it came returning strength; and, thoroughly persevering with the treatment, and carrying out all Dr. Alabone's other directions, I found every month a most decided improvement was manifest, till I am now as strong and well as I ever felt in my life.

"I have no shortness of breath, no cough, no expectoration, can walk long distances and run upstairs without fatigue; my voice, which was only a whisper, has returned, and I can indulge in my favourite occupation of singing; in fact, thank God, I am perfectly cured, and again able to undertake my work, which is of a very arduous nature."—A Professional Nurse.

Pages could be filled with similar letters, but these must convince the most sceptical that the statements brought forward by Dr. Alabone are undeniably genuine. Those who have any interest in the matter are recommended to procure a copy of his work, "The Cure of Consumption," and, after reading it, judge for themselves as to its value. They may, however, be perfectly sure that in placing themselves under this treatment they will be adopting the best chance of cure that can at present be offered.

"The Cure of Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, and Other Diseases of the Chest," by Edwin W. Alabone, M.D. Phil., D.Sc., ex-M.R.C.S. Eng., Lynton House, Highbury Quadrant, London, N. It is illustrated by numerous cases pronounced "incurable" by the most eminent physicians. Now in its 48th edition, 168th thousand, and can be obtained for 2s. 6d. post free. Other works by the same author: "Testimonies of Patients, with Comments on the Open-Air Treatment," price 1s.; "Infamous Conduct," price 6d.; "[illegible] the Cure of Consumption is Suppressed," price 1s.; and "Facts Regarding the Open-Air Treatment," price 1s.

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to say, dogmatic, moral, and disciplinary, on which a confidential conversation, conducted under properly safeguarded circumstances, would have been of untold benefit to my interior attitude to life. But, of course, I said that "I didn't think I had any." Now my tutor was a clergyman of the highest character and attainments; he sincerely desired to be of service to me; he has since risen to great eminence, and is supposed to have a great knowledge of boys; yet never for one instant did it occur to me, even as a possibility, that I should confide in him. Of course, he would have respected my confidence; but how was I to know that? How could I possibly be certain—since I had not even an idea of any such thing as of relations between a priest and penitent, or between a director and a "spiritual" child—that he might not think it his duty himself to use any information I might give him, or at least offer hints to my parents that I might afterwards find embarrassing? For me to give him my real confidence there would have been needed either, in myself, a knowledge of him as of a "priest" whose lips were sealed, or, in him, that very rare gift, which only a very few persons possess, of laying aside entirely his official relation to me and assuming that of spiritual counsellor. The average boy submits to be talked to, either with others (as is often the custom) or alone. In neither case, except in rare instances, where either the boy is in desperate moral straits, or the tutor has a really "priestly" spirit, is there any real individual dealing at all. The affair is a kind of extra "private," which must be borne with resignation, since without it that kind of spiritual coming-of-age (which Confirmation more or less represents) is impossible.

V.

It appears to me, then, that hardly any boys in the world fare so hardly, exactly at that age when plain advice and confidences are most necessary, than do those educated under such a system as prevails at Eton. Day schools, where there is no attempt at religious instruction, at any rate throw the responsibility upon the parents. Anglican schools, such as those of the Woodard foundation, Evangelical schools, and Catholic schools, all seriously attempt that individual dealing with souls without which there can be no reality of religion at all. But the Eton boy is practically left to himself, under conditions of the fiercest possible temptation, without even the help of clear, comprehensible dogma to keep him straight. Neither, even, are his emotions appealed to by forcible preaching. I can remember neither the text, nor the argument, nor the substance, nor a single illustration, nor one dogmatic statement, nor one effective appeal from any of the many sermons under which I sat. And yet the futile talk goes on, of the "thousand earnest young faces" turned up to the preacher, of the "beautiful, shadowy chapel," of the "exquisitely chanted psalms," of the "young, opening lives," and all the rest of it. And there is nothing at all underneath, except where here and there is a boy of definite religious convictions, or one who has had a sensible home-training in his faith, or, perhaps for a few moments, one that is roused by the artistic beauty of the service to make an emotional resolution or two. By all means let us have all the aid that art can give, all the colour and glow of music and beautiful words and clustering column and grouped lights. But let not those things, that are at the best emotional appeals to little more than religiosity, be forced to turn the wheels which serious individual dealings alone can effectively move.

*(To be continued.)*

## CORRESPONDENCE

### THE SINGLE TAX *V.* SHAW, BELLOC, AND G. K. CHESTERTON.

*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

DEAR SIR,—Your correspondents Shaw, Belloc, and G. K. Chesterton do not seem to recognise the fact that the private ownership of land is the evil of our social state.

Shaw quarrels with capital, Chesterton with big estates and Belloc tells us that his *bête noir* is registration. I confess that the last-mentioned seems to have more feasible objection, because neither capital nor big estates are in themselves bad things. They both make for efficiency, and, everything else being equal, thus lessen the burden of human labour, which is a blessing and not a curse. Mr. Belloc advances "three solutions for the present unstable . . . organisation of industry." He favours a return to a well-divided ownership, most men owning capital and land. Now, how does Mr. Belloc propose to apply his remedy? With capital I have no quarrel; but most men owning land means that some men will own no land and will therefore be dependent on those who do. This condition is no better than slavery, for it matters not to a man whether he is the property of another, or another owns the source of wealth and life. He can exist only by complying with the exactions of the owner of the land, and so can never have that equality of opportunity to which the fact of his birth entitles him. Now, sir, I wish to point out to Mr. Belloc the only remedy, and the axioms have only to be understood to be admitted. The first is the equal right of all men to the bounty of nature; and the second is, what a man makes he owns.

The air we breathe, the heat of the sun, and the land we live on are the bounty of nature, and equally necessary to life. It may be advanced that someone has bought the land; but the buyer's title can never be better than the seller's, and who could possibly have the title to sell the land? Anyone may claim to have bought the air, but no one could sell it to him. It is absurd to suppose that anyone could own it or part of it, and it is equally absurd that anyone can rightfully own the land or part of it. "The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof," and as we are equal in His sight, we have an equal title to that which was made for all. It is not necessary to "divide up" the land, but to divide the rent which comes from the land. The other axiom, "That which a man makes he owns," is equally true if we admit the right of a man to own himself. Then his powers are his, and his labour, and that which his labour produces, to sell or to bequeath. Therefore, the whole of what he makes is his, and not only a part. Why, then, should a part of what he makes be taken by the landlord for the use of that which was made for all? It is the community who make the rental value of land, urban as well as rural; therefore, give to the community that which they have made, and take all taxes off industry, capital and improvements, and give free scope to labour, and all our present social problems vanish when the land monopoly is destroyed. Capitalism cannot crush the worker when the land is free.—I am, sir, etc.,

E. F. MACCLAFFERTY.

Methil, December 20th, 1912.

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### MR. H. G. WELLS.

*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

DEAR SIR,—There have now, I believe, appeared in EVERYMAN two articles on Mr. H. G. Wells. These I have, of course, read with great interest, as indeed I


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read all articles on this subject. But neither here nor elsewhere do I find attention called to a feature of Mr. Wells's novels which impresses me more and more as I read through his various works. I refer to the similarity in quality between this author's pathos and that of Dickens. I do not remember ever to have noticed a discussion of this point in any criticism hitherto published, but surely one has only to recollect such passages as the one which closes "The History of Mr. Polly," where that worthy, on "one of those evenings, serenely luminous," sits in profound philosophic conversation with the "fat woman":—

They said no more, but sat on in the warm twilight, until at last they could scarcely distinguish each other's faces. They were not so much thinking, as lost in a smooth, still quiet of the mind.

Surely this scene—and it is, of course, quite necessary to read through the whole of it in order to enter into the genuinely "dickensianness" of its emotional atmosphere—this scene is typical of Mr. Wells's pathos, and must recall many parts of Dickens's works. None could fail to be reminded of those passages of the latter author which are so charged (many think overcharged) with that peculiar setting of sweetness and love and reconciliation, of memories of a no longer bitter past, of wonderful peacefulness and restfulness, a restfulness only appreciated when virtue, no longer oppressed, has received its reward: a setting created by Dickens's characteristic sympathy, which, perhaps too tearful and tranquil altogether to please twentieth-century tastes, is certainly something of which we are again and again reminded as we read the works of this most modern of writers.

Only one other, and very obvious, point should I like to raise in connection with Mr. Curle's article, namely, the question of realism in the works of Mr. Wells. Consider such pieces as the description of the funeral in "Mr. Polly," of the life of assistant masters in "Love and Mr. Lewisham," of the home of Marion in "Tono-Bungay." No author with whom I am acquainted possesses an equal power of impressing on the mind of his reader the meanness, the dinginess, the sordidness of a scene. Here Wells differs essentially from Zola. While all must acknowledge the latter's immense power in picturing the seamy side of things, yet, for myself, I must say that Wells makes me feel and realise the squalor of these scenes of his in a far higher degree than does Zola on similar occasions. I think this is because, in viewing Wells's picture, I am certain that its author feels even more keenly about them and is more disgusted with them than we, his readers; while, in the case of Zola, I am far from sure that he did not actually delight in picturing the grime and filth of the back streets and mean houses that he describes with such relentless detail and (might one say?) with so much sympathy.—I am, sir, etc., G. R. BENSON.

1, Nunthorpe Avenue, York, Dec. 23rd, 1912.

## CARLYLE'S "GOSPEL OF WORK."

*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

DEAR SIR,—Side by side, in your issue of December 20th, appear a poem consisting of three of the most inspired and inspiring verses on human endeavour which it has ever been my privilege to read, and —an article on "Life at High Pressure," concluding with these words: "Carlyle's gospel of work has had its day. The time is ripe for Spencer's gospel of leisure"!

Now, so far from Carlyle's gospel of work having had its day, it is but to-day that its power and truth, which so gripped his disciples of a few decades ago, is making that gospel such a momentous force in modern life—whether recognised or not. So far from the time being ripe for Spencer's gospel of leisure, the time will have nothing to say to this or any other gospel of leisure. On the other hand, the time is big with possibilities and potentialities for any man who will strive with soul, or brain, or body to assist, by never so little, in lifting humanity to a higher plane.

The writer of the article in question cries out against mammon worship. So does Carlyle. He deprecates mere materialism. So does Carlyle. He has no sympathy for aiming only "at bread-and-butter results." Nor has Carlyle. Indeed, it is difficult to see what his quarrel with Carlyle is, unless it be with the latter's doctrine that "all true work is sacred; in all true work, were it but true hand labour, there is something of divineness."

"Labour," continues Carlyle, "wide as the Earth, has its summit in Heaven. Sweat of the brow; and up from that to sweat of the brain, sweat of the heart; which includes all Kepler calculations, Newton meditations, all Sciences, all spoken Epics, all acted Heroisms, Martyrdoms—up to that 'Agony of bloody sweat' which all men have called divine!" Verily, if we are to do away with "Carlyle's gospel of work," I fear that little will be left for the "life with leisure to be devoted to intellectual and moral ends" to feed itself upon!

In the face of sham, abuses, injustice, "mammonism," Carlyle fired his blunderbuss of stormy indignation. But it was between the ribs of leisured dilettantism that he thrust the stiletto of some of his keenest satire.—I am, sir, etc., R. W. COMPTON.

## THE LIFE AND DEATH OF SOCIALISM.

*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

SIR,—Mr. Chesterton says Socialism is dead. Mr. Shaw says it isn't. Mr. Chesterton says it is. That is the gist of the four weeks' controversy. The rest is sheer good humour. It is a splendid glorification of "Our noble selves—claw me, and I'll claw you." Mr. Shaw frankly and joyously crows, "What clever billies we both are," and he is quite right. The delighted spectator knows not which to admire most: the extraordinary agility of the heavy-weight or the amazing slogging powers of the feather-weight champion. But we are not much "forrarder," when all's done.

The fact is that, just as Liberals and Unionists are in reality both Plutocrats, so Mr. Chesterton and Mr. Shaw are both Sentimentalists, and the working man is helped no more by the sentimentalist than by the plutocrat. Whether his propensities are Arcadian or bog-trotting, what the worker wants is a decent wage and liberty to spend it as he likes; and that he won't get till he helps himself to it. As to the peasant state —tempting though it seems—I fear that, unless you added Swift's wished-for "six hundred pounds a year," with trimmings, a cartload of pig-iron would be about as welcome a gift as the three acres and a cow —to *me*, at any rate; *I* can't milk a cow.

Now every man pretends he would like to see the workman get a decent wage. How is it, then, he can't get it? Because it is assumed to be an axiom in economics, an inexorable law of logic, that a rise in wages means a proportionate rise in the cost of production. So it is, perhaps—if the capitalist is to maintain his position as "top-dog." But Logic can and, some day, will go a step further. It will say that the capitalist must simply not be allowed to pillage the consumer; he must be stopped from robbing Peter to pay Paul. To call a penny a shilling won't alter the bottom-dog's position one whit. That merely

*(Continued on page 380.)*

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raises the struggle from the basement to the first, second, or top storey, if you like; the bottom-dog is always on the floor. Logic will (some day) bid the workman get on his feet and pin the top-dog to the ceiling: "There, you beggar, so far you're a-top; but now fork out, or I'll squeeze the life out of you."—I am, sir, etc., FELIX ELDERLY.

## G. K. CHESTERTON AND BERNARD SHAW.

*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

DEAR SIR,—Mr. Chesterton's humorous reply to Mr. Shaw I have read with great interest; but can he be serious when he asserts that a peasant state will always be a peasant state? He surely knows that his ancestors and the ancestors of all the people who throng now the large cities and industrial centres of the whole world developed from apes into peasants, who formed peasant states; and that there is not a single industrial country in the whole world which has not developed from that state, and which, with the progress of civilisation, does not become more and more industrial.

I believe that most people in England would not be satisfied with spending their life in growing cabbages and eating them, even if they should be successful in growing sufficient for themselves on their small share of land. Unfortunately for Mr. Chesterton, the claims of a civilised nation are different from those of the Montenegrin or even Italian and Irish peasants, whose conditions of life only prove that they are still in a state from which we have evolved long ago. That they will follow us, and become industrial states, simultaneously with getting more civilised, of that there can be no doubt.

As regards Mr. Chesterton's remark that Socialism means only passing the capital and all its power over to the State, I beg to point out that, in the Socialistic state, where there would be no trade in the present sense, no production for profit, but only to satisfy the demands and needs of the community, and where everybody could get what his heart desired—by working for it—capital would soon find a peaceful death.—I am, sir, etc., GERHARD ARNOLD SCHMIDT.

Stoke-on-Trent, December 21st, 1912.

*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

SIR,—After reading Mr. Belloc on the "Servile State," and the subsequent articles by Messrs. Chesterton and Shaw, I must confess I am still in the dark regarding a solution of the economic problem. Beyond being smart and amusing, the contributions of these writers have much in common with the usual essays of pet scheme promoters; Mr. Chesterton, at the gate of his ideal peasant proprietor, never tires singing his "Salve! dimora castæ pura," while Mr. Belloc resolutely overshadows our Mephistophelian Shaw and Socialism with his sombre catholic crucifix.

But neither Mr. Chesterton nor Mr. Belloc, in their enthusiasm for the peasant state, or a revived mediævalism, present any practical scheme to the masses whereby they might move in the direction of their economic emancipation: preaching an ideal peasant state, expatiating on the "good old days," or shouting through the megaphone, "Socialism! Socialism!" may be a very interesting pastime for smart people, but, in so far as the intelligent worker is concerned, 'tis so much prating full of sound and fury, signifying nothing.

I am convinced that this land question is at the bottom of all the social evils which afflict society. The question Messrs. Shaw, Belloc, and Chesterton have still to answer is, "How do you propose to free the source of life—*i.e.*, land—from the grip of private monopoly?"—I am, sir, etc.,

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## PEASANT PROPRIETORSHIP AND THE TESTAMENTARY LAW.

*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

DEAR SIR,—Doubtless like many other readers of your splendid paper, I have been deeply interested in the article on "Napoleon as a Socialist." One cannot help admiring Dr. Sarolea's able and lucid exposition of the Testamentary Law, but in the enumeration of its disadvantages, I think one vital omission has been made—at least in so far as Peasant Proprietorship is applicable to Great Britain.

I refer to the question of succession.

The Peasant Proprietor, belonging, as he emphatically does, to the labouring classes, is, as a rule, the father of a numerous family, and thus, the exceedingly difficult problem of succession arises. On his decease, how is the partition of his estate to be made? In this country it is customary to sell all the effects of the deceased and to divide the money thus realised equally among his offspring—which, if the Testamentary Law obtained, means that in all ordinary cases a Peasant Estate would belong to a family for one generation only. In Peasant society it is considered a very unfair procedure, as far as the rest of the family is concerned, to will the estate to the eldest son.

How has this difficulty been solved in countries where the Testamentary Law is in force?—I am, sir, etc., D. B. G.

Halkirk, Caithness, Dec. 27th, 1912.

[It is quite obvious that in countries where the Code Napoleon has been adopted, and it has been adopted by half the countries of the Continent of Europe, the Succession Laws must often result in the break-up of the family estate, as well as in a minute and excessive division and parcelling of the land. Mr. Seebohm Rowntree, in his excellent book on "Life and Labour in Belgium," has shown some of the disadvantages. But every Land System has its disadvantages and difficulties. It is only claimed that the difficulties of a rural democracy are infinitely less than those of a landed aristocracy, that it would be better if the 1,358,600 acres of the Duke of Sutherland and the 460,000 of the Duke of Buccleuch were broken up, and that excessive division is preferable to excessive concentration and monopoly. Moreover, the disadvantages of extreme division are much less far-reaching, in practice, than they would appear in theory. Where the break-up of the family property is highly undesirable for practical reasons, children generally come to a mutual understanding. They either sell out their share or they work the farm in co-operation. The practice of co-operation is rapidly spreading in Continental peasant communities. Nor must we forget that children continue to work on the parental farm until they have saved enough to run a farm of their own. A few years ago I leased an old Chateau in Belgium, which gave me an insight into the working of the French system. One of my neighbours, who had started life as a "farm hand" without a penny, was now running an estate as the most important farmer of the district, and his six sons were all working with him. I may add that during all the years that I occupied the old Manor House, I was only once given a chance of seeing a beggar or a tramp, and that one tramp was a German who had crossed the frontier.—CHARLES SAROLEA.]

# KING EDWARD IN HIS TRUE COLOURS*

By SIDNEY WHITMAN.

It is related that an Englishman used to meet the philosopher Schopenhauer in his daily walk along the promenade near the town of Frankfort immersed in thought, with his hands behind his back, and a poodle following at his heels. Unable at last to restrain his curiosity at the eccentric apparition, the Englishman one day bluntly accosted the philosopher with the words: "For goodness' sake, tell me who you are." Schopenhauer, in nowise taken back, replied: "Who am I? I only wish I knew that myself!" This quaint confession of the limitations of our self-knowledge by one of the greatest intellects of the world recurs to us in reviewing the many pretentious biographies in which the living set up in judgment over the dead, and presume to award the palm of merit or to cast the obloquy of blame; verily, in most cases, a vain undertaking. Who does not recall the Life of Napoleon by Sir Walter Scott, for which he received a large sum, and which to-day would certainly not find enough readers to pay printing expenses; and the scathing terms in which Heine pilloried the great Scotch writer for stooping to such work in order to earn money? If the difficulties are almost insuperable in dealing with the records of our public personages, there are instances in which a humbler ambition may be legitimately gratified, more particularly if it emanates from a sincere desire to do justice where a lack of fairness of judgment rises before us. Such a deed may even be commended and welcomed, and be considered a service rendered to the community at large. This, I think, is the case with the book before me, in which an English journalist, imbued with an honest and unselfish veneration for the person of the late King Edward, has gathered together a number of illuminating data concerning his character and attainments.

Those who remember the death of Edward VII. will not forget the extravagant encomiums lavished upon him by the press of the world. Nothing was too great as a politician, as a statesman, and too good as a man, to be credited to the Peacemaker of Europe; yet, after the lapse of a couple of years, scarcely a voice is raised to protest against a "belittling" of the dead Monarch, issued with almost official authority in a "National Biography," in which this very same man, the idol of yesterday, is acidly written down as one devoid of serious interests, without experience of affairs, even unable to "concentrate his mind" on the task of reading a book!

It is against this ruthless estimate—so characteristic of our age of quick, transient impressions, emotions, and insincerities—that Mr. Legge has launched a volume containing many authenticated facts and evidences of character, which go to prove that, whatever may have been the human shortcomings of the late King, in face of the extravagant idolatry of his newspaper necrologists, he most certainly was not the man portrayed to us in the "Dictionary of National Biography." Among the most valuable and hitherto unpublished testimony adduced in this work with regard to Edward VII. is that of Comte d'Haussonville, member of the Académie Française, a personal friend; and that of Professor Arminius Vambéry, of Budapest University, a man who, besides possessing rare sobriety of judgment and a wide experience of mankind, from Sultans and Princes to peasants (for let

* "King Edward in his True Colours." By Edward Legge. (London: Eveleigh Nash.)


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it not be forgotten that, in order to understand mankind, a full range of human experiences is called for), enjoyed the privilege of unrestrained personal intimacy with the King at different periods ranging over more than forty years. And what does he say?

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## CAMBRIDGE *

ONE is glad to find the late Dean Stubbs' well-known book on Cambridge—with the famous Railton illustrations—appearing in a third edition, and holding its own amid the press and competition of a Christmas season. An account of the founding, building, enlargement, and decoration of a dozen or so of colleges might easily be the dullest imaginable—an uninspiring chapter out of Baedecker. But Dean Stubbs loved his subject, and made a living book. "At least," he writes in the preface, "I have written *con amore*. If my words have failed in warmth, it certainly has not been because my heart is cold." Sometimes the phrase *con amore* means zeal without knowledge. In this volume a genuine enthusiasm for his Alma Mater goes along with the author's sound historical knowledge, with a fine sense of human values and an admirable literary gift. Cambridge is seen and exhibited in the light of the larger life of the nation, to which it contributed, and from which it received so much. As we follow its story, we are in touch with the intellectual and spiritual movements, in the light of which our present-day culture is to be understood. Cambridge men may well be proud of this book about Cambridge. Its abundant loyalty is untainted by anything grudging or sectarian. Dr. Stubbs' hospitable mind had a place for the Cambridge Platonists and for Oliver Cromwell; for the men who "made an unshrinking appeal to Reason, coupled with profound faith in the essential harmony of natural and spiritual truth," and the man who seems to some "the most human-hearted sovereign and imperial man in all English annals since the days of Alfred." Mr. Birrell once instituted what he called a "Modest Inquiry" into the question, "Why all the English poets, with a barely decent number of exceptions, have been Cambridge men?" He failed to find a satisfactory answer to the question—"I cannot for the life of me tell how it happened"—but how magnificent was his failure! What a roll of names he spread out before his audience—Spenser, Fletcher, Jonson, Marlowe, Herrick, Quarles, Milton, Dryden, Gray, Wordsworth!

> "Earth shews to Heaven the names by thousands told
> That crown her fame."

"So may Cambridge." Something of this pride glows in the pages of Dean Stubbs' volume. Happily, it is not the pride that goes before a fall. How could it be otherwise, since the spirit of Thomas Fuller broods over the work of his disciple? "O Lord, who in our nation hast moved the hearts of Founders and Benefactors to erect and endow two famous luminaries of learning and religion, bless them with the assistance

* "Cambridge and its Story." By Charles William Stubbs, D.D. With Illustrations by Herbert Railton. 10s. 6d. (London: Dent, 1912.)

of Thy Holy Spirit. Let neither of them contest (as once Thy disciples on earth) which should be the greatest, but both contend which shall approve themselves the best in Thy presence."

## SIR FREDERICK TREVES IN PALESTINE*

Sir Frederick Treves seems to find a welcome relief from an arduous professional career by taking a holiday in some remote corner of the world, and then writing a book about it. In 1908 we had "The Cradle of the Deep," descriptive of a tour in the West Indies. This was quickly followed by "Uganda for a Holiday," and now comes "The Land That is Desolate," in which we are presented with a singularly vivid record of a tour in Palestine.

Sir Frederick has now a dual reputation to sustain. He is not only a famous surgeon, but a brilliant writer of travel books. This opinion is fully confirmed by the volume now before us, which will speedily take its place as one of the most captivating, informative, imaginative, and gracefully written books on a subject that has inspired many brilliant pens.

"The Land That is Desolate" (the title is even suggestive) is not a mere piece of picturesque writing which any journalistic smatterer might produce at a moment's notice, but a narrative illumined by fine culture and displaying shrewd powers of observation, wide and exact knowledge, and the gift of lofty and sustained expression. As we accompany Sir Frederick in his wanderings, we are conscious that our guide has not only thought much and read widely about his subject, but is anxious that we should view the various objects of interest not from the conventional standpoint but from that of the man of education and of unbiased judgment living in the twentieth century.

One might have expected the grandiloquent note to have been struck in a description of the Holy Sepulchre, but it is the sceptical that Sir Frederick strikes. The structure, he remarks,

> "is a mere cell about six feet long by six feet wide. At the end stands a Greek priest on guard. There is no suggestion of a sepulchre. The actual tomb—if tomb there be—is covered with marble, and converted into an altar. The place is made brilliant by the light of many little lamps. There is the usual display of candles and figures, while in the centre of the altar is a very tawdry vase of china containing a posy of flowers."

What moves Sir Frederick, as he obtains his first glimpse of the Holy City, is not the solemn grandeur of the scene, but the ludicrous spectacle of a dozen cabs racing from the station yard to Jerusalem, "as if they were escaping from Sodom and Gomorrah." Nor does our author become rapturous when, at the foot of Olivet, he paces the garden of gardens—the Garden of Gethsemane.

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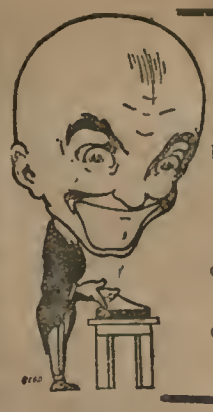
* "The Land That is Desolate." By Sir Frederick Treves. 9s. net. (Smith, Elder.)

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contrast is shrewdly made, for from the foot of the wall the ground, bare as a desert, slopes down to the empty valley of the Kedron, while upon the other side is a teeming town packed with habitations and with men. The general colour of the city is a soft yellowish grey, a tint so faint, indeed, that the place looks ghostly and unreal. Once in a day, and once only, just at the time when the sun has capped the crest of Olivet, the city is golden."

For artistic restraint and impressiveness, this is a picture which is not unworthy of being placed alongside of Ruskin's famous description of the Campagna of Rome.

We wish we could quote a few more of the good things in Sir Frederick's fascinating volume, but our space is exhausted. We may add, however, that the forty-three illustrations from photographs by the author inspire one with almost as much enthusiasm as the text. There is a map and a serviceable index.

## BOOKS OF THE WEEK

THE ENGLISH CHARACTER (T. M. Foulis, 5s. net), seen through the medium of Mr. S. L. Hughes, is not convincing. This collection of essays would seem to have been left out in the cold so long that they have lost flavour, and in the majority of instances strike one as hopelessly out of date. The tough old veteran who, at a public dinner, refers to the ancient argument as to whether Wellington or Blucher won the Battle of Waterloo, strikes one as a trifle rococo, and the chestnuts in *English Clubmen* are of a particularly hoary variety. It is hopeless, perhaps, to expect an article on murder without references to Bill Sykes, but Wainwright, the hero of "Pen, Pencil, and Poison," is, we think, a trifle overworked these days. Why Mr. Hughes should persist in using laborious synonyms for plain English we have yet to discover. In his essay on the Clergy he suffers from an unconquerable aversion from simple Anglo-Saxon. The wife of a certain parson is made to consult her "reverend spouse" and to tackle "her lord." Never is she described as approaching her "husband." One is reminded of Barrie's inimitable journalist, who explained that a certain word denoted "scholarship, and there are six more like it."

IN THE FIRST TWELVE CENTURIES OF BRITISH STORY (Longmans, Green and Co., 12s. 6d. net), Mr. Jeudwine sketches the social and political conditions of the British people from 56 B.C. to the accession of Henry II. The value of such a survey is surely obvious, but Mr. Jeudwine is the first to attempt its discharge, for, as he reminds us, while there have been histories in plenty treating of Scotland, Ireland, and Wales as separate entities, and all coloured with bitter hostility towards this country, no one so far has sought to make us visualise the condition of these islands as a whole. The book is one of absorbing interest. Its range of information is extraordinary, and, unlike so many other historical efforts, every page bears, not only traces of scholarship and care, but is replete with curious information and illuminative facts throwing a vivid light upon the actual condition of the people themselves.

THE KNAVE OF DIAMONDS (T. Fisher Unwin, 5s.) is written with a *verve* that carries the reader through the book from start to finish. Miss Ethel Dell knows how to tell a story, and has the faculty of seizing on the critical moment of a situation with an unerring sense of the dramatic. The Knave is a certain Nap Erroll, an American dare-devil after the fashion of Bret Harte's gamblers, with a dash of Red Indian thrown in. He is strongly drawn, and his love-making is of the impetuous and masterful fashion of a Petruchio. Anne, Lady Carfax, is the wife of a baronet—a sullen and unpleasing person, who from the beginning arouses our dislike. Nap Erroll, attracted by Anne, decides to amuse himself with her; but the fire with which he plays scorches his fingers, and he finds himself head over ears in love with another man's wife. Anne in her heart reciprocates the feeling, and in one of the most dramatic situations of the book they discover their mutual attraction. The authoress sketches Nap, in all the insolence of his superb physique, riding roughshod over the sensibilities of others, and with a few swift touches shows the effect his feeling for Anne has on his soul. He becomes human, even gentle, forbearing to his younger brother Bert, and unafraid to show his genuine affection for Lucas, his elder brother, the head of the family, a cripple and a millionaire.

Lady Carfax loses her husband midway through the book, and at first we think a happy marriage is imminent. Nap, however, has flown off to America in search of a famous surgeon, who is to operate on Lucas. The latter consents to the operation, but pathetically tells the doctor that he lacks the will to live. He wants a motive to sustain the fight, and, with the practised hand of a clever writer, Miss Dell supplies it. Lucas falls in love with Anne, who mistakes the gentle affection he inspires for the real right thing.

The operation is successful, and largely through Nap's devotion the millionaire wins his way back to life. But ultimately the strain is too great for him. He dies in his sleep, leaving Nap to Anne's devotion.

The story ends with the marriage of the lovers, and the curtain rings down on a clever touch. Full of incident, with flashes of dramatic insight and emotional power, the book should make as big a hit as Miss Dell's first success, "The Way of an Eagle."

There is a quality of style about PROMISE OF ARDEN (Smith, Elder and Co., 6s.) that marks it out from the novel of its kind. Written in a genial, leisurely fashion, the slightness of the theme furnishes opportunity for humorous touches, vivid descriptives, quick contrasts between the green country meadows, with their atmosphere of peace, and the clatter of the myriad wheels of London, the never-sleeping grind of Fleet Street. Keith Markwick is a journalist, who undertakes to keep a kindly eye on the children of his dead friend, Richard Sargesson, one time an Oxford professor. Arden is the village where the children are domiciled, and in the fragrance of the countryside, the pleasure of the children's companionship, Markwick's work gains in quality, and as his sympathies widen and his understanding increases his pen becomes more eloquent, his outlook on life more simple and more significant.

Mr. Eric Parker has painted a picture of childhood convincing and attractive. The book makes delightful reading, and contains a quiet humour infinitely refreshing.

HAPPY HOUSES (Cassell and Co., 6s.) is a brightly written book, containing many helpful hints as to the furnishing of homes and the construction of houses. Says Miss Mary Ansell, in her introduction, "I hold

(*Continued on page* 386.)

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with many others that in the offices of all architects there should be at least one woman, who has, or has had, much experience of the conduct of a household. No man, it seems, can ever grasp the right use or placing of a cupboard, and to this day the unthinking male has so little conception of the labours of the woman . . . that all scullery sinks are built at least nine inches too low." This practical criticism notwithstanding, the book is no mere compendium of housewifely hints. The author introduces us into all sorts and conditions of homes, from the nest of the newly married pair, who nearly quarrel over the colour of the sofa cushions, to the ornate and ugly mansion of the millionaire. We have all of us lingered outside certain houses, noting the red of the firelight's glimmer, watching with wistful eyes the flickering flames upon the walls—maybe two heads quite close together are for a moment thrown into relief! We have all of us woven fancies round the house at the corner, where the strange old lady lives or the elderly eccentric—is he a miser?—who raves at his servants in a deep voice, and threatens dreadful things; the house with the walled garden won our hearts, captured our imagination years ago. But always we have stayed outside the enchanted place; the gates have never yet rolled back for us. Now for the first time Miss Ansell takes us inside. We talk with the gruff old man, take tea with the little old lady, and view with disfavour the heavy plush and hideous gilding of the millionaire. A dainty book, with unexpected insight and real imaginative touches.

❀ ❀ ❀

Although powerfully written, and with obvious sincerity, THE UPHOLSTERED CAGE (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.), by Josephine Pitcairn Knowles, is a book the purport of which appears to us to be deplorable. It is, in effect, an embittered attack upon the home as an institution which wastes women's lives, where there is nothing for them to do that is either useful or dignified, and which has, according to the authoress, reduced her sex to a condition of something like servitude. We are even asked to despise, or pity, the daughter who devotes her days to an invalid mother, and the general impression that we gather from Miss Knowles's pages is that the final emancipation of woman is to set her free from all the finer instincts of her nature. We are asked to believe that the girl who lives at home suffers from a tyranny that has become almost intolerable. "The girl in her parents' house is never launched," we are told. "She has," the authoress goes on to complain, "to play second fiddle," a part that Miss Knowles clearly thinks should be reserved for the parents. This sort of mischievous talk was pardonable in the days of our grandmothers, when women found so many occupations barred to their entrance. To-day it is not only exaggerated; it is in total opposition to the facts. The great danger to women lies at present in the growing strength of the attacks on the family and the home, which institutions give scope and freedom to her highest qualities. The only practical suggestion that the authoress advances to deal with the problem of the surplusage of women is that of emigration to Canada. Even there, be it noted, it is for homes that women are wanted.

❀ ❀ ❀

In their book on the AFRICAN SHORES OF THE MEDITERRANEAN (Sampson Low, Marston, and Co., Ltd., 10s. 6d. net), Messrs. Cyril Fletcher and L. Grant have given us an undeniably fascinating volume. The authors tell us that they described no place which they did not themselves visit, and no custom which they did not themselves observe, during a protracted sojourn in North Africa, where they examined at first hand the remnants of the lost civilisation of Carthage. Very vivid is their description of the great attack upon the doomed city by Scipio, when, "working night and day with a feverish energy of despair, the Carthaginians built of such materials as they had, a squadron of fifty new warships and cut an outlet through the quay from the inner harbour of Cothon to the sea. On the very day that the jetty was completed the new fleet of the enemy broke, with triumphant shouts, into the open sea, and Scipio saw his work undone. . . . In the belief that the sea was clear, the Roman ships had been half dismantled, the weapons of war had been removed to the siege works, and the crews had been landed to build the jetty. If the Carthaginians had attacked at once they might have destroyed the fleet utterly. . . . Instead of this, they contented themselves with making a noisy and harmless demonstration, and returned into harbour. . . . At last they offered battle. The engagement lasted the whole day, and ended in favour of the Carthaginians. When returning to the harbour, however, the vessels were entangled in a mass of shipping, and it was found necessary to beach them off the quays. Here they were again attacked by the Romans and completely destroyed. . . . Once more Carthage owed her deliverance to the desperate valour of her children." There followed the dreadful massacre of Hasdrubal, and it was written *Delenda est Carthago*. Emphatically a book to buy and to keep.

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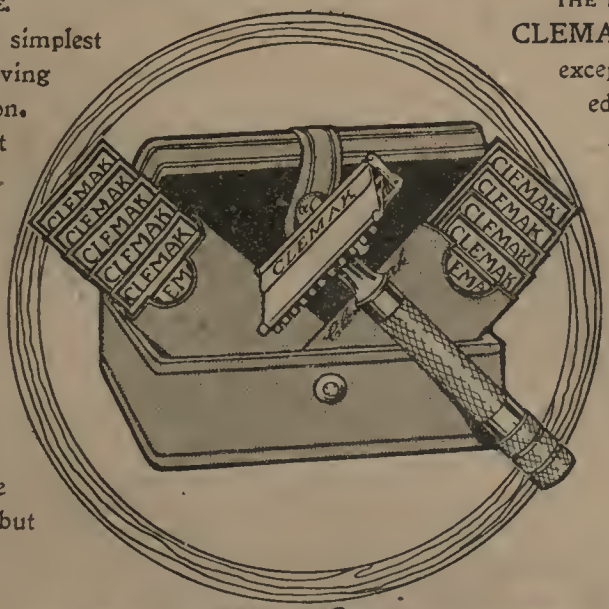


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Printed by HAZELL, WATSON & VINEY, LD., 4-8, Kirby Street, Hatton Garden, London, E.C., and Published by J. M. DENT & SONS, LD., Aldine House, Bedford Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.

# EVERYMAN

**His Life, Work, and Books.**

No. 13. Vol. 1. [REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O.] FRIDAY, JANUARY 10, 1913. One Penny.


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### ARTICLES

BY

DR. PERCY DEARMER

MGR. BENSON

J. A. T. LLOYD

CHARLES SAROLEA

# HISTORY IN THE MAKING

## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

AS was anticipated, the Peace Conference has proved abortive. In diplomacy the Turks have reduced dilatoriness to a science, and on the present occasion they have maintained their historic reputation. After repeated adjournments, in which the patience of the Allies was severely tried, the Conference met on Monday to consider the final proposals of the Turkish delegates. Turkey absolutely refuses to cede Adrianople to the Allies, but is willing to divest herself of her rights in Crete, on condition that the other islands are left in her possession. The terms, of course, were unacceptable to the Allies, and the Conference was suspended. Turkey is still allowed a few days to come to a more reasonable frame of mind. Judging from the tone of the chief Turkish delegate, Reshid Pasha, Turkey seems in no mood for concessions. He told the Conference that Turkey had made enormous sacrifices, and that the responsibility of a rupture would fall upon the Allies. In that event, he added, "we declare null and void all the concessions we have made up to this day." Hopes of a settlement, however, have not been abandoned. It is thought probable that terms which Turkey will not accept from the Allies she may be induced to concede to the Powers, who are anxiously working for peace. The difficulties of Turkey are increased by divided counsels in Constantinople. The Government are said to be in favour of peace, but they have to reckon with the Jingo section of the army, who favour resumption of hostilities.

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The feud in the Unionist party over the food taxes still continues. The opponents of the taxes are largely represented in the party press, in which the controversy is being carried on with acrimony, not to say venom. The Birmingham section, which is directly under the Chamberlain influence, strongly contend for the food taxes, and though in a minority, the fact that they control the party machinery counterbalances their numerical inferiority. The attitude of the Chamberlainites is reflected in the letter which Mr. Jesse Collings has written to the *Times*. He admits that at one time the food tax was unpopular, but that has given way before explanation and education. He disagrees with those who advise concentration upon the shortcomings of the Government and the relegation of Tariff Reform to the background. A constructive policy, according to Mr. Collings, is a necessity, as hesitancy and wobbling will simply ensure defeat. Mr. Bonar Law's forthcoming speeches in Edinburgh on the 24th inst. are awaited with eager expectation. Undoubtedly his position is one of extreme difficulty. If he repeats his Ashton-under-Lyne pronouncement, a split in the party may result. On the other hand, if he submits to the dictation of the anti-food taxers, his prestige as leader will be seriously lowered. In the interests of party unity supreme efforts will be made to find a via media.

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In their fight with the Government over the medical service of the Insurance Act, the doctors have been worsted. As the day for final decision approached, medical men all over the country broke away from the British Medical Association. So marked was the defection that the Government were able to announce that over 10,000 doctors had definitely accepted service under the panel system. The British Medical Association have issued a statement severely criticising the methods of the Government to induce medical men to join the panels.

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In consequence of the death of the Duke of Abercorn and the succession of Lord Hamilton to the dukedom, a vacancy is caused in Londonderry City. At this stage of the Home Rule controversy the election is creating exceptional interest. Owing to the

smallness of the Unionist majority, the Nationalists are hopeful of capturing the constituency. Their hopes are increased by the fact that there are two Unionist candidates in the field, Colonel H. A. Parkenham, who commands the London Irish Rifles, and Mr. Marshall Tillie, D.L., of Londonderry. The Nationalist candidate, a Protestant, is Mr. Shand Leslie, a first cousin of Mr. Churchill.

In reply to a correspondent, Mr. Bonar Law writes that he is glad to see working men in Parliament, but it is a distinct disadvantage to Trade Unionism that a seat in Parliament should be regarded as the object of every one who obtains influence in Trade Unions.

A movement is on foot to erect a national monument to Field-Marshal Sir George White, to take the form of a statue in London. An influentially signed appeal for funds is made to the patriotic public.

Mr. Keir Hardie seems anxious about the fate of women's franchise in the forthcoming Reform Bill. In the event of women not being included in the Bill, he advises Labour members not only to vote against the third reading, but to do everything they can through all its stages to prevent it going forward.

The interim report of the Departmental Committee on Boats and Davits, which was appointed in August last year, has been submitted to the House of Commons. The report, which is signed by all the members of Committee, recommends that when it is necessary to carry boats not attached to davits, pontoon rafts of an approved character may be substituted, provided that such accommodation does not exceed 25 per cent. of the total number of persons a vessel is certified to carry.

An important pronouncement has been made on the Panama tolls question by President Taft. He has accepted the principle of arbitration. It appears, however, that he is not in favour of submitting the matter to the Hague Tribunal. He prefers the appointment of a special Board, composed of equal numbers of citizens of the United States and of Great Britain. In his view, at the Hague all Europe, which is interested in the tolls question, would be against the United States. The moral pressure on the Court would be enormous.

During the crisis in the Near East the Germans have been busily employed in strengthening their lines of communications, especially in the neighbourhood of frontiers. The military authorities are at present engaged in constructing, on the heights of Horimont, a new fort, which is destined to be one of the most powerful of the defensive works around Metz. The French frontier is only some six miles distant, and a number of French industrial communities are within range of the guns of the new forts.

The Supreme Court at Washington has given a decision which is interpreted as making "cornering" illegal. The decision arose out of the indictment of Messrs. James A. Patten and others, charged with running a so-called "cotton corner," in violation of the Anti-Trust Law. The Attorney-General, commenting on the case, said that if his interpretation was correct, the problem of the high cost of living may be solved, as, under the Supreme Court's ruling, the Government is empowered to break up any corner of food products which may be attempted.

# INDUSTRIAL UNREST

HISTORY bears melancholy testimony to the fact that humanity in its march down the centuries has been shadowed by the gaunt portentous figure of Poverty. In our day the dread spectre is more than ever forbidding, in view of the dramatic contrasts which now exist between rich and poor. The problem is intensified by the fact that, owing to the spread of education and knowledge, the modern toiler no longer hugs his chains in dull despair, but is feverishly looking around for weapons with which to secure his freedom. By means of the political independence which has come to him through the franchise, he is now seeking to achieve his economic independence. The outcome is prolonged industrial unrest, showing itself in bitter conflicts between capital and labour. In its early days Political Economy, which posed as the science of wealth, sowed the seeds of conflict, when by means of the Ricardian theory of wages it declared that between masters and workers there is an inherent antagonism. Nothing but industrial unrest could possibly result from an economic theory which in the name of scientific method declared that high profits to the masters could only be secured through low wages to the workers. As our national supremacy depended upon our industrial supremacy, it was an accepted economic axiom that low wages were a necessary adjunct of British civilisation. Next, Malthus came along with his dreary gospel that as a result of the law of population there was no cover laid at Nature's table for the poor man. Such teaching could not but create in the breasts of the workers a spirit of fierce revolt, which manifested itself in the creation of Trade Unions, and latterly in legislative attempts to secure a more equitable distribution of the national wealth.

The latest phase of the conflict is the demand for a minimum wage fixed by Act of Parliament. The weak point in this movement is that while Parliament can fix a minimum wage, it cannot fix the price of commodities. The truth is, no legislative enactment, no politico-economic theory, can grapple effectively with industrial unrest which ignores the operation of the law of supply and demand, whose working in the economic sphere is perfectly simple. When two workers run after one master wages fall; when one master runs after two workers wages rise. The solution of the question lies in relieving the congestion of the labour market. What is the main cause of this congestion? The obvious answer is, land monopoly, which, by driving people into the towns, overstocks the labour market, with resultant low wages, unemployment, and slum conditions. In the past, Socialists have paid almost exclusive attention to capitalist monopoly, but in this they have no warrant from their leader, Karl Marx. Marx found dramatic illustration of the powerlessness of capitalist monopoly where there is free access to the land in the case of a Mr. Peel, who, in the early colonising days, took with him from England to Swan River, Western Australia, means of subsistence and production to the amount of £50,000. He also brought with him 3,000 persons of the working classes—men, women, and children. Once arrived at his destination, Mr. Peel was left without a servant to make his bed, or to fetch him water from the river. The attempt to create capitalist monopoly failed because the workers who emigrated with Mr. Peel had free access to the land, and were not driven to take whatever wages he chose to give them.

HECTOR MACPHERSON.

# THE CROSS AND THE CRESCENT ** BY DR. PERCY DEARMER

I.

If I ask the reader to think of the Mediterranean basin, his imagination will conjure up a sea surrounded by land—Europe, Asia, Africa—highly civilised on the European sides, in a low civilisation on the Asiatic sides, and on the African side a series of countries mostly in a semi-barbarian condition, more or less colonised now by European nations. But if he had been living fifteen centuries ago, he would have replied, without hesitation, that the Mediterranean basin was the centre of civilisation, and that round the shores of this sea were gathered the learning, wisdom, art, and commerce of the world—on all its sides, as much or more learning on the Asiatic and African as on the European side. Indeed, he would have declared, without fear of contradiction, that Africa held the greatest culture of all, and that Alexandria had for nearly a thousand years stood at the head of the intellectual world.

How comes it that the coast of Africa became a coast of desert interspersed with ruins, the ruins of a departed Roman imperialism, and that Asia Minor and Syria have for centuries gone back, while Europe has gone forward, in the path of civilisation? Look at the map, better at a map of the ancient world; and there, gathered about this sea, is almost all that has mattered in the history of the human race—Egypt, Crete, Greece, Syria, Italy, Asia Minor. What has happened that the story of human progress drifted away from two sides of the Mediterranean, drifted northward and westward to the savages of Germany, Scandinavia, England, and westward again to the New World, and northward too, and eastward in the inclement climate of the Russian Empire, leaving the blue sea, the orange groves, the vineyards, and olive trees of the fair southern lands?

II.

For the answer we have to turn to a town which lies just outside the countries of the Mediterranean basin, down across the deserts on the south-east—Mecca. This change, which so strangely reversed our history for a thousand years, began in the year 622, when took place the Hejira, or Flight of Muhamed, from Mecca to Medina. It continued for a thousand years, when the rolling back of the Moslem invasion began, and has continued, and is being continued at the present moment. The Turkish representatives at the Peace Conference are very naturally complaining at the moment when I write that before the Balkan war Powers only meant that the *status quo* would be maintained, and that now the Powers are not maintaining it. Do they realise that at the back of the European mind—even the mind of cynical diplomats—lies the duty of rolling back the Moslem invasion? The Powers only meant that the *status quo* would be maintained if the Turks won, as it was very nearly maintained when they defeated Greece in 1897. It is the destiny of Europe—or rather for that greater Europe to which we all belong, and which is the mother of us all—the Mediterranean world, to roll back the Moslem invasion; and even Disraeli could not prevent it.

And what of this wonderful phenomenon, the Moslem invasion, which proves that it is possible for a religion to spread with the sword for missionary, and even to endure thus for a long while? We often think of it nowadays as an Ottoman invasion; but that Central Asian tribe, which by an accident migrated west and founded the Turkish Empire, was a secondary and a later factor. The principal work was done by another race, which moved out of Arabia, and conquered Syria and Egypt, and moved step by step across North Africa, taking Tripoli in 648, Carthage, after a struggle of twenty-four years, in 689, and Spain in the beginning of the next century. How strange it seems! Muhamed had begun his career just when England was being converted to Christianity; and at the time when the Venerable Bede was quietly writing the story of that conversion in his monastery at Wearmouth, Abdalrahman, Caliph of Cordova, was making France a Moslem country by the usual method of the sword. The Moors advanced half through France, and actually reached the banks of the Loire. There they were met by Karl the Hammer, or Charles Martel, as he is generally called. What would have happened had they won? France would have become Moslem; England perhaps would to-day be like Macedonia, and London a Western Constantinople. Certainly the Caliph intended to conquer France, and then roll up Christendom from Germany and Italy eastward to the Bosphorus. But he was defeated by Charles Martel in the Battle of Tours—one of the decisive battles of the world.

III.

That was in 732. The Moslem invasion received its first check, and a line was drawn in Western Europe which was never passed again. Yet Spain itself remained under the Moors till the fifteenth century. Perhaps, when we speak of Spanish cruelty and the horrors of the Inquisition in the sixteenth, we ought to remember that. The other nations of Christendom have been slow enough in learning the lessons of mercy, peace, and goodwill among men; and it is not to be wondered at that Spain was slower still.

After this first great Moslem wave, which swept westward through North Africa, there was a pause of five centuries. Then a horde of nomads, some three thousand in number, driven westward by a Mongol invasion, crossed the Euphrates. In crossing, their leader was drowned; those who had not crossed, a little band of four hundred warriors (or 2,000 according to one account), were alarmed at the omen, and refused to follow. We now call them Ottoman Turks. This was in 1227, soon after Magna Charta. Liberty arose in the West, oppression in the East, within a few years of each other. In 1228 this band of Turks found a great ruler in Osman I. The conquest of Asia Minor began—Asia Minor, which people are in the habit of looking upon as the peculiar property of the Turks, and yet even to-day in the whole Ottoman Empire there are only about ten million Turks, and they have little of their original blood, so enormous has been the tribute of Christian women. In those days Asia Minor was part of the Greek Empire. The rest of the history is well known. Asiatic conquests extended the Ottoman power over what is now Turkey in Asia, over Arabia and Egypt. In 1361 the Sultan Murad began the conquest of Europe, and took Adrianople (five centures and a half ago!). In 1389 the Servian Empire was overthrown in the famous battle of Kossovo. Step by step Turkey in Europe was made, but Constantinople held out till 1453, when the last Byzantine Emperor rode from his

last communion in St. Sofia, and fell nobly in the breach the Turks had made. Then the Turkish capital was transferred from Adrianople to the mother city. We were just beginning the Wars of the Roses at the time. How strange has been the severance between East and West!

IV.

Afterwards Belgrade and Buda-Pesth fell, and the Turkish Empire reached nearly to Germany, just as Germany was beginning the Reformation. Thus, in 1529, Suleiman invested Vienna, but was so valiantly resisted that the siege was raised.

Thenceforward the zenith was passed. Internal decay seized upon the Ottoman Empire, and Europe began to press upon those Turks whose very name had once struck such terror. On the other side of the Mediterranean Africa is being drawn back to her ancient European civilisation, as we English know who have taken Egypt. The last was Tripoli, which fell in 648 to the Moslems, and was lost to them quite recently. But the lesson of all this must be left to another article.

* * *

## SEA SPRAY

A voice rose out of the sea,
It was stern as the sea and salt as the sea,
Bitter and clean like the sea, insistent, changeful, and strong.

Honey fell from my lips and sugar crusted my heart,
Sweet-cloying fragrance haunted my steps and sweet melodies lulled my ear.
But the voice was rough and it drowned my songs
With its roar.

The spray was lashed from the sea,
On my cheeks in the print of kisses it rained,
It soaked my hair and my clothes clung dank,
And the perfume was killed by the breath of the brine,
By the bitter breath of the brine.

A wind blew out of the sea,
It was rude, it was wild: it tossed my hair,
And the folds of my garments flapped in response,
And my chest was expanded to meet the assault
And my foot was planted firm.

Gray, white and blue shone the sea,
No flush of warmth was there,
No rosy tints to soothe the eye,
No blush and bloom;
Cold was the sea.

With deep-drawn breath I went down to the sea,
With strong, sure step I went down to the sea,
With face set hard I went down to the sea,
The sea that was challenging me.

A plunge—and I tossed on the wild, wild sea.
I set my will 'gainst the will of the sea,
I wrestled, I fought—ineffectually
With the sea that was mastering me.

I lay on the breast of the great, great sea,
'Twas my mother's bosom heaved under me,
'Twas my mother's breath that was on my face,
And my mother's voice that filled my ear,
It was her grey eye that looked on me.
The sea was mother of me.

Strong, true, and clean did I leave the sea,
In my nostrils the breath, on my cheeks the kiss, in my ears the voice, in my veins the life
Of the master and mother of me
Of the sea.

A. E. STIRLING.

# WHY IS LIVING CHEAPER IN FRANCE THAN IN ENGLAND?

I.

We always think of France as a land of luxury, as the resort of millionaires, of Russian Princes and American financiers, who from the ends of the earth flock in their thousands to Paris and Monte Carlo, to Aix les Bains and Biarritz. We too often forget that France is also the poor man's Paradise, the land of rigid economy, of cheap and comfortable living, where men of moderate incomes get more value for their money than in any other country.

II.

To a superficial observer no subject could well be more commonplace and trivial than that of the cost of living. As a matter of fact, no subject is more intimately bound up with the vital problems of national welfare. Also, to a superficial observer, the subject of the cost of living seems ideally simple. As a matter of fact, there are few questions more complicated, nay, more perplexing. Who will tell us, for instance, why, if we cross the frontier between Belgium and Holland, living suddenly becomes twice as dear? In Antwerp the monetary unit is the franc; in Rotterdam it is the florin, and the florin is double the value of the franc, and practically has only the same purchasing power.

If we were to believe Free Traders and Protectionists, whose main argument seems to be to hurl at each other lists of conflicting statistics, the cost of living is all a question of prices and wages. But when we enter into the practical details of a household budget we very soon discover that the question is vastly more intricate and vastly more interesting than is suspected by the average economist, that the cost of living is not, indeed, mainly a question of prices and wages, but a question of what are the habits of the people, and that those habits themselves are determined by the most varied factors, by politics and taxation, by religion and art, which again are often determined by climate and geographical conditions.

III.

For instance, if we compare the cost of living in England and France, there can be no doubt that climatic conditions largely explain the lower cost of living on the other side of the Channel.

The French climate is neither so cold nor so wet as the English climate. Therefore the Frenchman requires less meat. He is less of a carnivorous animal than the Englishman, and this reduces his butcher's bill. He also requires less coal, which reduces not only the bill of the coal merchant, but that of the washerwoman, and which also reduces the servants' wages bill, making it easier to keep the house tidy. He also requires less clothing, and is less liable to wear and tear, which reduces the bill of the tailor.

Again, the French climate is much more sunny, which renders the Frenchman more cheerful, less dependent on sport and amusement, thus increasing the importance of outdoor life and diminishing the importance of indoor life, which again makes the housing problem easier to solve.

And, finally, owing to the differences in climatic conditions, France is a more pleasant country to live in, which explains why the Frenchman is more of a sedentary, stay-at-home animal, so little addicted to migration that the travelling bill of the average citizen is reduced to almost nothing.

IV.

If climate and physical conditions were the principal factors in determining the cost of living, we could learn very little from our neighbours. For, after all, we cannot import into England either the French climate or the French soil. But, as a matter of fact, natural conditions are far less important than artificial condi-

tions, than the habits and customs of the French people. The cost of living is lower in France because the French are determined to spend less, because they are a saving people. And they are a saving people because the whole of French living is based on the dowry system, because when the French girl marries, the parents are expected to contribute her share to the conjugal partnership. Ever since Julius Cæsar wrote about the *dot*, two thousand years ago, it has remained a Gallic institution.

There is no subject on which there exist more glaring misconceptions than on the subject of the French dowry system. Ninety-nine per cent. out of a hundred Englishmen assume that a French marriage is generally a sordid affair, in which the young people are hardly consulted, in which there is little love and a great deal of haggling between contracting parties. Now, it is quite true that the money question plays a very important part in French marriages, but, paradoxical though it may appear, the importance attributed to the money question does not in the least proceed from any mercenary spirit. On the contrary, the real motives for the institution of the *dot* are all of a higher and nobler nature. They are inspired by a spirit of austerity and self-sacrifice. They can be traced to a strong family feeling, which is probably more intense in France than in any other country. They can be traced to a keen sense of parental responsibility, which is careful to provide for the uncertainties of human life. They can be traced to a higher standard of living, which refuses to bring up a race of paupers. They can be traced to a feeling of independence and dignity in the French woman. She insists that she shall not be entirely dependent on the income of her husband. We may prefer the English marriage as a venture of faith. We may prefer the heroic virtue of boldness to the homely virtue of prudence. And it may be far nobler, to use the words of Nietzsche, "to live dangerously," to trust to Providence and to the future. But who will deny that the motives which we have just enumerated—parental responsibility, family feeling, the independence of woman—are noble in their origin? Indeed, so little are mercenary reasons final in the settlement of French marriages, that a Frenchman seldom marries outside his religion or below his social rank. It is very seldom that a poor Catholic girl will consent to marry a rich Protestant. It is comparatively rare for a French girl of the upper middle class to marry into trade, and to accept a "mésalliance"; the very word "mésalliance" does not exist in English, because the prejudice which it expresses does not exist in this country.

V.

But whether the French dowry system is good or bad—and this is a very interesting question on which we propose to have a symposium in Everyman—the point relevant to our argument is that the dowry system does enormously influence the cost of living. For it obliges the French parent to save and to deny himself from the day his first child is born. And the constant need of saving makes him work all the harder, and in proportion as he works harder, he has less time and opportunity to spend, and thus the golden louis and napoleons accumulate in the strong box, eventually to irrigate the money market of the world.

Precisely because the Frenchman spends less and saves more, he also spends more ingeniously. Every part of the domestic life becomes a fine art, from the art of cooking to the art of dress. The form becomes as important as the substance, because beauty and taste enable the French to obtain the best results from the cheapest substance. With the flimsiest material the French woman manages to make a pretty and tasteful dress. With the plainest ingredients the French housewife cooks an excellent dish. Historians tell us that during the siege of Paris, when one million and a half people were besieged for five months by the Prussian armies, the art of cooking attained such perfection that the besieged population ceased to be aware when they were eating horse flesh or cats or rats.

VI.

It would be extremely interesting to examine the influence of religion on the cost of living. That the influence does exist seems to me certain, and it would be easy to prove that in Catholic countries the cost of living is generally lower than in Protestant countries. This may be due to the greater simplicity of life inculcated by Roman Catholicism, or it may be due to the preaching of resignation and other-worldliness, to the practice of fasting, to habits of asceticism. It may also be due to daily attendance at mass, and the consequent early rising. It may be due to the industrial sweating of the nunneries. Or it may largely be due to the example set by the priest, the nun, and the sister of mercy. In countries like France and Belgium, where the average income of a village priest is £45 a year, and the average income of a nun is £24, the people have a practical demonstration that high thinking is compatible with plain living.

VII.

Just as religious conditions assist in decreasing the cost of living, so do political. It is not that taxation is any less in France than in this country. Owing to the enormous military expenditure and to the interest payable on the National Debt, French taxes are nearly as high as in England. Nor is it that the French Government is more economical than the English Government. All Governments are in a sense extravagant. Yet the French Government tends to reduce the cost of living, because it is so much more democratic, and in a democratic country some of the most important items of domestic expenditure are necessarily reduced. For instance, in France public education is practically free among all classes. The French people have not the "caste" system which prevails in the public schools of England, and the son of a millionaire sits on the same bench with the son of the shoemaker. And because even higher education costs nothing, the liberal professions are accessible to every class. And because they are accessible, there is much keener competition. And because there is keener competition, the fees of the French lawyer and the French doctor are one-fifth, and sometimes one-tenth, of what they are in this country. A distinguished specialist and University professor, who in England would charge from one to three guineas to a consulting patient, in France and Belgium charges from 2s. 6d. to 4s.

VIII.

It is often somewhat foolishly said that if a man has an income of a thousand a year, and spends a thousand and one pounds, that man is a poor man, for he is always in debt. On the contrary, if a man has one hundred pounds a year and spends only ninety-nine, that man is a rich man, for he always has a surplus. In that unreal sense the French would be the richest people in the world, because they invariably spend less than they earn. But the French are also rich in a more real sense. They are rich in that they have solved the problem of combining the highest standard of living with the lowest cost of living. And precisely there lies the moral as well as the material interest of all those questions of domestic management which we have raised in this paper. There lies the value of the example of domestic economy which France is setting to the world. The French people remain our unrivalled teachers in the practical things of life. They are teaching us that it is not plain living, but display and luxury which are vulgar. They are teaching us that extreme simplicity can be reconciled with refinement and dignity. They are teaching us that thrift is the condition of a thriving community, and that, in the last resort, it is on the practical genius of the French housewife that the prosperity of the French State depends.

# GREAT COUNTRIES OF THE WORLD

## An Attempt in Human Geography. By Charles Sarolea

### II.—BELGIUM

I.

We discussed last week the biggest Power of the world; we shall endeavour to describe to-day one of the smallest. It is characteristic of Belgium that the first word we have to use with regard to it is a superlative. Indeed, Belgium may best be described in superlatives, and in superlatives which are nearly all contradictory. Belgium is in mere size the most diminutive country in Europe, yet it is also the most thickly populated. It is probably the richest country of the Continent, and yet it is one, in some parts, of which the standard of living is lowest. It is one of the most free-thinking and also one of the most Catholic of countries, almost mediæval in its loyalty to the old religion. In politics it is one of the most advanced, with a formidable organised Socialist party; yet it is also one of the most Conservative, having been for twenty-eight years under a clerical Government—a fact unique in the history of Parliamentary government.

II.

The explanation of those paradoxes is a very simple one. Belgium is not a nation, but a geographical expression, an artificial creation of politics and diplomacy. There are in Belgium two countries and two races, which have little in common. The North is Flemish, the South is Walloon. The Flemish North is one uniform plain; the Walloon South-East is mountainous and picturesque. The Flemish districts are mainly agricultural; the Walloon districts are mainly industrial. The Flemish population is Catholic, as Catholic as the Irish and the French Canadians; the Walloons are agnostic. The Flemish constituencies are as Conservative as the constituencies of an English or Scottish university. The Walloons are more Socialist than the miners of Saxony.

III.

The Teutonic and the Latin races, whose opposition forms the warp and woof of modern Continental history, have had to live together in Belgium from times immemorial. But although they live together, they have never merged their differences. It is their opposition which, for centuries, has rendered common political action almost impossible, and which has rendered futile every effort at political unity. It is their opposition which explains why, in the sixteenth century, Belgium failed to assert her independence against Spain, whereas the Dutch provinces succeeded. It is their opposition which explains the whole tragic history of Belgium. The wealth of Belgium attracted the foreign invader. The racial divisions made her an easy prey.

This failure to achieve political unity, which is true even to-day, does not mean that the Belgians have no strong political life. It only means that political life expresses itself, not in the central government, but in the cities. Belgium has always manifested a highly developed municipal activity—as highly developed as in the cities of ancient Greece and mediæval Italy. Few countries can boast of such glorious civic annals. Few countries can show a greater wealth of beautiful historic cities. The British tourist who makes Brussels or Bruges his headquarters can visit in succession within an hour's railway journey cities like Ghent, Antwerp, Mechlin, Louvain, Ypres, Liège, Audenarde, Tournay, each with her own illustrious history and her ancient traditions, with her own distinct personality, with her own accumulation of treasures of art.

IV.

As Belgium is the meeting-place of the Latin and Teutonic races, and as in Belgium they must needs compete and co-operate, it is interesting to observe which of the two races has obtained the mastery. The answer is that each excels in its own province. The Belgian Walloon is more cheerful, more enthusiastic, more eloquent, more witty, more sociable; he understands better the art of living. To live in succession in Liège and in Ghent is like living in two different worlds, and it must be admitted that life is infinitely more pleasant on the Meuse, which is mainly a French river, than on the Scheldt, which is mainly a Flemish river. On the other hand, the Fleming is more earnest, more persistent, and also more sensuous and more artistic. Out of the four great cities of Belgium three are Flemish: Antwerp, Brussels, and Ghent. If the great Belgian Parliamentary orators are generally French, the great political leaders are generally Flemish. So are the great painters from Memlinck to Rubens, from Van Dyck to Wiertz. Strangest of all, even the great French writers of Belgium are all of Flemish origin: Rodenbach, Verhaeren, and Maeterlinck.

V.

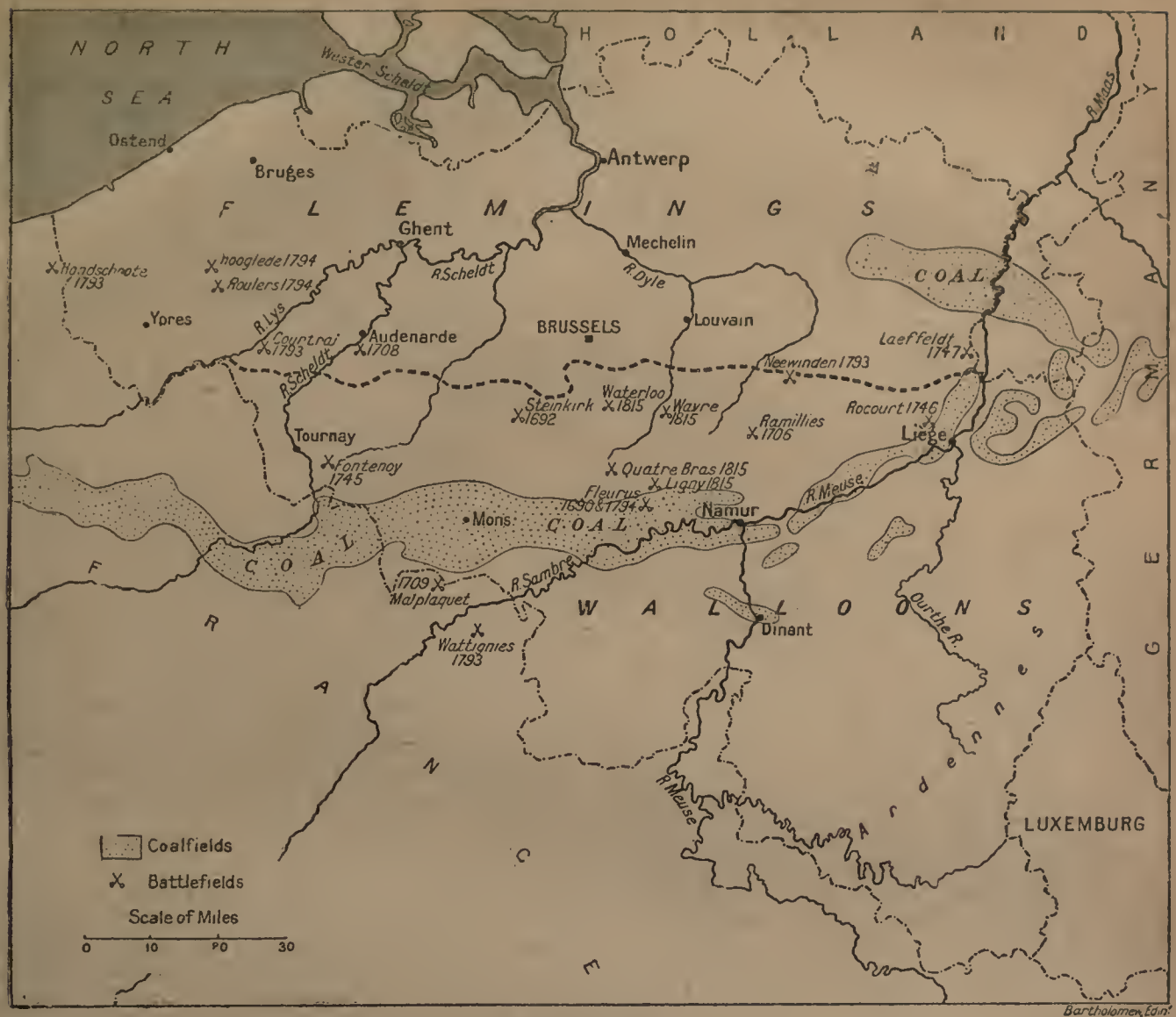
Economically, Belgium is marvellously prosperous. Owing to the natural resources of her soil, to her geographical position and her close proximity to the great markets, owing also to the industry of her inhabitants, Belgium has been from olden times one of the world's great trading centres, a very beehive of industry. In the days of Artevelde, Flanders was the chief market for English wool, and Bruges was the Venice of the North. Few countries have suffered more from religious persecution, from foreign oppression, from periodic wars. Yet all those adverse circumstances notwithstanding, few years have generally sufficed to restore the material prosperity of the country.

VI.

It may be objected that, although the prosperity is great, the standard of living is often low. That is partly true, whether it be due to the pressure of population, or to the Catholic habit of resignation and submission, or to the sweated labour of the numerous convents, which tends to reduce wages. But although wages, and especially agricultural wages, are comparatively low, the cost of living is also lower than elsewhere; and, on the whole, there is little abject poverty in Belgium. The land is largely owned by the people, Belgium having adopted the Code Napoléon. Co-operation, which is carried as far in Belgium as in Denmark, mitigates the evils of industrial competition, and the nationalisation of railways, which in Belgium has proved a magnificent success, is bringing back at once thousands of industrial workers to the rural districts.

VII.

It may be questioned whether the preponderance of material interests has not influenced unfavourably the




MAP OF BELGIUM.

moral characteristics of the people. The Belgians are gifted intellectually. They are even more gifted artistically. From the days of Memlinck to the present day there has been an uninterrupted succession of great painters. Musical culture is almost as intense in Belgium as in Germany. Yet it must be confessed that the Belgians are lacking in moral earnestness and enthusiasm, in idealism, in the spirit of self-sacrifice. The Belgians are still submitting to a debased form of political clericalism, which has little in common with genuine Catholicism. Whether this lack of spiritual fervour or idealism be due to a long habit of political subjection, or to exclusive absorption in commercial and industrial pursuits, the fact is unmistakable. Belgian reformers are beginning to realise it, and signs are not wanting that a new spirit is asserting itself. Already Belgian Catholics are sending out missionaries to the extreme ends of the earth. Belgian Socialists are producing leaders like Vandervelde and Anseele, who command the respect of Europe.

## VIII.

To estimate Belgian culture with fairness we must not forget that until quite recently the Belgians never had a chance. Two thousand years ago Julius Cæsar said of them that they were the bravest of the Gauls. Unfortunately, notwithstanding their bravery, they were no match for the Roman conqueror; nor were they afterwards a match for their neighbours, who in turn coveted and conquered the rich country. For centuries the Belgians have been under the heel of a foreign invader. They fought heroically against the French kings and Burgundian dukes, to whom they ultimately succumbed. They fought as heroically against Philip II. and the Duke of Alva. But here again the might of the Spanish Empire was too much for the free cities of Flanders. At last, in 1830, Belgium achieved her independence, and that independence is to-day under the guarantee of the European Powers, and there is no reason to believe that this guarantee will not be maintained. Alarmists may tell us that Antwerp is becoming a German port. Pan-Germans may claim its possession as necessary to German expansion, but there exists no affinity between the Belgians and the Germans. If they have any political sympathies, they are mainly French—the culture of Belgium is largely of French origin. But, politically, Belgium is determined to be neither French nor German. Belgium wants to remain independent, and Europe is resolved to protect her independence. Certainly Great Britain will never allow Belgium to become again either the cockpit of Europe or the prize of a victorious Continental Power. For if Belgium did not exist it would have to be invented.

# OUR PORTRAIT OF MONTAIGNE

I.

IN the year of our Lord 1572, the Annus Mirabilis of French history, when the massacre of the night of St. Bartholomew sent a thrill of horror throughout the civilised world, when the bells of the Church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois were sounding the death-knell of thousands of Huguenots, when his most Christian Majesty, Charles IX., and his most august mother, the Dowager Queen Catherine of Medici, were witnessing from a window of the Louvre overlooking the Seine and were directing and enjoying the holy and wholesale slaughter of their miscreant subjects, there lived in the neighbourhood of Bordeaux, at the château of Montaigne, a country nobleman of moderate fortune, of simple habits, and more noted for his learning than for those warlike qualities becoming his rank and station.

II.

He claimed to be of ancient lineage and of English descent, although, if the truth be told, his grandfather was only a fish merchant. In his youth he had been a keen man of pleasure, but in his mature age he had learned to curb the passions of a sensuous temperament, and he had come to profess a profound contempt for that fair sex of which he had been such an ardent and such a fickle admirer. He was a sorry husband, which might have been the fault of his wife. He was a bad father, which certainly was not the fault of his children. He was an indifferent citizen, and there was a public rumour that, having been made a mayor of his native city, and the great plague having broken out during his tenure of office, he fled for his life, and left his fellow-citizens to grapple with the disease. He was one of those leaders of men who consider personal safety the better part of discretion, and who think that the first duty of a leader is to follow.

III.

In his younger years the Lord of Montaigne had also shown an eager desire to push his way into politics. He professed to be a loyal son of the Church, and was never tired of cursing those wicked Huguenots. He was an enthusiastic admirer of the Guises, the leaders of the Catholic party, and when counsels of moderation for one moment prevailed over bigotry and fanaticism, the young man, although himself a sceptic and a pagan, went out of his way to protest against the policy of toleration inaugurated by the Chancellor l'Hôpital, in order to ingratiate himself with those in power. But he soon discovered that political honours were a burden and a danger, and that at best they were absolutely incompatible with ease and liberty, which he valued above all things. And therefore, having filled for a few years several distinguished legal offices, he decided to live in the seclusion of his own manor. And there, in the old tower, fitted up with a magnificent library, he would hold converse with one or two select friends, but especially with those quietest and most loyal of all friends, the silent occupants of his shelves. And there, whilst the whole of France was devastated by predatory warfare, overlooking from his turret the champaigns and vineyards of Gascony, he would contemplate, with philosophic composure, the political tragedy which was being enacted.

Others, indeed, might be distressed by the awful condition of their unhappy country; others, again, might be "sicklied over with the pale cast of thought"; but the temperament of the Lord of Montaigne was so happily constituted that nothing could disturb the serene equanimity of his disposition. It has been said that to those who are content to think, life is only a comedy; whilst to those who feel, life must needs be a tragedy. The Gascon nobleman belonged pre-eminently to the thinking kind, and not to the feeling. He had never been troubled with a morbid sensibility, and, therefore, the most harrowing horrors enacted under his very eyes would only appear in the light of a tragi-comedy of surpassing interest.

IV.

And thus year after year he would pursue the equable tenor of his life, escaping, by his continuous good fortune, from all those perils which were threatening his neighbours. Once or twice, indeed, when the hurricane of civil war was surging and raging too furiously, he would think it safe for a brief moment to withdraw from the tempestuous scene, and he would prefer the stimulus and excitement of travel to the imminent dangers involved by staying at home. But as soon as the hurricane had passed over, he would repair again to his beloved castle and observatory, to his friends and to his books. And, as time went on, in the summer of his life, he would more and more give up all his days to solitude and contemplation. And, meditating on his distant travels, on the stirring events of his times, on the civil dissensions, on the discoveries and explorations of new countries, and reading those great masters of antiquity who had recently been discovered, he would write down the result of his experiences, and he would note the impressions of his readings.

And having thus garnered day by day, year after year, the rich harvest of the past, the idea naturally occurred to him that those private journals ought not to remain private, and that he ought to impart to the world the benefit of his wisdom. And encouraged thereto by the appreciation of his friends, he finally decided to publish his experiments at authorship, and those "Essays," or "attempts," as he called them, appeared in a ponderous volume in the year of grace 1580.

V.

A very strange book they were, those "Essays," desultory, rambling, and, to outward appearance, rather a collection of stories and anecdotes than a treatise with a plan and purpose. They were written in every kind of style, in turn serious and frolicsome, solemn and frivolous, pious and cynical. They embraced every problem of life and death, they dealt with theology and ethics, with literature and politics. From a chapter on cannibals we pass on to a chapter on smells and public coaches; from a chapter on treason we pass on to a chapter on prayer.

And yet this strange book, by an eccentric and egotistic baronet of Gascony, thus ushered into the world in the most troubled times of the French wars of religion, has become one of the great books of world literature. The country nobleman, so careful of living in retirement and obscurity, has become one of the master-minds of his age and of all ages, "the master of those who know."

VI.

The vicissitudes of literary reputations are one of the commonplaces of criticism. But we doubt whether

*(Continued on page 398.)*

MICHEL EYQUEM, SEIGNEUR DE MONTAIGNE, NATUS 1533, OBIIT 1592

The Château of Montaigne.

there is another instance in the history of letters of a book having had such a singular fortune or an influence so deep, so far-reaching, so universal, so sudden, and yet so permanent. In the lifetime of the writer, when books were dear and readers were few, it attained a sudden popularity, and for more than three hundred years the "Essays" of Montaigne have been one of the forces that have moulded European thought and literature, in substance as well as in form. The sceptical, impious, and immoral writer has become the spiritual father and guide of the most devout moralists, of the most saintly theologians. The "litterateur" and "dilettante," who knew nothing of science, has been directly or indirectly the promoter of a great scientific revival. The recluse has become the trusted adviser of men of the world. Nor is there any sign that the popularity of the "Essays" is on the wane. Indeed, the book is like the wine of the author's own Southern vineyards; it improves and becomes more "vital" as it gets older, and it becomes more valued as we get older, as we are able to interpret its lessons of wisdom from our own life experiences.

And thus the "Essays" appear to us as one of the mountain peaks of letters, or rather as a mountain range from which mighty rivers of thought have taken their source. If, indeed, you tried to bring together all the great men that have fallen under the spell of the Gascon, what an august company and what a motley crowd would be assembled: a company that would join in unexpected asssociation Shakespeare and Molière, Bacon and Bayle, Pascal and Rousseau, Voltaire and Frederick the Great, La Bruyere and Ste. Beuve.

VII.

And let us take due notice of the fact that in that illustrious company not the least illustrious names are those belonging to the history of English thought, and that the influence of Montaigne in England is not the least extraordinary feature in the miraculous fortune of Montaigne's "Essays." Here is a foreigner, a Frenchman of the French, a Gascon of the Gascons, and this alien has become to all intents and purposes an English classic, and has exerted on English literature an influence as great as that which he exerted on his own country. The work of that Frenchman, translated by the Italian Florio, has become one of the standard books of a literature which sometimes, and somewhat foolishly, boasts of its insular and splendid isolation. The greatest thinker of the Elizabethan age has been so completely steeped in Montaigne that his "Essays" would never have appeared but for the French work which served them as a model. The greatest poet of the Elizabethan age, and of all ages, has imbibed Montaigne's inmost spirit so thoroughly that he has dramatised his philosophy and plagiarised his paradoxes. Was there ever a great moralist who could claim nobler intellectual progeny than Bacon and Shakespeare, not to mention Dean Church and Emerson, Walter Pater and Fitzgerald?

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Not onely each countrey, but every Citie, yea and every vocation hath his owne particular decorum. I have very carefully beene brought up in mine infancie, and have lived in verie good company, because I would not bee ignorant of the good maners of our countrey of *France*, and I am perswaded I might keepe a schoole of them. I love to follow them, but not so cowardly, as my life remaine thereby in subjection. They have some painfull formes in them, which if a man forget by discretion, and not by errour, hee shall no whit bee disgraced. I have often seene men proove unmanerly by too much maners, and importunate by over-much curtesie.—*From Florio's Translation of "Montaigne."*

# GIBBON'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY

I.

GIBBON'S "Autobiography" is one of the shortest in the language, a very marvel of concision and compression, and it is also, by universal consent, one of the greatest. Those hundred brief pages are as assured of immortality as the twelve volumes of the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." And they are assured of immortality, not only because they are an accurate and faithful record as to how one of the monuments of English literature was gradually built up, not only because of their stately and balanced periods, which often form such a quaint contrast with the homeliness of the subject-matter, but because they are something more than the life-story of a mere individual man of letters, they are the revelation of a splendid type—the type of the ideal student and scholar. In the Autobiography Gibbon stands before us as the perfect exemplar of pure intellect, a man in whom all the faculties of mind have been kept in strict subordination to a high literary endeavour and to the exclusive and disinterested pursuit of scientific truth.

II.

For let it be kept in mind that almost from his adolescence Gibbon was never anything but a student and a scholar, and that the story of his career is essentially the story of his gigantic literary labours. It is true that for a few years he was an officer of the Militia and a Member of Parliament; but, as he tells us himself in his own phraseology, his "senatorial dignity" and his military office were only a suitable preparation and a fitting discipline for the future historian of the Roman Empire. Not only was Gibbon exclusively the student, but to his studies he gave up leisure and ease, ambitions and affections. We may smile at his description of his first love; but his aloofness and detachment is, after all, but the renunciation of the scholar, and his attitude to woman and marriage is very much the attitude of the pure thinker. Like practically every great philosopher, like Descartes and Spinoza, like Kant and Schopenhauer, Gibbon deliberately chose the single state, because of the absorbing and tyrannical claims of the intellectual life.

III.

It is therefore strictly true to say that Gibbon brought to his life-work the truly heroic temper. That heroic quality is not often associated in the public mind with the typical man of letters; it certainly has been ignored in the case of Gibbon. Critics have been unanimous in extolling the artistic and intellectual qualities revealed by the History, but they have hardly done justice to those moral qualities of the man, which went to the making of the historian. The memory of Gibbon is still suffering from the attacks which his shallow treatment of the expansion of Christianity brought upon him. He is still represented as the scoffer, as the sceptic and the cynic, as the vain egotist and epicure. But surely it is hardly fair to call him vain-glorious who almost systematically effaces himself before his inferiors, who does justice to all but himself, and to whom modesty is part of good breeding.

It is hardly fair to call him an egotist and an epicure who gave his health and his liberty to a colossal task, to a task self-appointed, and involving the most austere and most unremitting labour. It is hardly fair to call him a sceptic who at the early age of fifteen became a martyr to his religious convictions. It is hardly fair to call him an egotist who was a dutiful son, a loyal friend, and who was so grateful for past affections that at the mere recollection of the aunt who nursed his delicate childhood he felt "tears of gratitude trickling down his cheek."

IV.

Let us revise, then, our judgment of Gibbon. Let us render a belated tribute of justice to the sterling qualities and to the moral temper of one of the most heroic scholars of all times. And let us specially remember that his shortcomings and weaknesses were those of his day and generation, whereas his virtues were all his own, and his achievements the result and reward of painful and systematic effort. Few men have had to struggle against more overwhelming odds. Nothing in his surroundings seemed to promise future greatness. He was a sickly child, without special opportunities, nor was he brought up in a literary atmosphere. From the beginning he was essentially a self-made and self-trained mind. Yet he eventually produced a prodigious monument of learning. His education was entirely foreign.

At sixteen Gibbon was an exile, he was left almost entirely to his own devices, and so little was there left of the Englishman that his first book was written in indifferent French. Yet he eventually succeeded in writing a masterpiece of English style. We may object to that style, we may wish it more natural, more flexible, but we must admit that it is supremely original and individual, and that it is admirably adapted to the dignity of the subject.

V.

But the Autobiography, like the History, is not only a masterpiece of style and a revelation of a truly great man of letters, it is also an essentially practical book, full of useful suggestions—indeed, as full of useful suggestions as the Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin. Gibbon not only reveals to us *what* can be achieved, even under untoward circumstances, he also tells us *how* it can be achieved. I need only refer to Gibbon's method of cultivating his style, and to his method of training the mind. I do not think that any educationist has discovered a safer means of securing mastery in the art of writing than the system of double translation analysed by the historian. Nor has anyone invented a more invaluable method of stimulating our intellectual activities and of preserving our intellectual originality than that which was adopted and conscientiously followed by Gibbon.

VI.

There are many other practical hints and wise counsels scattered all through the Autobiography. But perhaps the value of the book lies mainly in the moral example of a noble literary life, the inspiration of thirty years of ceaseless labour in the cause of historical truth. Let it be granted that Gibbon was by nature and temperament an epicure and an egotist, that there was no original distinction in his composition. Surely if his intellectual distinction was entirely acquired and adventitious the moral lessons we may learn from his life will be all the more instructive. For his example would then prove, all the more conclusively, that a noble task systematically pursued is by itself sufficient to impart dignity and even greatness to a character which otherwise would not seem to be predestined to greatness.

# LITERARY NOTES

WHILE the obituary for the past year, so far as literature is concerned, cannot be said to be unusually heavy, it contains at least one name of outstanding importance, that of Mr. Andrew Lang—"Dear Andrew with the brindled hair," as R. L. Stevenson called him. Mr. Lang was unquestionably the first bookman of his age. It is true that, from a creative standpoint, he has left nothing that will live; but I doubt if any man of his time did more to bring home to the mind of the average reader the genuine pleasure that a familiar and varied acquaintance with books affords. * * * * *

Mr. Lang's versatility and industry were extraordinary. He made additions of one kind or another to almost every department of literature; and while his knowledge was often wofully defective and his opinions irritatingly expressed, he was invariably interesting. His sprightly personality shone through everything he wrote. I wonder how many authors there are of whom it can be said that they compel us to read them in spite of ourselves? This was the case with Mr. Lang. He might be hopelessly wrong as regards matters of fact, irredeemably biassed, and altogether unpalatable; nevertheless we read Andrew Lang simply because he was Andrew Lang.

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The year 1912 also witnessed the passing of Mr. Justin M'Carthy, who, by the way, was often confounded with his son, Justin Huntly, also an author of some distinction. M'Carthy, who in his early years was engrossed in journalism and subsequently in politics, in which he was not a success, devoted the major portion of his long life to literature. In the seventies and eighties of last century he wrote many novels; but he will best be remembered as an historian. His "History of Our Own Times" and his "History of the Four Georges," though not brilliant works, are carefully written, and have had an immense vogue among readers who are more partial to an easy flowing narrative than to elaborate footnotes and long lists of authorities.

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Two noted scholars have also passed away in the persons of Professor Skeat (to whose philological attainments I referred last week) and Dr. Verrall, whose contributions to classical learning and criticism were widely known and highly valued. Journalism, too, has lost heavily by the death of Mr. Labouchere and Mr. W. T. Stead. The editor of *Truth* and the editor of *The Review of Reviews* had not a great deal in common, but each in his own sphere occupied a unique position and wielded deep and far-reaching influence. Mr. Stead was a born journalist, and his egotisms and his fads notwithstanding, his was a most salutary force in the newspaper world. Nor ought I to forget Mr. W. F. Monypenny, who, although best known as the biographer of Disraeli, was an able and influential journalist.

* * * * *

If that grim Old Testament writer who had it in his heart to say, "Of making many books there is no end," were to come alive to-day, I wonder what he would think. From the *Bookseller* I learn that during 1912 the total number of publications (mostly books, but including Government papers and Blue-books) was 12,886. I am, unfortunately, unable to compare these figures with those of last year, but as they stand they are wonderfully impressive. Think of it—about 250 publications on an average are issued from the press every week. The *Bookseller* has attempted to classify the output for 1912, and while its conclusions cannot be regarded as absolutely correct, they give a fair idea of the distinctive features of our abnormal literary appetite.

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As was to be expected, fiction heads the list with 2,290 prints and reprints. Government publications come second with 1,050, and then follow, in close succession, religion and theology, 034; essays and belles-lettres, 895; children's books and minor fiction, 821; biography and history, 074; and poetry and drama, 674. Only 233 volumes stand to the credit of art, and philosophy sinks to 60. Now, what surprises me is that works on religion and theology should be so numerous. I have heard a publisher say that theological books were the most unprofitable commodity in the market, and the statistics of public libraries seem to bear out this view. The only explanation seems to be that a large number of these books are published at the author's risk. Certain I am that the theological public is not a large one.

* * * * *

Literature is represented in the New Year Honours' list by a solitary name—that of Dr. Francis Darwin, upon whom a knighthood has been conferred. The honour is well bestowed, for besides having written many important books dealing with his own subject—botany, Dr. Darwin has produced a very readable biography of his distinguished father, the author of "The Origin of Species." At the same time I cannot but think that literature on this occasion has been somewhat shabbily treated. Eighteen knighthoods have been conferred, and surely three at least might have gone to representative men of letters. Furthermore, why should such honours not be bestowed upon the heads of the great publishing houses who have done so much towards disseminating wholesome and cheap literature?

* * * * *

Mr. Stephen Coleridge's volume of reminiscences, which Mr. Lane is to publish shortly, ought to be a most readable book. Mr. Coleridge not only comes of distinguished stock (his father was the famous Lord Chief Justice), but has known many notable people in all stations of life, has travelled much, and made some mark as an author and artist. But I daresay he figures most in the public eye as a pronounced anti-vivisectionist. Indeed, he is the leading spirit of the crusade, and has presided over meetings in connection with it in various parts of the country. What Mr. Coleridge has to say regarding his anti-vivisection experiences should be full of interest.

* * * * *

I am glad to note Mr. Stanley Weyman's tribute to the late Mr. J. B. Atlay in the January number of the *Cornhill*. Mr. Atlay was a quiet, unostentatious man, who did a very large amount of literary work of the best quality without any flourish of trumpets. Mr. Weyman mentions, what is not generally known, that during a period of years few articles appeared in the *Cornhill* which had not passed under Mr. Atlay's eye. A lawyer by profession, he made many important contributions to legal literature, notably his "Famous Trials of the Nineteenth Century"; but to the general public he was most favourably known by "The Victorian Chancellors," which is really a continuation of Campbell's "Lives of the Chancellors." Mr. Weyman testifies to the vast range of Mr. Atlay's knowledge and the catholicity of his tastes. For proof of this one has only to consult the "Dictionary of National Biography," to which he was a voluminous contributor.

X. Y. Z.

# FEODOR DOSTOIEFFSKY ⁂ ⁂ ⁂ BY J. A. T. LLOYD

I.

WHETHER Dostoieffsky is or is not the most universal of the great Russian realists of the nineteenth century, he is undoubtedly the most national of them all. It seems as if, at last, he were coming into his own in this country, and it is particularly fortunate that his genius should be communicated through the sensitive and faithful pen of the lady who has done so much to preserve in a foreign language the very essence of Turgenev's evasive charm. Mrs. Garnett's complete translation of Dostoieffsky ought most certainly to direct the attention of the great English public to the author of "Crime and Punishment."

That extraordinary book was written in 1865, perhaps the most desolate year, even in the desolate life of Dostoieffsky. His wife had died; his favourite brother had died; his best friend had died; the failure of his second journalistic venture, the *Epoch*, had followed the failure of his first, the *Vremya*. He was on the verge of being arrested for debt, and an official visited him with the intention of making him a prisoner. Dostoieffsky, however, succeeded in making friends with him, and learned from him a great many details of the law's machinery, which he made use of in "Crime and Punishment." With his brother's debts to meet, his stepson Paul to support, in addition to his brother's widow and her family, he fled from Russia to evade imprisonment. "And here I am, alone," he writes to Wrangel, "and I feel afraid. It has become terrible! My life is broken in two. On one side the past, with everything for which I had lived; on the other the unknown, without a single heart to replace the two that have left me. Literally, there is no reason left to me for continuing to live."

Scarcely was he established at Wiesbaden than his old passion for gambling mastered him, and in September he was forced to admit to Wrangel that he had lost everything. As no immediate reply came to this letter, Dostoieffsky wrote again even more urgently: "I have spent everything, I am in debt at the hotel, I have no credit here, and I am in the most pitiable situation. That has been going on up to the present, with this difference, that it is twice as bad now. Furthermore, I have to go to Russia, I have business there which permits of no delay; I can neither pay my debts, nor leave through want of money for travelling expenses, and I am in utter despair." Under these difficult circumstances, he continued to work on "Crime and Punishment," which he believed to be the best book that he had yet written, "if only they will give me time to finish it!"

II.

"Crime and Punishment" has been regarded in this country as the apotheosis of the detective story. Of course, it is really nothing of the kind. Nor is it an Ibsen-like thesis on crime in the abstract. It is not in the Russian nature to apply oneself conscientiously to a set thesis, and when the author of "Anna Karénina" consciously endeavoured to produce such work, he reverted constantly to his earlier "motif" of interpreting life from life. It is the same with his great rival in this book. Raskolnikoff defending the abstraction of murder is tedious even to himself. But Raskolnikoff, the student-dreamer, who had suffered as Dostoieffsky had suffered, who had seen the dreams of youth pale and fade—Raskolnikoff, the concrete murderer, whom his creator knew to the core, is profoundly interesting. Over and over again, in his letters, Dostoieffsky has given descriptions of himself, which tally almost verbally with Razoumikhin's portrait of Raskolnikoff. Particularly characteristic is that duality on which Dostoieffsky always laid such stress: "One might almost say that there exist in him two natures, which alternately get the upper hand."

III.

Raskolnikoff, before everything else, is the slave of an *idée fixe*, by which he is compelled to discover whether he is a follower of the herd or a differentiation from it. He is the criminal by curiosity, rather than by conviction, and he illustrates the old, old struggle between those opposing types of Dostoieffsky, the followers of the God-man, and the followers of the Man-god. In "War and Peace" Prince Andrei studies Kutusoff minutely, wondering whether he has or has not the right to condemn by a gesture thousands of his fellow human beings to death. Tolstoy's hero comes to the conclusion that the Russian general had this right, but Dostoieffsky's student-murderer can never really convince himself that he is beyond the pale of ordinary life. Such certitude of arrogance is foreign to Dostoieffsky, and even the hero of "Demons" is wanting in it. Raskolnikoff's punishment is contained in his own nature. For Dostoieffsky, indeed, there is no hard-and-fast differentiation at all between crime and punishment. He shows us, on the contrary, a long process of natural development growth from the first moment of the *idée fixe* to the final yielding of atonement. Crime and punishment, in the eyes of Dostoieffsky, are each a part of the same process, and the real message of the book is conveyed, not by Porphyrius, the representative of law and order, but by Sonia, the sombre prostitute, who exclaims: "What could I be? What should I be without God?" It is not human justice, but Marmeladoff, the despairing drunkard, who reveals the ultimate secret of both punishment and pardon.

IV.

Dostoieffsky's overstrained and fantastic vision is without the modulated artistic power of Turgenev, just as it is without the balanced moral earnestness of Tolstoy. But, in a sense, he is more universal than either the cosmopolitan of genius or the great Russian moral instructor of Europe. For Dostoieffsky speaks neither from the pulpit nor from the bench, but, if you will, from the dock. Humbly, he places himself on the level of the humblest, and pleads not for such as Marmeladoff, but as one of them. He had been born in a hospital, and for no small portion of his life he had herded with outcasts. He had known want and crime and desolation in all their naked ugliness, but he had preserved their lessons rather than their torments. A veritable confessor of the Russian soul, he shrank from no phase of human suffering, not even from the suffering of sin, which he knew so well to be the one true punishment. But he had put away from him once and for ever the arrogance of the aloof, whom he would remind, in the words of the Apocalypse, that, though they know it not, they, too, are wretched and unhappy and poor and blind and naked. The hero of "Crime and Punishment" endeavoured to stand in disdainful arrogance of life, and when he was at last humbled to the very dust, it was not by the power of imperial justice, but by the redeeming tears of Sonia, the unfortunate.

# THE CARPENTER

SHORT STORY

THE May afternoon was warm, but the workshop was cool in the shade, and only a few beams of sunlight made their way through the squares of window-glass, or fell across the threshold of the door. The carpenter stood white-aproned, and with rolled-up shirt-sleeves. His eyes were clear and pleasant beneath his shaggy eyebrows, his forehead high, and above his brow lay a picturesque profusion of wavy hair, hoary and silky; and, indeed, all the snowy hair that set off his face so finely, whiskers and beard, was of the same purity of whiteness, softness of texture, and light, waving gracefulness.

He was alone, and intent upon his work, which he seemed to carry on to a rhythmic accompaniment of harmony. When he laid his knee on the plank, and drew and thrust the gleaming blade of the saw across the seasoned timber, the rhythm was regular and sustained, and the saw gave out a mellow, sonorous note; when he drove the plane with resistless directness from his shoulder along the clean board, a ringing crescendo finished the stroke, and a fair curl of shaving fell lightly revolving to the floor; even the blows of his mallet, and the sharp staccato taps of his hammer were part of the harmonious whole. Refreshing odours of pine and mahogany arose in the workshop, and drifted out on the warm air through the open doorway, beyond which ran a pleasant garden, with a trim hedge, over which drooped snowy branches of hawthorn, and tassels of laburnum hung as a golden fringe.

It was not often that the carpenter had a visitor to his workshop, but the entrance of a stranger now was not unwelcome. He paused in his work, wiped away the perspiration from his face with his apron, and, as was his habit, put a wisp of shaving between his lips.

"It is very warm," said the carpenter, addressing the stranger.

"You are working hard," he replied.

"I have to do that," returned the workman, "with the wife and the children to keep."

The visitor smiled approvingly, and watched the carpenter keenly as he proceeded with his work, bearing a helping hand now and again. With pleasure he watched the trained hand and eye moving together, the skill and accuracy with which the many tools were handled, and the constant aim at perfection and truth in all his workmanship.

"I see you know something about my kind of trade," at length observed the carpenter.

"Yes," replied the stranger, "I used to ply your trade at one time, and I know when the work is well done."

The carpenter looked up with a smile, and he and his visitor chatted together on matters of interest and delight to kindred craftsmen. Together they examined the oak upon which the carpenter had been working, and both remarked admiringly upon the beauty of the grain.

"To what use and ornament have the light of summer and the storms of winter at length matured this wood," observed the stranger. "How strong and sound and beautiful is the heart of it; surely the character of a man's soul may become as this oak by the patient endurance of a long and faithful life, and its beauty and usefulness be brought out and developed by the skill of a cunning master-workman hereafter, as the tree when it is removed from its place."

So saying the visitor arose to go. "Have you much work in hand now?" he asked.

"No," replied the carpenter; "as you see, I have almost finished, and shall presently have to look for something more."

The stranger bade good-bye to the workman, and went his way. A voice came from the garden. It was the carpenter's wife calling him into the house to tea. He spake of his visitor during the evening meal to his wife and children seated around the table.

"Who was he?" was the query on the lips of all, but the carpenter could give no answer.

That night the stranger called again. He had tidings of more work for the carpenter. "Come," said he, "I have many mansions to prepare, and seek skilled craftsmen to aid me." . . .

When morning came, there was no sound of hammer or of mallet, nor swish of the plane, nor rhythm of saw in the carpenter's workshop; the crisp shavings were strewn upon the floor as they had fallen, still clean and fragrant; the tools lay silent on the bench—the carpenter was busy elsewhere.

WILLIAM HOWARD.

* * *

# THE FIRST OF THE MYSTICS*

A HUMBLE village shoemaker of the seventeenth century, Jacob Behmen was said by Hegel to be the founder of German philosophy. Behmen, a visionary of the calibre of Blake, as he plied his tools in his little workshop, beheld with his inward eye the heavens open above him, and was wafted into the Divine presence of God Himself.

From these aerial spiritual flights he returned, inspired, to probe the unfathomed depths of human life and wickedness. In time Behmen began to record his wonderful thoughts and visions in written language, a language so strange, intricate, and baffling that Dr. Whyte, in this able and loving appreciation of the great mystic, speaks of it as an absolutely new and unheard-of language. "Behmen's books," he says, "are written neither in German nor in English of any age or idiom, but in the most original and uncouth Behmenese." To unravel the tangle of Kant's sentences must, it would seem, be child's play compared with the labour of getting at Behmen's pearls of thought through the intricacies of his rude and homely style. Yet the task did not daunt such a master of English devotional prose as William Law, who was thrown into a "sweat" of ecstasy when he first alighted at an old bookstall upon Behmen's "The Three Principles," translated into English by a barrister of the Inner Temple. Law became greatly influenced by Behmen's works, and himself Englished "The Supersensual Life" in a prose so melodious and trenchant that Dr. Whyte places the work even higher than the famous Imitation of à Kempis, as he ranks Behmen's Holy Week next to the Psalms, and his True Repentance side by side with Bishop Andrewes' "Private Devotions." If the world is indebted to William Law in the first place for making Jacob Behmen widely known outside his native land, our hearty thanks are also due to Dr. Whyte for his pregnant and suggestive study of a remarkable seer and thinker.

* "Jacob Behmen: An Appreciation." By Alexander Whyte. (Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson and Ferrier.)

# THE CADIS OF LONDON

## By M. Hamilton

To the uninitiated the very words police court suggest a place of gloom and dread, charged with pains and penalties that crowd on the imagination and strike terror to the soul. You picture, perhaps, the court, bare but lofty, impressive by reason of its ceremony, awful with the tragedy of broken lives, the flotsam and jetsam that the tide of life leaves stranded at the feet of London's Cadis. The first impression you receive is one of noise and bustle. Large policemen creak to and fro from the witness-box, worried ushers shepherd the witnesses, suppress the public herded at the far end of the court. Solicitors' clerks slip in and out, intent with messages for their principals seated at a table immediately below the magistrate's clerk. And on the bench, surveying the kingdom over which he has to rule, sits a quiet and somewhat tired-looking man, with quick eyes and steady mouth. The magistrate wears no robes, bears no insignia of office; it is perhaps the most remarkable thing about the court to note the absence of all trappings. Above the bench are the King's arms, the one spot of colour on the dingy background—the spot on which the prisoner's eyes instinctively are set. The court opens at ten, the magistrate takes his seat shortly after. The solicitors and pressmen waiting rise as he enters, and the business of the day begins.

* * *

There is inevitably a long list of "disorderlies." The poor predominate in these cases: one feels that if the shabby, wretched-looking man, who stands with bent head in the dock, could only put his case, explain the circumstances that led to his arrest, he would put a different complexion upon things. For the most part, prisoners at a police court are inarticulate. Unable to formulate their explanations, frame their excuse, they stand dumb and helpless, weighed down by the sense of impotence, the intolerable burden of a dreadful silence that they cannot shake off. The result, in the majority of instances, is the same—a fine varying from 5s. to 40s., or in default a short term of imprisonment—and the prisoner steps, dogged and dazed, from the dock. Cases of exceeding the speed limit come next, with charges of petty theft. If the prisoner is Irish, or of the gentler sex, the chances of acquittal are enormously increased. Few women are tongue-tied, and no Irishman lacks eloquence, and humour comes to the Cadi wearied with routine like a refreshing draught.

* * *

Domestic squabbles play a large part in the day's procedure. Mrs. A. has reason to complain of the attitude of Mrs. B. The latter has addressed offensive language to her, called her rude names. "I wants a summons for annoyance, yer worship," an eager-faced little woman protests with volubility. The Cadi interrupts with tired severity, "Has Mrs. B. come into your room?" "No, yer worship; which it would be better for her she should not." "Then," says the magistrate, "you can't have a summons. Go home and shut your door, and don't listen to her. . . . Should I like it?"—he smiles and shrugs. "I shouldn't mind it in the least," and the applicant, puzzled and aggrieved, stands down.

* * *

Wonderful it is to note how the atmosphere of every court is changed as if by magic by the personality of the presiding magistrate. I have seen the Marlborough Street Court sitting subdued under Mr. Denman—stiff, formal, precise, constrained, and, let us hope, conscientious. The next day we reporters have found our drooping spirits revive. It is one of Mr. Plowden's mornings, and he is at his best. The court smiles, then roars, and at last rocks with laughter. Even the careworn prisoners join in the merriment. But Mr. Plowden's witticisms, good as they are, seem quite poor in type, without the ready smile, the swift reply, above all, the quick eye that pierces down to the heart of the matter at a glance. I call to mind now some of his more trenchant comments. "I have had little to eat," said a prisoner, "but, thank God, I've a contented mind." "Which," said Mr. Plowden, "you know is a continual feast. Pay five shillings." Again, a self-important instructor of the violin, prosecuting an organ-grinder, impressed us all unfavourably. "This," said Mr. Plowden, "is a case of professional jealousy. They are rival musicians. Prisoner is discharged." One more "Plowdenism." A man was charged with throwing bread and butter over a wall into Wormwood Scrubbs Prison. "I'm sure I don't know why you've been charged," Mr. Plowden told him. "I suppose that so much food frightened the governor."

* * *

But the atmosphere of the court is changed also, not only by the personality of the magistrate, but by the seriousness of the business in hand. I well remember seeing the late Mr. Biron, years agone, who, as I thought, was dozing over trivial fines and petty penalties, suddenly wake when he found brought before him a prisoner who elected to take his trial on a charge of theft before the Cadi himself, rather than go to the sessions. The prisoner had no counsel. I shall never forget the alertness and dexterity with which the old gentleman turned the witnesses inside out. Then came the really exciting moment. He asked the prisoner if had anything to say, and warned him to be careful, and those in court who understood realised that the man's danger was at its greatest. Ten to one he would make a statement that would incriminate himself. Not so, however. He was, in fact, so confused and incoherent that his remarks, like those of Edgar Poe's raven, "little meaning, little relevancy bore." But he was not on the spot when the theft took place, notwithstanding all the witnesses. Where was he? Why, going to see his "dear old muvver." And he got off.

* * *

If the magistrate ever permits himself to doze, there is at least one official in court whose upright figure never seems to stoop and whose keen eyes never tire. The gaoler stands by the corner of the dock, quietly watching the prisoners. He never speaks till the Cadi asks, "Has he ever been here before?" and the almost inevitable conviction, and the date, follow with automatic precision. For the horror of these figures in the dock is that they return again, and yet again!

* * *

One of the most welcome innovations that have crept into police-court administration is the missionary. If he be a wise, tactful and resourceful man, he is ever in request, and his opportunities of service are infinite. The young man who has gone astray, and is to have another chance, the wife who despairs of her husband, the outcast who pleads for help, the workman who has lost his job—all are referred to this quiet, tireless, unostentatious worker, who has saved many a home, healed many a heart.

# AN ETON EDUCATION BY MGR. R. H. BENSON

## PART III.—MORALITY

IT has been seen how small a part religion plays, amongst boys educated under the Eton system, as a motive for morality. It is true that many bring a good working religion from home, and that a very few, under exceptional circumstances, find one at school from help obtained unofficially from some zealous and sympathetic master; but, as a system, Eton supplies neither a dogmatic nor an emotional basis for a life of well-doing, since there is no official provision made for that individualisation which alone renders religion effective. The result is that morality is at a low ebb, since personal fastidiousness and individual repulsion to vice cannot, without religious sanctions, prevail long or widely against that relaxed state of public opinion which invariably follows a low religious tension.

A few years ago a well-known journal published articles and correspondence on the subject of Vice at Eton. It seemed to me that the writers were singularly ill-informed (unless, indeed, matters have radically changed since the late 'eighties), since again and again it was implied that boys were bullied into vice, and that personal religion was made difficult. Such charges as these are wholly uncharacteristic of Eton. Never in all my years there did I even hear a hint that any boy was ever driven to vice by anything resembling bullying; neither was there ever the faintest pressure brought to bear against a boy's religious views and practices. Actual prayer-meetings were held amongst boys in one house, to my personal knowledge, without any opposition beyond that of good-humoured laughter; in another house a small group recited Compline regularly every night, and the only person I ever even saw smile at it was a master; on a later occasion, when I myself as a clergyman was on a visit to Eton, I saw for myself from eighty to a hundred boys present at an early Communion one Whit-Sunday morning at the parish church, since (such is the absence of official encouragement to devotion) no early celebration was held in the school-chapel on that day. Since that time, too, I have known intimately Catholic boys that were being educated at Eton—boys who regularly and devoutly frequented the sacraments in the Catholic church at Windsor, with the cordial encouragement of their house master and the school authorities—and never have I heard of one single instance of a boy as having suffered even the mildest persecution on this account. In justice, then, it must be said that an Eton boy who desires to lead a clean and religious life need fear no sort of bullying or unfair pressure on that account. There is plenty of religion and purity and high thinking at Eton: there are fine qualities among the boys, insurpassable anywhere. Yet the lowness of the moral standard is, for all that, in one respect, deplorable. For, while no external force is ever used to lead a boy into vice, there is, generally speaking, no sort of public feeling amongst the boys against vice in itself. On the one side, no boy ever suffers at Eton because of his virtue; on the other, no boy who prefers vice loses anything whatever in public estimation on that account. I have known boys high in the school—athletes and even scholars—whose lives were simply deplorable—boys who would not shrink for one instant from the deliberate corrupting of innocence, and did not: yet they were cheered as heartily, on public occasions, and reverenced as adoringly as young Sir Galahads; and I have known equally popular younger boys, smart, beautifully dressed, and radiant—popular amongst their fellows and amongst the masters, the admired of mothers and aunts and cousins—who had the souls and the morals of the lowest type, yet who suffered no sort of diminution of popular respect on that account. In one instance only have I known public opinion turn against such a boy, when a peculiarly bad story came out; and in this case it was the lower boys of a rather fast house, who caught him one morning before chapel and, very properly, rubbed his face with coal dust. But his big friend remained as popular as ever.

The moral code of public schoolboys educated under such circumstances as those of Eton, is, it must be remembered, a very peculiar thing. Certain virtues are rigorously enforced. A boy who funks at football is an outcast; a boy who is dirty in his dress or person is a "scug"; a boy who gets his friends into trouble with the authorities is simply impossible. Other more subtle virtues, too, are inculcated by public opinion: such things as proper humility, honesty, generosity, self-restraint in food, and, to some extent, truthfulness: *to some extent*, for while certain kinds of lies are the marks of a "cad," other kinds—for instance, clever lies, that excuse without really deceiving (such lies as a boy will tell when confronted by a master with some omission in his school work)—these are not considered faults at all. I have heard a boy—now an eminent financier—explain for the fourth Monday morning running that, "Please, sir, I shewed up my Sunday questions and put them on the table in your study; they must have blown out of the window." All that the master did was to point out that this was the fourth time that term that that particular accident had befallen that particular boy; and all that the class did was to grin and marvel at their friend's "nerve." The code, then, is peculiar; it is not in the least what the masters or parents think it to be; it does not necessarily at all correspond to Christianity or the Ten Commandments: it is a subtle and mysterious thing, into which the boy is gradually initiated by the pressure of public opinion and statements as to "good form." And, emphatically, as has been said, it pronounces no opinion at all, either way, as to that particular form of vice which is, as a certain Eton master has described it, the "nightmare" of all who have the care of youth. In that the boy is left terribly free.

It is, indeed, a nightmare. There is not a master at Eton who does not strain every nerve to combat it. One, with the best intentions, will make a point of going round his house in the winter evening hours between tea and prayers, when most of the harm is done, breaking up tactfully the little groups that form Public Opinion at such times; another, with equally good intentions, understanding that, after all, a single official is powerless, will but seldom go round his boys' rooms, but instead will do his utmost to win the sympathy and co-operation of the elder ones, since these are, after all (as he well knows), the real guardians of morality. Another will preach passionate sermons in chapel, appealing to all "right-minded boys" to stand out on the side of righteousness; and this is, perhaps, the most futile method of all. For this kind of "right-mindedness" is not that of public opinion;

*(Continued on page 406.)*

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That all animals with warning colours have some quality, a disagreeable odour, a sting, hairs, etc., that renders them obnoxious to other animals who might seize them for food?

Or to what category the white upturned tail of the rabbit, or the black tip of the weazel's tail belongs?
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it appears as a grown-up, authoritative assumption (suspiciously resembling the sentimentalism of "Eric, or Little by Little"), and does not correspond with facts: the boys look up sharply and amusedly under the storm of words, and comment afterwards on the foolish excitement of the preacher. It is of no avail that these things are done, though in this or that house perhaps the personal influence of a master may succeed for a little while; it is of no avail that expulsion (or "the sack") is the instant vengeance decreed on such crimes. Public opinion goes its way, gently and irresistibly, and habits and tastes are learned that a lifetime cannot eradicate.

Now, the main flaw in the whole system is, I believe, that which has already been indicated, viz., the complete absence of any scheme which will individualise religion. If your system is superficial, your results will be superficial; and, under the superficies, public opinion will form itself regardless of your wishes. Boys are not made to hate vice by an artistic chapel service and the singing of hymns, nor even by general services of preparation for Communion: these things, in fact, divorced from personal dealings, may even add slightly to the harm by developing and refining that emotionalism and sentiment that inspire so much schoolboy vice. For schoolboy vice is not "coarse," in the sense of brutality or blind passion; it is usually exceedingly delicate and refined, and all the more deadly on that account: it is, in fact, a symptom of overstrained civilisation; it is not the mere result of animalism and puberty.

It can only be dealt with, then, by a delicate and refined treatment—above all, by an individualised treatment. You must meet desire by desire, refinement by refinement, passion by passion. Statistics of ruined lives will not avail, except in the case of the meanest-spirited; mere moral ideals will not, at any rate to the mind of the average schoolboy, stand unsupported in the air. In short, somehow or another, you must teach schoolboys *to love God*, and I am unaware of any way of accomplishing this except by dealing separately with individuals, by giving each opportunities of making confidences to a person he can wholly trust, and by supplying him both with means of beginning again when he has fallen, and with dogmas as to the character and methods of the God whom he is to learn to serve.

If chaplains were appointed whose business it was to be accessible at fixed times to all boys, who were allowed freely to visit the houses and make friends there, who were reasonable, virile, sympathetic, and unsentimental men of the world who could really preach—and not merely read a discourse—men, that is to say, chosen for these qualities with as much care, and remunerated as amply, and treated with as much respect, as masters who have merely educational duties, I think something might be done.

But it will not be done. I know that. If such a thing were seriously proposed, the howl would be too great. It would be said that such a system would savour of the Popish Confessional; that it would encourage morbid introspection and unreal devotion; that characters would be weakened; that boys would never learn to stand alone. We should be urged once more to look at Eton Chapel on Sunday evening and the "bright young faces," and to listen to the "bright young voices" singing manly hymns, and to ask ourselves whether anything could be better or more English than the system that already prevails—the system, that is to say, in which unspeakable vice finds no final condemnation from the only effective tribunal—the tribunal of Public Opinion.

# AN ETON EDUCATION

## A REPLY TO MGR. BENSON

THE Public Schoolmaster has much to put up with from his critics in the Press, many of whom know next to nothing about the problems of Public School Education at the present day; but when a writer of Monsignor Benson's distinction brings forward the charges which he did, in your issue of December 24, 1912, against the intellectual training provided at his old school, it may perhaps be permitted to one who is privileged to assist in teaching the youth of that much-abused institution to make some reply.

I happened to be at Eton as a boy at the same time—now some twenty-five years ago—as Monsignor Benson, and I shall certainly demur to the accuracy of some of his statements with regard to the Eton of that date. He was a clever "colleger," and I was only an average "oppidan," and therefore, no doubt, far less critical of my instructors than he was; and I personally shall not apply the epithet "dreary" to a good deal of the teaching of our schooldays. But Monsignor Benson goes on to say that he never remembers a single lesson being given him in History or English whilst at Eton. Well, I had the good fortune to be the pupil of his brother, Mr. A. C. Benson, then a master at Eton, and all I can say is that I still have a vivid recollection of his brother's teaching in those two subjects, and that, entirely owing to him, I read during my last two years at Eton a considerable amount of History.

But anyone reading Monsignor Benson's article would gather, I think, that he was alluding not only to the Eton of his day, but also to the Eton of the present time. One of his charges is that "no allowance is made for individual temperament," and that "specialisation in History, Modern Languages, Science, Mechanics, is rigidly excluded—and even in Mathematics, too, to some extent." I have had the curiosity to investigate what subjects the first hundred boys in the School were studying last term; and I found that less than half—to be accurate, forty-seven—were studying the Classics; whilst, of the remaining fifty-three, eight were "specialising" in Mathematics, twenty-three in History and German, ten in French and German, and twelve in Science.

Monsignor Benson goes on to complain that the study of the Classics "meant a minute study of certain minute details of grammarian's analyses of the Latin and Greek languages." But if this is true it is difficult to account for Eton recently securing, in five successive years, a Balliol Classical Scholarship—the best test yet devised of a "liberal" Classical education—and in obtaining the first and third Classical Scholarships at the Balliol this month.

Monsignor Benson's last charge is that "what is taught is taught drearily." I wish that critics of the long-suffering schoolmaster would sometimes remember that he is, after all, a human being, and that no human being would wish, if he could help it, to spend the best part of his life in taking "dreary" lessons.

I am the last to deny that Public Schools, like all other human institutions, are capable of amendment; and that all schoolmasters have many deficiencies, of which they are at least as sensible as people are of their own in other walks of life. But I think that Monsignor Benson has unwittingly done injustice to his old School; and, like other people, he has forgotten that Public Schools do make changes in their curriculum a good deal more often than is usually supposed, and that criticisms based on experiences going back nearly a quarter of a century are sometimes out of date.

AN ETON MASTER.

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That is what happens at present to the vast majority of men and women. Their minds do not grow. Their powers are limited. They occupy subordinate positions. They are "little people" as far as wealth and intellectual capacity are concerned. And so in the great "riddle" of life they are shaken through the meshes into mediocrity—while those whose minds grow and develop every year in capacity and power remain and are selected for the higher posts in business, commerce, finance, trade, art, science, literature, and the professions.

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# CORRESPONDENCE

## THE SINGLE TAX.

*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

DEAR SIR,—An intellectual giant, with wide knowledge of life, deep human sympathy, and possessing (what so many writers on the land question have not) practical experience of agricultural conditions, Tolstoy believed Henry George's Single Tax solution to be the most effective and just method of ending our present economic evils.

Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace, another supreme mind, also gives enthusiastic support to Henry George's principle in his book "Land Nationalisation."

Even regarded solely as a means of abolishing land monopoly, the Single Tax principle is free from the serious drawbacks of land purchase on the "Land Nationalisation" method, which would entail the increasing of the National Debt by the issuing of National Land Stock to the value of £6,000,000,000 (£400,000,000 of which would be payable to twelve London landlords, who would continue, in addition, to draw their rents from all buildings, etc.). The payment of interest on this sum would clearly constitute a premium on monopoly, an endowment on past and existing usurpation.

But further, the Single Tax principle has one unique advantage: it can be consistently supported by all true democrats, whether individualistic or socialistic; for, although leaving the individual perfect freedom in the owning and using of land, it socialises that value of land which is made by the community, thus making monopoly hopelessly unprofitable.—I am, sir, etc.,

OTWAY M'CANNELL.

Hendon, N.W., Jan. 3rd, 1913.

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*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

DEAR SIR,—Land Reform is indeed the order of the day; it is the root of every social question. If we add low wages and unemployment to housing of the poor, congestion of cities, and the desolation of our countryside, we have a really comprehensive view of what *must* be done to solve the social problem in its most virulent form. In my opinion, the guiding principle that will enable us to effectively solve the problem is the principle of the Single Tax. Three of the other four principles you adumbrate have been fairly tried, and have failed. The "French Solution" has been a conspicuous failure, inasmuch as the general conditions of the mass of the people on the Continent are no better, if not actually worse, than in this country. If we are going to tackle the land question, let us grapple with the problem fundamentally, let us learn from the failure of other attempts what to avoid.

Then no radical settlement of the land question can be found in the mere multiplication of landlords by the artificial creation of a new class of peasant proprietors. This will only distribute monopoly and rent into many hands, instead of, as now, into few hands; besides, no scheme of this kind can be devised for cities, towns, and villages.

As for Land Nationalisation, it seems an utterly impracticable proposal, and it is a relief to know that Mr. Asquith is opposed to any such scheme. Land Nationalisation, however one looks at it, simply means consolidation of the existing interests in land without any fundamental economic freedom in the use of land. To me it seems an utterly absurd idea that the State can administer the use of land better than the individual, provided the individual is free and gets the use of land at normal prices.

The principle of the Single Tax is a very simple one. There is no proposal to nationalise land, nor to abolish private property or private possession of land. The Single Tax is an ethical proposal to restore to all citizens their common rights in the value of the land which they create, and to do so we propose to gradually impose all taxes and rates on the value of land apart from, and exclusive of, improvements; we would simply divert an increasing share of land value into the public treasury, and in this way break down land monopoly. When land monopoly is once destroyed, land will come into use at prices which capital and labour can always afford to pay. This steady demand for labour in its two forms will steadily reduce the margin of unemployment—in other words, the basis of competition will be so altered as between employer and employee that wages will tend to steadily advance. In brief, the Single Tax will do what none of the principles tried can do: it will correct the unjust distribution of wealth which now takes place, in the most effective way. The Single Tax will gradually transfer to wages that portion of production which now flows through land monopoly to privileged persons.—I am, sir, etc.,

JAMES BUSBY.

The Liberal Club, Glasgow.

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*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

DEAR SIR,—It is difficult to understand how some of your correspondents can imagine that the Single Tax or Land Nationalisation, or any scheme for freeing the land, and the land only, from private monopoly, will prove the panacea of all our social ills. This idea springs from the illusion that "ownership" is an absolute term. Ownership, like many other things, is only relative, and the ownership of land is no exception. The landlord has not absolutely unfettered permission to do what he will with his own; the State exacts certain taxes from him. "Ownership" or "possession" is, in fact, merely the term we apply to the greatest amount of individual control the State permits.

When the ownership and tenancy of land are looked upon merely as differing degrees of *control* over land, it is obvious that if the land were public property, and "the rent that comes from the land" were "divided up," it would still be possible for the possessor of tenant rights in land to exploit those who had no such rights. It would be just as possible for an industrial undertaking which rented the land it used from the State to exploit its employees as for one which rented it from a private landlord. It is as unjust for a capitalist to exploit those who use and find employment by means of his capital as for a landlord to rackrent those who use and find employment by means of his land. The capitalist has no better title to the toll he exacts merely because he happens to possess the capital than the landlord merely because he happens to possess the land. As long as land, whether nominally publicly or privately *owned*, is left in practically irresponsible private *control*, we shall continue to have all the evils both of landlordism and capitalism.

Both land and capital—which latter term does not mean the same as private capitalists—are necessary to the conduct of industry, and to tax either the landlord or the private capitalist out of existence means the paralysis of industry and economic suicide, *unless the money obtained by this taxation is applied to the public acquiring and carrying on of industrial undertakings.* To so tax them out of existence and acquire the land and industrial capital—*reduced by*


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In conclusion, may I express my thanks for EVERYMAN? We are flooded by journals advocating the views of each separate clique of men; now we have got one which is open to the views of every man and all men—in which every man may express his views and apply them to the test of the criticism of men of a different outlook and circle of ideas.—I am, sir, etc., DONALD BRUCE-WALKER.

## THE SINGLE TAX AND LAND NATIONALISATION.

*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

DEAR SIR,—The opposition between the Single Tax and Land Nationalisation is unnecessarily aggravated by zealous partisans. In both cases the aim is identical, namely, the transference of rent to the coffers of the State and the resultant system of occupying ownership. The State, as Dr. A. R. Wallace points out, would simply collect "rents" in the same way that it now collects taxes; in neither case is there any proposal for State management ("Land Nationalisation," Fourth Edition, pp. 207-210).

The difference seems chiefly one of method. The Single Taxer advocates a tax on land values, which is to be increased progressively until it absorbs the whole of the rent. The Land Nationaliser generally advocates some system of public purchase by the issue of State bonds redeemable by the operation of a sinking fund. In both cases the final result would be the same: rent would come to be paid to the State instead of to private individuals. This would supply a revenue which would do away with the necessity for other forms of taxation (*vide* "Land Nationalisation," pp. 227 and 228).

There seems to be no reason at all why both purchase and taxation methods should not proceed side by side. Already a start has been made in the taxation of land values, and now that the State valuation of land has minimised the danger of inflated prices, public purchase can proceed in safety. It is a mistake to think that there is only one simple method of attaining our objects; in a complex world like ours many ways lead to the ideal. Both Single Taxer and Land Nationaliser ought to keep this in view. Then there would not be so much useless antagonism.—I am, sir, etc., LOUIS WILLIAMS.

## A PROGRESSIVE INCOME TAX.

*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

DEAR SIR,—The Shaw-Chesterton controversy on the death of Socialism has brought many views to light, but it seems to me that no one has proposed any definite way of going to work. Nationalisation of the land and of the great industries? Yes, but every man knows that these enormous schemes cannot be *suddenly* brought about without a violent revolution, and all—even the militant Socialist—profess to abhor violence. And yet everyone continues to talk vaguely, grandiloquently, acrimoniously, or dogmatically about them, and no one suggests how to make a beginning.

With your permission, I will suggest a method that could be begun at once, without any disturbance to the community; one which would go on automatically and smoothly without disturbing anyone's [illegible], until the final result was accomplished, the result aimed at being, I assume, the approximate [illegible]ation of private property and the nationalisa[illegible]of the land. And this method is simply the progressive graduation of the Income Tax; that is to say, a *double* graduation of the tax by *geometrical progression.*

To illustrate my meaning, I give an exaggerated example: Suppose a man with £100 a year pays an income tax of £1, and suppose for every rise of £100 in income you *double* the tax. You will find that an income of £800 pays a tax of £128, leaving a remainder of £672. But an income of £900 would pay a tax of £256, leaving remainder of only £664. Thus no man's effective income could rise above £672. This is, I repeat, an exaggerated illustration. But mathematicians can produce a formula that would cut off the income at any desired point. Say, for the sake of argument, at £100,000 a year. Then a second mathematical formula is brought to bear which increases the tax year by year, reducing, therefore, year by year, the highest possible income. You may, for instance, so arrange it that in 100 years the highest possible income would be £1,000.

The progress may be as slow or as rapid as you please, but it would never go by jumps; everyone would know what was coming, and have time to adjust himself to circumstances. The money taken in taxes would be devoted to buying up the land at a fixed valuation. The land owners would not be robbed, but their incomes would decrease at the same pace as those of all other capitalists. The great industries might or might not be bought up. That is a different question, but does not affect the principle. I submit that a *gradual* alteration like the above is the only kind that can possibly be permanent. Violent revolution always ends in renewed despotism. —I am, sir, etc., H. HOLBY.

Holloway.

## PEASANT PROPRIETORSHIP.

*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

DEAR SIR,—I am extremely grateful to EVERYMAN for opening its columns to the free and unbiased discussion of a question of such paramount importance as Land Reform.

The only solution, it seems to me, of the admittedly great evil of rural depopulation which obtains in this country at the present time is the creation of a system of peasant proprietorship, which has worked so well on the Continent. Land purchase, as opposed to tenancy, has many advantages. The premier and all-important one is that through time the peasant will become the owner of his land instead of the perpetual tenant of the State or the community, and the stimulating sense of ownership, and its accompanying freedom of action will encourage him to devote his keenest energies to the successful cultivation of his farm. It has been truly said that ownership has all the advantages of tenancy, with none of its disadvantages.

Honestly, I cannot conceive how the Taxation of Land Values, and similar so-called reforms are going to put the people back on the land. To my mind, these schemes are only palliatives, and merely touch the fringe of the subject. We must get to the root of the evil, and we can only do this by engineering a complete, definite, and lasting reform.—I am, sir, etc.,

Edinburgh. WILLIAM BLAIR.

## PATRIOTISM.

*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

SIR,—I read with great interest a letter on "The Ethical Foundations of Patriotism" in your issue of December 24th.

The following incident happened last July to a per-

*(Continued on page 412.)*

# SWEET PEA PERFECTION.

**A flower garden without Eckford's Sweet Peas can only be compared to a house without furniture. Sweet Peas are requisite to the small, medium, or large garden, and if you wish to have colour, effect, prize specimens, and tall plants, then send to Eckford's for your seeds. LARGER FLOWER, LONGER STEMS, BRIGHTER COLOURS, AND A PROFUSION OF BLOOM WILL BE THE RESULT OF GROWING ECKFORD'S SEEDS.**

In choosing your Collection remember that **Eckford's Sweet Peas are all strong growers**, and every plant needs to be placed at least six inches apart, so that, while you may buy more seed for the money, remember, a cheaper collection may not be more profitable. There is a great deal of Rubbish being sold nowadays as **Eckford's Sweet Peas**, but they are **not Eckford's** unless direct **from Wem.** If you have bought Sweet Peas as **Eckford's** elsewhere, you have not got **Eckford's.** We have **many thousands of Customers in every part of the globe**, and they are all enthusiastic about **Eckford's Seeds.**

## SPECIAL NOVELTIES FOR 1913.

**BARONESS DE TUYLL.**—This is truly the most delightful pink Sweet Pea that we have ever had the pleasure of sending out, and it is quite safe to say that nothing so entirely charming and pleasing in pinks has been sent out since the true "Countess Spencer" was first offered to the public. It is four-flowered, beautifully waved, and a very strong grower. Quite 18 in. should be left between the plants. In sealed packets, 5 seeds, **1/3**; 10, **2/6.**

**GUSTAV HAMEL.**—This is a magnificent giant and free flowering variety of a rich rose overlaid with salmon. It is beautifully waved and four-flowered, possessing a bold upright standard. In shape it is just what a waved Sweet Pea ought to be. The plant is a strong grower, needing plenty of room. In sealed packets, 5 seeds, **1/3**; 10, **2/6.**

**CLEMATIS (Grandiflora Type).**—This beautiful self is quite an advance in colour, being best described as a "Clematis Jackmanii" blue. As a garden variety it is most attractive, the vines being literally clothed with lively blue flowers, which are generally borne in threes, on long, strong stems. In sealed packets, 5 seeds, **6d.**; 10, **1/-.**

## SPECIAL COLLECTIONS FOR 1913.

### EXHIBITORS' "C" COLLECTION.

24 charming **Giant Waved** varieties for exhibition or any purpose, 10 seeds of each, as follows:—

**Apple Blossom** (Waved), pink.
**Apricot**, apricot.
**Asta Ohn**, lavender.
**Captain of the Blues** (Waved), blue
**Cerise**, cerise.
**Clara Curtis**, primrose.
**Constance Oliver**, creamy pink.
**Countess Spencer**, pink.
**Dodwell F. Browne**, crimson.
**Dorothy Tennant** (Waved), mauve.
**Etta Dyke**, white.
**Evelyn Hemus**, creamy pink.
**Flora Norton** (Waved) blue.
**Lady Althorpe**, white.
**Menie Christie**, mauve.
**Maud Holmes**, crimson.
**Mrs. Charles Mander**, mauve.
**Mrs. Hardcastle Sykes**, pink.
**Mrs. Henry Bell**, apricot.
**Mrs. W. King**, rose.
**Othello** (Waved), maroon.
**Paradise Ivory**, ivory pink.
**Queen Victoria** (Waved), pale primrose.
**Senator** (Waved), chocolate stripe.

Also 10 seeds each of **Pink Pearl**, pink; **Phenomenal**, blue picotee edge; **Frank Dolby**, lavender; and **Helen Lewis**, salmon. Gratis.

**Price 5/6,**

**Post Free for Cash.**

**A Specially written Booklet is sent FREE with every order giving full details of Culture, so that the greatest novice may attain success.**

### VILLA "B" COLLECTION.

24 choice varieties, a splendid range of colour for garden effect and cutting, 50 seeds of each, as follows:—

**Agnes Eckford**, pink.
**A. J. Cook** (slightly Waved), lavender.
**Black Knight**, maroon.
**Captain of the Blues**, blue.
**Dorothy Eckford**, white.
**Frank Dolby** (slightly Waved), lavender.
**Gladys Unwin** (slightly Waved), pink.
**Helen Lewis** (Waved), salmon.
**Mrs. Charles Mander** (Waved), mauve.
**Phenomenal** (slightly Waved), blue picotee edge.
**Miss Willmott**, salmon.
**Pink Pearl** (slightly Waved), pink.
**Helen Pierce**, blue flake.
**Henry Eckford**, coral.
**Horace Wright**, dark blue.
**James Grieve**, cream.
**King Edward VII.**, crimson.
**Lord Nelson**, blue.
**Luminosa**, coral.
**Mid Blue**, blue.
**Queen Alexandra**, scarlet.
**Queen of Spain**, pink.
**Sybil Eckford**, creamy blush.
**Venus Improved**, creamy pink.

Also 10 seeds of each of **Mrs. Hardcastle Sykes** (Waved), pink; and **Countess Spencer** (Waved), pink. Gratis.

**Price 5/6, Post Free for Cash.**

### HALF VILLA "B" COLLECTION.

24 choice varieties. The same as the **Villa "B"** exactly, only 25 seeds of each variety. Also 5 seeds of each of **Mrs. Hardcastle Sykes** (Waved), pink; and **Countess Spencer** (Waved), pink. Gratis. **Price 3/-. Post Free for Cash.**

### EXHIBITORS' "D" COLLECTION.

12 charming **Giant Waved** varieties, splendid for exhibition or any purpose, 10 seeds of each, as follows:—

**Asta Ohn**, lavender.
**Countess Spencer**, pink.
**Dodwell F. Browne**, crimson.
**Dorothy Tennant**, (Waved), mauve.
**Etta Dyke**, white.
**Evelyn Hemus**, creamy pink.
**Flora Norton** (Waved), blue.
**Mrs. W. King**, rose.
**Mrs. Hardcastle Sykes**, pink.
**Mrs. Henry Bell**, apricot.
**Othello** (Waved), maroon.
**Paradise Ivory**, ivory pink.

Also 10 seeds of each of **Cerise**, cerise; and **Helen Lewis**, salmon. Gratis.

**Price 2/9, Post Free for Cash.**

### VILLA "C" COLLECTION.

12 choice varieties, suitable for garden effect and cutting, 50 seeds of each, as follows:—

**Agnes Eckford**, pink.
**A. J. Cook** (slightly Waved) lavender.
**Black Knight**, maroon.
**Dorothy Eckford**, white.
**Frank Dolby** (slightly Waved), lavender.
**Helen Lewis** (Waved), salmon.
**Henry Eckford**, coral.
**Lord Nelson**, blue.
**Mrs. Collier**, pale primrose.
**Phenomenal** (slightly Waved), blue picotee edge.
**Pink Pearl** (slightly Waved), pink.
**Queen Alexandra**, scarlet.

Also 5 seeds of each of **Countess Spencer** (Waved), pink; and **Mrs. Hardcastle Sykes** (Waved), pink. Gratis. **Price 2/9, Post Free for Cash.**

### VILLA "D" COLLECTION.

12 choice varieties. The same as the **Villa "C"** exactly, only 25 seeds of each. Also 5 seeds of each of **Mrs. Hardcastle Sykes** (Waved), pink; and **Countess Spencer** (Waved), pink. Gratis. **Price 1/6.**

### ECKFORD'S FLORAL BEAUTIES IN COLLECTIONS.

Arranged liberal in quantity, and contain only varieties that have been proved excellent in my own Trial Grounds at Wem, and are the best value in the trade.

**AN ECKFORD FLOWER GARDEN FOR 5/-.** Post Free for Cash.
**Eckford's Ideal Collection of Floral Beauties contains:**

6 varieties Giant Sweet Peas, separate and named.
3 packets of Choice Asters, separate colours.
3 ,, Choice Double Ten-Week Stocks, separate colours.
3 ,, Ornamental Grasses for mixing with cut flowers.
1 packet of each of the following **twelve** Hardy Annuals: Alyssum for edging, Calliopsis, Shirley Poppy, Annual Chrysanthemum, Schizanthus, Eschscholtzia, Godetia, Miniature Sunflower, Larkspur, Mignonette, Nasturtium, and Nigella.
1 packet each of **Six** Hardy Annuals, as follows: Lobelia, Nicotiana, Marigold, and three Everlastings for Winter Decoration; 1 packet of each Hardy Perennials, as follows: Antirrhinum, Aquilegia, and Canterbury Bells; with 1 packet of Single Wallflowers. **5/- Post Free for Cash with order.**

**AN ECKFORD FLOWER GARDEN FOR 2/6.** Eckford's **Ideal Collection of Floral Beauties for Smaller Garden, contains:**

1 packet of each of the following Choice Flower Seeds: "Matchless" Mixture of Giant Sweet Peas, Choice Mixed Asters, Choice Double Ten-Week Stocks (mixed), 1 packet Ornamental Grass, Annual Chrysanthemum (mixed), Shirley Poppy, Eschscholtzia (mixed), Larkspur, Candytuft, Lobelia, Mignonette, Schizanthus, Nicotiana, Marigold, Nasturtium (tall), and Single Wallflowers.

**2/6 Post Free for Cash with order.**

**FREE.** Send a postcard to-day for large illustrated and coloured Catalogue. It gives full particulars of all novelties in Sweet Peas for 1913, and contains full list of all flower and vegetable seeds.

**HENRY ECKFORD, Sweet Pea Specialist (Dept. 74), WEM, SHROPSHIRE.**

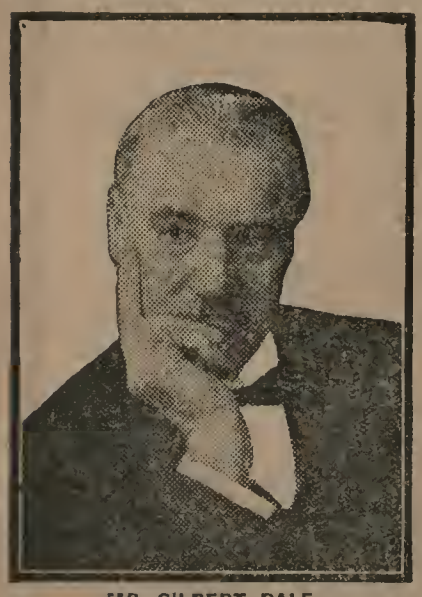
# THE CURE OF EPILEPSY.

## A Famous Specialist and His Great Curative Work.

QUICK to censure but slow to praise—this has always been the critical attitude of *Truth*, and therefore the Editor's remarks in the issue dated February 16th, 1910, concerning the scope and beneficial nature of Mr. Gilbert Dale's work, will be noted with extraordinary interest by epileptics and their friends.

**As to the value of his treatment, I can only say that he has certainly been successful in many cases where orthodox practitioners have failed. But I am satisfied that he is perfectly honest and conscientious, and that no one need hesitate about trying his treatment where orthodox science is of no avail, and, unfortunately, there are many cases of Epilepsy where it is.**

Mr. Gilbert Dale, undoubtedly the best known and most successful specialist in epilepsy, has the reputation of years behind him. Years of devoted ability, solely applied to the eradication and cure of that great nervous affliction—epilepsy.



MR. GILBERT DALE.

Hundreds of the worst cases have been restored through his treatment.

Mr. Gilbert Dale's methods depart altogether from the ordinary, and that his principles are true is amply borne out by the extraordinary percentage of cures he effects, often when the case has defied every previous effort to overcome it.

Indeed, so convinced is he of the efficacy of his treatment that he emphatically states that even in its most aggravated form this disease may be entirely eradicated from the system!

Not in one instance, but in many, have patients written to say: "I have never had an attack since coming under your treatment!"

Yes, cured to stay cured, for the correspondents say that after the treatment ceases they do not experience the least symptoms of return.

In regard to Mr. Gilbert Dale's treatment it should be noted that he entirely excludes Bromide of Potassium and poisons.

He is severely critical on the use of dangerous drugs, and insists that many so-called remedies are worse than the disease.

With him each case is treated according to its own distinct character. Each sufferer's constitution, temperament and peculiarities are all thoroughly considered, and the treatment is a personal matter altogether, based purely upon the most intimate knowledge of what is desirable.

Results speak for themselves. It is one thing to profess to do a thing, but a much better one to accomplish it.

Mr. Gilbert Dale accomplishes, and his success has justly earned for him his enviable reputation as the leading specialist in the treatment of epilepsy.

Another arrangement is that he is now **willing to express his written opinion upon any case without imposing a fee.** When fully in touch with all particulars he will then say whether it comes within his scope, and if he tells you that a cure is possible, then you may safely rely upon it that there is every hope of recovery. If a personal consultation is desired, a fee, of course, has to be charged.

Epilepsy enervates the entire system, reduces power of body and mind to a minimum, and absolutely prohibits the victim from achieving success in life or sharing in the pleasures of existence.

Mr. E. Gilbert Dale's consulting rooms are situated at 32, Brook Street, Grosvenor Square, W.; telephone: 5341 Mayfair.

Sufferers and friends of sufferers should therefore communicate with his Secretary, and with his reply he will present them with Mr. Gilbert Dale's interesting treatise on "Epilepsy, its Causes, Symptoms, and Cure." No fee is asked for the letter, and no charge is made for the book.

No matter whether the case be slight or severe, bear in mind that you are now given an opportunity to avail yourself of the services of the greatest specialist in Epilepsy.


sonal friend, whose career has been an administrative one of great importance in our Empire.

Having heard with incredulity stories of waning patriotism amongst the masses of the people, and wishing to have an opportunity of being brought in touch with the working classes, he decided to travel third class to one of the northern towns, where he was going on a visit. He settled himself with his newspaper in the corner of a third-class carriage, which speedily filled up with working men of the artisan class. After a time politics began to be discussed, and eventually the question of war with Germany was the topic. Finally, one workman expressed the opinion that he should object to have to go to war with Germany, for that, as far as the working classes were concerned, whether "George" or "William" sat on the throne of England, could not concern them. The people would equally have to be fed in either case, and this view was unanimously agreed to.

On repeating this to a German gentleman, he said such a sentiment was impossible in Germany, where the poorest man was proud of the Fatherland.—I am, yours, etc.,

H. P.

## THE TYRANNY OF THE NOVEL *V.* BIBLE-READING.

*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

DEAR SIR,—Canon Barry complains of the decay of Bible-reading, and this strikes me as a piece of insufferable cant. With the exception of the Gospels, of what serious value is the rest of the Bible—the bulk of which is in moral conflict with the Gospels? Or what have we to gain by imbibing the superstition and savagery of the ancient Hebrews? Bible-worship is the curse of modern religion, and apologias for the Bible are the curse of modern thought. Already the teaching of Paul (good in his age) has widely supplanted the teaching of Christ Himself—because of this insane deification of the Bible. "Bible-study" is the modern dodge of the Churches, to keep the minds of young people from inquiring too closely into questions of social righteousness and economic justice. One feels that if Canon Barry were at all in earnest about the application of Christianity to life, he would not need to be told these things.

He observes that religion dies when "its oracles are dumb"; but the oracles of ecclesiasticism have been dumb for centuries, and the bulk of the Bible has been dumb for much longer than that. What kills living oracles is the same thing that crucified Jesus—to wit, ecclesiastical tradition, *enforced by coercion.* There is no room therein for moral inspiration, which is set at nought and suppressed. Such an act as the pardoning of the woman taken in adultery—or such a dictum as that of Jesus, when He said that "not everyone could receive" the truth as to the inviolable sanctity of marriage—is incomprehensible to the would-be moral administrator.

Let not Canon Barry suppose that modern Art is any worse than Art always was. Art, as the handmaid of ecclesiasticism, was just as guilty of cheap mendacity as is the modern novel.

We are now discovering that God is far more humane than man, and does not impose vindictive penalties for mere errors of judgment. The tendency of the time is to consider how far society can mitigate and relieve the results of sin.

Let it be put to the credit of Canon Barry that he has ventured into the open, and by the grace of God (and Editore volente) stands to receive a few home-thrusts before he can retire.—I am, sir, etc.,

Leeds. T. H. FERRIS.

# THE PHILOSOPHER OF THE SUPERMAN*

Mr. Chatterton Hill has written a really excellent introduction to the philosophy of Nietzsche. We have one or two criticisms to offer; but, looked at broadly, the book is a sound piece of exposition and (up to a point) of criticism. We welcome it all the more readily because, as it seems to us, the most popular presentations of Nietzsche in this country have tended to be very partial. We are all acquainted with the philosopher who denounces Christianity, with the scathing critic of our morality and politics, with the creator of the Superman remorseless, inhuman, and ferocious. But Nietzsche had other qualities than those of the mere critic and sceptic. We are grateful accordingly to Mr. Hill for his complementary picture of the poet and thinker who balanced his worship of force by his conception of life as the most supreme manifestation of art, and whose ideal being is as much the servant of all that is highest in humanity as he is the tyrant over all that is most degenerate and base. For Nietzsche, indeed, is no mere anarchistic opponent of an established order of things. Form, shapeliness, beauty are to him the essentials of life. His attack upon modern religion, modern democracy, modern art, is not in the interest of anarchy at all, but because he foresees as the outcome of modern collectivist thinking a chaos far more profound than any anarchy could produce.

This aspect of his teaching Mr. Hill has emphasised with very great care, and, as we think, very wisely. It is when we come to actual criticism that we are disposed to regard him as somewhat wanting in thoroughness. In the field of philosophy itself there is little fault to find. Especially admirable is his exposition of Nietzsche's theory of knowledge and his refutation of the fallacies and contradictions it involves. But, frankly, we are not a little surprised and disappointed that he finds so little to criticise in the philosopher's uses of history. To us the Hellenism of which Nietzsche wrote so much and so enthusiastically has always seemed a purely poetic conception, the result of a series of extremely brilliant and equally unsound generalisations from very insufficient data. Suggestive as is his theory of the birth of tragedy, it bears no relation to the facts available in his own day, still less to those available at present. Again, his conviction that to the elect spirits of Hellas ethics and æsthetics were synonymous terms is only a very general approximation to truth. A careful reading of any single play of Æschylus is enough to convince one that Attic tragedy was as highly "moralised" along religious lines as the documents of the faith Nietzsche held up to scorn and reprobation. More poet than thinker, or perhaps thinking rather in the manner of the poet than of the philosopher, Nietzsche created for himself an ideal civilisation and located it in Periclean Athens. As an ideal it admirably served his purpose; it will not, however, abide the question of history.

Mr. Hill would have done well, we think, to point out the discrepancy. Omissions are never very kindly subject for criticism, but we cannot help a regret that the author did not include some treatment of Nietzsche's influence upon English thought and letters. After all, Mr. Shaw is not his only disciple in this country. The late Oscar Wilde was a heavy debtor to his teaching, and the Pragmatists of Oxford owe not a little to his criticism of metaphysics.

* "The Philosophy of Nietzsche." An Exposition and an Appreciation. By G. Chatterton Hill. (London: Ouseley, Ltd.)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INDIGESTION, ACIDITY, FLATULENCY, HEARTBURN, and IMPURE BREATH,

Bragg's Pure Vegetable Charcoal has never yet been equalled. It absorbs the impure gases generated in the stomach and bowels and carries them out of the system, thus removing the CAUSE of digestive disturbance and at the same time cleansing the blood.

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may be taken regularly with constant benefit by young or old. It is invaluable also in Diarrhœa and Fever. Doctors largely recommend it and use it in their own families.

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## BISHOP PAGET*

"Do you know the phrase," wrote Bishop Paget to a friend, "'a man's conversation in his shirt sleeves?' It is only, I think, the most cultivated, keen, delightful and kindly minds that can afford to be discovered so talking." Paget could very seldom afford to be "discovered so talking." It is not permitted to a don of a great college with aristocratic traditions, to a Canon and Dean of Christ Church, to a Bishop of Oxford to divest himself of appropriate garments. Yet Paget had something of the "shirt sleeves" quality in him, and therein lay much of his charm. He was a serious man in the best sense of the word. He did the work that came to him to the utmost of his power, and his religion was a part of him. He was never serious in the sense of being merely dull or severe. He could make a pun that Charles Lamb would have delighted in. "We would think whether anybody could be found to meet Dr. King's demand, and write a new 'Summa Theologica.' Who would do it? Perhaps Swallow, the learned Cuddesdon chaplain? 'No,' said Paget, 'not quite. It is not every Swallow that can make a Summa.'" There is a parenthesis in one of his letters—"Interdenominational! O dear, what a luggage-train of a word!"—that reveals something happy and whimsical in the man, a youthfulness that must often have afforded a retreat from the dignities that attended him. Such is the impression one gets from this admirable sketch of the Bishop's life by his brother, Mr. Stephen Paget, and his chaplain, Mr. Crum. It is the impression of a saint, but not a painful saint, rather of a saint with a genuine vein of humanism. His love of natural scenery and passion for pictures bear this out. He was in all things painstaking and scrupulous—in his work and in his dealings with men. He defined courtesy in his volume on "The Christian Character" as "sympathy with the self-respect of others." This definition speaks of a man who had thought the matter out, whose courtesy might be careful, but never formal. "He came to a man's conscience," says Mr. Stephen Paget, "as he would come into a sick room, treading softly and bringing flowers." In something of the same spirit Paget approached his work, his lectures on Hooker, his sermons. He never belittled it or took it lightly. Perhaps he was conscientious to a fault. The judicious Hooker would probably have been embarrassed to find that his Fifth Book had given rise to a whole volume of minute comment and expanded exposition, the text of the volume "riding high on a tossing sea of footnotes"—to quote a remark of Mr. Stephen Paget in another connection. Nevertheless, he would not have failed to recognise that the work was far from being that of a dryasdust. It was rather a loyal tribute to a master. So with the men who felt embarrassed when Paget approached them. A little experience taught them that it was the approach of a man who wanted to take them seriously as men, and to give them his best. The titles Paget chose for his sermons—e.g., "The Hallowing of Work," and "The Spirit of Discipline"—cast an instructive light on his character. Christianity for him was a power that enabled a man to make something worthy of his life. He was not uninterested in philosophy. But he does not seem to have passed through any acute intellectual crisis. Religion for him was experience, an experience, no doubt, that was capable of rational exposition and defence, yet never so as to banish from it the venture of faith. "So it all comes back to the old lesson of looking up and holding on, 'till the day break and the shadows flee away.' And whenever the thought of venturing forward in the acts and ways of faith seems to grow in your mind I should believe that there are deeper, stronger, broader tides of life and growth beneath that thought than perhaps the faculty of logic tells of." The same spirit is revealed in his attitude to dogma. With all his reverence for dogma, he could speak of "the discipline of incompleteness." There are things in the life that will doubtless puzzle some readers. The adherence to the Eastward attitude, e.g., certain remarks on baptism, and the refusal to go on the platform with Nonconformists at a Bible Society meeting, because such action involved joining with Nonconformists in an act of devotion. But these things may be left out of account. Fortunately, they do not hide from us Paget's spiritual greatness, or make it impossible for men of all schools to appreciate this record of a rich and finely wrought religious experience.

* "Francis Paget, Bishop of Oxford." By Stephen Paget and J. M. C. Crum. With an Introduction by the Archbishop of Canterbury. 15s. (London: Macmillan and Co.)

## SANTA TERESA*

WE owe to a wet holiday in the Engadine this admirable little book in its charming soft blue leather binding. Through spending "every rainy morning and every tired evening" during that holiday in the company of Abraham Woodhead's two black letter quartos of the Life of St. Teresa, Dr. Whyte was inspired with the happy idea of adding the saint to his attractive series of devotional booklets.

Though she lived 300 years ago, St. Teresa was essentially a modern woman. If there had been a vote in the Spain of her day, she would have fought tooth and nail for it, but, as there was none, she found a nobler object for her zeal. The spirit of rebellion against existing evils was awakened strongly within her during the years of convent school life, and she set herself the task of reforming the monasteries of Spain and purging them of the corruption and abuses of a system from which she had suffered herself in her innocent girlhood. Her unswerving purpose and indomitable energy, handicapped as she was by chronic ill-health, which, strange to say, did not affect the beauty of her person, must excite the admiration of all times and all creeds.

But what commends St. Teresa to us most, perhaps, is that she was not only that rare thing, a woman with a sense of humour, but, what is still rarer, a humorous saint. Her cell often rang with shouts of laughter, St. Teresa's witty sallies and raillery melting the austerity of the priests and nuns who conversed with her. The quality of her humour is preserved for us in the saint's "Foundations" and in her enchanting Letters.

"Quite as good as Cervantes, quite as good as Goldsmith," Dr. Whyte caught himself exclaiming as he read and "laughed till the tears ran down his cheeks"; and Froude, in his article on Teresa's writings in the *Quarterly*, says, "The best satire of Cervantes is not more dainty." A selection of passages from Teresa's works has been placed by Dr. Whyte at the end of his introduction and appreciation.

Surely nothing could be more perfectly adapted than this little book to send "St. Teresa's Daughters" to the fountain-head, and to create a demand at the libraries for Father Coleridge's and Mrs. Cunninghame Graham's biographies of a great saint and a remarkable woman.

* "Santa Teresa: An Appreciation." With some of the best passages of the saint's writings. Selected, adapted and arranged by Alexander Whyte, D.D. (Oliphant, Anderson and Ferrier.)

# GLORIOUS HEALTH!

**Glorious Health and Welbank's Boilerette are synonymous terms. It will be more and more clearly demonstrated that the one is impossible without the other. By eating rice from which a fine outer coating, chiefly consisting of Silicon, has been removed by a polishing process is the cause of Beri-beri (Multiple Neuritis), a terrible disease chiefly affecting the nerves. We too suffer from many terrible complaints and diseases because we make such fools of ourselves by persisting in washing out and wasting the most valuable elements of the food we eat, the priceless life-giving Salts of Vegetables. These Salts, consisting of Potassium, Sodium, Calcium, Magnesium, Iron, Phosphorus, Sulphur, Silicon and Chlorine, are the most Precious Medicines provided for us by Nature from her Wondrous Laboratory.**

**Anæmia is caused by Constipation and lack of Iron and Potassium in the blood. Vegetables properly cooked will cure the one and supply the deficiency in the other. Vegetables are rich in Iron, &c., especially Lettuce, Parsnip and Spinach, chemically prepared by Nature so as to be easily digested and assimilated. Neurasthenia, i.e., Nervous Depression and Prostration, Neuritis, &c, are oft-times the result of Constipation, producing weak digestion, &c. The chief cause, as in Beri-beri, is Nerve Starvation, the lack of nutriment to the nerves and brain. Vegetables, being rich in Phosphorus, Potassium, Silicon and other Nerve and Brain Foods, will supply the deficiency, besides curing Constipation, without which a full recovery may be regarded as almost hopeless.**

**Rheumatism, Gout, Neuralgia, &c.—These distressing complaints are caused by an excess of Uric Acid in the blood. Vegetables, being rich in Alkaline and other Salts, such as Potassium, Sodium, Magnesium, Calcium, Sulphur, &c., will purify the blood, neutralise the acids, and expel them from the system. As Constipation is nearly always pre-existent in these cases, Vegetables will effect the cure. But bear in mind the Vegetables *must* be so cooked that *all* the Valuable Organic Salts are *fully* conserved. Constipation is the foul and aggravating cause of most of the complaints and diseases from which we suffer, and can only be cured by Natural Remedies.**

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# BOOKS OF THE WEEK

It is an essential quality of success in a book of adventure that the story begins without preamble, and opens on a dominant note. Mr. Stuart starts THE ROCK OF THE RAVENS (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.) in a spirited fashion, and takes us at once to the heart of the drama. It is a story of the Highlands, centring round the war of the clans, the eternal enmity between the rival sections of the hillsmen. Told in vivid and picturesque fashion, the interest never flags.

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In the LAST LEGITIMATE KING OF FRANCE (J. M. Dent and Co., 12s. 6d. net), Miss Allen gives us a work that is at once monumental and interesting. The subject dealt with is one of those perennial historical controversies that never seem to get settled, but which excite fresh interest in every successive generation. Miss Allen gives us an exhaustive statement, at any rate, of one side of the question. She has had the advantage of being able to draw upon the wealth of material collected by M. Henri Provin, and she marshals her facts with clearness and effect. Put shortly, the thesis that she starts out to prove is that the son of Louis XVI., so far from dying in the Temple, as is commonly supposed, escaped from his captors (who confined a substitute in his place) and lived on to attain man's estate as Charles Guillaume Naumdorf, a clockmaker in Berlin. It follows, of course, that this man was the legitimate King of the French, and that it is his heirs who have the claim to the Bourbon succession. His subsequent adventures, with the efforts he made to establish his position, make interesting reading. Miss Allen writes with obvious sincerity, indeed with fervour of conviction, and no circumstance is too minute for her to neglect. While the issue that she raises may have little practical significance, the volume is undeniably a fascinating one, and deserves, and will repay, careful study.

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Readers of occult literature will not need to be told that Mr. Ralph Shirley, whose volume of essays, THE NEW GOD (William Rider and Son, Ltd., 2s. net), has just achieved its second edition, writes with both lucidity and humour—qualities rare, unfortunately, in the illumination of such darkened themes. In these essays he reveals himself as a thinker also, lacking neither in penetration nor courage. The best thing in the volume is his warning against the danger of what, for want of a better term, we may call latitudinarianism. "The dangers," he says, "with which we are threatened to-day are not those which confronted our fathers. *They* were in danger of believing in absurdities through sheer force of habit; *we* are in danger of believing in shadows. *They* were menaced by dogma; *we* are menaced by our own open-mindedness. *Their* danger lay in the strength of their convictions; *ours* that we have no genuine convictions at all. Nothing could penetrate the brazen cloak of *their* obdurate prejudices; *we* are receptive mediums for every passing wind of opinion. We have no original thoughts, no ideas, to give us individuality, but every suggestion that is floating in the air finds a ready harbourage in our brains. . . . It is not our forefathers who are dead, but we." No saner warning could be uttered to a generation of intellectual triflers.

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In these days, when so much that is wild and whirling is published in connection with what is called the woman's movement, it is quite refreshing to chance upon such a writer as Miss Alice Corkran, of whose

book, THE ROMANCE OF WOMAN'S INFLUENCE, Messrs. Blackie and Son, Ltd., have just issued a new edition. The book is a record of women who helped to make men great, and in doing so became great themselves—as "mothers, wives, sisters, and friends." We commend (especially to those of the "shrieking sisterhood" who are for ever discrediting the avocations of wifehood and motherhood as too frivolous for serious women to follow) the excellent description of ex-President Loubet's mother, the simple peasant woman who lived laborious days to bring up her two sons with dignity, one as a doctor, one as a lawyer. "We can see her in her frugal and beautiful old age very pleased and very proud of her sons; they on their side very proud of her." Excellent also are the sympathetic sketches of Mrs. Gladstone and Madame Curie. "In the helpful woman of the category with which I deal," says the authoress, "there is always something of the relationship of the mother to her fretful babe in their handling of the men they aid. The babe is equally impartial in its hospitality to all trifles, and it has to learn to distinguish by deputy those that really count." That is true of the world also, and hence we welcome this book. It is about women who "really count."

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The illustrations that accompany THE SORCERY CLUB, by Elliot O'Donnell (William Rider and Son, Limited), are of a terrifying description. We do not say this in criticism of the artist; doubtless they are intended to be so. We find depicted for us the horror of a policeman on the banks of the Serpentine in a paroxysm of fear at a lime-tree, which is being made to rock to and fro! Also, the distorted and terrified countenances of three devotees of evil, who are racked with anguish at the pranks played on them by fearsome spirits. Our own natural repulsion over, our first instinct is to laugh at these deliriums of torture, such as we can conceive no human being suffering. We turn next to the text, and we confess that much the same feeling is produced by such a story as we found energy to give it. It appears that eating of some forbidden fruit by the characters concerned gave the faculty of sorcery, which ranges from the power of divination to that of creating plagues, healing ailments, and of producing vampires and wehrwolves. The results are very entertaining. Skeletons, for instance, are found, with buried treasure, beneath the floors of public-houses. In one case "the diviner," who "was sitting in the Pig and Whistle saloon in Corn Street, drinking a lager, felt a peculiar throbbing sensation run up his left leg into his left hand." This clue is followed up with amazing results. Later on, women are blackmailed, hideous spells are sold, old people slaughtered, the House of Commons blown up, and Cabinet Ministers killed. It would all be dreadful if it were not so grotesque. Even so, it is a little revolting. Frankly, we don't understand why it has been published.

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THE FAIREST OF THE STEWARTS (Sampson Low and Co., 6s.) is written with a certain freshness that in a tale of modern times should serve the author in good stead. In an historical novel other qualities are essential to success; the art of creating atmosphere, of painting a period, suggesting the trend of historical events is lacking in Miss Mylechreest's novel. The characters do not bear the impress of the time, neither are the situations dramatic, nor is the dialogue sparkling. We would recommend the author to turn her talents towards the writing of a tale of to-day, which would not call for bold treatment or strong

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in a recent article, says: "The young man and the young woman with literary aspirations are told by the croaker of to-day that literature is a profession in which it is impossible to earn a living. That is not my experience, nor is it the experience of many another writer whose name might be mentioned here. But I make bold to assert that at no time were critics and the public more ready to recognise and to encourage new talent."

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characterisation, but would afford opportunity for the delicacy of treatment which is one of Miss Mylechreest's most marked attributes.

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Mr. Klein gives us a series of arguments under the title of SCIENCE AND THE INFINITE (Rider, 2s. 6d. net), in which he states his views on "Mysticism and Symbolism," and the various chains of thought by which we arrive at conclusions concerning them. The style is not notable for lucidity; indeed, there is more than a touch of the confusion of thought characteristic of books trending on theosophy and kindred subjects. The best written chapter is that on "Time," where the arguments are concise and the deductions feasible. While the book will not appeal to the majority of readers, it will definitely interest those people, daily increasing, who are attracted by discussions on what the author terms the "Transcendental Ego."

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Messrs. Putnam are to be congratulated on the Mauve Library. The books issued under this heading are well printed, excellently got up, and eminently readable. THEIR HEARTS' DESIRE (2s. net) is the story of a small child who brought together his father and the woman he loved. It was always John's grief that he had no mother, and the hope grew in his heart that one day he might attain the coveted possession. Children have a native tact which "grown-ups" can never aspire to, and the small boy achieved what an older person could not have brought about. The child's delight when at last the incredible is accomplished and John realises that Barbara has come into his home and heart to stay is well told. The story is daintily written, and ends on a natural, genuine emotion. It is a book that will delight all young people—and those of an older generation.

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It is but seldom one meets with a story of adventure and sensation written in such a pleasant, breezy manner as distinguishes Miss Marchant's YOUNGEST SISTER (Blackie and Son, 5s.). Bertha, the heroine of the story, is considered by her practical, bustling sisters incompetent and reckless, one of those "impossible funny people" who fill those of well-ordered minds and nicely regulated habits with a certain kindly tolerance tinged with contempt. The story opens well, and the author wastes no time in coming to grips with her readers. "Old Jan Saunders, with his wife and the fat German who kept the little store at the bottom of the hill, were standing in an excited group at the edge of the roadway and pointing out to the upstanding rocks called the Shark's Teeth, which showed grim and deadly a few yards out from the shore." The fat German, the tears running down his cheeks, explains that there is a man caught on the rocks, and he will be drowned. Bertha turns sick and faint at the news that there is no boat nearer than four miles, and by the time it arrives the stranger will be drowned. Her dreamy nature notwithstanding, she rises to the situation and, after a really heroic struggle, rescues the man. The story sketches the development of Bertha's character, and shows how the girl, removed from the chilling criticisms of her superior—and entirely unpleasant—sisters, develops into a charming and capable woman, with a marked literary gift. The theme of Cinderella, retold in a thousand different ways, has never been more happily sketched than in the story of Bertha Doyne.

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Mr. J. Ramsay Macdonald's book on his wife, MARGARET ETHEL MACDONALD (Hodder and Stoughton, 3s. 6d. net), will doubtless be of interest to those who were personally acquainted with Mrs. Macdonald, or who are united with the author in political conviction. Apart from sentimental reasons, however, the book is not attractive. It is a dull record of details relating to the ancestry, birth, and upbringing of the subject of the biography, with ample particulars as to the family faith, their traditions, domestic and otherwise, their taste in food, their preferences in literature, together with their feelings as to art and their views on propaganda generally. It is perhaps unwise to attempt a monograph on our nearest and dearest. Things which to those intimately concerned are of definite import appear to the ordinary observer quite trivial and unimportant, and when the association is as close as the tie which existed between the author and the person written of there is an unfortunate tendency to strike the note of egotism more frequently than to the reader appears necessary.

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LA COTE D'EMERAUDE (A. and C. Black, 7s. 6d. net), beautifully printed and profusely illustrated, is a notable production. The Emerald Coast of France makes a peg on which to hang legends of the countryside, with vivid descriptives and side-views of historical events, together with much practical information as to routes and places of interest and association. Mr. Spencer Musson takes us from the "golden beaches and iron cliffs" round the edge of the great gulf of St. Malo, the "Corsair City," to Granville, "an old-fashioned little grey town, built on a rocky promontory that juts westward into the channel, and is almost separated from the main plateau by a great cleft known as the Tranchée des Anglais, the Monaco of the North." The chapter on Dinard contains some wonderful bits of word painting; but, indeed, the author has for La Cote d'Emeraude an intimate affection and understanding. He likens Ireland to the Emerald Coast with an effective parallel. "Not only do the last strands of the Gulf Stream bring to each the mild, moist air that makes them green, and the veiled skies and mystic horizons that steep their atmosphere in poetry, but both are lands *ou les jamais sont les toujours*, last refuges of the attractive race which barely hold their own as distinct folk, in the long fringe of creek and firth, island and highland, that stretches from the mouth of the Loire to the misty Hebrides." The illustrations are from the original paintings of Mr. J. Hardwicke Lewis.

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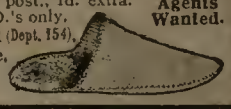

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Printed by HAZELL, WATSON & VINEY, LD., 4-8, Kirby Street, Hatton Garden, London, E.C., and Published by J. M. DENT & SONS, LD., Aldine House, Bedford Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.

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No. 14. Vol. 1. [REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O.] FRIDAY, JANUARY 17, 1913. One Penny.


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ARTICLES
BY
HENRY MAYERS HYNDMAN
MRS. JOHN LANE
DR. PERCY DEARMER
J. MIDDLETON MURRY


## HISTORY IN THE MAKING

### NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THE war clouds in the East are decidedly darker. The situation grows more threatening hour by hour. Turkey declines to give way on the points of discussion, and refuses to resign Adrianople or cede the Ægean Isles. The Powers have urged these concessions to the uttermost, but up to the time of going to press Turkey declines to respond to pressure, and the Allies, growing impatient at the protracted delay, threaten a renewal of the war, and an outbreak of hostilities is feared. It is felt, however, that the Powers will use every effort to stave off such a calamity, and that, in the ultimate, Turkey will be forced to hear reason.

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In a letter to Lord Balcarres, Mr. Bonar Law announces his decision that food taxes are to have no place in the fighting programme of the Tory party for the present. In the same letter he consents to retain the leadership of the party, and to accept the compromise set forth in the memorial presented to him, which suggested that no food taxes should be imposed until they had been submitted to the country at a General Election.

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In a speech at Manchester, Lord Haldane foreshadowed an important addition to the Government's legislative programme. The Government, he said, were intending to deal in a large and comprehensive way with the whole subject of education, which is in a state of confusion, not to say chaos. The idea is to make secondary and higher education, as well as primary education, a national matter. Lord Haldane did not descend to details. The one thing made clear was that the cost would not fall directly upon the ratepayer, but would be made a national charge, in the shape of increased taxation. The religious difficulty stands in the forefront of any national scheme, but Lord Haldane is of opinion that it will not prove insurmountable. Meanwhile the Government seem determined to organise education so as to open a career for every child with brains.

---

On Wednesday the Insurance Act came into operation. In the hands of the National Health Insurance Committee there is now £10,000,000, in order to meet the first claims for the various benefits. On the panels there are now 15,000 doctors, and everything is said to be in readiness for the administration of the medical part of the Act.

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Judgment has been given by the Railway and Canal Commissioners in connection with the claim of the National Telephone Company for the service which passed over to Government control in January, 1912. The Commissioners award a total sum of £12,515,264 to the company, who originally claimed over twenty millions, of which about seventeen millions were under the heading of plants.

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The Select Committee to inquire into the Marconi contract with the Post Office recommend that steps should be at once taken, in view of the urgency of establishing an Imperial chain of wireless stations, for the purchase of sites for the stations. In this connection the Committee also suggest the immediate appointment of a highly qualified Technical Committee to advise upon the system to be adopted.

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Weather of exceptional severity has been experienced over the greater part of the United Kingdom. A snowstorm of the blizzard type greatly interfered with railway travelling. Trains were snowed up, and much damage was done to shipping, and many lives were lost.

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A number of influential Liberals have drawn up a memorial to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, asking

him to provide in the Budget for the reduction of the present taxes on food, more particularly on sugar.

---

At the Conference of the Historical Association at the Imperial Institute of London papers were read bearing on the homes of the poor and domestic economy. It was pointed out that the teaching of domestic science did not in the least influence economics in the households of the poor, for the simple reason that they had not the necessary appliances to enable them to work on any particular basis. They had not facilities for storing food, and consequently had to pay higher prices in many cases for inferior articles. The existing housing of the poor was described as abominable; owing to their deplorable environment, free life was impossible. The housing of the poor, it was contended, should be taken out of the hands of speculators.

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The public interest in the Dreyfus case, which created intense excitement in France some years ago, has been dramatically revived by the resignation of M. Millerand, Minister of War in the Poincaré Cabinet. Without consulting his colleagues, M. Millerand reinstated in the territorial army Colonel du Paty de Clam, who was one of the officers mainly responsible for securing the conviction of Captain Dreyfus, and was regarded as one of his bitterest enemies. He was removed from the active list after the revision of the trial. As the outcome of Cabinet meetings, M. Millerand tendered his resignation. His action in reinstating the colonel had not the approval of his colleagues. The new War Minister is M. Lebrun, who was previously Minister of the Colonies.

---

Trouble seems to be brewing in South Africa over the Hertzog incident. In addressing his constituents, the General made a bitter attack upon General Botha, and reiterated his previous declaration that he placed the interests of South Africa before the Imperial interest. Amongst General Botha's party the attack has provoked great resentment. It was thought possible at one time to reinstate General Hertzog, but anything of the kind is now declared to be impossible. In the course of his speech General Hertzog said that if there was anything inimical to the interests of South Africa it was the number of foreign interests vested in Johannesburg and other places.

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Dr. Woodrow Wilson has been subjecting American business methods to severe criticism. Speaking at the Commercial Club, in Chicago, he said he did not care how big any business became provided it grew big in keen competition. Perfectly honest men were now at a disadvantage in America, because people generally distrust business methods. Referring to the banking system, he said it did not need to be indicted, as it was already convicted.

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Important resolutions have been passed by Canadian farmers at their annual Conventions. The North-Western Grain Growers unanimously passed a resolution opposing all preferential tariff schemes giving Western grain growers higher prices at the expense of British workmen. The Western Farmers' Convention, representing 10,000 farmers, adopted a resolution advocating international peace, deploring the Canadian contribution to the Imperial Navy, which, it was declared, would promote a warlike sentiment, and condemning the Government's policy of a contribution without a referendum.

# THE HOUSING OF THE POOR

IT is an old and familiar saying that an Englishman's house is his castle. The ideal spot in the midst of life's din and bustle is the home, with its sacred seclusion. So far as the great mass of the people is concerned, the ideal is not within measurable distance of realisation. In these days of land depression and agricultural backwardness, there might be some excuse for the wretched housing conditions of the rural districts; but what is to be said of the deplorable housing conditions of London, say, the wealthiest city in the world? Overcrowding exists to a degree which constitutes a scandal at this stage of Christian civilisation. In a book published a few years ago, "The Citizen of To-morrow," it is stated that the average size of the rooms used for living and sleeping by the overcrowded Londoners is ten feet square. The heaviest burden falls on the women. Night and day they are condemned to soul and body destroying existence in these dens. Cooking, washing, drying, nursing the sick must be done in this ten-feet-square room. In London, at the time this book was published, there were 3,000 people living eight in a room, and over 9,000 living seven in a room. At the lowest computation there were 26,000 of the occupants of single-room dwellings living six and more in a room. We are told that thousands of these single-roomed dwellings serve not only for living and sleeping, but also for workshops. Many costermongers store their stock in their single rooms at night. Under conditions such as these, as Lord Rosebery once said, an Imperial race cannot be raised. Just consider, too, the waste of infant life which results from this deplorable state of matters. In his "Riches and Poverty," Mr. Chiozza Money gives a table showing the expectation of life for males in Hampstead and Southwark. At birth, the Hampstead infant has the expectation of 50.8 years of life; the Southwark infant 36.5. Central London has a death-rate of from 26 to 30 per 1,000, as compared with 13.5 in Surrey and Middlesex; while in the slum districts the rate goes up to 40 and 50 per 1,000.

A depressing feature of this condition of things is the exorbitant rents which the poor pay for their miserable hovels. As Mr. Haw, in his book, "No Room to Live," says: "Many a six-roomed house in a Bermondsey back lane or a Bethnal Green court is fetching 6s. a room, or £93 a year; while on the heights of Highgate, or in Dulwich lanes, the rents and rates combined of well-built, eight-roomed villa houses, fitted with baths, with gardens front and back, do not exceed £50 a year." It is not wide of the mark to say that the abodes of at least two and a half millions, or more than eight out of every hundred people in England and Wales, are incompatible with the production of healthy, law-abiding and industrious Christian citizens.

Driven off the land, men crowd into the towns, and, in desperation, compete with one another for the crumbs of bread which fall to them by the way to maintain an existence compared with which, as Huxley once said, the life of the savage is enviable. The savage at least has freedom and fresh air, while the miserable slum-dwellers are driven to live their miserable lives in places over which might well be inscribed the Dantean words, "Abandon hope, all ye who enter here." The home, as Mazzini somewhere says, is the recognised place where the child's first lesson in citizenship is learned. Here, then, is a problem which calls for the urgent attention of all earnest men, irrespective of political opinions and party ties.

HECTOR MACPHERSON.

# THE INFLUENCE OF ISLAM UPON CHRISTENDOM

By Dr. Percy Dearmer

I.

We have seen how Islam, in the hands of two different races, and at two widely separated periods—the seventh and the fourteenth centuries — invaded Christendom—first, as far as France; next, as far as Germany—and threatened the civilisation of Europe. Christendom stood then, as it does now, for civilisation, which does not mean that at any period Christianity was at all perfect. There are crimes and barbarisms in abundance spread over Christian history; and the "Kingdom of Heaven" has proved to be, as its Founder foretold, a leaven spreading slowly through the lump of natural humanity. But it *has* been a leaven; each century has shed some barbarism and has learnt some wisdom. There has been steady progress; for Christianity is the religion of hope and charity as well as faith, of movement, and of the spirit which makes all things new. Islam, on the other hand, is fatalism and fixity. The one is dynamic, the other static; and the very essence of modern science and modern thought is that we have passed from the static idea of things to the dynamic.

In our natural reaction against the intolerance of our ancestors we are apt to go to the opposite extreme and assume that every religion and every civilisation is as good as any other, which, of course, is nonsense. To compare Islam with Christianity, we need go no further than one instance—a test of thirteen centuries. Muhamed's immediate followers were converting Syria at the same time as England was being converted to Christianity. St. Columba came to Iona in 563, Muhamed was born in 570, St. Augustine came to Kent in 597, the Hegira of Muhamed was in 622, St. Paulinus baptised Edwin, King of Northumbria, in 629, Muhamed died in 632; and, two years after, Syria had been conquered by his disciples, before half England was converted. At that time England was a barbarous land, and Syria was civilised. During the thirteen centuries which have since passed England and Syria have changed places, with this difference—that England has a far higher civilisation than was possible then, and is still rapidly developing.

II.

One obvious result then of the Moslem invasions was that they arrested progress wherever they remained. Even the Saracens (who were a far higher race than the Turks, and had an art, a science, a literature of their own, which the Turks never had) ended in inanition and decay, as the ruined condition of North Africa witnesses. We shall understand better the motive of Italy in retaking Tripoli (which had belonged to the Roman and Byzantine emperors till the Saracens took it twelve and a half centuries ago) when we realise that the decay of North Africa was the ruin of the opposite towns of Sicily (once great and flourishing places), and that Italy can never become what she once was till the African and Asiatic coasts are dotted with great cities, and are rich in prosperous and well-ordered agriculture, as once they were. The rolling back of the Moslem invasions has meant the rejuvenation of the lands recovered, and is going to mean a still more striking new birth when the whole of the Mediterranean world is recovered, and modern civilisation extends, as ancient civilisation did, from Smyrna to Damascus, from the Red Sea to Morocco.

But strangest of all results—and a result, I think, realised by few—is the state of Christendom itself. The present condition of our religion is itself the result of the Moslem invasions. For what did they do? They altered the whole balance of power in the Christian Church.

III.

If I asked the first man I met what Christianity consisted of, he would, in nine cases out of ten, say Roman Catholicism and Protestantism; if he were a reader of Everyman, and better informed, perhaps he would add, "and the Eastern Church" as an afterthought—though, indeed, even learned gentlemen who write books of geography often lump all the ancient Churches of the East under the name of "the Greek Church." But what would Christendom have been to an observer in the time of the Fathers? It consisted of five great patriarchates, with certain other powerful Churches—Jerusalem, Antioch, Rome, Alexandria, and the later patriachate of Constantinople. That is to say, great as was the power of Rome, the balance lay with the Eastern Churches and the Latin-speaking Church of North Africa. To take one instance, the six great General Councils (A.D. 325-681), which are to-day accepted by East and West alike, were all held either in Constantinople or near it, and over none did the Bishop of Rome preside. This alone shows the enormous shifting of the balance of power in Christendom, as the ancient patriarchates of Jerusalem, Antioch, and Alexandria fell into Moslem hands, and became the shadows of their former selves. If the Saracens had been a seafaring people, instead of being horsemen, they might have taken Rome and left Antioch; and Rome might have become what Antioch now is. They exist still, these shrivelled ancient popedoms, but what does their existence matter to Christendom at large? Even the Patriarch of Constantinople is the ghost of what he once was; and his appointment, by the strangest of ironies, has rested with the Sultan.

IV.

Things are dynamic, it is true, and not static; and Christendom is moving. The Russian Church has already swept over North Asia; and the rolling back of Islam will put new life into the Greek, Servian, and Bulgarian Churches, and into their natural head, the Patriarch of Constantinople. Perhaps in the future Jerusalem, Antioch, and Alexandria will become great patriarchates again. But in the Middle Ages the world seemed static, like a prim garden. Russia had not arisen to make the Eastern Church again a power in the world; Constantinople was dwindling and doomed. What wonder that the patriarchate of Rome became all in all? Our forefathers talked and wrote about Christendom in the Middle Ages as if the Eastern Churches did not exist.

But the enormous power of Rome was not without result. It led to revolt, and revolt led to reaction, and Protestantism was born. Where would Protestantism be to-day if in the year 622 Muhamed had not fled from Mecca to Medina? And what would the Church of Rome be like? The balance of East and West might have been undisturbed, or it might have been heavy on the side of the East.

And all this shows that, though religion may try to keep out of international politics, international politics will not keep out of religion.

# COUNTRIES OF THE WORLD BY THE EDITOR

## III.—GERMANY

I.

No one who compares Germany with other countries would be prepared to assert that she has been specially favoured by nature. She does not enjoy the sunny, genial, and temperate climate of France, nor can her agricultural wealth be compared with that of her French neighbours, Prussia being, to a large extent, reclaimed from the sand. The mineral wealth of Germany is poor compared with that of Great Britain. She has few harbours, and only a narrow stretch of open sea. Nor has she the magnificent waterways for inland trade which are the pride of Russia, and Germany's finest river, the Rhine, has an outlet in alien territory.

II.

Yet this country, which possesses so few economic advantages, has become one of the great commercial powers of the world. This country, which only possesses a few miles of open sea, has a magnificent oversea trade, and is ready to compete with Great Britain for the empire of the waves, and proudly asserts that her future is on the water. The expansion of Germany is one of the miracles of modern times. The three industrial centres of Germany—Westphalia, Silesia, and Saxony—are amongst the most productive areas of Continental Europe, and the growth of her cities can only be compared to the mushroom growth of American towns. In the silk industry, Crefeld now rivals Lyons; the engineering trade of Westphalia rivals that of the Midlands, and the shipbuilding of Kiel and Stettin rivals that of Glasgow and Belfast. In the chemical industry Germany has reached a unique position. Hamburg, with Antwerp and Rotterdam, is one of the three leading Continental ports, and Antwerp and Rotterdam are practically German harbours. Everywhere in South America, in the Near East, and in the Far East, German trade is developing by leaps and bounds, and in the Russian Empire, where German supremacy almost amounts to a monopoly, she probably possesses the finest future market of the whole world.

III.

The explanation of this miracle is very simple. Although Germany is poor in natural resources, she is—and always has been—rich in men. The German race is one of the hardiest and one of the most hard-working in Europe. The wonder is, not that the Germans have come to the front by the end of the nineteenth century, but that they should have come to the front so late. In the Middle Ages the Hansa towns enjoyed unbounded prosperity. It was the Reformation and the Wars of Religion that ensued which plunged Germany for two centuries back into barbarism. The German is not brilliant. He lacks personality and originality; especially he lacks the supreme political gift. He is not born to rule. The real Imperial races, like the English and the French, easily assimilate, and are not readily assimilated. The Germans do not assimilate alien races, whilst they themselves are speedily assimilated in the United States and elsewhere. The 50,000 French-Canadians, who have become to-day a people of two millions and a half, if they had been German would have lost their nationality.

On the other hand, the Germans have some of the essential qualities conducive to success. They are earnest and conscientious. They have an infinite capacity for taking pains. The "plodding" German has become proverbial. The German race has always been prolific, and to-day, even more than in the past, there is an unlimited supply of "human material." To-day the net increase of the population is at the rate of 1,000,000 a year, and the 65,000,000 of Germans (not including the 15,000,000 Teutons of Austria and Switzerland), before the middle of the century, will exceed 100,000,000.

IV.

The rapid increase of the German population, together with the sudden expansion of trade and industry, is one of the fundamental facts of German economics and politics. Until recently the surplus population of Germany was absorbed by emigration. In the United States there are 10,000,000 people of German descent, and there are large German colonies in Russia and South America. For the last few years emigration has practically stopped. The whole surplus population is being absorbed. The immigration of aliens into Germany exceeds the emigration of Germans into alien territory, and this increase of the foreign element—mainly Slav—causes great concern to patriots, and has already led to stringent and brutal legislation.

In the midst of this abounding prosperity, patriotic German statesmen are not without anxiety, and they ask themselves, "How long is this going to last?" Their anxiety is natural. Hitherto Germany has competed successfully in the markets of the world, because she produced more cheaply than other nations. But the standard of living is rising, and the cost of living is increasing, as protective tariffs and corn laws in favour of the Prussian landlords have raised the cost of meat and wheat to famine prices. Hitherto, also, Germany has had the freedom of the great foreign markets, but those foreign markets may be closed against her. Foreign Governments may imitate her own example. They may retaliate and erect a protective tariff wall. Nor must we forget that Germany, not having the natural or accumulated wealth of her rivals, possesses less working capital, and that her huge trade is built largely on an airy fabric of credit and borrowed money. Hence the sensitiveness of German industry. Hence the periodic crises and the frequent panics on the Berlin Stock Exchange. Hence also the instinctive desire of Germany to possess colonies, that is to say, to possess independent markets of her own. The outcry for colonies is quite intelligible, but it is none the less absurd. Nothing shows better the futility of modern class politics than this clamour of Germany for colonies under the pretence of an outlet for her teeming population and for her trade and industry. So far as the population is concerned, the tropical or sub-tropical regions of Brazil or Asia Minor or Africa would be entirely unsuitable for emigration, and Professor Delbrück, in his recent article in EVERYMAN, admitted this when he said that it is only the educated middle class—*i.e.*, a few thousands—for whom colonies would provide employment. So far as German trade and industry are concerned, it is one of the little ironies of modern history that, incomparably, *the three best "colonies" of Germany are the three great political rival* countries of France, England, and Russia. If one of

MAP OF GERMANY.

those three countries were to keep out German goods by a prohibitive tariff, it would spell ruin to the Fatherland.

V.

If the economic structure of Germany is partly artificial, so is the political fabric. The political unity of the German Empire conceals considerable diversities. Until 1789 Germany was a bewildering confusion of independent feudal principalities. Even until 1848 she was a mosaic of States, but long before 1848 the *Zollverein*, or Customs Union, had been established. And this Customs Union would have slowly but surely brought about political unity. In 1849 the Radicals offered the crown of United Germany to the King of Prussia, but the Prussian King refused to hold his authority from the will of the people. He preferred to owe it to the "blood and iron" of the battlefield. Three successful wars—the Danish War, the Austrian War, the Franco-German War—welded North and South together. But even after 1870 Germany had not really become one united people. If "blood and iron" may produce political unity, they cannot achieve moral unity, and even the triumphs of the Franco-German War did not accomplish what would have been accomplished if the Germans, instead of appealing to brute force, had trusted to the action of moral, intellectual, and economic agencies. At the beginning of the twentieth century Northern and Southern Germany continue to be separated by political, social, and religious differences, which are much deeper than would appear on the surface. On every frontier there are still millions who have not been assimilated. And the German Empire still presents to us in this year of grace 1913 a heterogeneous conglomerate of disaffected nationalities.

VI.

So true is this that even those who deny it make it, when it suits their argument, the main and only justification for maintaining the present antiquated feudal and despotic régime, for maintaining in Prussia the most reactionary Parliament in Europe, a "Landtag" in which the voting power of one brewer is equal to 200 times the voting power of an artisan. In 1913 the German still stands, politically, where the Briton stood before the Reform Bill and the Repeal of the Corn Laws. When one considers how the German submits even to the most tyrannical institutions, to the most odious abuses, it must be admitted that he is still far from being an ideal *citizen*, and that he is still content to be an ideal "*subject*." He may grumble. He may organise himself into a vast Socialist army. But this does not prevent him from accepting the bureaucracy, the East Elbian *Junker* and landlord, the monstrous tariffs, the famine prices, the ubiquitous police. He believes in discipline, in authority, in a monarch by Right Divine, in a paternal and providential Government. He believes, as the Kaiser has told him in speeches innumerable, that, under Almighty God, he owes his earthly prosperity to the sword of the Hohenzollern.

VII.

For not only does he believe in Authority and Discipline, but, alas! he also believes in Brute Force. He

not only believes in a bureaucratic despotism and in a servile State, but he also believes in a military despotism. Prussian militarism is everywhere rampant. The military caste rules in the inner councils of the Sovereign. The profession which is most honoured is not that of the merchant or of the scholar, but that of the soldier. The ambition of every graduate who wants to get on is to become a reserve officer. It is the ambition of every German maiden who wants to get on in Society to marry into the cavalry. By all means let us admire whatever is admirable in our German cousins, but let us also refuse to admire what is the reverse of admirable. Let us recognise that the Prussian militarism which dominates Germany, and which, through Germany, dominates Central Europe, is odious and repellent, and that this justification of brutal force, this glorification of the man with the peaked helmet, is keeping back the progress, not only of the Fatherland, but of civilised Europe.

VIII.

The persistence of Prussian militarism, of the insolent rule of a small minority over an overwhelming majority, is all the more strange, because the Germans, as a race, are intellectual and sentimental, musical and artistic. They believe in brain power and education. They have got an excellent system of gratuitous and compulsory elementary schools. Their technical schools are unrivalled.

At present all the spiritual and moral forces of Germany, the Churches, the Schools and Universities, the Press, the Socialist party, seem to be struck with paralysis. The Roman Catholic Church is selling her birthright for a mess of political pottage. Protestant Churches have ceased to protest. The University teacher dares not speak out, for if he did speak out he would not get promotion. The Press has little political influence. Even the millions of organised social democrats dare not rise in open rebellion.

And yet it is only through social democracy, it is only through her spiritual forces, that the German nation will ultimately achieve emancipation. In the Churches, in the Universities, in the Socialist party there is a growing minority of strong men who are strenuously working to undermine the Prussian military oligarchy. Those efforts have the ardent sympathies of all liberal-minded Britons of every creed and party. For the good relations between the two countries are intimately bound up with the disappearance of the Old Régime. For on the political emancipation of Germany depends, not only the future of Germany herself, but the future of European culture.

* * *

# WHY THE TURK MUST GO

BY A MEMBER OF THE DIPLOMATIC SERVICE

THROUGHOUT the dark pages of Turkish history there is scarce a redeeming feature to favour toleration of the disturbing scourge of Moslem misgovernment in Europe.

The Turk is entirely unfitted, by his natural habits and by his religion, for the post of governor or administrator; he is a born soldier—and nothing more.

Turkish misrule is one long hideous chapter of atrocities perpetrated upon the Christian and subject races in the Turkish Empire; yet the Turk is inspired by the Koran, in Sura 47, which reads: "When ye meet those who misbelieve, then strike off heads until ye have massacred them. . . . And those who are slain in the cause of Allah, their work shall not go wrong." No small wonder then that, at once buoyed up and bound down by a religion voicing such barbaric sentiments as these, the Turk has vilely oppressed his infidel neighbours—Greeks, Bulgars, Serbs, Armenians, Druces, and Jews alike—but rather be it a source of surprise that he has not entirely exterminated these "faithless dogs" whom he is bidden to slay.

As a soldier the Turk has splendid stoical courage, making him absolutely fearless in assault and calm and resigned under attack or siege; yet this very stoicism is faulty in that it has bred in the merciless Turk a fiendish cruelty to captured and subjected peoples. Not his the grand stoicism of the ancient Greek, who was trained to endure hardship and silently to suffer untold agonies of physical pain; but rather a sublime indifference to the results of his own efforts, whether for good or evil.

Mohammed taught: "Let the champions of the faith of Islam neither argue nor discuss, but slay all who refuse to obey the law or pay tribute. Whoever fights for Islam, whether he fall or conquer, will surely receive the reward. The sword is the key of Heaven." Inspired by this divine call to arms, the Turk can commit the most amazingly diabolical acts of wanton cruelty to defenceless foes, though he can also sit down calmly to smoke his eternal cigarette under a hail of bullets or ride madly at the enemy in the worst of all forlorn hopes, secure in the glorious certainty of the Koran's third Sura: "No soul dieth but by the permission of Allah, written down for the time appointed."

The faith of Islam, as defined by the Prophet Mohammed over thirteen hundred years ago, was a wise and necessary code for the nomadic peoples of the times, when a man's riches were numbered by his herds of cattle and his battalions of sons. Mohammed revealed the will of Allah as to the checking of the natural excesses rampant in those patriarchal times, and to the ordering of men's lives and the preservation of public health; but, unfortunately, these same revelations of the divine will contain no loophole for progress through the ages, and in consequence the Turk of the twentieth century is still governed in thought and deed by that code of the seventh century, which effectually bars all progress towards civilisation.

The Turk is, then, unfitted by his religion to have dominion over Christian people; but, worse even still, he is, by his religious resignation and submission to the will of Allah, who will doubtless provide all in his own good time, without effort on the part of the individual, unfitted to govern at all. Turkish diplomacy justly implies to the Western mind indecision, vacillation, and procrastination—in a word, hypocrisy.

The Turk is no longer to be tolerated in Europe. He is fierce, unreliable, worthless, uncivilised, fanatical, unfitted to govern either his own co-religionists or those unfortunate subject races who profess a faith compatible with modern civilisation. He is, by reason of his intolerance, a danger-signal to the whole of Christian Europe, and having justly roused the tardy ire of his powerful Christian neighbours, must now be banished from the shores of Europe to those of Asia.

For the sake of Christian peace, let those Christian provinces of Turkey be administered by Christian powers, and let the Turks be left to a half-dozen of vilayets in Asia—those of Broussa, Ismidt, Kastamonia, Angora, Sivas, and Konia—there to live in disorder, unadministered to cherish their bloodthirsty, uncompromising spirit.

> "What though the field be lost?
> All is not lost; the unconquerable will
> And study of revenge, immortal hate,
> And courage never to submit or yield."

# THE DECAY OF OUR NATION, AND IMPERIALIST POLICY

## By H. Mayers Hyndman

I.

We have now a great "boom" in trade. Everybody is enjoying it. The prosperity in some departments, we are told, is quite unprecedented, and there is really no reason whatever to be dissatisfied with things as they are in this island. So long as exports and imports mount up so satisfactorily, and profits are being made on so prodigious a scale, it is absurd to argue that there can be anything seriously amiss with our industrial and commercial system. It is scarcely possible to take up a daily newspaper, or to read a political speech, without seeing a series of remarks of this kind. It is true that the very people who are thus jubilant to-day were pointing out yesterday that things were in a very bad way indeed here in Great Britain; that the rush of emigration from the most vigorous and capable ranks of our labouring class in town and country alike spoke of serious pressure in their homes; that the loss of such fine industrious folk could not but be injurious to the country; that the universal unrest which prevailed among the wage-earners told the same tale of hardship in another way; and that the hundreds of thousands of respectable unemployed, who were clamouring for the right to work, exhibited the difficulty of the situation more impressively still.

II.

But all that is now forgotten, as also are two most important facts: First, that the more marked the expansion of trade upon which our journalists of the capitalist press are congratulating us to-day, the more serious will be the corresponding depression that we shall suffer from within the next eighteen months or two years. Secondly, that, even now, when we are assured that trade was never so good, it is cautiously estimated that not fewer than 500,000 men, who are ready to do useful work, are without employment.

This by itself is a most dangerous state of things. The ups and downs of trade, and short work, short wages, and increasing unemployment for the workers, may not greatly affect the employing or profit-making class who can average their incomes; but for the nation as a whole these fluctuations are most prejudicial. And the ordinary drawbacks of our let-alone system are permanently damaging to us all the time.

III.

As a matter of fact, the effect of five generations of capitalism and the great factory industry, with its crowding of the people from the country into the towns, has been a continuous degeneration of the physique of large portions of our population, even at the best of times, as can be verified only too completely from the Blue Books and from the returns of the certifying surgeons. There are whole districts in London and our manufacturing towns in which it is quite the exception to meet a really vigorous, well-set-up man or woman of the working class. Nothing in my own personal experience has given me a greater shock than the poor pairs of shoulders which the majority even of our skilled mechanics possess. Where this inferior physique is put under conditions of bad housing, bad clothing, bad and ill-cooked food, and poor surroundings of every kind, still farther deterioration is inevitable. I have known Lancashire well for just fifty-four years, and I do not hesitate to say that the physical condition of the working people is worse than it was in 1858.

IV.

Now this is not a matter which can be put right by any amount of burden-shifting taxation, or by the operation of Labour Exchanges and a bureaucratic Insurance Act. Much more stringent measures are called for. The moment, however, any serious suggestion is made to deal with this problem of physical deterioration, even by palliatives such as good housing, co-operative employment of out-of-works, free maintenance of children, and their transfer from town to country schools, the cry of "revolution" is raised, and that, for conservative Old England, settles the question.

It is just thirty-two years since the Royal Commission on the Housing of the Poor was held, and more than twenty years since the Royal Commission on Labour sat. Practically nothing of any importance has been done from that time to this, as the result of both those investigations.

But there is a very powerful reason why even the governing minority of the United Kingdom cannot afford to neglect these important matters any longer. They are for the most part strong Imperialists. The idea of giving up the direct or indirect domination of the 300,000,000 of people in India is horrifying to them, to say nothing of the minor consideration of our retirement from Egypt. Say they, "We will not let the people go." But how are they going to keep them? That, I venture to predict, will shortly become a very pressing question; if, indeed, it is not so already.

V.

Take India alone. We conquered and reconquered India in the main with native troops. But for the help of the sepoys in the East India Company's service up to 1857, and of the Sikhs and Ghoorkas during the Mutiny, we could never have held India at all. We have at the present moment, in Hindustan, only 75,000 British soldiers, of whom I am putting it high to say that not more than 50,000 are at any given moment fit for active service. There are also no more than 200,000 Europeans and Eurasians in India all told. If now the Indians themselves become disaffected, the Indian troops could not be relied upon for three months, at a period of crisis, and we should find it also a very difficult matter indeed to move the European troops themselves through the agricultural districts from one portion of the Empire to the other. What sort of recruiting ground have we got to make good our losses of white troops under such conditions?

VI.

Men of to-day are apt to forget that, at the beginning of the last century, we were largely dependent upon Irishmen, Scotchmen, and Germans for the bold front we were able to show in the Peninsula, in Italy, and in the Low Countries. The population of Ireland has greatly decreased and is none too loyal; the Scotch Highlands have been denuded of their inhabitants; and we can rely no longer upon getting mercenaries from Germany. The fighting, therefore, nowadays will have to be done by British townspeople. Go and take a good look at the Territorials in camp, and ask yourself, if you know anything at all about war, how long these well-meaning volunteers would be able to keep to the front in a serious campaign? And they are not the weakest of our people by any means.

# A VISIT TO ANATOLE FRANCE BY MRS. JOHN LANE

I.

IN a quaint old room in that famous rambling series of mansions known as the Albany—once familiarly called the "Rope Walk"—which stands in the midst of London, and yet seems so far away that the turmoil of Piccadilly reaches it as a faint murmur of bees and locusts in the country of a summer day, there hangs a wonderful picture of Anatole France, by the well-known artist, Guth. He sits, his knees crossed, in a Roman chair enveloped in a grey dressing-gown, a small skull cap of vivid red, just the needed touch of colour at the back of his head, an eloquent hand upraised, a familiar gesture, while the strong, arresting face, with its brilliant dark eyes, the short pointed beard and the heavy mustache, take one back to the great men of mediæval France. The soul of Anatole France has left its imprint on that keenly thoughtful face which it has illuminated for some sixty-seven years. In those dark eyes one can read the love of beauty, the pity, the wit, the charm, the whimsicality, the profound and all-embracing knowledge, and the virile power which all combined have produced the genius of Anatole France. There he sits in this historic room, surrounded by the portraits of bygone men famous in English art and letters, full of the traditions of the past and the promise of the future. How thoroughly he looks at home in this room, lighted by one great leaded window, full of memories—for here, where during a part of the time that he wrote his History of England Macaulay lived, was discussed and planned the memorable enterprise of translating the writings of Anatole France, thus giving to English readers for the first time the opportunity of studying the works of the greatest modern author of France, if not of the world.

II.

The thanks of the English public are due to Mr. Frederic Chapman for initiating and so ably editing this remarkable series, and for selecting so brilliant a staff of translators to accomplish a work which the perfection and charm and lucidity of Anatole France's style rendered all the more difficult.

Among the translators who have so successfully accomplished their task are Mr. Alfred Allinson, Mr. Robert B. Douglas, Mr. A. W. Evans, Mrs. Farley, Lafcadio Hearn, Mrs. W. S. Jackson, Mr. J. Lewis May, Mr. C. E. Roche, and Miss M. P. Willcocks. And to Miss Winifred Stephens especial recognition is due for her masterly translation of that most difficult and erudite of historical works, his "Jeanne d'Arc," to which she has brought to bear not only her consummate knowledge of French, but her indefatigable and necessary research into the contemporaneous history of that time.

III.

From a sight of Anatole France on the walls of the old room in the Albany to seeing him in the Villa Saïd, his famous house in Paris, seemed only an unbroken continuity from that wonderful portrait. I was taken as an intermediary between an English publisher devoid of French and a great Frenchman devoid of English. To reach M. France, even on his Wednesdays, visitors have, even if unconsciously, to submit to a severe scrutiny from the other side of a "Judas" grating in the front door. The dragon who reconnoitres is either a kindly, plump housekeeper or her husband. Usually it is the lady who interpolates her plump body between the great man and the public. She is by belief a strict Calvinist from Geneva, and her only weakness is Geneva. An unfailing recommendation is: "J'écris pour le Journal de Genève." That she cannot resist, and it is sufficient to carry the wily suppliant to the very presence of the Master.

As we waited for the door to open I had an attack of nervous prostration on the doorsteps, for I suddenly remembered that I was about to confront the greatest master of style in the world, whereupon my French vocabulary immediately began to take flight, and by the time we were following the pleasant dragon upstairs it had quite departed. In a kind of haze I observed that the stair walls were covered with treasures collected by one with the keen eyes and the love of an inspired connoisseur: early German woodblocks, old prints, old etchings, and specimens of mediæval metal work; but I only realised an acute stage fright when the dragon opened a door and we were ushered into the presence of the Master himself. He stood there, the same commanding personality as in his portrait, but this time in ordinary clothes, and not as I longed to see him, in the famous grey dressing-gown and the little red cap, but with an added charm, at which even the painter could but hint; the captivating wit, the genial courtesy, and that dignified presence, which he must have inherited from some ancestor of the time of Rabelais.

IV.

I was despairingly trying to collect my scattered French when Heaven came to my aid. The Master was not alone; he stood in the midst of a group of seven or eight young men—poets, novelists, journalists and artists, all of them—and just as he courteously gave me time to translate my companion's English, one separated from the group and introduced himself to us, and proved to be a distinguished contributor to the *Mercure de France*, who recalled to my companion that they had met in London.

I joyfully resigned all further efforts at translation, and so gave my companion the opportunity to explain to Anatole France the technical details of the plan for publishing the contemplated translations both in England and America, and at the same time it was a stimulus for him to realise M. France's interest and high appreciation of so important an undertaking.

To see Anatole France without even knowing who he is, is to realise that here is a great and vital personality. The charm of his language and gestures, the penetrating glance of his eyes, in the background of which is that touch of sadness which is the penalty fate demands of all to whom is given the gift of humour, once seen are never forgotten.

One cannot but realise the profound wisdom and knowledge he has gathered from bygone centuries, and that to him history, literature, and art have unfolded the secrets of past and passing generations.

V.

It shows, after all, the higher intellectual standard of the average Frenchman compared, for example, with the English-speaking nations, that their greatest writer, whose vast range of knowledge places him in the forefront of the most brilliantly learned men of his time, should also be one of the most popular writers of his day. Never does he descend to write down to what might be supposed to be the level of

*(Continued on page 430.)*

ANATOLE FRANCE, NATUS 1844

ordinary popular taste, but instead he lifts his readers to his own high plane. In what other country is there another popular writer whose works make such a high appeal, and what other country is there that has such a high intellectual record?

The famous Wednesday morning receptions begin at about 10.30, and are usually held in the "salon," full of old carvings and precious mementos of Greek and Egyptian art—Tanagra figurines and other priceless sculptures in marble, ivory and wax. On other days of the week, M. France receives his more intimate friends in the "grenier," which has been converted into a writing-room, and the more privileged few who visit him on Sundays. At other times he leads the way to his bedroom, in which he unfolds a curious fastidiousness of taste in decoration—delicate ivory-white silk hangings and an ivory-white bed of a Directoire pattern. For it is his whim to surround himself with whatever is suggestive of the last work on which he is engaged. So the intricate glory of the Renaissance had to make way for the simplicity of the Directoire when he wrote "Les Dieux ont soif," the English translation of which, "The Gods are Athirst," is just about to appear. Here he also receives the elect—usually beginning with his barber, a super-barber he must be and a student of at least the surface of history, or how could he cut the Master's beard in such an historic fashion? If the tonsorial artist comes late, as he often does, that does not matter, for he not only performs his duties unabashed by the presence of the distinguished in art and literature, but he joins in the conversation, and if it is to his taste he has been known to stay the whole morning.

VI.

It may not be generally known that his pen-name—France—he took from a nickname by which his father was called in his own young days, during his military service, because of his absorption in the history of the France of the great Revolution. So Anatole Thibault became famous as Anatole France, and his father was always known as "le vieux France." Teaching was the first step in his career. He taught the classics, and it has indeed been told of him that he often became so engrossed in his subject that he entirely forgot his pupils. From that time on he began to write, prefaces, desultory articles, finally short stories, among the earliest being "Jocasta" and "Le Chat maigre," which led him to what is truly his first novel, and that was "Le Crime de Silvestre Bonnard," which has been so marvellously rendered into English by Lafcadio Hearn. Those who wish to know more of his early days I would refer to that beautiful work just published in English called "My Friend's Book," in which Anatole France has with exquisite touch wonderfully recaptured the days of his childhood.

As I was about to leave, M. France gave me two of his books as a remembrance, and added, with a twinkle in his eye, "I should like to write in them to my sister author, but there is no such expression in French; so I must write, 'To my brother author.'" So it stands. Then in parting he gallantly kissed my hand.

"I shall keep this glove for ever as a sacred remembrance," I said to my companion, for I was quite overcome by awe and reverence. But, alas! The very next time I tied up a bundle of gloves for the cleaners', and when they were irrevocably mixed, I remembered, with a thrill of horror, that amongst them was the sacred glove which the Master had kissed. Which one it was I could never again know!

It was a tragedy of a comic kind which, I always thought, would have appealed to the Master.

# SILHOUETTES

*From the gallery of memory, mutascopic and fragmentary, there flashes at times a picture, many-coloured and complete; more often the screen gives back an outline, blurred in parts, yet conveying an impression so vivid and compelling that the mind holds only the salient points, and there emerges of scenes and emotions—a silhouette!*

SHE entered the gate opening on the woods with a feeling of satisfaction. The air was fragrant with the breath of the pines, the sun yet lingered in the heavens. A sense of peace was upon the earth. There was room here to think. Problems that crowd upon the city dweller assumed a just proportion in the spacious leisure of the countryside. She looked round in somewhat condescending fashion, for all her admiration. There was a touch of self-consciousness in her regard of a bracken-covered sweep, and she appraised the colour value of a silver birch against the blue sky with a due sense of her artistic appreciation.

She walked briskly through the woods, past rabbits whisking their white tails over the sandy banks, stopping to gaze in admiration of a hen pheasant screaming in alarm at the disturbance of her brood. She covered a considerable distance, and realised of a sudden she had no notion of her whereabouts. The sun had dipped below the horizon, the short twilight of the October day fell softly on the land. The forest seemed charged with a curious activity, the trees possessed of an oppressive personality. It needed a conscious effort of will to go forward, yet she dare not stand still. She commenced to sing, and was unreasonably angry that her voice would only quaver.

The glow of physical effort had passed. She was conscious of the change in the atmosphere. The forest was no longer a yielding background for the pay of her ideas. It was inimical, almost malevolent. The sense of an oncoming terror, swiftly, silently gathering force as it swept through the wood, kept her moving. She was ineffably humiliated; conscious that the slow-witted peasants of the countryside, for whose lethargic brains and slow-moving bodies she had so conspicuous a contempt, would gaze with moon-eyed wonder at the story of her panic.

A turn of the road brought her to the heart of the forest. Giant trees kept the secret of the woods, their branches upflung in an inviolable circle. The last glimmer of red had faded from the sky; night had fallen on the grey gloaming, swooping like a bird of prey upon the trees.

She dared not move; fear and the dread of fear closed in on her. The forest, charged with an active malignancy, watched and waited. The silence was more terrible than the cry of battle. The terror that walked in darkness brooded upon the forest, the beating of its wings stirred the tall pines, the giant oaks. . . .

And then the panic passed. The silence was broken; somewhere in the valley a cock crowed, a house-dog barked. A soft breeze stirred the tree-tops, the forest rustled its dead leaves.

She was back once more in the kindly world of dear familiar things, but the remembrance of fear went with her. She followed the road, treading softly, like a child that dreads to wake the ogre he has vanquished. A red light glimmered softly through the trees, leading her to a cottage. She glanced, half-fearful, through the window, then, with a little startled cry, rushed to the door. The woman of the clever brain and unimpeachable logic emerged from the land of ghosts and goblins to find herself, and contentment, at home.

# MASTERPIECE OF THE WEEK

## Balzac's "Old Goriot"

By J. Middleton Murry

(*Editor of "Rhythm"*)

Of all Balzac's novels, "Old Goriot" is the one which has made an universal appeal and won universal acceptance as a masterpiece, which possesses more than any other the compelling force of a deep and intense humanity. There are certain human relations and emotions which are to the mind of the literary artist profounder, touching the core of reality more closely in the complex mass of everyday happenings which it is the novelist's task to penetrate. The love of a father for his children and the love of a man for a woman are without doubt near the summit of this hierarchy.

The theme of Balzac's novel is the tragedy of ideal affection, the gradual overwhelming of Old Goriot, the retired vermicelli merchant, by blind love for his two daughters, until he dies of a broken heart. Anastasie and Delphine, the daughters, have married into high Parisian society by virtue of Goriot's former wealth, which has since disappeared under their incessant and merciless demands. Goriot himself lives in ever-increasing poverty at a miserable Pension Vauquer, where he is the fellow-boarder of Eugène de Rastignac, a nobly born law student from the South; of Vautrin, a mysterious, almost superhuman figure (afterwards revealed as an arch-criminal); and of Victorine Taillefer, the unacknowledged daughter of a wealthy banker. The tragedy passes between these two remote worlds, linked together by Rastignac, who makes a nervous entry into society under the auspices of its leader, the Vicomtesse de Beauséant, and falls in love with Delphine; and by Old Goriot, who visits his daughters secretly to bring money and to have the happiness of seeing them.

As surely as Goneril and Regan murdered Lear, Anastasie and Delphine murdered Goriot; yet there is that in the very intensity of the unreal world in which they live which affords them some excuse. If "Society" has ever been an absorbing and irresistible power, it was so in the *Grand Monde* of Paris; and under its impulse in "Old Goriot" not only do the daughters drive their father to his death, but Rastignac, for all his inborn nobility, first makes cruel demands upon his poverty-stricken family in Angoulême, and then falls in with Vautrin's brutal plan and makes love to Victorine, while the banker's only son is killed in a put-up duel; and finally it is under this impulse that Mme. de Beauséant's lover, for all his love, leaves his mistress to make her final exit from this strange world triumphant and alone.

A true tragedy is not a negative thing. Its essence is not, as one great thinker declared, "spiritual waste," but positive achievement. Old Goriot went to his death in misery, with no daughter by his side; but had he himself stood for something less lofty or less true to humanity there would have been no misery, no tragedy, and no masterpiece. A love so sure, so careless and impregnable as this is the ideal love made concrete, a potentiality of mankind realised in a retired cornchandler. This is the "canon of humanity," which is the supreme test of the truly great novel. The theme is taken up, again in the minor, in the story of Mme. de Beauséant, whose defeat and abandonment is her triumph; for the tragedy of love may be its completest realisation.

If Goriot and again Mme. de Beauséant are true to the unhesitating singleness of great love, Eugène de Rastignac is the very embodiment of the struggle that is the essence of a lesser affection. He becomes Delphine's lover because he is in love with love rather than with her; but this ripens into a passion for her person. He pities Goriot, watches over him during his illness, implores his daughter to visit him, and for the moment his pity triumphs over his love. He avows himself disillusioned, and cries that the crimes of society are mean. "Vautrin's are greater." At this moment he saw clearly, in spite of himself; but Rastignac and the power of passion are truly represented in the concluding lines of the book, where, after Goriot's mean funeral, he looks at the fashionable quarter of Paris. "He glanced over that humming bee-hive, seeming to draw a foretaste of its honey, and said magniloquently: 'Henceforth there shall be war between us.' And by way of throwing down the glove to Society, Rastignac went to dine with Delphine."

If "Old Goriot" is a masterpiece by conception, it is so in no less by execution; but there is at least one genuine and one presumed artistic problem to be faced. The first is, what is the artistic purpose of Vautrin? Vautrin is one of those phantasmagoric, titanic figures of whom Balzac gives us so many, who loom over his novels, bringing with them not so much personality as a strange atmosphere, which we can also catch in the pictures and etchings of Balzac's contemporaries, Doré and Meryon. It is difficult to see the artistic necessity for Vautrin, and it is probably useless to seek for it. This "fallen archangel, who is for war to the end," is out of proportion to the story; he is too big for the function he has to fulfil in it. If a criminal was needed at all, an ordinary clever criminal would have sufficed instead of this tremendous yet unreal personality. But once given an outlet, Balzac's fondness for the terrific was not to be denied. For him a criminal was a Satan released from Inferno; and Vautrin is the outcome of a failing common to his age, to Hugo and George Sand, that brought Balzac at times to the level of Monk Lewis or Eugène Sue.

Moreover, it is urged that Balzac made a mistake in representing Goriot as a fool whenever neither his trade abilities nor his love for his daughters were in question, and that to have represented him "as ruined in spite of his better judgment" would have been more tragic. There is no use for such niceties of criticism. Goriot is a supremely tragic figure, in virtue of the very fact that he has no "better judgment." His horizon is bounded by his love for his daughters; in sacrificing himself for them he cannot pause nor deliberate. Before the force of such an emotion he has no intellectual capacity; and did he possess it the novel would have lost the direct tragic intensity that it has. This is not the weak point of "Old Goriot."

The unsolved problem is Vautrin. Beyond him we have a perfect work of art, dealing with a great human issue worked out in living experience. That "Old Goriot" is after the manner of "Lear" is of no importance. Balzac paid his debt magnificently by a magnificent recreation, as indisputably and as plainly a masterwork as Shakespeare's tragedy.

# LITERARY NOTES

I HAVE been trying to draw up a list of literary centenaries that will occur during 1913, but have only been able to discover two of outstanding interest and importance to English readers. In August will be commemorated the 300th anniversary of the birth of Jeremy Taylor, and in December the 200th anniversary of the birth of Laurence Sterne. Strange indeed is the conjunction of forces by which two such names are brought together! If one wishes to know how comprehensive an ecclesiastical organisation the English Church is, he has only got to remember that its clergy has included Jeremy Taylor, probably the most impressive and influential preacher of personal holiness who has ever occupied the Anglican pulpit, and Laurence Sterne, whose Rabelaisian humour found full vent in the immortal "Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy."

* * * * *

Jeremy Taylor's "Holy Living and Dying" was to be found in every religious household a generation or two ago, but it is now read only by students of English literature. This devotional classic contains some of the finest examples of sacred eloquence in the English tongue. "Most eloquent of divines," Coleridge called its author, and with truth, for Milton alone surpasses Taylor in gorgeous rhetoric and sublimity of conception. Taylor's writings lie buried in a ten-volume edition published more than fifty years ago. No one wishes them resurrected *in extenso*, but some enterprising publisher might give us a volume of carefully chosen and representative passages. The famous Dr. Parr said that Englishmen revere Barrow, admire Hooker, but love Jeremy Taylor.

* * * * *

Hearty congratulations to the Nestor of British biologists, Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace, who has just entered his ninety-first year. Though sixty-five years have elapsed since Dr. Wallace set out on that memorable scientific journey to the Amazons, his eye is not dim nor his natural force abated. I read the other day that this patriarch is enjoying the best of health, and is prosecuting his study of social problems (which interest him almost as much as scientific ones) with all the ardour of a student half his years. Indeed, we are to have a book from him shortly, entitled "Social Evolution and Moral Progress," which, its author has been confiding to an interviewer, "will make the bishops, the archdeacons, the parsons, and the curates sit up straight—very straight!"

* * * * *

Though Mr. Wilfrid Ward's recent biography sheds considerable light upon the earlier period of Newman's Catholic career, we shall gladly welcome more. It is, therefore, gratifying to learn that Messrs. Longmans will publish shortly two MS. volumes filled with memoranda of sermons and catechetical instructions deliver by the great Cardinal during the years 1847 to 1879. "Sermon Notes," as the book will be called, will exhibit Newman as he was soon after his secession to Rome.

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It is announced that owing to the great mass of MS., Sir Charles Dilke's "Life" is not likely to appear for some years to come. I hope this does not mean that we are going to have an elaborate biography running, perhaps, into three volumes. Sir Charles Dilke was a most able politician and publicist, but his career can be quite adequately recounted within the limits of a moderate-sized volume. His books on European politics and the army question were valuable contributions, while his "Problems of Greater Britain" was epoch-making.

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Mr. Thomas Seccombe has undertaken to write a monograph on George Meredith for Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton's "Literary Lives" series. This is welcome news, for there is no one living better equipped for the task. Mr. Seccombe has already given us a foretaste of what we may expect in his brilliant article in the "Dictionary of National Biography." His list of authorities there covers nearly three-quarters of a page, and is convincing proof that what Mr. Seccombe does not know about Meredith bibliographically is not worth knowing. Mr. Seccombe has published much of the highest literary value during the last dozen years, but I should stake his reputation on "The Age of Johnson," the most masterly text-book survey of that period of our literary history in existence.

* * * * *

A new edition of Kinglake's "Eothen" has just been published by Messrs. Sampson, Low and Co. (12s. 6d. net). The brilliant introduction of Mr. S. L. Bensusan, and the striking designs of Frank Brangwyn, will give this reprint a unique place amongst the many editions of this classic of travel. Not many travel books will stand resuscitation after sixty-eight years, but "Eothen" is no ordinary travel book. One will look in vain for the kind of information served up by the conventional guide-book. "Eothen" is not so much an account of Eastern countries and peoples as a series of charming sketches of what impressed a traveller of marked individuality. I never think of this delightful work without recalling Kinglake's fascinating account of his interview on Mount Lebanon with William Pitt's eccentric niece, but most trusted confidant—Lady Hester Stanhope. "Eothen" won recognition slowly, but it will live when the historian of the Crimea is forgotten.

* * * * *

The "Canadian Boat-Song" controversy is always with us. When, I wonder, shall we reach a final conclusion with regard to the authorship of that remarkably fine poem? The controversy seems to me to be interminable, an opinion in which I am confirmed by a fresh discussion of the subject in a volume by Thomas Newbigging. Hitherto the claims of John Galt, the novelist, and Professor John Wilson ("Christopher North") have received most attention. The "Canadian Boat-Song" was printed in *Blackwood* in 1829 as "received from a friend in Canada." Now Galt was in the Dominion at that time, and was corresponding with the publishers of the magazine, two facts which would seem to establish a strong presumption in his favour. Unfortunately for those who espouse Galt's claims, it is quite unlike his other verse.

* * * * *

The supporters of Professor Wilson base their claim largely on the fact that it was printed in the "Noctes Ambrosianæ," and was imbued with the "Celtic spirit" which Wilson understood so well. Mr. Newbigging, on the other hand, revives the claim of Hugh, twelfth Earl of Eglinton. Though he argues his case with considerable ability, he is not convincing, and so the authorship of the "Canadian Boat-Song" still remains one of the unsolved problems of English literary history. Perhaps I ought to add that Sir John Skelton ("Shirley") re-wrote the poem in 1889, and that the oft-quoted line, "From the lone shieling of the misty island," differs from the original, which ran, "From the lone shieling on the distant island."

X. Y. Z.

# THE GOOSEBERRY-FOOL

"Magnanimous Goldsmith, a Gooseberry-fool."—*Retaliation*

"WHAT, though I am obligated to dance a bear, a man may be a gentleman for all that," says Third Fellow in "She Stoops to Conquer." Goldsmith often danced a bear. To unfriendly eyes he cut a ridiculous figure—a little, fat Irishman, fond of finery, and avid of praise. So the Boswells and Hawkinses saw him. But the discerning, from Johnson and Burke to Mr. Austin Dobson, know him to be a "gentleman for all that," a man of genius with a heart of gold. It was easy, but not always safe, to laugh at Goldsmith. The village fiddler found that out once, at a party at which the little Oliver danced a hornpipe. The uncouth figure, capering in the middle of the floor, excited a burst of laughter, and the cry "Æsop!" But the retort was at hand:

> Heralds! proclaim aloud! all saying,
> See Æsop dancing and his *Monkey* playing.

One winter morning, a friend had to break into Goldsmith's bedroom at Trinity College and extricate him from the ticking of the bed, into which he had crept for warmth. The position, no doubt, was ridiculous, and Wilder, his tutor, had he known of it, would have raved with rage, and very probably have boxed his ears. The blankets had been given away to a poor woman. The incident is significant. Goldsmith had often to be rescued from situations that seemed both ridiculous and humiliating. When the facts were known, it was found that his goodness of heart had upset the conventions. There never was one who was less a man of the world than the author of "The Traveller" and "The Citizen of the World." He did not know the time of day, because his watch was so often in pawn to help someone needier than himself. If he shivered under the cold scorn of wiseacres, it was because he had given away his clothes. One of these had the grace at least to call him "an *inspired* idiot." "Dear and honoured memory of Goldsmith," cried Thackeray, "gentle, generous, merciful, full of love and pity." Burke could not keep back his tears when he heard of Goldsmith's death. Sir Joshua closed his studio. The staircase at Brick Court was crowded by humble mourners. "Let not his frailties be remembered," said Johnson; "he was a very great man."

Granted that Goldsmith loafed for two-thirds of his life. How heavy with toil the remaining third was! History, ancient and modern, philosophy, science and criticism, poetry, fiction and drama came from his pen. "*Qui nullum fere scribendi genus non tetigit*," wrote Johnson. There was almost nothing in the way of writing he did not attempt. He undertook work that only a syndicate of specialists would face to-day. Surely never was a writer of genius so hard put to it in Grub Street. To drudgery he gave up what was meant for the Muses. "The Natural History"—it was a work in eight volumes—"is about half-finished," he wrote to a friend. "God knows I'm tired of this kind of finishing, which is but bungling work; and that not so much my fault as the fault of my scurvy circumstances." The circumstances must indeed have been scurvy, for Goldsmith's soul loathed bungling work. There was a "kind of finishing" of which he never tired; but it was not the wearied, hurried finishing of hack work for the printer. Rather, it was the patient, loving revision of the work to which his genius called him. And the hours for this must have been comparatively few during the fifteen years of his literary life in London. As Goldsmith toiled through the wilderness of hack work, he came to exquisite resting-places, where the shade and a spring of pure water enabled him to forget the burden and heat of the day. Such were Auburn and Wakefield. In these places of delight the true Goldsmith is discovered.

To the historian of literature, Goldsmith's position is full of interest. He can hardly be said even to stand on the threshold of the new time. He was but a pilgrim, with his face set in the right direction, when, at forty-five, "he died of a fever, exasperated by the fear of distress," What Carlyle said of Goldsmith the man may be applied to the writer. "Yet, on the whole, there is no evil in the 'gooseberry-fool'; but rather much good; of a finer if weaker sort than Johnson's; and all the more genuine because he himself could never become *conscious* of it,—though, unhappily, never cease attempting to become so." This good of the finer if weaker sort, of which Goldsmith could never become conscious, must be sought in certain qualities of his work that gave the promise, however faint, of a new day in literature. His tenderness, humour, and irony would have saved him from feeling himself in an alien world had he lived to work alongside of Burns, Blake, and Crabbe. As it was, he really belonged to the day of Pope—though to the last hours of that long day. The glare of noontide was over; the cool of the evening had come; one could look at the sun. Goldsmith walked in the mellow light. But his world is the spick-and-span, trim, abstract, eighteenth-century world. "When we had dined, to prevent the ladies leaving us, I generally ordered the table to be removed; and sometimes, with the music master's assistance, the girls would give us a very agreeable concert. Walking out, drinking tea, country dances, and forfeits shortened the rest of the day." "Sometimes, to give a variety to our amusements, the girls sang to the guitar; and while they thus formed a little concert, my wife and I would stroll down the sloping field, that was embellished with blue-bell and centaury, talk of our children with rapture, and enjoy the breeze that wafted both health and harmony." It is a charming world, represented with exquisite art. But one cannot but feel that there is something of colour-blindness in the painter. Both its joys and sorrows are anæmic. It is the world where literature is "polite letters," and love a highly agreeable sentiment. The famous vicar is a Job without the boils or the passion. God does not answer him out of the whirlwind. At the close of his trials, he "poured out his heart in gratitude to the Giver of joy as well as of sorrow, and then slept undisturbed till morning."

At the beginning of his life in London, Goldsmith wrote, with unwonted bitterness, to Griffiths, "illiterate, bookselling Griffiths," "I have friendships only with the dead." It was the cry of an unknown, lonely man. For Goldsmith faced London without a patron, and with no weapon save his magic pen. He was one of the noble band who descended on the city from a garret, and took it captive. The living were waiting to welcome a writer of Goldsmith's quality. Johnson soon found him out, and Burke; of the famous club that met at the Turk's Head he became a leading member. Nor does the bond that binds him to the living show signs of weakening. "It is not for me to speak ill of Pope or his great disciples, above all, when they possess pathos and naturalness like Goldsmith," wrote Sainte-Beuve. Criticism has given Goldsmith a secure place. He once made a "burlesque draft" on posterity. "Mr. Posterity. Sir,—Nine hundred and ninety-nine years after sight hereof, pay the bearer, or order, a thousand pounds' worth of praise, free from all deductions whatsoever." If men are still reading books in the year 2765, this draft will be honoured.

W. R. T.

# ECHOES OF THE WEEK

### Should Teachers Become Civil Servants?

It is a real advantage for any worker to feel sure of a good salary and a good pension, and if elementary school teachers could make sure of these things by becoming Civil Servants and the interests of education be equally well cared for, no one would wish to stand in their way. It is this last consideration that furnishes the chief reasons for not making the change. We cannot make it except at the cost of subordinating the interest of education to the interest of the teachers, and this is not a cost which we have any right to incur. We do not mean that this is the only argument against the merging of the teaching profession in the Civil Service. Another is to be found in the uncertainty that the teachers themselves would really be the gainers. The Government is not always a good paymaster.—*Spectator.*

### Britain and the Opium Traffic

The opium trade is finished. That is the stupendous fact with which the Government of India and the Imperial Government are confronted. What are the alternatives? They are, say the merchants, two. Either the British Government must compel the Chinese Government to admit the stocks—for consumption by the Chinese people or destruction in Republican bonfires—or the Government of India must agree to buy back the whole twelve millions' worth. It is an unexampled situation, brought into being through the sinister disbelief of British and Indian authorities and shippers in the reality of the Chinese resolve to root out the national evil. For six years we have been provided with impressive evidence of Chinese sincerity—since the Shanghai Conference of 1909 we have known that the traffic was doomed—yet we have permitted the continued cultivation of the poppy in India and, to the immense benefit of the Indian revenues, the regular auction sales at unprecedented prices. In the eyes of the world to-day Britain has the appearance of threatening China with a compulsory plunge back into the horror and shame of the slavery from which she is striving with heroic efforts to emancipate herself.—*Daily News and Leader.*

### Public Schools and Civic Training

I have long felt that far more attention ought to be given at public schools to what may be called civic training. Boys ought to be taught what is going on in foreign countries all over the world, to learn something of political and social ideals, the distribution of commerce, the aims of democracy, the organisation of justice, the methods of legislation. Instead of beginning their studies in the remote past, starting with the geography of the ancient world and the history of Greece and Rome, they ought to begin with the modern world and go backwards. The interest of the past really lies in the degree it has contributed to the problems of the present; and when I look back on my own schooldays I see how cloistered, how mediæval an atmosphere it all was. It is useless nowadays to say that classics provide the best training for the mind; a good educator can use any subject as the material for such training.—Mr. A. C. Benson in *Daily News and Leader.*

### The Future of the Cinematograph

I should say the day will come when . . . a cinematograph will be laid on in every home, as your gas or electricity is now laid on; that the world's stories will be brought to you in a pictorial and dramatic form, such as one has not yet dreamed of. Every child will be taught geography, natural history, and botany by screen pictures, rather than by books; actors and singers will be recorded for all times; the progress of any great engineering feat will be recorded accurately. In short, the future will be made of recorded facts. — Sir Hubert von Herkomer in *Daily Telegraph.*

### The Problem of the Land

In spite of all that has been justly said about the desirability of peasant holdings, we are faced by the fact that at the present moment small holdings are not successful except under extremely favourable conditions. Partly there is the problem of capital. The capitalist farmer can stand a bad season; the peasant farmer as a rule cannot. If his crops fail he falls heavily into debt, and two or three bad years will probably complete his ruin. But as every experienced agriculturist knows, there is something more than this. The small holder, if he is to succeed, must himself be, under present English conditions, an exceptional man. He must have grit enough to face difficulties; he must have knowledge enough to be prepared to deal with them. In Denmark these qualities are widely diffused, owing largely to a liberal education. In England relatively few men of the labourer class possess them. For this reason any attempt to create small holdings on a wholesale scale must be deprecated.—*Spectator.*

### A Pressing Rural Problem

The provision of more cottages is in many parts of the country the most pressing and also most difficult of problems. By long custom cottages, whether tied to the farms or not, are everywhere let at rents that will not pay a living interest on their cost, and the farmer takes it out by paying lower wages. If every landowner could be compelled to charge 4s. or 5s. a week for his cottages, and the farmers to raise their wages by a corresponding 2s. or 3s. a week, it would then be possible to build cottages as an ordinary business proposition; but any attempt on the part of an individual to raise rents and wages together only results in his men pocketing the higher rate and trying to live at a distance or to crowd in with someone else as lodgers. To build assisted cottages by means of loans or grants to the local authority would only perpetuate a vicious system and a false standard of wages which needlessly enhances the existing glamours of the town.—*Times.*

### Mr. Bernard Shaw's "Paradoxical" Method

Every now and then we find Mr. Shaw spoken of as a "pioneer," and his magnetic influence in killing some venerable form of thought or emotion is trumpeted with screaming emphasis. It may reasonably be doubted if his writings have any revolutionary effect. The "paradoxical" method, by its very nature, is always cutting its own throat. If you do not mean what other people mean by religion and morality, we do not know whether you mean a compliment or a disparagement when you call Jones immoral or a church a "petulantly irreligious club." It is quite useless for Mr. Shaw to tell us that the English home is neither pure, nor holy, nor honourable, nor in any creditable sense distinctively English. We simply look up the Shavian vocabulary, and find that Shelley was "purer" than Arnold of Rugby, and Goethe "holier" and more virtuous than Bishop Butler or Mr. Gladstone. The invective at once cancels out into nothing, with the result that if Mr. Shaw has anything to teach, his vocabulary effectively prevents him from teaching it.—*Spectator.*

*"A GENIUS AT HIS ZENITH."*—ATHENÆUM.

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# OUR LADY'S JUGGLER ⁂ ⁂ ⁂ BY ANATOLE FRANCE

I.

IN the days of King Louis there lived in France a poor juggler, a native of Compiegne, called Barnaby, who used to travel from town to town performing difficult feats of skill.

On fair days he would spread an old, threadbare carpet on the ground in the market-place, and, having caught the attention of the children and idlers by means of his old juggler's patter, which he never varied, he would strike an unnatural attitude, and balance a pewter plate on his nose.

At first the crowd would regard him with indifference. But when he stood on his hands, upside down, and threw into the air with his feet six copper balls, which glittered in the sunshine, and caught them again; or when he bent backwards until his head touched his heels, and made a perfect wheel of himself, and then juggled with twelve knives, a murmur of admiration would arise from the onlookers, and a shower of coins would fall on the carpet.

Nevertheless, like most people who live by their wits, Barnaby of Compiegne had sometimes much ado to live at all. Earning his bread by the sweat of his brow, he bore more than his fair share of the wretchedness which we inherit by reason of the sin of our forefather Adam.

Of course, he could not work as much or as often as he would have liked, because, in order to display his art, he needed daylight and warm sunshine, just as the trees need them to display to us their flowers and fruit.

In the winter time he was little better than a half-dead and leafless tree. The frozen ground was too hard for juggling on. And so, like the grasshopper Mary of France tells us about, he suffered cold and hunger during the winter time. But, being simple-hearted, he bore these sufferings patiently.

He had never reflected upon the origin of wealth, nor on the inequality of human lots. He felt sure that, even if this world is amiss, the next world would certainly be happy, and this hope upheld him. He was no imitator of those thievish and impious mountebanks who sell their souls to Satan. He never scoffed at the name of God, nor did he covet his neighbour's wife, although he had none of his own; for woman is the enemy of strong men, as one may read in the Bible about Samson.

In truth, his was not a carnal mind, and it was harder to him to go without his wine than to lack the friendship of women, for, though he was no tippler, he was fond of his glass in the hot weather. He was a good man, God-fearing, and most devoted to the Holy Virgin. He never failed, when he entered a church, to kneel before the image of the Mother of God and to offer up this prayer to her:—

"My Lady, watch over my life till it shall please God to take me, and, when I die, grant me the joys of heaven!"

II.

Now, on a certain evening, after a day of rain, as he was walking, sad and bent, carrying under his arm his balls and knives wrapped in the old carpet, and looking for some barn where he could go, supperless, to sleep, he met on the road a monk who was going the same way, and who greeted him kindly.

As they walked side by side they began to talk to one another.

"Friend," said the monk, "why are you dressed all in green? Are you going to act the jester in some play?"

"No, indeed, Father," answered Barnaby; "I am just Barnaby, a juggler—the best calling in the world, too, if only it gave one a meal every day."

"Friend Barnaby," said the monk, "mind what you say. There is no better calling than a monk's. We glorify God, and the Virgin, and the Saints; the life of a monk is a perpetual song to the Lord."

Barnaby answered, "Father, I own I spoke as a fool. Your calling cannot be compared to mine, and although there be merit in dancing while one balances a farthing on a stick from the tip of one's nose, yet that merit is not as yours. Would that I, my Father, like you, could sing the daily office, and especially that of the most Holy Virgin, to whom I have vowed especial adoration. I would willingly give up my own art, by which I am known in more than six hundred towns and villages, from Soissons to Beauvais, if I might only embrace the life of a monk."

The monk was touched by the simplicity of the juggler, and, as he did not lack discernment, he recognised in Barnaby one of those men of goodwill of whom our Lord said, "Peace on earth be unto them."

And so he replied: "Friend Barnaby, come with me and you shall be received into the monastery where I am Prior. He who led Mary of Egypt into the wilderness has sent me across your path that I may show you the way of salvation."

Thus Barnaby became a monk.

In the monastery where he was received the monks vied with each other in adoration of the Holy Virgin, and each of them gave to her service all the knowledge and all the skill which God had given him.

The Prior himself wrote books treating, after scholastic rules, of the virtues of the Mother of God.

Brother Maurice used to copy, with a learned hand, these treatises on parchment rolls.

Brother Alexander painted therein fine miniatures. Here one could see the Queen of Heaven seated on the throne of Solomon, at the foot of which four lions watched. Around her haloed head flew seven doves, which are the seven gifts of the Holy Spirit—the gifts of Fear and of Piety, of Knowledge, of Power, of Counsel, of Understanding, and of Wisdom. Her companions were six golden-haired virgins, and these were Humility, Prudence, Retirement, Respect, Virginity, and Obedience. At her feet were two little white, naked figures in an attitude of supplication. These were two souls pleading, and surely not in vain, for her all-powerful intercession for their salvation.

Brother Alexander, on another page, had pictured Eve and Mary opposite each other, so that one saw at the same time the Sin and the Redemption—the humbled woman and the exalted Virgin.

In this book, too, one could look with admiration on the Well of Living Water, the Fountain, the Lily, the Moon, the Sun, and the Garden enclosed, which is spoken of in the Song of Songs as the Gate of Heaven and the City of God; and these were the similitudes of the Virgin.

Brother Marbode also was one of the most loving children of Mary. He was always carving stone images, so that his beard, his eyebrows, and his hair

were white with dust, and his eyes always swollen and tearful; but he was full of strength and gladness, for all his many years, and one could see that the Queen of Heaven watched over the old age of her child. As Marbode carved her she was seated in a chair, and a pearly halo encircled her head. And he was careful that the folds of the robe covered the feet of her of whom the prophet said: "My beloved is like a garden enclosed."

Sometimes, too, he would represent her with the features of a gracious child, and she seemed to be saying, "Lord, Thou art my Lord."

There were also in the monastery poets, who wrote in Latin sequences and hymns in honour of the Blessed Virgin Mary; and there was even a Picard, who translated the Miracles of our Lady into the common tongue and in rhyme.

III.

In face of such a chorus of praises and such a harvest of work Barnaby bemoaned his ignorance and lack of skill.

"Alas!" he sighed, as he was walking alone in the little garden under the shade of the monastery. "It is pitiful that I am not able, like my brethren, to worthily praise the Holy Mother of God, to whom I have given all my heart. Alas! Alas! I am a rough and artless man, and I have nothing to offer for your service, my Lady Virgin: neither instructive sermons, nor learned treatises, nor beautiful pictures, nor graceful statues, nor musical verses. Alas! I have nothing!"

So he sighed and fell into a sadness. But one evening, when the monks were chatting together, he heard one of them tell of a pious man who could do nothing but repeat the Hail, Mary. He was despised for his ignorance; but when he died there blossomed from his mouth five roses, in honour of the five letters of the name of Mary, and thus his sanctity was manifest.

Hearing this story, Barnaby was once more filled with admiration at the goodness of the Virgin; but he was not comforted by the example of this happy death, for his heart was full of zeal, and he longed to serve in some way or other the glory of his Lady in Heaven. And he sought for this way in vain, and grew daily more distressed, when one morning, waking quite happily, he hastened to the chapel and stayed there for more than an hour. After dinner he went again. And, from this time forward, he used to go into the chapel daily, when no one else was there, and there he spent a great part of the time which the other monks dedicated to letters and handicraft. He was sad no longer, and no longer did he sigh.

Such odd behaviour awaked the curiosity of the monks. They asked one another why Barnaby made such frequent visits to the chapel. Then the Prior, whose duty it was to overlook nothing in the conduct of his monks, made up his mind to watch Barnaby during his solitary retirements.

So one day, whilst Barnaby had withdrawn to the chapel as was his wont, the Lord Prior, accompanied by two old monks, came to observe through the chinks of the door what was going on inside. They saw Barnaby before the altar of the Holy Virgin, upside down, with his feet in the air, juggling with six copper balls and twelve knives. He was performing in honour of the Holy Mother of God the feats which had earned him so much applause.

The two old monks, not understanding that this simple soul was in this fashion offering his skill and knowledge to the Holy Virgin, cried out at his impiety.

The Prior knew that Barnaby had an innocent heart, but he thought he must have lost his wits. They were all three hastening to remove him from the chapel when they saw the Holy Virgin step down from the altar and wipe away with the corner of her vestment the drops of sweat which were standing on her juggler's brow.

Then the Prior, prostrate on the altar stones, recited these words: "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God!"

And the old monks kissed the ground and answered, "Amen." —*Translated by W. Willis.*

* * *

## THE TYRANNY OF FACTS*

Dean Wace has collected in the volume under review a number of papers on religious and social subjects which originally came before the public in the pages of *The Record*. As the work of a high dignitary of the English Church, they, of course, command a respectful hearing, and they reinforce that claim by their simple yet scholarly manner of expression. When all this is admitted, however, we must confess that we do not find much to agree with in the substance of the essays themselves. They seem to us inspired by a spirit of reaction and by a quite unnecessary distrust for the developments of the critical mind, whether in politics or theology. The Dean opens with a series of essays on the much-vexed question of Biblical inspiration and authority. Now, no doubt to the devout soul there is something painful in the intrusion of science and history into the world of inherited beliefs and immemorial associations. On the other hand, we would remind such perturbed spirits that much of their suffering is the outcome of a misconception as to the claims both of the inspired writings and of their supposed opponents. The office of the Old and New Testaments is the conveyance, not of scientific or historic *fact*, but of religious *truth*, and their effectiveness in this office can be undermined by no attack from science or from history. From the criticism of science and of history, indeed, the spirituality of the Biblical documents only emerges the purer and the more readily discernible. The Dean is surely darkening counsel when he states that such criticism must result in our ceasing to "regard them as recording the actual Word of God, as admitting us directly into communion with Him, and placing us in contact with Him." By surrendering to history and science what is their own in these writings, their efficacy as channels of spiritual truth is no more impeded than is the poetic inspiration of Homer impugned by any theory of Homeric authorship. Just in so far as the Scriptures are claimed by their defenders as historic or scientific documents, the burden of defending their scientific or historic validity lies on such defenders' shoulders. The burden of demonstrating their unique value as instruments of religious truth is another matter, and here neither scientist nor historian has a case against a world-experience. *Securus judicat orbis terrarum.* The case is one for a wise acceptance of established progress in a spirit of confidence, not for reaction.

In his outlook upon social problems the Dean is not more helpful or encouraging. We agree with him in a regret for the days of industrial peace and mutual good-fellowship between employer and employed. We realise, at the same time, that our regret is vain. On the other hand, there are conditions in modern industrial life which demand of Christians, as of right-thinking men, a measure of righteous indignation.

* "Some Questions of the Day." By Henry Wace, D.D. 6s. (Nisbet and Co., Ltd.)

# THE VALUE OF IDEAS.

IT does not require very extensive observation to discover that the men who succeed are those who have their business or profession "at their fingers' ends." They are never at a loss; they are alert, resourceful, and full of ideas—not vague, nebulous visions, but practicable ideas which they lose no time in carrying into effect.

Ability to originate ideas, and the equally, if not more important faculty of recognising the value of an idea and seeing how it may be turned to profitable account is not a gift, but simply and solely a matter of training.

At first sight it seems a contradiction to say that memory begets ideas, but reflection will show that every new idea is no more than the development of an old idea or the application of several ideas in a new combination.

Ideas are the fulcrum of individual success, and the motive power of all progress. To keep on in a fixed and unchanging routine is to revolve in a circle, which to the individual means stagnation—the cessation of growth and advancement.

### MAKING NAILS BY HAND.

If a man attempted to make a living by manufacturing nails by hand, he would be laughed at as a fool, because a machine can make a hundred as fast as he can make one. Yet thousands of people act just as foolishly in other ways. They make no real effort to rise because they fail to appreciate the fact that they have in themselves an infinitely greater power and ability than their daily routine calls into play. Their seeming lethargy is not due to lack of desire, but to want of the knowledge of how to develop their latent powers.

The first step is not, as is popularly supposed, to plod industriously through learned and lengthy books. No, it is very little use to wade through books unless one can remember and classify in the brain for future reference the knowledge the books contain. Even without books a man of acute intelligence, keen powers of observation, and a good memory will make himself master of more knowledge in a few days than the bookworm will amass in as many months; and his knowledge will be of far greater practical value.

Mental alertness and keenness of observation depend upon the possession of a good memory, and a good memory can be easily and quickly acquired. This has been proved, and is being proved daily by tens of thousands of men and women in all walks of life.

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Of all the troubles which afflict humanity, mind-wandering is one of the most prevalent. It is a dead-weight handicap which holds men down and condemns them to subordinate and poorly paid positions. The only cure for mind-wandering is to train and strengthen the memory, and this is much easier than would be imagined, while the benefit is little short of marvellous, because every improvement, however slight, makes it easier to effect still further improvements. The benefit thus accrues in compound ratio.

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There is no space here to give even a general outline of the contents of this exceedingly interesting publication. Everyone who wants a better memory should read it for himself. The Pelman School offers to send a copy, post free, to any reader. It describes the famous Pelman System, and explains how the instruction is conducted entirely by post, thus enabling the pupil to derive the full benefit at very small expense.

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Pelman School of the Mind,
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# CORRESPONDENCE

## RUSKIN ON WAR.

*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

SIR,—In EVERYMAN for January 3rd, in the course of an article entitled "Arbitration as a Substitute for War," it is asked: "How can the average man be imbued with peace sentiments when writers like Ruskin are found investing with the glow of genius the military profession?" In a pamphlet issued some time ago by the National Service League there occurs the passage: "The martial spirit, Ruskin assures us, is 'the foundation of all the high virtues and faculties of men.'" What Ruskin does say—it is in the lecture on war published in "The Crown of Wild Olive"—is not that the martial spirit, but war, is this foundation, but not war when it is a game played by idlers "with a multitude of human pawns," nor war for mere dominion, but only war for "the aggressive conquest of surrounding evil," and war "in which the natural instincts of self-defence are sanctified by the nobleness of the institutions, and purity of the households which they are appointed to defend." In an appendix to the lecture he says that war "causes an incalculable amount of avoidable human suffering, and that it ought to cease among Christian nations; and if, therefore, any of my boy-friends desire to become soldiers, I try my utmost to bring them into what I conceive to be a better mind. But, on the other hand, I know certainly that the most beautiful characters yet developed among men have been formed in war;—that all great nations have been warrior nations, and that the only kinds of peace which we are likely to get in the present age are ruinous alike to the intellect and the heart." As between unselfish war and selfish peace—the mere absence of war—Ruskin may not have been wrong in thinking better of the former; but as between selfish war and unselfish, nobly co-operative peace, neither he, nor anyone but a wild beast in human form, would hesitate for a moment. It is well that war will always be the possible outcome of self-seeking; it is a symptom of deep-seated disease in the body-politic; it is therefore useful, as all such symptoms are; and it would be lamentable if we could get rid of it without curing the disease of which it is a symptom. Ennoble peace and war will inevitably disappear. It is perhaps well that Everyman should know exactly what was the attitude towards war of such a man as Ruskin; and it is to this end that I write to you.—I am, sir, etc.,

Bramhall, Cheshire. J. ERNEST PHYTHIAN.

## THE STRANGLING OF PERSIA.

*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

SIR,—The reviewer of Mr. Shuster's book, in EVERYMAN for December 20, seems to me to take up a position which accords neither with logic nor facts. In one sentence he gives the strength of the Triple Alliance as a valid reason why we may not join it, but must be hostile to its policy; in the rest the strength of Russia is the reason why we must not challenge her policy, however that policy may be opposed either to justice or to our own interests. I fear our foreign policy has been too often both defended and inspired by similar muddle-headed arguments.

I dispute the assertion that "the peace and balance of power of Europe is threatened by the Triple Alliance." We never found it so during all the years from the inception of the Triple Alliance till our ill-starred "entente" with Russia. There is only one Power which is a real and permanent menace to

civilisation, and that is the "Empire of one hundred and seventy million people," which crushes out freedom alike with and beyond its borders. Germany and Austria, penned between Russia on the one side and France on the other, have need of all the help they can get from Italy to "preserve the balance of power," without our throwing our weight into the wrong scale. A true friendship between the German and English peoples is possible to-day, and would be the best guarantee for the world's peace and good government. A true friendship between England and the ruthless autocracy of Russia is an impossibility, and thank God for it! The existing diplomatic fellowship has already lowered the moral standard of our diplomacy quite sufficiently.

I will not for a moment admit that the British Government must remain "helpless in Persia, and will be compelled to acquiesce in a policy which the British people disapprove of." Never but once, for a few disgraceful years under the incompetent and dissolute Charles II., has England lain under such shameful compulsion since the Great Armada was swept from our shores. Why must we be Russia's accomplice and bondslave? Why dare we not hold up our heads before all the world to-day as of yore? If we are really so weak or so isolated that we can only bow to Russia's will, then surely it is time that we sought an ally against her, and to that end made friends with Germany speedily. I protest against the cowardly and un-English policy of recent years being longer forced by an anti-democratic Foreign Office on a nation which disapproves of it.—I am, sir, etc., J. Fowler Shone.

Forest Hill, S.E.

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## NAPOLEON AS A SOCIALIST.

*To the Editor of* Everyman.

Sir,—In the second part of the article by Charles Sarolea, on "Napoleon as a Socialist," there are two statements that seem to me wide of, if not contrary to, the truth. The first is, "The French peasant is conservative because he has something to conserve, as the Russian peasant is a rebel because he has everything to gain by insurrection." Alas! the Russian peasant is not a rebel, though it is the aim and object of the educated student class of that country to make him such, together with his industrial brother of the great cities.

A little further on the writer reiterates what seems to be a commonplace with some students of social questions, namely, "It is the proletariat that always have been most prolific; it is the miserable and unhappy that multiply at the expense of the strong." In refutation of this, I ask the following question, Is it or is it not a fact that the proletariat of all countries produce more wealth than afterwards returns to them in the shape of wages? And by reason of being prolific, do they not create the surplus population which the capitalist finds so useful in keeping wages at or near mere subsistence level? By "the strong" I presume the writer means (since he does not favour the aristocracy and the great landed proprietors) the selfish middle class, who groan louder and louder every day at what they are forced to pay in rates and taxes for the maintenance of (as they term them) the unfit and unworthy. The middle class, like a middle course, is a hateful compromise. The members of it are envious of those above them, and seek to find the reason of their mediocrity in the deadweight (!) of those beneath them.—I am, sir, etc.,

H. W. Williams.

# CELEBRITIES AND SORE THROAT.

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# FAME & FORTUNE IN JOURNALISM.

***There are many big prizes for the free-lance journalist to-day, but he l s up against a hard campaign unless he is properly trained and really knows his business.***

Can journalism be taught? This may have been a matter of debate some years ago, but now the only answer is a decided affirmative. The majority of big newspaper proprietors and editors are strong believers in the value of a school for journalism. Journalism can be learnt as easily as any trade or profession—more easily, in fact, than most. There are two ways of acquiring knowledge; one is the tedious and usually disheartening school of experience, and the other by specialised training under the guidance of an expert who "knows the ropes." Roger Ascham, the famous Elizabethan scholar and educationist, admirably expressed the point when he wrote: "By experience we find a short way by a long wandering. Learning teacheth more in one year than experience in twenty."

## Why Training is Necessary.

"In journalistic work the technicalities are so numerous and important that it would be hopeless for anyone to rely on native talent alone as a means of attaining success. There are difficulties to be surmounted, and they can only be surmounted by the man who has learned *how* to cope with them by virtue of experience or training."

The question naturally arises—How is one to learn? Who undertakes to teach the literary craftsmanship which will enable us to "mount Olympus' hill," or, if not to gain undying fame, earn the more tangible—and none the less welcome—reward of golden guineas and varicoloured cheques which make life's outlook so much rosier? The question is answered in the most practical fashion by the well-known institution, the Practical Correspondence College. The College was established to provide ambitious men and women with a specialised training in the profession they elect to enter, with the object of enabling them to reach a money-earning degree of proficiency in the shortest possible time—to show them the "short way" which others have discovered by "a long wandering." The Journalism Course is under the very able direction of a t .cher whose reputation as a successful author and journalist is sufficient guarantee of the efficient and practical nature of the instruction. The latter is not merely a series of cut-and-dried lessons, but is adapted to the individual aims and needs of the student, while at the same time giving an all-round training. The College has a fine record of success, and many of its students earn more than the amount of the fees before completing the course. And, further, the College guarantees tuition till proficient.

These are points which should encourage those who "fear to attempt." A little booklet giving full particulars of the Course—which is conducted entirely by post—will be sent post free on application to the Secretary, The Practical Correspondence College, 77, Thanet House, Strand, London, W.C.


## LAND REFORM.

### Opinions of Our Readers.

[The number of letters received with reference to our article on Land Reform in the issue of January 3 has been so large that we are only able to print a small selection, and these in an abbreviated form. This we much regret, more especially as many letters have been withheld simply on account of undue length. Correspondents will please bear in mind that the utmost brevity and clearness are essential. The discussion will be continued in next issue.—ED.]

*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

SIR,—We must get to business on this question, and first pass by those who do nót get to business. We must pass by:—

(1) The professional epigrammatists (as Shaw and Chesterton) who give us snuff instead of flour, and fireworks for guiding stars.

(2) The politicians—people whose life is in trickiness and compromise, who combine (and stifle) interests in order to get financial support and votes, and whose blessings are therefore unblessings in disguise.

(3) The extant religious bodies, who are too deeply engaged financially with the world to be in a position to reform it, and who have become nowadays theatrical and theoretical.

(4) Collectivists, who propose to place land wholly in collective possession, and under control of bodies elected by universal suffrage, whereas Democracy is being discovered to be less intelligent and moral than many individuals taken singly, and to involve the negation of progress.

So long as the State survives as an institution—but considering its representatives I think its days are numbered—the State will always be able to tax for public purposes the private owner of land. But the State subsists on individualities, not on the mash of individualities. Anybody can prevent a horse from jibbing by slaying it. The problem is to organise these individualities, to discipline each from seeking, or wishing to seek, merely a private advantage. Oh that we had a Church to convert the rich from wasted lives of golf and game and kennel, or a State to deter them! But bad as things are, there are remedies equally bad. Kill private property in land, impose on the individual, including the wisest and best, the discipline of a talking senate, representing, as it is likely to do, a composite portrait, some moment's phase of an election crowd, men caught at their worst, a lower will liable to brute lapses—and what will discipline the senate? Nothing but war and collapse.

Nor can we yet do without the senate either, and rush into Syndicalism. The State at present, despite the futility of politicians, is at least some safeguard for public order, and embodies the traditions of civil and religious liberty won for us by our ancestors. The State holds useful traditions, but is not fit to be the universal landlord.

To whom, then, are we to look?

This is a simple question, and it would hardly be asked in Denmark. There, by co-operative societies amongst themselves, the people have restored agriculture by a system of small holdings, scientifically organised together for productive and distributive purposes, without destruction of private property. And the State has rightly been dragged in at the rear of the popular movement to assist it.

This task of getting the common people into closer contact with the land under a system of private ownership—the only system likely to succeed and to meet the ends of righteousness—can be at once undertaken as soon as groups of people combine unofficially for the purpose. The ideal Church would do

it—but we have altogether missed the true functions of a Church to-day, and the word has acquired peculiar and anomalous suggestions. But let societies be formed (such as some of us are now trying to form in North London) on a religious basis, selecting their members carefully. Let such societies introduce co-operative banking (people's banks), as they are known on the Continent, and by giving people control of their own capital, and the advantages of credit, enable them to acquire holdings here or in the overseas dominions. In this way the people can themselves solve the land problem and save themselves, body and soul. They don't want sanatoria. They want Saskatoon.

But so long as we are deluded with the idea that all-and-sundry can do it for us, without need for organisation, self-discipline, or religion, and by the simple process of cheering a tinsel phrase and putting a bit of paper in a tin box once in five years, so long shall we remain under the lash of our taskmasters the demagogues, who will give us fleshpots and betray us to wars, and take our money away in taxes and insurance levies, and only give it (partly) back to us when, having been deprived of its use as capital, we fall into destitution and sickness, and therefore are no longer able to use it as capital And that is Egypt. And that is where we now are.—I am, sir, etc.,

Forest Gate, E. EDWARD WILLMORE.

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*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

DEAR SIR,—Differences of opinion there are bound to be between land reformers, but at any rate it is a good sign that there is widespread dissatisfaction with the existing land system, and a growing feeling that land ought not to be private property. Even those who believe in private property in land are driven to condemn the present arrangement, under which the bulk of the land is held in large estates, and it must be admitted that if land is to continue to be regarded as private property, it is far better that there should be a large number of small owners than a small number of large owners.

Against the small ownership policy I would urge the following objections:—

(1) At the very best it leaves large numbers of men landless, for only a certain proportion could afford to buy land.

(2) While it would check them, it would not prevent the existence of large estates, with their attendant evils.

(3) The value of land, which ought to be public revenue devoted to public good, would still be private income devoted to personal ends.

(4) The community would have no more control over land than it now has, and there would be the same difficulty there now is in the carrying out of public improvements.

(5) The purchase of land involves the locking up of money which would be far better employed as working capital.

(6) The only real advantage of small ownerships, security of tenure, would be equally obtainable by tenants of public land.

The single taxer denounces private property in land, but he does not abolish it until he has succeeded in imposing a 20s. in the £ tax. I am convinced that this is an impossibility, and meanwhile we should have the freehold system in full force. He wants the land, but he wants it for nothing, regardless of the fact that hundreds of thousands of men have invested their money in buying land, and that the State has sanctioned and protected such investments.


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I venture to predict that any attempt to penalise a man simply because he has bought land is foredoomed to ignominious failure.

The land nationaliser proposes that a national land Commission and local authorities should be empowered to acquire land, and should pay fair compensation. This we believe to be just, and as it can be carried out gradually it is practical politics. I must not take up more of your valuable space now, but perhaps you will kindly permit me to go further into details in a later issue.

With best thanks to you for throwing your columns open for the discussion of all aspects of the land question, I am, sir, etc.,

Joseph Hyder, *Secretary.*
Land Nationalisation Society,
96, Victoria Street, S.W.

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*To the Editor of* Everyman.

Sir,—In making the interesting announcement that you will throw open your pages for a full discussion of land reform, you refer to five possible solutions of the problem, two of them being the Taxation of Land Values and the Single Tax. As a matter of fact, these are not two different solutions, but the one is a partial application of the other. Perhaps it will simplify the discussion if you will allow me to give the following brief definitions:

The Single Tax means the nationalisation of rent (rent of land) and the end of private ownership of land. Single Taxers, however, do not propose to put the Single Tax in operation at once. They recognise that their ideal can only be reached by gradually transferring rates and taxes from labour values to land values.

Taxing and Rating Land Values means putting all the rates and some taxes on land values, i.e., on the "unimproved value" of all land, apart from the value of whatever has been put in or on the land by human labour. It means that when the valuation of land (now proceeding) has been completed, that valuation should be used as a new basis for assessment. The Land Group in Parliament, consisting of about 180 members, have urged the Government to give all rating authorities power to levy rates on that new basis (site value), and also to impose a Budget Tax on the value of all land for the purposes of Education, Poor Relief, Main Roads, Asylums, and Police, and in substitution of the taxes on tea, sugar, cocoa, and other articles of food. This is the practical policy of all land-values taxers to-day.

The effects of such a policy may be summarised as follows: In towns, if rates were levied on the true value of every site (annual value based upon its capital value), whether those sites were used well, used badly, or not used at all, a very great many acres of land that now escape taxation would have to contribute a fair share towards local expenditure. That would bring great relief to over-burdened ratepayers, who would also gain by the transference of the cost of the services alluded to in the Memorial from the local to the national exchequer. With land made available and cheap by taxation, and houses rate-free, the building trades would be greatly stimulated, employment would be more abundant, and the supply of houses would be increased. In country districts, if all the local revenue were raised from land values, and cottages, farm buildings, and other improvements were relieved from rates, industry and enterprise would be encouraged, and the withholding of land from use would be discouraged.—I am, sir, etc.,

Manchester. Arthur H. Weller.

*To the Editor of* Everyman.

Sir,—In your article, "'Everyman's' Referendum on Land Reform," you ask, "How is it, if the Conservative party seem to be in favour of small holdings, they can also be in favour of big estates?" The two are not necessarily inconsistent, as big estates and small holdings may, and often do, exist side by side. I think, however, that your assumption, that the Conservative party, as a whole, favour the creation, or even the retention, of large estates, is not justified. The mere fact that a certain number of persons, owning large estates, many of whom, however, would be glad to sell them, if they could, are members of the Conservative party, is surely an insufficient reason for your accusation. Is it not rather the extreme Radicals and the land taxers who are opposed to the breaking-up of large estates, and the creation of a Peasant Proprietorship, or system of small occupying owners? If this was once carried out effectively, it would deal a mortal blow to all confiscatory schemes of land taxation. If land was the monopoly of a few, it would be much easier to tax the wicked land-owner out of existence, than if it was the inheritance of the many. Hence, no doubt, the rooted objection of the Radical party to the creation of small ownership holdings.—I am, sir, etc.,

X. Y. Z.

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*To the Editor of* Everyman.

Sir,—In view of the proposed discussion on Land Reform in your most interesting paper, may I say that the statement made in the second sentence of your article, viz., that the Land Question is at the root of every social problem, is a very sweeping one, and one that is not accepted by a large number of people. It is a statement which is easy to make, and one which represents a popular view, but which is more difficult to prove; and before any useful discussion can take place it is desirable, and indeed necessary, that it should be clearly and logically demonstrated in what way the Land Question affects the problems you name. The very term "Land Question" is one that needs clear definition.

Take the housing of the poor. Leaving out of account the question of whether it is desirable to interfere with economic laws to cater for a class which the whole tendency of modern social work and legislation is to abolish, it is a well-known fact amongst practical men that the main difficulty in the way of providing cheap houses is not the cost of the land, but the cost of the building. And with the present high price of building materials and increased wages of workmen this difficulty is increasing.

Then, as regards congestion in our cities, is it not a fact that in most cases the congested areas are districts which were built upon many years ago, and that with the great development in the means of locomotion which has taken place during the past twenty years, the creation of congested areas has almost ceased? Whatever the land system, when men had to live within easy walking distance of their work congestion was inevitable.

But it is with respect to the so-called "desolation" of our countryside that I think the greatest misapprehension exists. I defy anyone to prove that there are any large areas in this country which can with any approach to fairness or accuracy be called desolate. I recently had the pleasure of travelling leisurely by road from this town to your city, and I saw nothing but fertile and well cultivated land the whole of the way.

With regard to small holdings, the life of a small-

*(Continued on page 444.)*

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holder is very different from what is popularly imagined. It is one of ceaseless toil and drudgery. He and his family must work early and late to make ends meet. He cannot afford labour-saving implements of cultivation. As a matter of fact, the small holding is an uneconomic and wasteful method of cultivating land, when it is desired to produce the crops we in this country depend on.

In conclusion, may I refer briefly to a statement made in the letter of your correspondent, E. F. MacClafferty, in EVERYMAN for Jan. 3rd? He says the rent which comes from the land is the property of the community, and should be divided up amongst the community. In making this somewhat crude assertion, he seems not to be aware that the rent of land is in many cases little or no more than interest upon the money that has been spent in clearing and enclosing the land and bringing it to a state of cultivation. The late Sir Tatton Sykes spent huge sums in enclosing the hitherto considered barren and almost valueless Yorkshire wolds, building homesteads and demonstrating that they could be profitably cultivated. If you assert that the community now has a right to the rent, you must equally claim that the community has a right to all interest on capital, whatever form that capital may take.—I am, sir, etc.,

W. E. SMITH.

Scarborough.

*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

SIR,—Your proposed study of Land Reform will be excellent, provided it is carried out by persons with real knowledge. Therefore I propose that you ask everyone who writes you on this subject to state what personal experience he has had of getting a living out of land. I think the primary question to be considered is: Whether is it better for the nation that the greatest quantity of food should be produced at the lowest cost, or that the largest number of people should make a living out of the land, irrespective of the quantity of food produced or the cost of it?—I am, sir, etc.,

JOHN W. NEWALL.

Montgomeryshire, Jan. 3rd, 1913.

*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

SIR,—A prominent Labour M.P. has suggested that the land should be purchased by the community at its present value. All further increment value would then go to the community, but such purchase would entail giving the dispossessed landowners and their descendants, for an indefinite period of time, a fixed toll upon the national labour, for which they would render no "equivalent service." This suggestion, therefore, will not stand the test of principle. The landowners can show no moral right to exact toll or even to retain possession of the land. This lack of moral right applies with equal force to *all* the "means of production."

Most probably it will be found advisable (if not absolutely necessary) to nationalise all the "means of production"—including land—at one and the same time, hence I suggest the following legislative action: (1) The possession and control of the "means of production" to be transferred from the legal owners thereof to the community. (2) The transfer not to release the transferrers from the civic duty of rendering "equivalent service." (3) The transfer consideration to be subject to the dictum, "No man should be allowed to possess more than he could reasonably enjoy."—I am, sir, etc.,

ARTHUR T. PHYTHIAN.

Lytham.

## THE TEMPLE ON THE HILL*

LIFE in Transylvania, if we are to trust the impression produced on us by Mme. de Szász's powerful story, must not infrequently lead to the delusions of claustrophobia. The same is true of many novels dealing with Slavonic or semi-Slavonic countries. The horrors of the interior, its cruelties and its injustices, drive many men and women, in this story and others, to the wilderness and the fastnesses of the rocks, especially in the fairer seasons of the year,

"When talk is safer than in winter-time."

Winter and the society of the hearth are to be dreaded.

No character in this book is safe from the terror that lies at the heart of human society. The priest of the village, who is, in a manner, the hero of the story, discovers at the very beginning of his career that he is incapable of all the gentler emotions—love, pity, and sympathy. A strange fancy takes their place; he will build a church that shall be the exact reproduction of a Bramante church, seen long ago in Rome, and loved by him with a love that is more than personal. Money fails; no more money can be raised by the penance of his flock; his mind leaves him. One creature alone cares for him and sympathises with him—a peasant woman, who replies to a critic: "Why, a child could see that this hardness is nought but tenderness born deaf and blind."

The other principal male character of the book, a boy, the undeservedly disowned son of a rich father, murders a man, and is set by the mad *popa* to save his soul by building the church. His tragedy, and the tragedy of the girl he loves, who is forced into a marriage with his elderly father, are, with the *popa*, the chief elements of the story But the incidental characters have their horrors and tragedies as well, with nothing to redeem them but the weary revellings of holidays or weddings.

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BREFFNY is a corner of Ireland, consisting of the counties of Cavan and Leitrim. Here the authoress of the present volume—for we understand her preface to concern herself—hung in childhood on the lips of a romantic stone-breaker, "who said he had more and better learning nor the scholars." The stories told by him, and by others like him, belong to the oldest tradition, and to a tradition that is in grave danger of being completely lost. They are told, or retold, in a simple but captivating idiom that seems to scorn the limitations of paper and printer's ink, and to call imperiously for the human voice as its proper vehicle. They deal mainly with the misdoings of the "good people," who gained their distinguishing epithet, as we should judge, by much the same process as the Eumenides of the Greek stories. As a rule, they mean nothing but ill by the human race; occasionally, as in the story of the "King's Daughter of France," they apparently mean some good, but they quickly return to their evil ways when their conditions are not observed.

The stories are nearly all of miniature dimensions, but they explore the whole range of human sentiment. Most of them are eerie, some of them have morals, but they are all permeated with humour and with the good peasant creed that the man of the tillage and the pasture is more distinctively a man than the emis-

(*Continued on page* 446.)

* "The Temple on the Hill: A Tale of Transylvania." By Elsa de Szász. 3s. 6d. net. (Sidgwick and Jackson.)

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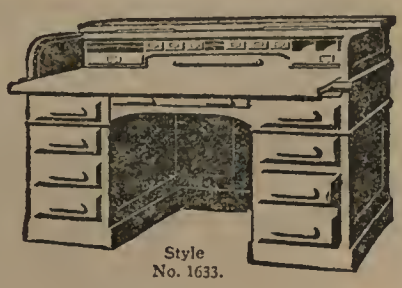

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sary of modern commerce or the lord of lands and cities. Both these last two characteristics are well illustrated in the tale of the "Little Settlement," where a proud father, who has rejected all the suitors to his daughter's hand, is near to having to accept the devil for a son-in-law. Here are some of the suitors: "There were strong farmers, small farmers, tradesmen and dealers; a cow doctor, a blacksmith, and even a man that travelled in tea. Himself was disgusted with all; he put out the farmers and dealers very civil and stiff, but the tea man he stoned down the road for a couple of miles."

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## BOOKS OF THE WEEK

MR. SHEEHAN has attempted a difficult task. He has attempted to combine fiction with revivalism. His study of Professor Garth is clever and arresting. He builds up the character carefully, and we feel an interest in the man which overcomes a prejudice against the insistence on his propaganda. The book (THE PROPHET, T. Fisher Unwin, 6s.) treats of miracles and faith-healing; but, and this should be noted to the credit of the author, the Professor combines spiritual salvation with the raising of wages, and demonstrates the truth, too often forgotten, that clear spiritual vision is largely dependent on a sufficiency of food and decent conditions of life generally. In the ultimate the Prophet is killed in the course of his ministry. The conclusion is dramatic. The style throughout the book is simple and arresting. We shall look forward with interest to Mr. Sheehan's future work.

❀ ❀ ❀

THE ENGLISH FAIRY BOOK (T. Fisher Unwin, 6s.) includes all the well-known and well-loved figures in nursery lore. Mr. Ernest Rhys has kept the flavour of the stories, while phrasing them after his own inimitable style. "Robin Goodfellow" is told in a delightful fashion. A series of pictures rise before one. Robin and his pranks are very real; not a child but will recognise him, not a child but will recognise the real, right ring in his song of the Chimney Sweeper:

> "Black I am from head to foot,
> And all doth come by chimney soot;
> Then, Maidens, come and cherish him
> That make your chimnies neat and trim."

The author has not left out the Giant Killer, beloved of all small fry. Nowadays it is the fashion to give our fairy stories new guises, leaving out the old adventurous strain. We are treated to good fairies *ad nauseam;* writers seem to have forgotten that the all-important fact to children is to send a thrill of terror creeping through the blood, accompanied with a feeling that in the ultimate all will come right. The story of THOMAS HICKATHRIFT, "A poor labouring man, but so strong that he was able to do in one day the ordinary work of two," gives us not only adventure, but rhetoric, the rhetoric that children love. "Now in the course of time, Tom was thoroughly tired of going such a roundabout way. 'The King's Highway ought not to be twisting and turning, like a worm,' he used to say, 'it should go straight through here.' Without telling his plans to anyone, he resolved to pass through the Giant's domain, or lose his life in the attempt. . . . He accordingly drove his cart in the forbidden direction, flinging the gates wide open, as if for the purpose of making his daring more plain to be seen." This is the perfection of story-telling. We can see the giant coming out of his castle. We can hear the growl in his voice. "'Sirrah,' said the monster, 'who gave you permission to come this way? Do you not know how I make all stand in fear of me? and you, like an impudent rogue, must come and fling my gates open at your pleasure! . . . but I will make you an example for all rogues under the sun! Dost thou not see how many thousand heads hang upon yonder tree—heads of those who have offended against my laws? But thy head shall hang higher than all the rest for an example!'" A splendid fight follows, and the story concludes on the right note. "Tom having beaten the giant, cut off his head and entered the cave, which he found completely filled with gold and silver." There is an opulence in the description which no amount of detailed magnificence could equal. Imagination finds satisfaction in the ever-flowing streams of gold and silver. We cannot resist quoting from "Tom Thumb." The extract seems to us to strike the exact medium between fantasy and matter of fact that is the key to the child's mind:—

"The Fairy Queen, wishing to see the little fellow thus born into the world, came in at the window, kissed the child, and gave it the name of Tom Thumb. She sent for some of the fairies, who dressed her little favourite in this way:—

> "An oakleaf hat he had for his crown;
> His shirt of web by spiders spun;
> With jacket wove of thistle's down;
> His trousers were of feathers done;
> His stockings, of apple rind, they tie
> With eye-lash from his mother's eye:
> His shoes were made of mouse's skin,
> Tanned with the downy hair within."

❀ ❀ ❀

Miss Stacpoole Kenney has published a volume (OUR OWN COUNTRY, James Duffy and Co., Dublin, 2s.). The book does not strike us as being Irish in sentiment or style. The characters spend most of the time in giving long-winded explanations of what happened to friends and relations outside the story. The plot is thin, and the characterisation is not convincing. "She bathed her eyes with eau de cologne, and, taking a big bunch of violets from a silver vase in front of a photo of an officer in uniform, fastened it at her throat; then, with a quick, impulsive movement, she stooped and kissed the photo." We are rather tired of the officer in uniform, also the violets and the silver frame.

❀ ❀ ❀

That "the green country meadows are fresh and fair to see" we all admit; but there is an aspect of rural life, for those of us who are poor and have to work for our living, that leaves the dwellers in the town, even the slum people, untouched. This aspect Mr. F. E. Green describes in vivid and convincing fashion in THE TYRANNY OF THE COUNTRY SIDE (Fisher Unwin, 5s. net). The landlord and the squire are emphatically the tyrants of the village. It is not only in the matter of rent or of wages that the oppression is exercised; but if the tenant or laborer should not share the political tenets of the particular great man who lets him his house, or employs him on the land, the unfortunate peasant has to march. Not only in politics, but in matters of religion or social customs, this supervision is exercised.

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*(Continued on page 448.)*

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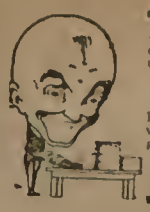

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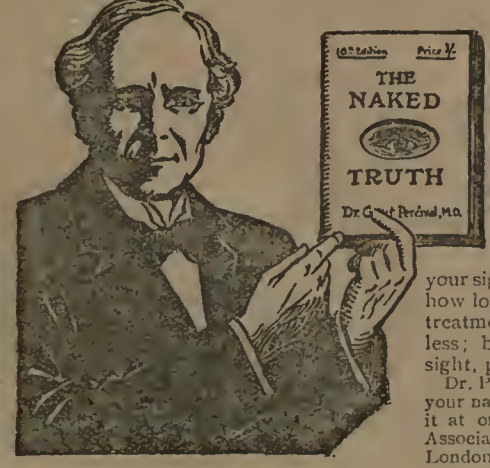


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among agricultural workers, that it is only with difficulty you can induce the inhabitants of a village to discuss any topic other than a purely personal one. The fear of the tyrants is over them all; the shadow of the squire, the dread of the landlord, stops free speech with deadly efficacy. A man thinks twice before he risks his job—in the country; and to be turned out of house and home is a far more serious matter for an agricultural labourer than a city dweller. It is no great business to shift from one street to another, but the housing accommodation in rural England is hopelessly inadequate to the needs of the population, and to be without a cottage is to break down the man's power of resistance and deprive him of earning power. Cottages are rarely "to let" in the countryside, and a man is obliged to live within walking distance of the land on which he is employed. The author points out that the small holder and the peasant proprietor possess a liberty of thought, a freedom of action beyond the hope of the agricultural labourer, harried by the oppression of the landlord and the squire. The book should be read by everyone interested in the land question. Mr. Green carries conviction in every page.

❀ ❀ ❀

ECCE DEUS, STUDIES OF PRIMITIVE CHRISTIANITY, by William Benjamin Smith (Watts, 6s. net), is a disappointing book. The work, which has already appeared in German, is verbose, pedantic, ill-arranged, and insufferably dull. We have tried hard to ascertain precisely Professor Smith's theological position; and if we understand it aright, it is that he regards Christianity as pure monotheism, the historical existence of the man Jesus being entirely rejected. If he does not actually subscribe to Matthew Arnold's dictum that religion is simply "morality touched with emotion," he comes perilously near doing so. But we would rather not embark upon an exposition of the thesis adumbrated by Professor Smith. Its obscurity reminds us of a remark of Hegel. "Of all living men," said the philosopher once, "there is but one who has understood me; and," he added, after a moment's reflection, "he misunderstood me." We conclude with a word of advice. If Professor Smith wishes his book to be read, let him compress it to half its present size, let him try to write less pompously, and let him remember that lucid statement and orderly arrangement lie very near the high road to successful authorship.

❀ ❀ ❀

MEMORIES OF TWO CITIES, EDINBURGH AND ABERDEEN, by David Masson (Oliphant, 7s. 6d. net). We cannot imagine a more admirable gift-book for those who are natives of either of those cities, or who were privileged to enjoy the inspiring teaching of the late Professor of English Literature in Edinburgh University. Dr. Masson was born in Aberdeen, but quite the larger half of his long life was spent in Edinburgh. As a young man he was powerfully influenced by Chalmers, and he knew personally most of the distinguished men who lent lustre to the Scottish capital sixty years ago. This fact gives piquancy to his reminiscences of Chalmers, "Christopher North," Sir William Hamilton, Hugh Miller, De Quincey, and others. The opening chapter, entitled "Edina, Scotia's Darling Seat," affords a brilliant description of Edinburgh as it was a few years after the death of Scott, and before its literary glory had quite departed. Five out of the twelve chapters are devoted to Aberdeen. There is a striking word-portrait of the famous Dr. Melvin, the recognised head of the Scottish Latinity of his day. Byron was one of the pupils of

the grammar school of which Melvin came to be rector. We would also commend the papers on "Aberdeen and its Traditions" and "Marischal College and its Professors" as being eminently readable. The volume has for frontispiece a lifelike portrait of Professor Masson in his old age.

### THE JANUARY MAGAZINES.

I.

SERIOUS students of the Eastern Question and of the problems raised by the Balkan War will find plenty of food for reflection in the January *Fortnightly*. Mr. Sydney Brooks, in his article on "British Policy in the Near East," regards Great Britain's engagement in a European conflict as a serious possibility of the next few weeks. To "the man in the street" this may seem an alarmist view, but every student of international politics knows it to be sober fact. This incisive article should be followed by a perusal of Mr. J. Ellis Barker's "The Peace Conference and the Balance of Power." Mr. Barker's view is that whilst the distribution of power in the Balkans has directly little bearing on British interests, the maintenance of the balance of power in Europe is all-important. Two articles dealing with the non-controversial aspects of the situation in the Near East are "An Englishman in Montenegro," by Mr. Roy Trevor, and "A Captured War Correspondent," by Mr. Angus Hamilton.

II.

In "The Study of Empire," Mr. Sidney Low discusses, with his usual ability and foresight, the necessity for Imperial learning. He eloquently urges that in all University examinations in history, the rise, growth, and constitution of the British Empire should be made a compulsory subject. He also suggests the formation of a central school in London for Imperial research and teaching. Altogether, Mr. Low makes out a very strong case, for, as he most truly says, "we must study the Empire as well as praise it." Imperialism, in short, has not got much beyond the sentimental stage, and the Duke of Westminster, in his article on the Imperial Fund, admits as much. His conclusion is that while Imperial feeling has grown enormously, practical and creative Imperialism is nowhere. The causes are somewhat obscure, but the Duke of Westminster is probably right in assuming that Imperial Federation suffers because "it is a purely ideal movement." It "lacks the propelling power of self-interest."

III.

Considering the subjects with which it deals—religion, theology, and philosophy—the *Hibbert Journal*, as a rule, keeps wonderfully free from any suggestion of dullness; but the latest number rather errs on this side. The place of honour is given to Lord Haldane's address to the citizens of Bristol on "The Civic University." It is a vigorous, well-reasoned, and, we need hardly add, well-informed pronouncement regarding the part which our newer universities are capable of playing in national education.

IV.

For the first number of the *British Review*, with which is incorporated the *Oxford and Cambridge Review*, the editor, Mr. R. J. Walker, has succeeded in bringing together quite a galaxy of literary talent. The names of Sir A. Quiller-Couch, G. K. Chesterton, Hilaire Belloc, Cecil Chesterton, and Philip Gibbs invest the magazine with both interest and authority.


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OWING to the extraordinary demand for the January Number of THE POETRY REVIEW, which contains (inter alia) an arresting article by the Editor, Stephen Phillips, Lord Dunsany's play, "The Gods of the Mountain," and the offer of Premiums for Original Verse. Orders should be placed at once. 6d. net of all reputable booksellers, or direct from The Poetry Society, Clun House, Surrey Street, London, W.C.

Mr. Gibbs leads off with a racy article on "The Secrets of the Bulgarian Victories." Then comes "My Views Regarding True and False Science," by Leo Tolstoy, a rather disappointing paper despite the great name it bears. Mr. Cecil Chesterton attempts to define Huxley's relation to the Catholic faith from the point of view of one whose first convictions were largely formed on his writings, and who is now a Catholic. Sir A. Quiller-Couch moralises pleasantly in a sketch entitled "If Every Face Were Friendly," and readable poems are contributed by Katharine Tynan, G. K. Chesterton, Hilaire Belloc, and J. C. Squire. The editor furnishes "Obiter Dicta," in which he writes sensibly and with moderation on the Balkan question, the North-Eastern Railway strike, provincial universities, etc. The last sixteen pages are devoted to reviews of important books. On the whole, we should say that there is a brilliant future for the *British Review* if it can maintain the interest, variety, and talent of its first number.

V.

Superlatives are at all times perilous, but one might almost be forgiven for employing them in the case of *Chambers's Journal*. It is always so good. One of the most conservative of magazines, it avoids dullness without calling in the aid of the meretricious. The January number is as fresh and brightly written, as entertaining and instructive as any of its predecessors. We would single out for special mention the personal sketch of Sir William Arrol. The writer, Mr. James H. Young, brings together many interesting and little known facts concerning the world's greatest bridge-builder. Then there is a seasonable and gossipy paper by Lady Napier of Magdala, entitled "It is Time to go Abroad"; an illuminating review of Mr. R. C. Lehmann's "Charles Dickens as Editor," by Sir Henry Lucy; and a most readable article on "Boot Troubles, and a Remedy," by "Skipper." The remedy proposed is the sandal.

VI.

With the January number, the *Poetry Review* enters upon what we hope will be a new lease of life under the editorship of Mr. Stephen Phillips. The present number promises well, both articles and verse being stimulating and suggestive. The genesis of "The Ancient Mariner" is appropriately discussed by Mr. E. Hartley Coleridge, and the Editor has some reflections on the poetic drama. He also reviews some recent verse. The fourth number of *The Blue Book* has a strong academic flavour, but this is surely as things ought to be in the case of a magazine conducted by Oxford undergraduates. Most University magazines are a strange mixture of crudeness and cleverness, but here we have a series of essays which convey a very favourable impression of the critical judgment and literary skill of the Oxford undergraduate of to-day. Some of the articles, however, would have been none the worse for compression. A new threepenny illustrated magazine called *The Dial* has reached us. The title is not very happily chosen, but the format is excellent. The magazine will cater for the intellectual, artistic, and musical interests of members of the Church of England, more especially women, and will give assistance when difficulties arise in social and parochial work.

❧ ❧ ❧

## Books of Reference.

Who's Who. 1913. (A. and C. Black, 15s. net.) The place of honour belongs to this valuable reference book. It is as difficult to imagine the library of a journalist or a writer or a politician without a copy of Who's Who as it would be to imagine a lawyer's office without a legal directory. The present issue, like each preceding issue, is considerably larger than its predecessor.

❧ ❧ ❧

In Books that Count, a dictionary of standard books, edited by W. Forbes Gray (5s. net), Messrs. A. and C. Black are making a new departure, which, in its own way, is as full of promise as "Who's Who." The editor, Mr. W. Forbes Gray, who is known to the readers of Everyman by his articles, "What's Wrong with the Churches?" has brought to his task copious information, a trained literary taste, and wide sympathies.

❧ ❧ ❧

The Literary Year Book. Volume XVII. (John Ouseley, 6s. net.) The first half of this most valuable book of reference consists of literary biographies, and practically covers the same ground as "Who's Who," but is necessarily much less complete. I would suggest that the Literary Year Book should give much more definite information and advice on the legal and the financial aspects of the literary profession.

❧ ❧ ❧

Whitaker's Peerage, Baronetage, and Knightage (5s.) is as good as Burke and De Brett, and is considerably cheaper. Again, this issue contains considerably more matter than the previous issues, which does not suggest that the Peerage and Baronetage and Knightage and Companionage of the United Kingdom, in our democratic and socialistic age, are decreasing in number or in social importance. As for Whitaker's Almanac (2s. 6d. net), it is so universally known and so deservedly appreciated that it is superfluous to recommend it. It would be difficult to improve on the present edition.

❧ ❧ ❧

The International Whitaker (price 2s. 6d.). There has been a long-felt want for a manual which would give all necessary information on the countries of the world, and which would cover the same ground as the "Statesman's Year Book," but at a more popular price. The International Whitaker fills this long-felt need, and it is certainly destined to as brilliant a career as Whitaker's "Almanac," if the quality of this first year of issue is maintained.

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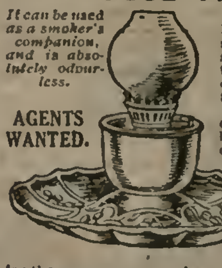

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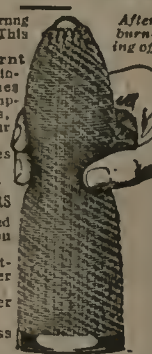

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BY

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**Readers of this week's EVERYMAN are presented with a reduced facsimile of a fine Photogravure of a Van Dyck Masterpiece, now in the Windsor collection. (See page 471.)**

## HISTORY IN THE MAKING

### NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THOUGH unity exists in the Unionist ranks, there is not yet unanimity of opinion with regard to the food taxes. Speaking in Newcastle, Viscount Ridley said he believed the Unionist party had made a mistake in postponing the food duties. In his opinion, a great many of those who had agreed to the postponement would regret that step. They would find that they had shirked one difficulty only to stumble into a great many other difficulties. Viscount Ridley clearly does not believe with Lord Derby, who described the memorial to Mr. Bonar Law as a "golden bridge," over which Unionists could "march in safety without any single member feeling that he had made any sacrifice of principle." Meanwhile the farmers are not enamoured of the "golden bridge." In addressing a Farmers' Association at Darlington, Lord Durham received the applause of his audience when he asked those whose livelihood depended on agriculture how they were going to benefit by having the price of everything they had to buy raised by artificial means, while there was no increase in the price of farm produce.

In addressing a gathering of farmers at Taunton, Lord St. Audrie welcomed full and impartial inquiry into the land system. He had no desire to go back to the old system of Protection, but it was only fair that the difficulties of agriculturists should be considered.

Circumstances have proved too much for the British Medical Association in the controversy over the Insurance Act. In view of the large number of doctors who had agreed to work under the Act, something had to be done to release them from their pledge to the Association. At a representative meeting of the Association, held in London, it was agreed to release all practitioners from their pledge. The meeting recorded its emphatic protest "against the discreditable methods adopted by the Government in forcing doctors to give their services on terms derogatory to the profession and against the public interest."

The Select Committee of Inquiry into the Marconi Contract have received a letter from Mr. Godfrey Isaacs, managing director of the Marconi Company, asking the Government to agree to the company treating the contract as no longer binding in the meantime. The company thought it inequitable that it should remain bound while investigations which were never contemplated were continued over an indefinite period.

At a Conference in Edinburgh on the subject of destitution, Mrs. Sidney Webb, who was the principal speaker, called attention to the fact that the administration of the Insurance Act had largely fallen into the hands of capitalistic companies. The action of those associations connected with the insurance companies had altered the character of sickness insurance in such a way that she believed Friendly Societies and Trade Unions would have rejected the scheme had they known beforehand.

The Labour party are about to enter on a great agitation in co-operation with the Miners' Federation of Great Britain for the nationalisation of mines. A Bill for that purpose is now drafted.

The election of M. Poincaré as President of the Republic has given great satisfaction in Paris. There is no precedent for the elevation of the Prime

Minister actually in office to the Presidency. In view of the critical state of international affairs, it was felt to be imperative to have a responsible head of the Foreign Affairs Department, and not an interim Minister. In these circumstances the Cabinet resigned. M. Briand has formally accepted the task of forming a new Cabinet. M. Briand will be best remembered in connection with the great railway strike in France in 1910, when he was at the head of the Cabinet. His work in suppressing the strike was all the more remarkable, as not so many years ago he was a Socialist agitator.

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In consequence of his inability to effect a Coalition with existing groups, Prince Katsura, the Japanese Prime Minister, has announced the formation of a new party.

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Lord Avebury, who presided on Monday at a public meeting of the City of London Committee of the Free Trade Union, expressed the opinion that the Colonies would never insist upon the food taxes, which, he believed, were now dead. Lord Balfour of Burleigh, in moving a resolution in favour of Free Trade, declared that Imperialism which is based on trade appeals only to traders. He thought they had heard the last of the food taxes.

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M. Gueshoff, the Bulgarian Prime Minister, has telegraphed to the delegates in London giving them full power to telegraph direct to General Savoff, Commander-in-Chief in the field, to resume hostilities when, in their opinion, there is no reasonable prospect of the conclusion of peace. It is pointed out by a special correspondent that unless the Balkan States are expected to face the horrors of famine, the men now with the colours must be back in their fields from the end of January.

* * *

# TAXATION AND SOCIAL REFORM

WITHIN recent years Liberalism as a political creed has undergone something like transformation. One of its prominent watchwords was Retrenchment, and in harmony with that, Mr. Gladstone's great ambition as finance Minister was to keep a sharp eye on national expenditure. Liberalism of the old type restricted itself largely to the work of political reform, under the belief that, freed from the oppression of unjust laws, the people would work out their own social salvation. With the appearance of the Labour party a change came over historic Liberalism, under the banner of which reformers like Bentham, the two Mills, Cobden, Bright, and Gladstone, laboured valiantly. Political reform by the leaders of the working classes was no longer an end in itself; it was viewed as a means to another end—Social Reform. Industrial and social problems were felt to be too vast and complex for treatment by purely voluntary effort, and a demand was made for legislation, with the result that under the present Government the old creed of Liberalism has been replaced by humanitarianism, which has given to recent legislation quite a Socialistic complexion. At every stage of his career, from childhood to old age, the individual is under the guardianship of the State. The extent of the guardianship is seen in the following resolution passed at a meeting in Edinburgh, at which Mrs. Sidney Webb was the principal speaker, for the abolition of destitution:—

"That Parliament devote the whole of next session to the consideration and passing of measures which will permanently raise the standard of life of the large masses of the working people who are suffering from the evils of poverty; and that this be done by means of legislation to secure (1) a legal minimum wage; (2) reduction of hours of labour; (3) complete provision against sickness; (4) a national minimum of child nurture; (5) prevention of unemployment; (6) healthy homes for all; and (7) the abolition of the Poor-law."

This programme cannot be carried out without money. Where is it to come from? Clearly from increased taxation. The middle and upper classes, under the growing pressure of national and municipal taxation, are viewing with distrust and dislike the humanitarian propaganda. In many minds the question is arising with regard to the proper sphere of public expenditure and the true function of taxation. Guidance on this point is had from Gunton, an American economist, who dissipates some misconceptions which have gathered round the subject. He divides Government functions in the sphere of taxation into two—the static and the dynamic. The static embraces taxation needed for the defence of the nation, the army and navy for the external, and the police force and the staff of judiciary and executive officials for the internal defence. The dynamic embraces taxation needed to increase the health, intelligence, and social comfort of the people. Manifestly the expenditure on these objects is calculated to reduce expenditure on internal defence, on the upkeep of prisons, and the machinery needed for the suppression of crime. Viewed thus dynamic taxation is pre-eminently productive. It is a case of casting bread upon the waters and finding it after many days. As Gunton puts it, taxation raised for the purpose of socialising the opportunities of the people is a positive benefit, and the increase of which is the surest way of diminishing the taxation raised for the repression of crime, etc. In his own words, "To the degree that wealth is consumed in extending public improvements and enlarging the social opportunities of the people, it is both economically and socially an advantage."

In the matter of taxation there must be a limit; in the national expenditure there must be retrenchment. If taxation for purposes of social reform cannot be lessened, where is retrenchment to begin? Obviously, in unproductive taxation, such as the huge outlay on armaments. At present, instead of reduced expenditure in this direction, there is increased expenditure, which is, from an industrial point of view, wholly unproductive. No doubt, at present, the money spent on the upkeep of the defensive force, is a necessity as a defence against aggression—an admission which, at the present stage of civilisation, is melancholy in the extreme. It is a sad commentary on our national profession of Christianity that, while millions are voted for Dreadnoughts, violent opposition is raised when it is proposed to devote a few thousands to fighting our real foes, ignorance, poverty, and crime. There is only one remedy for this state of things, the substitution of international arbitration for war. The nation cannot bear heavy taxation for social reform and heavier taxation for war purposes. In spending money freely in social reform without decreasing the expenditure on armaments, the Government are pursuing a policy which is full of danger. Their only course of safety lies in carrying to a successful issue a propaganda in favour of international arbitration.

HECTOR MACPHERSON.

# THE NEW FRENCH PRESIDENT

## MONSIEUR RAYMOND POINCARÉ

I.

NEVER before has the election of a French President roused to the same extent the attention of the civilised world. Never before has any candidate called forth, like Monsieur Raymond Poincaré, the unanimous approval of the French nation. In vain has one section of the political caucus tried to bar the way. The will of the people has overruled the tyranny of a clique. For thirty-five years France has had to be satisfied with respectable mediocrities at the head of the State. The French Republic was not strong enough to afford a Strong Man. There was always the danger that the Strong Man might become a Dictator. To-day the French Republic has ceased to dread the phantom of dictatorship. Another danger more imminent has arisen—the European danger, the peril of foreign aggression, and to meet that peril a strong man at the helm is a prime necessity.

II.

Monsieur Poincaré was born fifty-two years ago at Bar-le-Duc. He is, therefore, a citizen of Lorraine. Lorraine inspires her children with a patriotism more intimate, more tender, more anxious, than any other region of France. For Lorraine is the country of Joan of Arc. Lorraine is still suffering from the wounds of a tragic war, and from a mutilation, against which the conscience of Europe and the wishes of the conquered people continue to protest.

The son of a Civil Servant, an Inspector-General of Forestry, Poincaré is a typical representative of the French middle class, and his family is an admirable illustration of the splendid vitality and of the traditional virtues which still subsist in that much-maligned French "bourgeoisie." One of his brothers occupies one of the most responsible offices in the Ministry of Public Instruction. His cousin, Henri Poincaré, whose recent death was mourned by the scientific world, was the greatest mathematician of the age, and has been deservedly called the "modern Euclid." Another cousin, Professor Boutroux, of the Sorbonne, the master and forerunner of Bergson, was recently a Gifford Lecturer in the University of Glasgow, and has also achieved worldwide fame.

Poincaré was educated, like every child of his class, at the Lycée, or Government school, of his native town. There is no finer school in Europe than the French Lycée. There is none which gives a better all-round training in the "humanities." From the day he entered the Lycée, Poincaré's career has been an uninterrupted succession of distinctions, won by intellectual ability and force of character. At twenty years of age he was called to the Bar. At twenty-seven he was a Member of Parliament. At thirty-three he was appointed Minister of Public Instruction, and when the Cabinet of which he was a member was overthrown, he joined the next Cabinet as Chancellor of the Exchequer. In those critical years, when the Dreyfus affair had plunged France into the chaos of a civil and religious war, when a Government seldom lasted longer than a twelvemonth, there was no room and no scope for a man like Poincaré. To accept office was to be the slave of a party, and Poincaré has always refused to serve sect or party. For eleven years, from 1893 to 1904, he retained his seat in Parliament, taking a prominent part in debate, but refusing to join any of the administrations which followed in ephemeral succession. The young politician was abiding his time, and devoted his splendid abilities to the law. Like another strong man and contemporary statesman, Waldeck-Rousseau, he rapidly acquired one of the most lucrative practices on the Paris Bar.

III.

In 1906 Poincaré re-entered the political arena, and took office once more as Chancellor of the Exchequer. But the opportunity of his life came to him on the resignation of the Briand Cabinet. To succeed to a politician of infinite wit, but erratic and incalculable, to liquidate all the difficulties created, and to allay all the passions aroused by his predecessor, to face the dangers, internal and external, which were threatening on every side, to meet the opposition of Clemenceau, the "Old Tiger," whose life was spent in wrecking a score of successive administrations, would have taxed the ingenuity and resourcefulness of a Thiers or a Talleyrand. But Poincaré proved equal to the task, and he succeeded in doing what no other Prime Minister could have done. By the magnetism of his personality, by the integrity of his character, by the absolute confidence he inspired, he brought together a "Conciliation" Cabinet, which included a Socialist like Millerand as Minister of War, a former Syndicalist like Briand as Minister of Justice, and a Radical like Delcassé as Naval Secretary. The miracle was that those men of absolutely different temperaments and with different policies were all made to work harmoniously together. Poincaré's Cabinet proved not only the most brilliant, not only the most heterogeneous, but also the strongest Cabinet the Republic has produced since the "Great Ministry" of Gambetta. It did, indeed, deserve its name of the "Ministry of all the Talents." France could have given no better evidence to the world of the new patriotic spirit which animates her. In this extraordinary administration Poincaré held both the offices of Foreign Secretary and of Prime Minister. It fell to him to liquidate the Treaty with Germany which settled the Moroccan question, and it is largely owing to his firmness and tact and dignity that a European war was averted.

IV.

It is of good omen for the future that such a man should just now be called to the highest magistracy of the French Republic. Poincaré possesses in a supreme degree those political virtues which are required at the present juncture. He has been tried in the three most delicate dignities of the Republic—the Ministry of Public Instruction, the Treasury, and the Foreign Office. He has been tried, and he has not been found wanting. The President of the French Republic is invested under the Constitution with executive powers, almost as extensive as those of the American President. Hitherto no occupant of the Presidency has ever chosen to exert his prerogative. We earnestly hope that Monsieur Raymond Poincaré may never be called upon to use those powers which the Constitution gives him. But should an emergency arise which would call for the exercise of his constitutional authority, all patriotic Frenchmen and Britons must feel a sense of security in the conviction that a statesman so strong in intellect and character should have been chosen to direct the destinies of the French people. C. S.

# COUNTRIES OF THE WORLD BY THE EDITOR

## IV.—SWITZERLAND

I.

The most striking characteristic of the physical configuration of Switzerland is its infinite diversity and complexity. Scientists may reduce the geological chaos to something like order and system, but to the outsider the country remains a bewildering labyrinth of lakes and valleys and mountain ranges, the high table-land of Central Europe, where her three great rivers—the Rhine, the Rhone, and the Danube—take their source. The tourist can observe and verify for himself in one afternoon's walk that perplexing diversity. In a few hours he will pass from the sunny southern slopes near the lake or at the foot of the mountain to the solitary sublimity of the summit. In a few hours' walk he will have covered thirty-five degrees of latitude, and he will have experienced every sample of climate, every extreme of temperature. In rapid succession he will leave behind him the region of vine and chestnut, of oak and beech, of fir and pine, till he comes to the dreary waste of rock and moraine, where every trace of natural vegetation and human habitation disappears in the region of eternal snow.

II.

That infinite diversity in the physical surroundings provides a corresponding variety in the conditions of human life. As you pass from one canton to a neighbouring canton, or from one village to another, you find most startling and most sudden changes: from a sedentary life to a nomadic life, from pasture to agriculture, from agriculture to industry, from an Italian population to a German or French population, from Catholicism to Protestantism.

To take first the linguistic and racial divisions, Switzerland is a country of three languages—French, German, and Italian—and those three languages are again subdivided into many dialects, and some dialects, like that strange language Romansch, spoken in the Upper Engadine, are really independent linguistic units. Those racial and linguistic boundaries have changed very little in recent generations. German is spoken by seven-tenths of the population (about 2,400,000), French is spoken by about two-tenths (about 750,000), the remaining tenth speak Italian and other dialects. If the German language has the superiority of numbers, the French language has the superiority of culture and literature. The great names of Swiss literature are French, and no critic would think of putting the greatest German names, Godfried Keller and Ferdinand Conrad Meyer, on the same level with Rousseau and Madame de Staël.

The divisions of language and race are still further complicated by the divisions of religion. Like the racial boundaries, the religious boundaries have hardly varied. Six-tenths of the population are Protestant, four-tenths are Catholic. It is strange that religion in Switzerland should be entirely independent of race. French Lausanne is Protestant, but French Freiburg is Catholic. German Lucerne, Uri, Schwyz, and Unterwalden are Catholic, but Zürich and Berne are Protestant.

The Belgian economist, Professor Emile de Laveleye, wrote, forty years ago, a famous pamphlet, which was edited in English by Gladstone and translated into every European language. Comparing the influence of Protestantism and Catholicism on national morality and national prosperity, he uses the Swiss cantons to prove his contention, arguing that the Protestant cantons are far more prosperous and more moral than the Catholic. But the problem is far more complex than de Laveleye presumed. The prosperity of Catholic Switzerland has enormously increased, and if divorce can be taken as any index to morality, divorces are four times more frequent in Protestant cantons than in Catholic ones, and they are six times more frequent in the case of mixed marriage. Still, it may be said that, on the whole, Swiss civilisation is Protestant and not Catholic. To the student of history, Switzerland remains the country of Calvin and Rousseau, of Madame de Staël and Benjamin Constant.

III.

Economically, Switzerland has hitherto been a poor country. In olden days, the Swiss mountaineer had to leave his country to serve as a mercenary soldier. The soil is unsuitable for the growing of cereals. There is a little wine-growing on the shores of the Lake of Geneva, but in most cantons people are restricted to the breeding of cattle and to such agricultural industries as condensed milk and the making of chocolate. Switzerland has certainly a great economic future before her. But so far she has been hampered in her development by the absence of coal and iron. Numberless waterfalls provide her with an inexhaustible supply of electric motive power. Already the industrial population has risen to 320,000, having doubled in five-and-twenty years, and foreign labour, mainly Italian, has to be imported. And those industries have especially prospered where the value of human labour is more important than the value of the raw material which Switzerland cannot herself produce. I need only refer to the silk and cotton industries and to the industry of watch-making. This highly skilled and minutely specialised industry gives employment to nearly 130,000 artisans, and is mainly centralised in the Jura, in the interesting towns of Locle and Château de Fonds, the most elevated city in Europe. But even more important than watch-making is the national industry of hotel keeping, wherein the Swiss people are without rivals.

IV.

In politics, Switzerland has been for centuries the home of republican institutions and of political liberty, and she remains to this day a pure and undiluted democracy. She has given to the world both the practice of popular government and its theory in that immortal little treatise of Rousseau, the "Contrat Social." Switzerland is probably the only country where the people both initiate, make, and administer the law. Any important measure is directly referred to the people, and so successful has been the Swiss Referendum that it is likely to be extended in the near future to other European countries.

In asserting their political rights, the Swiss people have shown extraordinary moderation and self-control, and have given the lie to those reactionaries who hold that pure democracy must necessarily be rash and impulsive. So far from being revolutionary, the Swiss have often erred on the side of conservatism and extreme caution. At the same time they are always ready to make experiments, and they have

the courage of reversing their policy when it does not prove a success. They have experimented free trade in drink, and have replaced it by a Government monopoly. Some cantons have adopted a progressive Income Tax, others have preferred a tax on capital, others are imposing both! They have experimented Free Trade, and they recently abandoned it for Protection. Probably the most interesting of all their experiments has been their territorial army. Every Swiss owes military service to the fatherland, and the Swiss army is both the most democratic and cheapest in Europe.

V.

Physically the Swiss people are not a fine race. It seems as if man had been dwarfed by nature. The women are mainly remarkable for their plainness. Nor are they as a people particularly healthy, which sounds like a paradox, considering that the Swiss air is supposed by millions of tourists to possess wonderful health-giving virtues. In recent years the progress of hygiene and the increase of national prosperity have considerably improved the physique of the race. Drink is still a national plague. I have seen on New Year's day as shocking scenes of drunkenness in Switzerland as in Scotland, and it is doubtful whether the establishment of a State monopoly in the sale of alcohol will reduce it.

In the province of education, Switzerland is in advance of most countries in Europe. Education is gratuitous and compulsory. Illiteracy has practically disappeared, and this small country of three millions and a half can boast of no less than eight universities. Some of those universities, Geneva and Zürich, are practically cosmopolitan institutions. On the other hand, it is doubtful whether the moral progress of the people has kept pace with their intellectual progress. I am inclined to believe that the annual invasion of millions of idlers from all over the world is having a most deleterious effect on public morality.

VI.

Like most other countries, Switzerland is passing through anxious times. The town population is increasing out of all proportion to that of the rural districts. There is an enormous influx of foreign elements, not always desirable. Out of the half-million foreign residents, more than three hundred thousand are Germans, and Bâle and Zürich are rapidly becoming commercial fiefs of the Empire. Still, when all facts are weighed in the balance, the Swiss people have many reasons to look forward confidently to their future, as they have every reason to be proud of their past. Switzerland has taught us many a valuable lesson. She has taught Europe a lesson in the possibilities of democracy, and she has proved that democracy is compatible with an ordered and settled Government. She has taught a lesson in the virtues of Home Rule, and has proved that the most extreme policy of local autonomy is consistent with national patriotism. Above all, she has taught a lesson in the virtue of tolerance, and she has proved that different races professing different religions and speaking different languages can live together in generous emulation and peaceful rivalry.

# THE ETERNAL NOW* BY EDMUND G. GARDNER

I.

THERE are few more famous scenes in literature than that in the ninth book of the "Confessions," where St. Augustine and St. Monica, as they leaned in a window that looked into the garden of the house at Ostia, spoke together of the Beatific Vision, sighing after that "moment of understanding," in which, here and now, they might anticipate the unending and changeless life of the hereafter. More than a century later, the last of the Roman philosophers, under sentence of death in his dungeon at Pavia, gave philosophical expression to the conception of Eternity, as "the completely simultaneous and perfect possession of limitless life." This sentence of Boëthius, in itself strongly Platonist, became the standard definition of Eternity throughout the Middle Ages; it was elaborated by Aquinas; it inspired the "Divina Commedia" of Dante, who describes himself as one "who had come from time to the eternal," from the tempest of succession to the vision and possession of the eternal *now*, in which "every *where* and every *when* is brought to a point." As Mr. Wicksteed has well expressed it: "To the mediæval thinker Eternity is not endless time, but a state in which perfection is found in the *co-existence*, not in the *succession*, of the parts that make the whole." In the mystical sense, Eternal Life is the permanent abiding of those highest and deepest moments in the experience of the soul in which the intensity of its life transcends space and time.

II.

The aim of Baron von Hügel in the volume before us is to represent Eternal Life as "an experience, requirement, force, conception, ideal which is, in endless degrees and ways, latent or patent in every specifically human life and act; which, in its fullest operativeness and its most vivid recognition, is specifically religious; and which, in proportion to such fullness and recognition, is found to involve the consciousness, or possession, of all the highest realities and goods sought after or found by man, and the sense (more or less) of non-succession, of a complete Present and Presence, of an utterly abiding Here and Now." He sets out to emphasise "a sense of the closest of relations, of the most delicate difference within affinity, between two, the deepest and most real of all realities really known to us, our finite, *durational* spirit, and the infinite, *eternal* Spirit, God."

III.

In an impressive historical survey, the author first traces the idea of Eternity, as distinguished from the simpler one of Immortality, through the various religions and philosophies of the past. The Nirvana of Buddhism represents mainly the soul's horror of mere succession, whereas, in other Oriental religions, Eternal Life is implied in the soul's participation in the divine qualities of Brahma, and in the Eternal Light to which it attains in the teaching of Zarathustra. The spiritual outlook of the Jews, with all its sublimity, contributed less to the conception of Eternal Life (as here understood) than did that of the Greeks. The doctrine of Eternity, with its discrimination between an Eternal Now and Succession, is first clearly promulgated by Parmenides in the sixth century before Christ, and is then more fully developed by Plato, from whom it passes to the Alexandrian Jew Philo, and to the Christian Neo-Platonists, led by St. Augustine. We are given particularly suggestive chapters on "Primitive Christianity," considered under the headings of the utterances of Christ in the Synoptic Gospels, the teaching of St. Paul, and the Johannine writings, and on the "Middle Ages," as represented by St. Thomas Aquinas and Johannes Eckhart. This historical survey ends with Spinoza and Kant, the significance of the latter lying especially in his conception of Evil as something positive, as essentially "flight from, or revolt against, the light, and hence as an act or habit of the Will."

The second part, the contemporary survey, goes somewhat beyond what the title of the book promised. It is, in fact, a most illuminating summary of the chief movements of the present day, in philosophy and in life, whether for or against this experience and conception of Eternal Life. Not only philosophical speculation, but Biology, Socialism, and Institutional Religion are included. The pages devoted to Bergson are, perhaps, particularly clear and helpful.

IV.

Baron von Hügel concludes his survey with emphasising the part of the institutional element in the religious life of the soul: "Thus souls, who live an heroic spiritual life within great religious traditions and institutions, attain to a rare volume and vividness of religious insight, conviction, and reality. They can, at their best, train other souls, who are not all unworthy of such training, to a depth and tenderness of full and joyous union with God, the Eternal, which utterly surpasses, not only in quantity but in quality, what we can and do find amongst souls outside all such institutions, or not directly taught by souls trained within such traditions. And thus we find here, more clearly than in any philosopher as such, that Eternal Life consists in the most real of relations between the most living of realities—the human spirit and the Eternal Spirit, God; and in the keen sense of His Perfection, Simultaneity and Prevenience, as against our imperfection, successiveness, and dependence. And we find that this sense is awakened in, and with, the various levels of our nature; in society as well as in solitude; by things as well as by persons. In such souls, then, we catch the clearest glimpses of what, for men even here below, can be and is Eternal Life."

V.

Eternal Life is thus essentially a religious experience, and only in a secondary sense a philosophical conception. It is discovered by Religion in the life of the soul, and analysed by Philosophy:—

"It is only Religion that, in this matter, has furnished man with a vivid and concrete experience and conviction of permanent ethical and spiritual value. Philosophy, as such, has not been able to do more than analyse and clarify this religious conviction, and find, within its own domain and level, certain intimations and requirements converging towards such a conviction."

We have given little more than an inadequate summary of a great book—a book remarkable no less for the lofty spirituality that pervades it than for the wide range and depth of the learning that has gained for its author his European reputation. It is a truly valuable contribution to the religious and philosophical thought of our time.

* "Eternal Life: A Study of its Implications and Applications." By Baron Friedrich von Hügel. 8s. net. (T. and T. Clark.)

# THE BURDEN OF BOOKS, AND HOW TO BEAR IT

By F. T. DALTON.

I.

In the course of last year there were published in Great Britain (according to figures given in the *Bookseller*) just under 13,000 books. This is, no doubt, under the mark, for many books do not appear in the publishers' lists, and escape calculation. We can safely say that, Sundays apart, on an average, nearly fifty new books come to the birth daily, and each new book means anything from 50 to 1,000 copies. Every day of the year, then, the number of books which the public is expected to read is increasing by thousands; every day the brain of the reading class is pelted with an unceasing blinding storm of printed words; every day new thoughts or new expressions of old thoughts are added in incalculable profusion to the mental storehouse of the world.

One thing is certain—that the more rapidly and profusely that storehouse is filled up, the less valuable do its contents become. One is almost inclined to think that the greatest disaster the civilised world has ever suffered was the invention of printing. Certainly it is arguable, with less suspicion of paradox, that the amazing developments in the way of rapid printing, and in the facilities for the distribution of printed matter, are by no means an unmixed good. Is it consistent with any true ideal of culture? Does it make any culture worth having easier for the individual to attain, or more difficult? Cast the mind back two thousand years, and in the groves of classical Athens, or, later, among the literary circles of Augustan Rome, you will find the meaning of culture far better understood than it is to-day. Books, even in those days, were written and were read, but a book was the product of a rare mind. Its advent was hailed as an event; its contents were studied and discussed at leisure. The thoughtful men and women of the Platonic or the Ciceronian circle, if they woke in a world where fifty new books a day were offered for their perusal, would, we fancy, very soon have come to regard literature as one of the idols of the market-place, and the habit of indiscriminate reading one proper to the crowd of meaner intelligences and baser minds.

II.

Or pass to an age nearer our own—the age of the Revival of Learning. The human mind was richer by centuries of thought and history than it had been in the days of ancient Rome and Athens. Books were many, literature flourished, and it was the period of great imaginative creations. Above all, it was the period of intense interest in intellectual things, and of minds enriched and chastened by reading, thought, and learning. But what would its finer spirits—Erasmus, More, Colet, Sidney—have thought of a world smothered, as we are, by an unceasing avalanche of new books, the good lost to sight amongst the bad, and none able to ensure the leisurely attention which alone can do justice to a work of merit? They also would have thought, it is to be feared, that the proper training of the mind was hard to come by in such a world.

Yet the wide dissemination of literary matter, inevitable as it has become, need not make us despair. The burden of books has to be borne; it may even be welcomed as a blessing if we know how to bear it. And the secret must be learnt from the humanists of those old days which we have just recalled. There were fewer books then, and they got the best out of them by two methods: first, the leisurely and careful perusal of a single well-chosen book or a single subject, and, secondly, by a practice, which was the chief means of education to the Greeks of old—the practice of thrashing a subject out with a friend, and bringing one mind to test and strengthen another. Both plans may seem difficult for the solitary reader anxiously seeking to know something of the riches of literature, of the bearings of the great problems of thought or history, of the strange and beautiful things in the world of nature, but, at the same time, groping his way helplessly in the vast maze of printed matter, with no guide to put him on the right path or like-minded friend with whom to compare notes of progress. But his plight is not irremediable. He has only, for instance, to become a member of such a society as the National Home-Reading Union* —the People's University, as its founder, Dr. Paton, used to call it—and, for an annual subscription amounting to about the sum he pays every day for dinner, he gets both advantages. He gets guidance as to subjects and as to books, with magazines giving help in reading them; and he is encouraged to join "reading circles" for co-operation and companionship in study.

III.

In the ocean of print which is engulfing the world there is only one way of keeping the head above water—only one way, to change the metaphor, of keeping the mind a healthy instrument and of deriving true enjoyment and real profit from reading. The one thing needful is to be systematic—not to weaken the faculty of attention and fritter away the power of thought by reading nothing but periodicals and an occasional chance novel, but to recognise that reading is an art which must be acquired; and to learn an art it is necessary, at any rate, for most people, to put oneself under a master, confident that the more guidance one has in setting out the more profitable and the more engrossing will the practice of the art become. So only can the burden of books be borne—not only without fatigue, but with willing effort that will never fail to brace and invigorate the mind.

* * *

## THE OWLS

(From the French of Baudelaire)

In the inky depths of the yew-tree's shade,
In meditation, side by side,
The owls are sitting, fiery-eyed,
Like strange gods carved in wood or jade.

There they await, immobile quite,
That melancholy hour of day
When the sun's last expiring ray
Is strangled in the grip of night.

Their attitude should teach the wise,
Who this world rightly would apprise,
Hurry and movement to despise.

Man, drunk with dreams fleeting and strange,
This chastisement for ever bears:
The love of movement and of change.

* Address: 12, York Street, Adelphi, London, W.C.

# WAS BURNS A MODERN DANTE?

MATTHEW ARNOLD once, in a famous essay, read a little lecture to Scotsmen on their attitude to Burns. They were duly warned against the "bias of the personal estimate," and reminded that they are so familiar with the Burns world, the world of "Scotch drink, Scotch religion, and Scotch manners," that they have a "tenderness" for it, and "meet its poet half way." The result is that their enthusiasm is not always expended on "the real Burns." Arnold certainly had no tenderness for the Burns world. He found it often "harsh, sordid and repulsive." And he bade us seek the "real Burns," not in the citizen of the Burns world, but in the poet who triumphed over it, not in such lines as "Leeze me on drink," or "For a' that and a' that," or even in

> "To make a happy fireside clime
> To weans and wife,
> That's the true pathos and sublime
> Of human life,"

but rather in "the four immortal lines" beginning, "Had we never loved sae kindly," in the ironic refrain, "Whistle ower the lave o't," and in "Tam o' Shanter" and "The Jolly Beggars." In the last named, Burns masters his world. It is a squalid, hideous, and even bestial world, yet such is the "breadth, truth and power" of its treatment that the result is "a superb poetic success."

There is chastening material in this criticism for those charged at this season with Burns dinner orations. A glimpse of the Burns world through Oxford spectacles may not be without its uses. It must not be thought, however, that Arnold's criticism —though not without the delightfully characteristic touch of the airy oracular—lacked real loyalty to Burns. It was Arnold who spoke of the poet's "profound and passionate melancholy," of his "infinite pathos," of his "benignity," of his "archness and wit," and of the "flawless manner" of his masterpieces. The most perfervid Scot may well take a word of warning from such a source.

Mr. Oliver Elton, our latest writer on Burns, has no hard things to say of the Burns world, though his name does not suggest that he is qualified—in the Arnold sense—to regard it with tenderness, or to meet its poet half way. He goes all the way, from the south to the northern shrine, and in his book ("A Survey of English Literature, 1780-1840." Arnold.)—a book, it ought to be said, as remarkable for its learning as for its insight—keeps nothing back in the way of loyal homage. "Our southern share in his glory is made good," he writes, "and the very freedom and intensity of his natural genius serves to lower, not to stiffen, those barriers which history and religion have raised between the two branches of our race." He does indeed remark that the "endless fatuous admirers of the 'bard' require at least one such shock in every generation as those administered by Jeffrey and Henley." But, this generation having received its shock, it is no part of Mr. Elton's intention to repeat it, or add to its strength. His aim is critical, in the greater sense of that word—the sense of which men became aware when they turned from the work of Jeffrey to that of Carlyle—i.e., it is interpretative and constructive. Jeffrey stated the "gentlemanly objections" to Burns. He spoke the last word of cultured, eighteenth century Scotland in regard to the prodigy from Ayrshire. Carlyle saw the stature and force of the man. When he turned aside to drink of the "little Valclusa Fountain," and to "muse among the rocks and pines" that guarded it, he led the world in the right way of understanding Burns. But Wordsworth had been there before him.

> "He rules 'mid winter snows, and when
> Bees fill their hives,
> Deep in the general heart of man
> His power survives."

So had Lamb, whom Mr. Bradley does not hesitate to call the best critic of the nineteenth century. Lamb would kiss his copy of Burns as he put it back on the shelf. And Arnold, Stevenson, Lord Rosebery, and William Watson followed in Carlyle's footsteps.

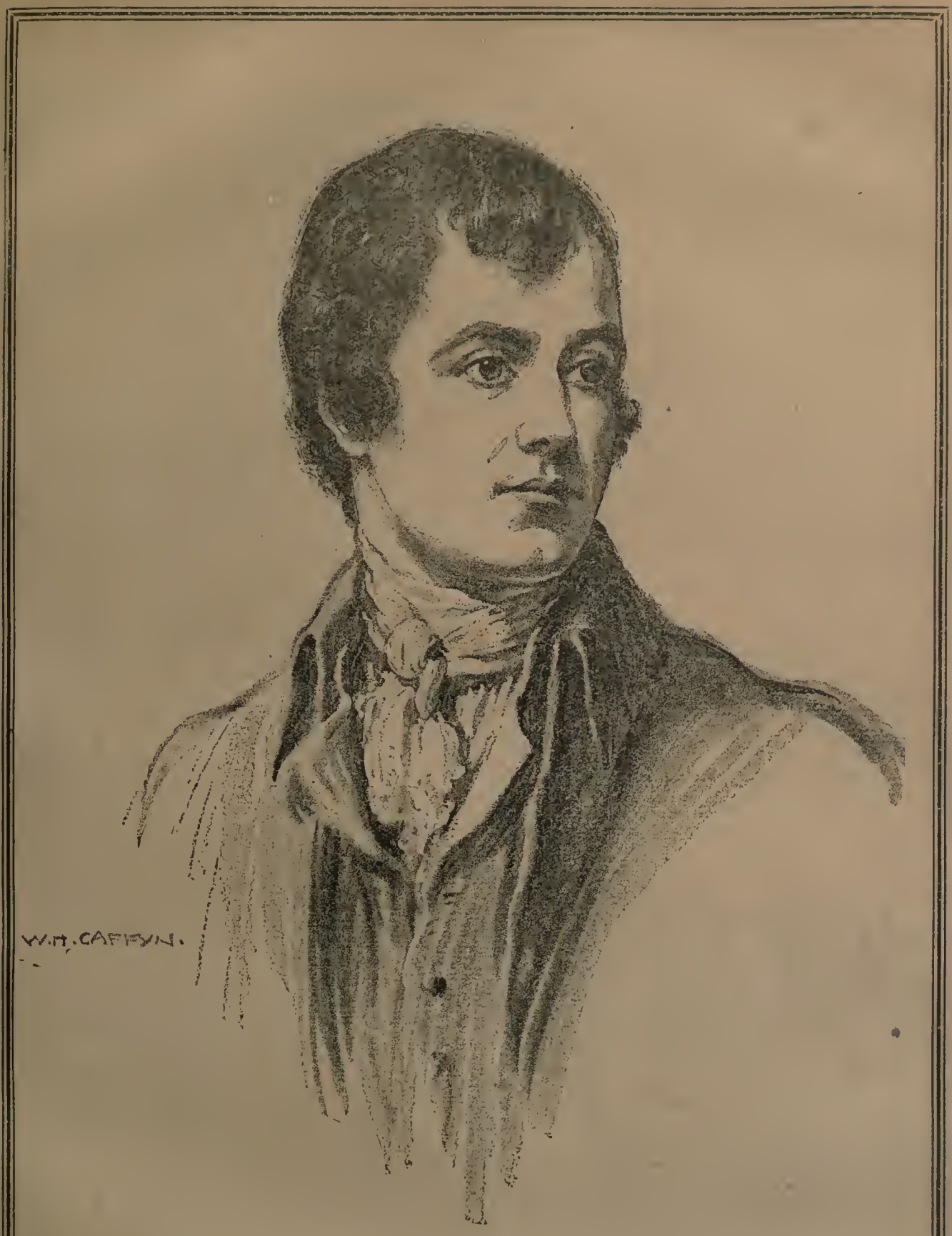
> "For 'mid an age of dust and dearth,
> Once more there bloomed immortal worth.
> There, in the strong, splenetic North,
> The spring began.
> A mighty mother had brought forth
> A mighty man."

"His true life," said Lord Rosebery, "began with his death; with the body passed all that is gross and impure; the clear spirit stood revealed, and soared at once to its accepted place among the fixed stars in the firmament of the rare immortals."

In the new world of criticism made accessible by Carlyle, Professor Elton moves with freedom and zest, and, though he writes as a historian of literature, his treatment is far from being academic. As to Burns the man, he attempts neither to whitewash him nor whine over him; he does not "proceed to the insolence of excessive compassion." Burns is for him, chiefly, a living force in literature. His wide "Survey" enables him to see the poet in relation to his own and previous ages—to the classicism of Pope, the romantic movement of which Blake and Cowper were forerunners, and to the long history of Scottish poetry. But in the width of the survey he does not miss the man himself, or undervalue the personal contribution. "There is nothing new or mysterious in Burns except his perfection." The secret of this perfection, Mr. Elton goes on to say, is an open one. It is Burns's "power to represent everything, every feeling as it comes, and just as it is, and to have done with it." It is this gift that entitles Burns to be called a classic. One finds in his work what a recent writer on the Greek genius has called "the note of directness." From the school of Pope, Burns learned something in the way of economy, swiftness, and plainness of speech, and of compactness of structure; but his gift was his own. He is a classic, not merely because he says certain things in such a way that they do not need to be said again, but because his art is not a medium in which life is refracted, but the very voice of life itself.

Equally suggestive are Mr. Elton's remarks on Burns's relation to the romantic movement. He was part of that movement, for he was a child of his age, and the spirit of the revolution moved in him. Yet he was "anti-romantic" in temper, because there was consummated in him the realism and humour that had always characterised Scottish poetry. Romanticism, as a reaction against rationalism, tended to the vague and abstract. But humour is the sworn foe of the abstract. A ghost may be solemn or terrifying, but never funny. The moment we laugh at a ghost we know that we are laughing at a flesh and blood man masquerading as a spirit. In Scott's humorous pictures of peasant life he is realist rather than romanticist. So with

(Continued on page 462.)




ROBERT BURNS, NATUS 1759, OBIIT 1796

Burns. He laughs at his witches and warlocks. They dance "hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys and reels," and have "life and mettle in their heels." Burns even pokes fun at the devil. Tam o' Shanter had experiences of the supernatural, but they were not awe-inspiring. Any one of the Jolly Beggars might have shared them. As Mr. Elton neatly puts it, Burns was a *comic* Dante.

Burns knew much about the passions. Unfortunately, he never knew a great passion. He had too many Beatrices, and life does not give its best through syndicates. Unfortunately, too, religion in Burns's day could not make the sort of appeal to him that a man of his temperament needed. In a time of barren controversy religion appealed to his anger, his satire, to his natural Scottish combativeness, never to his imagination. There was nothing gracious or humanely compelling in the face it turned toward him. The strong feeling of the man was in instinctive revolt against dogma. But the waves of feeling, dashing against the rocks of logical propositions, were driven back in confusion. Much that was finest in Burns found no proper channel.

It is well to have, from time to time, a fresh and sound study of Burns, such as Mr. Elton or Mr. Seccombe gives us. Such a study is even more useful than the "shocks" to which Mr. Elton refers. How fittingly, e.g., Mr. Elton speaks of the songs: "To pass from Burns's poems to his songs is to pass to something purer, more piercing and aerial . . . from the earth to the air or the fire. . . . He captures the 'whole breath and finer spirit' of a nation which, more than any other, is inconceivable without its songs. . . . He really became the singing soul of his people." Here is something fine and true for our Burns orators. In his songs Burns caught what is hidden from the wise and prudent, and revealed to those whose hearts are open to the simplicities, to the appeal of life itself.

"When day is gane, and night is come,
And a' folk bound to sleep,
I think on him that's far awa'
The lee lang night, and weep,
My dear—
The lee lang night and weep."

## "THE MOSS TROOPERS"*

IN "The Moss Troopers" Mr. S. R. Crockett takes us back to his beloved Galloway, and that is something to be thankful for, even though we look in vain in this new novel for the verve and glamour of "The Raiders." The period with which it deals (early nineteenth century) is less remote than might be inferred from the title. But a hundred years ago the age of wild adventure was not yet over on Solway's shores. Napoleon still kept the British Government, Army, and Navy fully occupied, and the "free traders" made the best use of their opportunities. Daring smugglers in Galloway, dissipated princes in London, and a headstrong heroine of a familiar type are the chief characters in Mr. Crockett's story, which, if somewhat loose in construction and unconvincing in tenor, is pleasingly easy to read, and invested with a certain homely charm. Indeed, the most salient quality of this writer is his faculty for reproducing the domestic atmosphere, and painting for us scenes of family life with which we are all familiar. His heroines are invariably fresh, healthy girls, and if they are not complex, they are at least straightforward.

* "The Moss Troopers." By S. R. Crockett. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

## WINTER THOUGHTS—DARTMOOR GAOL

Now grey Winter throws its pall
Over those within the wall;
Seals as with strong iron band
All the green and green-brown land.
Blackabrook now flows beneath
A strong firm-spread icy sheath,
And no delicate sun breath
Back to view awhile shall thaw
That fair stream the summer saw.
Cows and sheep are safe in byres,
Free men crouch o'er warm turf fires;
Only children merrily go,
Bless the frost, desire the snow,
And with multitudinous pranks
Give the Lord of Winter thanks.
Frozen-footed, frozen-lipped,
All mankind is Winter-gripped,
And, not worse dealt with are we,
Who, as all with eyes can see,
Live within our prison cells
Snug as walnuts in their shells.
Comrades mine, be bold and brave,
Winter takes what Summer gave;
Soon the eager Spring will come,
Birds will sing that now are dumb.
That dear stream which frozen is
Will upraise its harmonies,
And give back for me and you
To the Heaven, the Heaven's blue.
He, who leads the cattle forth,
Routs the wind-blast from the North,
Starts the sap into the bud
With the flow of His own blood.
When the first lamb sucks its ewe
The earth-frolic starts anew;
All the grey is doffed and donned
The sweet shine of leaf and pond.
If to-day the feeble fret
That the Winter tarries yet,
Bid them look at yonder wood,
Where, in patient hardihood,
The strong forest folk endure
The wild rigours of the moor.
English trees to Englishmen
Should preach hope and beauty, when
Joy and comfort there is none
From the pale unkindly sun.
Unto us in gaol, 'tis sooth,
There is rough as well as smooth.
Worser ills, the felon finds
In his trade, than ruthless winds,
Or with these as well contends
As his perilous way he wends.
Comrades mine, be brave and bold,
Earth grows young as earth grows old:
Though to-day the Winter stands
Monarch of the barren lands,
In a month or two shall shine
The sun that makes the water wine,
The young trees dance, and the young boys
Shatter Heaven with their noise.
Then shall we throw off restraint,
Lose the odour and the taint,
Quit the shops wherein we laze
These cold misty winter days;
And with joyance unconcealed
Seek the labours of the field,
Cleave the rock or build the wall,
Or dig peat at Greenaball;
Each in his so varied part
Doing his best with brain and heart.

# THE PEACHES

## By André Theuriet

The first time that I saw my old chum, Vital Herbelot, again after twenty-five years was at the old boys' dinner of a provincial *lycée*, where we had worked for our degree. Reunions of this kind are almost all alike: hand-shakings, noisy recognitions, familiarities that one is surprised to hear again after a quarter of a century's silence, melancholy and unmistakable signs of the changes years have wrought in faces and fortunes; then the formal speech by the president, the toasts, the calling up of school memories, the bitterness of which time has removed, leaving only the honeyed savour of the days when each of us held in his hand a Pandora's casket full of golden hopes.

I was tolerably surprised to find a very different Vital Herbelot from the one I remembered. I had known him slender and shy, spick and span, correct and reserved, a combination of all the amiable qualities of a young civil servant who wishes to make his way in the administration where his family has placed him. I saw a burly, large-limbed fellow, with sunburnt neck and complexion, a keen eye, and the high, clear, loud voice of a man who is not accustomed to weigh his words. With his hair cut so as to stand up straight, his English cloth suit, his fan-shaped pepper and salt beard, there was something easy, decided, and unrestrained about him which did not smack of the civil servant.

"What has happened to you?" I asked him. "Are you no longer in the service?"

"No, old man," he replied, "I am simply a farmer. I am working a fairly large estate half a league from here at Chanteraine, where I sow corn and get in a little Burgundy that I shall make you taste when you come and see me."

"Indeed!" I cried, "you, the son and grandson of bureaucrats, you who were spoken of as a model civil servant, for whom a brilliant future was predicted, you have thrown it up?"

"Indeed I have."

"How did it happen?"

"My dear fellow," he replied with a laugh, "great effects are often produced by the most trifling causes. . . . I resigned on account of two peaches."

"Two peaches?"

"Neither more nor less, and when we have had coffee, if you will go with me as far as Chanteraine, I will tell you the story."

After coffee we left the dining-room, and, as we walked along smoking a cigar beside the canal on a warm afternoon towards the end of August, my friend Vital began his story:

"You know," he said, "that I followed my father's profession, and he, an old civil servant, saw nothing to be compared with an official career. So, as soon as I had got clear of my degree, nothing was more urgent than to settle me as a supernumerary in my father's office. I had no special vocation, and meekly took to the banal highway of bureaucracy on which my father and grandfather had slowly but surely walked. I was a hard-working, well-disciplined youth, brought up from the cradle in the respect due to superiors and deference towards authority, so I was favourably noticed by my chiefs and quickly went through the first grades of promotion. When I was twenty-five years old, my director, who had taken me into his favour, made me his secretary, and my comrades envied my lot. Already they spoke of me as a coming high official and foretold the most brilliant future for me. Then I married. She was a very pretty girl, and, what is more, very good and very affectionate—but with no fortune. It was a grave wrong in the eyes of the civil service world in which I lived. They are very positive there; they scarcely see anything in marriage except a business transaction, and willingly lay down the rule that 'if the husband brings the wherewithal to breakfast, the wife should provide the dinner.' Now my wife and I together had scarcely the wherewithal for a scanty supper. There was a great outcry that I had behaved foolishly. More than one good citizen among my acquaintances declared openly that I was mad and was wantonly spoiling a good position. However, as my wife was a very pretty and very good girl, as we lived unassumingly, and by dint of economy succeeded in making both ends meet, they condoned my 'improvidence,' and the society of the place deigned to go on receiving us.

"My director was rich, loved show, and prided himself on making a good figure in the world. He often had company, gave sumptuous dinners, and from time to time invited the families of the functionaries and leading men of the town to a dance. My chief did not allow his invitations to be refused, and at his house his subordinates had to amuse themselves to order.

"Just when my wife was about to make me a father, there was a great ball at my director's, and, of course, whether I would or no, I had to put on my black coat.

"When it was time to go, my wife, while fastening the knot of my white tie, gave me many injunctions:

"'It will be very fine. . . . Do not forget to keep your eyes open, so that you can tell me all the particulars: the names of the ladies who are there, their dresses and the supper menu. . . . For there will be a supper. It seems they have ordered heaps of good things from Chevet's, . . . fruit just in season; I hear of peaches costing three francs apiece. . . . Oh, those peaches! . . . Do you know, if you were nice, you would bring one home for me.'

"It was in vain that I protested, showed her that it was hardly practicable, and how difficult it was for a gentleman in a black coat to put one into his pocket without the risk of being seen and put on the index. . . . The more objections I raised, the more obstinate she became in her fancy.

"'On the contrary, nothing is easier. . . . In the midst of the coming and going of people at supper, nobody will perceive it. . . . You will take one as if for yourself and will hide it cleverly. . . . Don't shrug your shoulders! . . . Well, perhaps it is childish, but I want it; since I heard of those peaches I have had a great wish to taste them. . . . Promise me that you will bring me at least one. . . . Swear it! . . .'

"How can one oppose a categorical refusal to the woman one loves? . . . I ended by murmuring a vague promise, and made haste to be off; but just as I was turning the handle of the door, she called me back. I saw her large blue eyes turned towards me, shining with greed, and she cried once more:

"'You promise me? . . .'

"A very fine ball: flowers everywhere, new dresses, an excellent orchestra. The mayor, the chief magistrate, the officers of the garrison, all the upper crust were there. My director had spared nothing to give splendour to this feast, the honours of which were so graciously done by his wife and daughter. At midnight supper was served, and the dancers went in couples into the dining-room. I went in trembling,

and hardly had I entered when I saw, in a good position in the middle of the table, the famous peaches sent by Chevet.

"They were magnificent! Placed in a pyramid in a Luneville china basket, daintily arranged and set in vine-leaves, they proudly displayed their appetising colour, in which dark-red tints streaked the greeny whiteness of the velvet skin. Only to see them, one guessed the fine, perfumed savour of the rosy, melting flesh. My eye caressed them at a distance, and I thought of the joyful exclamations that would welcome me on my return if I managed to take home a specimen of the exquisite fruit. They aroused general admiration; the more I looked at them, the more my desire took the shape of a fixed idea, and the stronger the resolve to take one or two sank into my brain. . . . But how? . . . The servants kept good guard round these rare and costly delicacies. My chief had kept for himself the pleasure of personally offering his peaches to some privileged guests. From time to time, at a sign from him, a steward delicately took a peach, cut it with a silver-bladed knife, and presented the two halves on a Sèvres plate to the chosen person. I greedily followed this manœuvre, and saw, with trembling, how the pyramid dwindled. But the contents of the basket were not exhausted. Either the consignment had been skilfully executed, or it was discreetly managed, but when the people, recalled by a prelude from the orchestra, hastened back to the ball-room, there still remained half a dozen fine peaches on the bed of green leaves.

"I followed the crowd, but it was only a feint. I had left my hat in a corner—a tall hat that had considerably worried me all the evening. I went back under the pretext of taking it, and, as I to some extent belonged to the house, the servants did not suspect me. Besides, they were busy in carrying to the kitchen the plate and glasses which had been used at supper, and, for a moment, I found myself alone near the sideboard. There was not a minute to be lost. After a furtive glance right and left, I approached the basket and quickly rolled two peaches into my hat, where I rammed them in with my handkerchief; then—very calm outwardly, very dignified, although my heart was beating terribly—I left the dining-room, carefully placing the opening of my hat against my chest and keeping it there by passing my right hand into the opening of my waistcoat, which gave me a very majestic pose almost Napoleonic.

"My plan was to cross the ball-room quietly, to take French leave, and, once outside, to carry home in triumph the two peaches wrapped up in my handkerchief.

"It was not so easy as I had thought. The cotillon was just begun. All round the room was a double row of black coats and elderly ladies, surrounding a second circle formed by the dancers' chairs; then, in the middle, a large open space, where the couples were waltzing. It was this space that I had to cross to reach the door of the ante-chamber.

"I timidly inserted myself into the spaces between the groups, I wound among the chairs with the suppleness of an adder. . . . At every instant I trembled lest a brutal elbow-jog should upset the position of my hat and make my peaches fall. I felt them tossing about inside it, and went hot all over. At last, after many difficulties and many frights, I entered the circle just as they were arranging a new figure. The lady is placed in the centre of the gentlemen, who go round with their backs to her; she has to hold a hat in her hand and put it on the head of the cavalier with whom she wishes to waltz as he passes. Scarcely had I taken two steps, when my chief's daughter, who was leading the cotillon with a young municipal councillor, called out:

"'A hat! We want a hat!'

"At the same time she perceived me with my stove-pipe glued to my chest; I met her look and all my blood froze.

"'Ah!' said she, 'you come at the right time, Monsieur Herbelot! . . . Quick, your hat!'

"Before I could stammer out a single word, she seized my hat . . . so abruptly that, at the same instant, the peaches rolled on to the floor, dragging with them my handkerchief and two or three vine leaves. . . .

"You can imagine the scene. The young ladies laughed in their sleeves to see my misdeed and my discomfiture; my chief frowned, the grave elderly people pointed at me and whispered, and I felt my legs giving way. . . . I should have liked to sink into the floor and disappear.

"The girl squeezed her lips to repress a burst of laughter, then, returning my hat:

"'Monsieur Herbelot,' she said in an ironical tone, 'pick up your peaches!'

"Laughter then broke out from all corners of the room; even the servants held their sides, and I fled, pale, haggard, staggering, overwhelmed with confusion; I was so upset that I could hardly find the door, and I went away with death in my heart to tell my wife of my disaster.

"The next day the story went round the town. When I entered my office my comrades greeted me with a 'Herbelot, pick up your peaches!' which made a blush come to my face. I could not venture into the street without hearing a mocking voice murmur behind me: 'It is the gentleman with the peaches!' The place was no longer tenable, and a week later I sent in my resignation.

"An uncle of my wife's had an agricultural establishment near my native town. I begged him to take me as his assistant. He agreed, and we installed ourselves at Chanteraine. . . . What need I say more? . . . I set to work with determination, getting up at dawn and not minding difficulties. It seems I had more vocation for farming than for quill-driving, for in a short time I became an agriculturist in earnest. The estate prospered so well that on his death our uncle left it to us by his will. Since then I have improved it and brought it to the satisfactory state you will see it in. . . ."

We had reached Chanteraine. We went through an orchard full of fruit. The branches were bent down to the ground under their load of apples, pears and plums. At the end of this enclosure a sloping meadow went down to the blue river, beyond which rose a hill-side covered with vines, where the grapes were beginning to swell and where the thrushes were singing. On the left, behind the trees, the noise of a threshing machine indicated the position of the barns, and when we had crossed the kitchen garden, we perceived the white front of the farmhouse, where climbed an espalier covered with fine ripening peaches.

"You see," said Vital Herbelot, "I pay my respects to the peaches. I owe my happiness to them. But for them I should have been still a civil servant, trembling at the slightest frown from my superiors, increasing the already too numerous band of those who have great difficulty in making both ends meet, and even refusing myself the joys of paternity."—*Translated by A. C. Wood.*

# LITERARY NOTES

PUBLISHERS are now busy preparing their spring lists. Some of the leading firms, Messrs. Macmillan, for instance, have already announced their chief books; others will be ready with their lists before the end of this month. One ought not to prophesy in these matters, but there seems every prospect of the approaching season being an exceptional one, both as regards output and quality. It is not likely, however, that the spring season will witness the publication of any books of outstanding importance.

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One of the most interesting announcements is that we are to have a sumptuous edition of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's works in prose and verse, newly arranged and corrected by the author. But I fear that the Bombay Edition, the publication of which Messrs. Macmillan will begin in April, is not likely to appeal to readers of EVERYMAN, as it is to be limited to 1,050 copies, and will occupy twenty-three royal octavo volumes. The books will be printed in the well-known Florence type, the paper will be hand-made, and the first volume of every set will contain an autograph signature by the author. I sometimes wonder who buys these costly editions, but that there is a market for them has been clearly proved; and I have no doubt that a thousand Kipling enthusiasts will be found for the purchase of the Bombay Edition.

* * * * *

Among other works to come from Messrs. Macmillan are a further instalment—the third—of Dr. Sven Hedin's account of his last expedition, "Trans-Himalaya: Discoveries and Adventures in Tibet"; two works by Maurice Hewlett—"The Lore of Proserpine" and "Helen Redeemed, and Other Poems": and the two concluding parts of the third edition of Dr. J. G. Frazer's brilliant work, "The Golden Bough." Messrs. Macmillan are also bringing out a new edition of Professor Saintsbury's "Short History of English Literature," arranged in five parts. This will be welcome news to many students who have learned to prize this most useful manual. To my mind, one of its valuable features is the system of inter-chapters providing a chain of historical summary as to general points. I hope it will be retained in the new edition, which I take to be the fourth.

* * * * *

A comprehensive history of India on the model of the Cambridge Modern History is announced by the Cambridge Press. The work is to be complete in six volumes, two volumes being devoted to each of the main periods. As in the case of the Cambridge Modern History, the services of many competent writers will be enlisted. There is room for a work of this character, but I should say a compact and up-to-date history of India from the earliest period in one volume is even more needed.

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Elphinstone's work reached a ninth edition in 1905, but as it was published so long ago as 1841, it is useless for modern history. Meadow Taylor's student's manual is excellent, but it requires bringing up to date; and the same remark applies to the popular summary of Marshman's "History of India," which, if I mistake not, ends with Lord Mayo's administration in 1870. We have several admirable books on British India, but what is wanted is a clear, reliable, and well-informed survey of the whole course of Indian history which could be compressed into a single volume.

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Several important additions will be made to Dickens literature during the next few weeks, and one that interests me much is Mr. W. Walter Crotch's book, "Charles Dickens: Social Reformer," which Messrs. Chapman and Hall are to publish next week. Considering how much Dickens did to further social reform, I am surprised that a volume bearing this title has not been published long ago. Mr. Crotch, the one-time editor of *Household Words*, and a founder of the Dickens Fellowship, will endeavour to indicate the wide range of the novelist's social sympathies, chapters being devoted to education, housing, sanitary, parliamentary, prison, legal, and poor law reforms, etc.

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Mr. Frederic Harrison seems to be renewing his literary youth. On my shelves are no fewer than six volumes which he has published during the last half-dozen years since he attained the age of seventy-five, and that does not represent his total output during this period. Now, aged eighty-one, he has sent forth "The Positive Evolution of Religion," which is intended to be the final summary of his philosophy. I have not seen his latest work, but the bulk of the material of the earlier books is reprinted from magazines. This fact notwithstanding, one marvels at the literary industry of a man of Mr. Harrison's years. I hope, however, that Mr. Harrison's latest book is not going to be his last, for a more refreshing and accomplished writer on "Men—Books—Cities—Art" (to quote the sub-title of his "Memories and Thoughts") it would be difficult to find.

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Mr. John Masefield has just finished a long poem called "The Daffodil Fields," which will appear in the February number of the *English Review*. Mr. Masefield thinks it contains some of the best poetry he has written, and it will be interesting to see whether this judgment is upheld by the critics.

* * * * *

Mr. G. K. Chesterton makes excursions into so many fields of human knowledge that one never knows where he may turn up. Only the other day I read an article of his in a church magazine in which he held out the pleasing prospect of a new "Established Church, armed, like the Inquisition, with the most violent engines of earthly government." I now learn that he is about to invade the field of eugenics with a book which Messrs. Cassell are to publish immediately. Mr. Chesterton intends to deal categorically with the various aspects of the subject and to give the supporters of the theory of eugenics a very bad time.

* * * * *

I observe that a bronze statue of Carlyle will shortly be erected on a prominent site in Edinburgh. Such a project has been before Carlyle's countrymen for a number of years, but it has never taken practical shape owing to lack of funds. It does seem a singular fact that one of the greatest of Scotsmen should be without any memorial in the capital of his native country—the city, too, in which he spent some of the happiest days of his life. Be that as it may, a London sculptor has offered to provide the statue if a suitable site can be found, and I understand that the city authorities are favourably entertaining the proposal.

X. Y. Z.

# MASTERPIECE OF THE WEEK

## ROUSSEAU'S "EMILE" * * * * BY CHARLES SAROLEA

I.

ROUSSEAU'S "Emile" is one of the strangest paradoxes of the whole history of literature. It is a book composed by a man in the grip of a fatal mental disease, yet it is one of the sanest and wisest books ever written on the conduct of life. It is the work of a Bohemian and a vagabond who had sent his own children to a foundling hospital, yet it remains to this day the most stimulating and the most inspiring treatise on the theory and practice of education. It is the utterance of the last consistent Protestant of the greatest of the children of Calvin, who, unlike modern Protestants, protested all his life, and yet it is a work essentially catholic and universal.

On its publication in 1762, the powers, temporal and spiritual, took sudden alarm. "Emile" was burnt by order of Parliament. It was condemned in a special charge by the Archbishop of Paris, and the author narrowly escaped imprisonment, and had only just time to seek refuge in his native Switzerland. And Church and State had good reason to be alarmed, for no single book did more to overthrow the old monarchy and to hasten on the advent of the French Revolution. Its influence was immediate, it was universal, and it was permanent. Educational topics became the fashion. Mothers awakened to a sense of their responsibilities; aristocratic ladies deserted their salons for the nursery, and interrupted their receptions to suckle their babies. Rousseau advocated a return to nature, and a return to the country, and lo! the upper classes left Versailles and Paris for a simple life of rural pursuits. Rousseau recommended that every child should be taught a manual trade, and lo! poor King Louis XIV. became a locksmith and Marie Antoinette built herself a dairy-farm in the Petit Trianon. Rousseau preached the creed of the Savoyard priest, and lo! Robespierre made this creed the religion of the State. Wonderful miracle of the literary art, which thus subjected to the magic influence of the same potent mind both the old Aristocracy and the new Democracy which sent that old Aristocracy to the scaffold! And that influence of "Emile" has continued down to our own times. A hundred and fifty years have not exhausted its fecundity. Wherever there has been an educational revival in the nineteenth century, we can trace it directly or indirectly to a study of Rousseau. Some years ago, in a remote village of the Russian plain, Tolstoy confessed to the writer of these lines that it was Rousseau who first started him on his career as a social reformer.

II.

The first quality which strikes us in "Emile" is its lofty idealism. No teacher who reads the book—and it ought to be in the hands of every instructor of youth—will enter on his calling with a light heart. Few thinkers have done more to make us realise the formidable responsibilities which are attached to the noblest of professions, for that profession demands not merely intellectual ability, but the sacrifice and dedication and surrender of the whole man. What Rousseau expects of a teacher is not a knowledge of books, but a knowledge of the child. Rousseau is no doctrinaire; he would laugh at our endless pedantic arguments on the exact methods and subjects which are best suited for children. All subjects are bad in the hands of incompetent teachers, and the value of even the best methods almost entirely depends on the value of the teacher. Whatever subjects or methods may be adopted, the condition of success is that a teacher shall study and respect the individuality of his pupil, that he shall draw out the powers latent and dormant in the juvenile soul.

III.

The lofty idealism of Rousseau is combined with the most minute realism. It is precisely because Rousseau possesses such high aims that his teaching is so concrete and so scientific, for it is obvious that such a concrete knowledge can only be gained through sympathy and imagination. To a mere pedant, however learned, the soul of a child will never yield its secrets. "Emile" has been called the Romance of Education, and it must be confessed that it is often a wild and Utopian romance, but this does not prevent the book itself from being intensely true. Its imaginary characters, Emile, Sophie, and the Savoyard priest, are only an ingenious but necessary device which gives point to the treatment of educational problems. Most writers on education are content to give us an abstract argument. On the contrary, Rousseau is always definite. He does not only say what is to be done, but how it is to be done. He likes to dramatise his lessons. He does not evade any difficulties. He condescends to the humblest and the most minute details of infant hygiene and diet and clothing. We hear a great deal to-day about child-study, and about the application of psychology to education, but how insignificant is the amount which we have added to the pioneer work of the Genevese thinker. With all our much-vaunted methods, specialists will still find more valuable suggestions and observations in "Emile" than in the vast majority of treatises of our modern pedagogues.

IV.

With all this wealth of detail, Rousseau never loses sight of general laws and principles, and the most important of those laws is the law of mental development. Rousseau has anticipated by a hundred years the theory of evolution in its relation to the education of children. He is never tired of reminding us that education must not only vary with every child, but it must be adapted to every stage of childhood. The whole plan and scheme of the book is based on a scheme of "progressive" training: first the education of the senses, then the education of the intellect, then the education of the feelings, to culminate in the education of religion and citizenship. For the sake of method and exposition, Rousseau may have driven too far a division of those processes which in real life are not successive but simultaneous. Like every discoverer of an important truth, Rousseau may have made too much of his discovery, but he is undoubtedly right in his general contention that education must be considered as a succession of processes, as a gradual unfolding of several activities, and that the higher activities must be built up on a secure foundation of the lower. Even to-day there would be fewer failures in our schools if teachers did more carefully keep in mind that great principle of progressive education. We would not then see, as I

* An excellent translation of "Emile" has recently appeared in Everyman's Library. Lord Morley devotes no less than a hundred pages to a discussion of the book.

have recently seen, the "Georgics" of Virgil—a treatise on the technique of agriculture—taught in a Scottish school to little boys of twelve, nor would we see the "Princess" of Tennyson inflicted on boys of fourteen.

V.

The fifty pages expounding the "Creed of the Savoyard Curate" ("Profession de Foi du Vicaire Savoyard") have given rise to more heated controversy than any other work of Rousseau, except the "Contrat Social." Those pages still remain unsurpassed as a plea for a natural, non-dogmatic, universal religion. All our "New Theologians" are only repeating what Rousseau has said once for all in simple, rhythmic, impassioned prose. The developments on the Existence of God, on the Immortality of the Soul, on the Still Small Voice of Conscience, on the Virtue of Toleration, on the Majesty of the Gospel, are as fresh and impressive to-day as when they were published in 1762. It is, therefore, little wonder that the Savoyard Vicar should have had disciples innumerable, in literature as well as in real life. Herder and Lavater, Kant and Fichte, Madame de Stäel and Madame Necker, and Jean Paul and Pestalozzi have all been following in the wake of Jean Jacques. The Priest in the "Atala" of Chateaubriand, the Country Vicar of Balzac, Jocelyn of Lamartine, the Bishop in Victor Hugo's "Misérables" are all replicas of Rousseau's Ideal Priest.

VI.

It is easy to point out the obvious shortcomings of "Emile," nor is it difficult to detect traces of the mental disorder which was so soon to overcloud and finally to overwhelm the noble intellect of the Genevan philosopher. Those who believe in the equality of sexes cannot approve of the training given to Sophie. Those who believe in stern discipline will be severe in their condemnation of a "negative" education, where liberty threatens to degenerate into anarchy. Those who believe that religious education cannot be started too soon will point out the grave danger of postponing it until adolescence. Of course, any educational system which ignores father and mother, and human fellowship, must be highly artificial. "Emile" abounds in psychological errors, but those errors are generally too obvious to be dangerous, and his most conspicuous blunders are only a reaction against the tyranny of the teacher armed with the rod and against the tyranny of the preacher armed with the Shorter Catechism. Even the mistakes of a man of genius and of an enthusiastic reformer are more fruitful than the commonplaces of pedantry. It is only when we strike a balance of the blemishes which everybody can see, and of the inspired truths which Rousseau has been first to proclaim, that we shall realise the value of one of the imperishable monuments of modern literature.

## THE MAKING OF IRISH CHARACTER *

The title of this book is not happily chosen. The work might more appropriately have been called "The Making of Irish Character," for its main object is to describe the "very curious and very unfavourable conditions" under which the modern Irish character has been formed. The writer starts with two assumptions. The first is, that the present condition of Ireland ("which affords a most humiliating contrast to that of almost every other country with a pretence to civilisation") is one of political disease. The second is, that the causes of this condition are traceable to the past history of the country. The first proposition is, in his view, indisputable. He therefore concentrates attention on the second, which is "less generally acknowledged."

In this volume he endeavours to show how the conquest of Ireland during the reigns of Henry VIII., Edward VI., and Mary influenced the development of Irish character. A second volume will carry the narrative down to the close of the Tudor period. Though not impartial, the book is written in an historical spirit. It is quite evident that Mr. Wilson has made a careful study of the original authorities. Indeed, they are a little obtrusive. A considerable portion of the narrative is derived from materials existing only in manuscript, while the remainder is based upon expensive and not easily accessible works. We could have wished for fewer lengthy extracts from official and other contemporary documents, as these rather detract from the readableness of the book. At the same time, this method of writing history, as the author well says, has one obvious advantage. It places the facts before the reader in the words of the original authorities.

In an elaborate introduction, Mr. Wilson expresses opinions on the general aspects of the subject which, if not always convincing, are, at all events, interesting and novel. He begins by characterising the theory which traces Irish misfortune to the ineradicable defects of the Celtic character as "at once the most widespread, the most pernicious, and the most absurd." Historical evidence, he maintains, demolishes a doctrine dear to the heart of many English writers upon Ireland. But Mr. Wilson goes further. He emphatically denies that the inhabitants of Ireland are mainly or exclusively of Celtic origin. He regards it as an indisputable fact that from the time of the great plantation of Ulster the non-Celtic Irish have been numerically superior, and he argues that this population has contributed its full share of the political and social maladies of the country.

Equally interesting, but also controversial, is the view that "what is popularly called the disloyalty of Ireland cannot be ascribed to any irreconcilable antipathy between the Celtic and Teutonic races." In support of this contention, Mr. Wilson compares the history of Ireland with that of other Celtic and non-Celtic peoples. He instances Wales and the Scottish Highlands, where, notwithstanding the fact that the Celtic blood has been subjected to little foreign admixture, the inhabitants for at least a century and a half have been peaceable and law-abiding. On the other hand, disorders essentially similar to those of Ireland have, it is affirmed, been found in every community which has been governed as Ireland was governed until within comparatively modern times.

It is only fair to Mr. Wilson to say that, although he makes much of the misgovernment of Ireland, he does not regard the Irish character as immaculate. On the contrary, he believes it chargeable with grave faults, which have had the most baneful influence on Irish history. He repudiates the notion that the shortcomings of Irishmen are precisely those which are generally attributed to them by English writers.

Mr. Wilson is an Irishman, and he brings to his task certain prepossessions which hardly place him in the most favourable position for judging fairly the situation. But he has a point of view which was well worth stating. Moreover, he elucidates it with the aid of valuable historical data and considerable argumentative skill.

* "The Beginnings of Modern Ireland." By Philip Wilson. 12s. 6d. net. (Maunsel.)

# LETTERS TO LIVING AUTHORS

## I.—To Anthony Hope, Esq.

Sir,—You are to contemporary society what Thackeray was to the society of his day, the most representative Englishman of letters. No function, from a Court ceremonial to a theatrical garden-party, is complete without your presence; no new literary club is formed without the founders urging you to join it; no literary dinner is entirely satisfactory unless you deliver one of those delightful little speeches for which you are famous.

It is, however, as a novelist that you are most widely known, and I venture to congratulate you on having given pleasure to hundreds of thousands, nay, to millions of readers during the score of years you have been before the public. With your earliest books you appealed, I think, mainly to the large body that is usually dismissed as "the general reader." "Mr. Witt's Widow," "Half a Hero," "Father Stafford," and "A Man of Mark," to mention some of these, had promise, and I, sir, who have read every line you have written, can still turn to them and re-read them with pleasure. They are vastly interesting as the work of your 'prentice days, written in the brave days when you were in your twenties. You always have a story to tell, and you always tell it well; your characters are admirably drawn; and you were born with the gift of style. A sense of humour pervades even your first books, but perhaps it was only with the publication of the "Dolly Dialogues" in the columns of the *Westminster Gazette* in 1894 that you disclosed the full flavour of your delicate wit.

While all literary England was acclaiming you as a master of dialogue, you published "The Prisoner of Zenda," and sprang at a bound into a world-wide popularity. In that work you gave us a new style of romance, a romance of the present day, in which the characters with which you peopled your imaginary kingdom of Ruritania were of real flesh and blood, not the absurd puppets that had figured in the works of the older school. Yet "The Prisoner of Zenda" has a fault that innumerable readers, myself among the number, have deplored: it is too short. We wanted more of Rupert Rassendyl and the Princess Flavia, more of Captain Sapt, more, too, of Black Michael; and our objection, which I venture to hope you will not take in bad part, was not entirely removed by the publication of a sequel, "Rupert of Hentzau." With "The Prisoner of Zenda" you founded a school. A large number of novelists began to imitate you in this vein; but they shared the well-deserved fate of all literary imitators who cannot improve upon their model. The very names of their books are already forgotten, while "The Prisoner of Zenda" is as fresh to-day as when it was published sixteen years ago.

"The Prisoner of Zenda," and those of your novels that fall into the same category, "Simon Dale," "Sophy of Kravonia," and the rest, show but one side of your literary talent. You did not fully develop your powers until 1899, when you presented a delighted world with "The King's Mirror," wherein, in my humble opinion, you combined those gifts of wit and humour, of pathos and romance, and of characterisation, of which you had already shown yourself possessed, and to them added an insight into human nature so deep and so rare as to surprise even your most ardent admirers. To "spot" masterpieces is a game popular among critics, and, sir, when it comes to my turn to declare my hand, I, to borrow an illustration from the field of green cloth, will "go nap" on "The King's Mirror."

"Quisanté," "The Intrusions of Peggy," "Double Harness," "A Servant of the Public," "The Great Miss Driver," and "Second String," to select half a dozen of your stories, each and all possess the undefinable quality of charm with which, happily for yourself and for us, you have been plentifully endowed. To take these books one by one would occupy far more space than is at my command; yet each deserves consideration. I have heard your works disparaged because, unlike some of your contemporaries, you do not deal in each with some problem of the day; because, let us say, "The Intrusions of Peggy" does not discuss the ethics of company promoting, "The God in the Car" the question of Empire, or "Second String" the problem of the unemployed. But, sir, you probably do not regard the novel as a place wherein to discuss these matters. You believe it to be the duty of the novelist to interest and to entertain. This no living novelist does better. At the same time, it is also your desire, as it has been that of every great novelist since Harry Fielding, to show, by holding the mirror up to nature, poor humanity its faults, its follies, and its foibles; and this purpose, only adumbrated in your earlier books, is, in the writings of your maturity, very clearly to be discerned by all those who read your works with that sympathy which has been declared by Coleridge to be the first essential of criticism. You are not, indeed, a fiery evangelist; but you have a healthy hatred of shams, and you attack, in a manner not less effective because it is quiet, arrogance born of pride of birth or pride of purse. With pride of intellect, however, I think you have a sneaking sympathy; but you lash those who will not love and those who are devoid of the qualities engendered by the spirit of romance.

We live in a scientific age, and love to trace the origin of all things. When we study a novelist, we ask what is his literary ancestry. Your literary forbears are not such as to make you blush, for, prominent among them, are Sterne and Thackeray. From Thackeray you have inherited the gift of a wide tolerance that enables you to look benignly upon mankind; from Sterne you have inherited your rare gift of dialogue and that touch of whimsical fancy which underlies all your writings. There are conversations in your books that are pure Sterne, and if that great master had not written in the eighteenth century I doubt if in the twentieth century we should have had Mr. Jenkinson Nield or Mr. Jack Rock, or the most delightful scenes in "Second String," or any part at all of "The Intrusions of Peggy." If works of fiction are read in another and a better world, I think the two great novelists, whose influence I am sure you would proudly own, must look down upon their disciple with pride and affection.

You have presented us with a picture-gallery upon the wide range of which again and again we cast our eyes delightedly. That range extends from the actors and music-hall singers to statesmen, from men of the world to Esmondesque gentlemen and noble-hearted ladies. You have written many delightful books, instinct with charm, and for all these we are grateful. For my part, I leave it to the next generation to thank you for "The King's Mirror."—I am, sir, yours faithfully,

Lewis Melville.

# CORRESPONDENCE

## LAND REFORM.

*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

SIR,—It seems to me that private ownership of land, whether by landlords or peasant proprietors, is a thoroughly vicious principle. Hence the Napoleonic testamentary expedient and the Chestertonian peasant State are irrelevant. The Conservative party's solution of small holdings is merely the great landed proprietors' attempt at temporising and at the same time enhancing the rent-rolls of their estates. The taxation of land values, again, is little better than useless, because the landlord, in virtue of his supreme economic position, is able to make his tenants pay the tax by raising the rent. If the tenant is a tradesman he makes his customer pay extra for his goods. The customer, if he is in receipt of wages or a salary, cannot make anyone else pay—so he pays the land tax. The single tax also fails if we follow up the argument after Euclid's fashion, with a "much more therefore."

The only solution that remains is that of land nationalistion: and it is the only rational one. The State should acquire the land from its present owners by purchasing it. With all due respect to those worthy persons who give rein to their virtuous indignation against the land-grabbing propensities of the feudal baronage, I beg to submit that the only *expedient* method by which the land may be nationalised is for the State to buy it. What if the land was stolen from the people in the past, that is no reason why we should thieve it back after so many hundreds of years! When Mr. Lloyd George's new Doomsday Book is complete, we shall know the market value of every inch of land in the country, and, knowing the price, we shall be able to buy the whole country back for the people at a twenty years' purchase (or fifty years if necessary). Then good-bye to slums, rural depopulation, skyscrapers, and other similar enormities! The diabolical leasehold system shall also be abolished.—I am, sir, etc.,

Risca, Mon. GEO. H. BOWYER.

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*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

SIR,—Although I believe in Socialism and am a member of the Land Nationalisation Society, I must admit that the hard facts of actual experiment can only be seen in respect of the English system of large estates, and the system of small proprietorship under what is usually known as the Code Napoléon. The single tax as a solution of the land question is absurd, and the proposal to take taxes off industry and capital will meet with the fiercest opposition from land reformers, whose chief desire in land reform is to prevent concentration of capital as well as at the same time repopulating the rural districts.

The French system is far better than that which prevails in this country. It is true that the position of the French peasant proprietor is not ideal, but he is a lord compared with the agricultural labourer in this country. It is not fair to compare the English farmer with the French peasant proprietor, but the English farmer with fifty acres absolutely his own would finish up, were he an industrious farming scientist, better than he does as a renter of hundreds of acres.

Still, I am in favour of land nationalisation; but I hope that should that system be adopted a limit will be set as to the extent of land any individual should be allowed to use. The worst system advocated is to lend public money to set up small freeholders. The truth is, the big landlords could, if they liked, settle the land question without legislation by letting small holdings at fair rents and under rational conditions. The reason why they won't do it is that they prefer sport to national welfare.—I am, sir, etc.,

A. J. MARRIOTT.

London, W.

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*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

SIR,—Peasant proprietorship, despite its obvious disadvantages, seems to have attained much success on the Continent. The Scottish crofting system, although often depreciated, is in many respects an admirable solution of the land problem. The crofter, by improving the housing and soil of his holding, benefits himself, his children, and his children's children; and should bankruptcy overtake him, he or his posterity receive ample compensation. This legislation is eminently just, for it is based on the reap-what-is-sown principle. It has been found that crofting in no way tends towards the diminution of the population. Moreover, the sturdy sons of Scottish crofters are received with open arms in the colonies, because their upbringing and home life peculiarly fit them for the rigorous conditions consequent on the development of a new country.

But the crofting system, commendable as it undoubtedly is in many ways, is still capable of improvement. True, the question of succession, although by no means so formidable as in the case of peasant proprietorship, also exists in the crofting system. The capital required to work a croft is only about one-third of what is needed in a peasant estate of similar size, and it is by no means uncommon in crofting circles for the father to give a sum of money to his sons as they successively leave the home, on the distinct understanding that it shall constitute their sole inheritance. In this way, the croft, on the decease of the father, is left intact and unencumbered to the son—usually the eldest—who remained at home to assist in the farm work.

But the real blemish in the crofting system is the dearth of holdings of an average size. While the crofter can no longer look upon the harvest of the sea as a source of revenue, there has been no proportional extension of his land harvest. In crofting, too, the standard of living has advanced. But with increased responsibilities there has been no corresponding enlargement of holdings. It is significant that there should be a great number of farms with rentals between £50 and £60 (and therefore outside the pale of the Crofters' Acts) and comparatively few holdings with rentals between £30 and £50. Crofting also stands in need of systematic co-operation and improved modes of cultivation.—I am, sir, etc.,

D. B. G.

Halkirk, Caithness,

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*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

SIR,—As one who professes no party, I shall watch with interest the discussion you are opening upon "Land Reform." I trust, however, that any conclusion reached on the subject will start with the assumption that, rightly or wrongly, the present system has arisen with the sanction, and, presumably, under the protection of the law, and that the man who has the misfortune to have his money invested in land is probably just as honest as the man who has it invested in railways, and that if there is an improvement in value in either case, it is just as much the work of the community in the latter instance as in the former.

The talk of "reform" so far is based upon the idea that the landowner is a pariah who has acquired what he has got by dishonesty. The fact that an increase in value in one place is counterbalanced by a decrease elsewhere is overlooked entirely. Under the system of "reform" that has been started, the unfortunate owner is harried in every way, as on the one hand he is debited for holding so-called undeveloped land, whilst on the other hand the system of taxation is calculated to prevent his developing it by depriving him of the benefits, and that, too, by a system of fictitious valuations.

If State ownership or nationalisation or any other system is desired, let it be adopted by all means, if started on a basis of honest acquisition by fair purchase and not by means of depreciating values or ruining owners.—I am, sir, etc.,

London. VIATOR.

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*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

SIR,—On the subject of Land Reform I crave a small space in your columns to propose a simple method, having in view the taxation of monopoly and acquisition by the State.

A Doomsday Book is, of course, the first necessity, and this should be accomplished by a quicker and cheaper process than the one now in operation.

First, let the landowner know that it is the intention of the State to purchase compulsorily any land that is required for national or municipal purposes, and that no private bargaining can in future be permitted if the public is the buyer. Then compel all present owners to register their properties *at any values they like.* Failure to register and declare the value should be followed by very heavy penalty or forfeiture.

Finally, tax the owner *on his own assessment*, until such time as the Government of the day are prepared to take over his ground *at his own valuation.*

Of course, the owner must be allowed to revise his figures once a year, and would have to be compensated for any money spent on improvements since last assessment, in the event of acquisition.—I am, sir, etc.,

H. NIMMO.

Leyton.

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*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

SIR,—I should like, if I may, to remind your readers of a system of land tenure—employed in certain parts of Germany—which is a very near approach to nationalisation, and which is also conducted on a remunerative basis. Certain municipalities, some numbering over 50,000 inhabitants, have purchased the agricultural land within their boundaries; and, by charging the farmer-tenants the same rent as the previous private owners did, have received a return so great that the towns are free from rates, and, in some cases, a bonus has been returned to the cultivator in addition.—I am, sir, etc.,

ARNOLD FROBISHER.

[This letter is a good instance of the vagueness and indefiniteness which detracts a great deal from the value of the many hundreds of excellent letters which we have received on the Land Question. The writer refers to a most important experiment in land nationalisation, or, rather, "*land municipalisation*," attempted in Germany. Surely it would have been worth while to give a few particulars on those German experiments.—THE EDITOR.]

## AN ETON EDUCATION.

*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

SIR,—I have read Mgr. Benson's last two articles on "An Eton Education," and "An Eton Master's" comments upon the first article of the three, the one which I have not read. I gather, however, from my colleague's reply that Mgr. Benson states, or implies, that in his day no allowance was made for individual temperament, and that he cannot remember a single lesson being given him in history or English. It may, therefore, interest you and him and anyone who has read his articles and has believed them to state the facts even of the education given twenty-five years ago, that Mgr. Benson himself was for a time an intending candidate for the Indian Civil Service, and that he did special history work for that end with a young master fresh from Oxford, to whom Mgr. Benson's tutor handed him over, as he was himself too busy with ordinary work to undertake the task. The book set by the Civil Service Commissioners was Hallam's "Constitutional History," and a very stodgy book it is. Neither did the boy make anything of it. But who shall say if the fault lay with the book, the teacher, or the taught? Anyway, the boy's requirement, if not temperament, was considered, and a special arrangement was made for his instruction. It may be that he also was taking up literature, but my memory of events of that date is not strong enough to state that definitely. At the present time, as "An Eton Master" has shown, far more facilities are given for special study, so that fifty-three boys out of the first hundred choose for themselves what subjects they shall take.

My colleague has traversed some statements of Mgr. Benson. Let me comment on a few more. He says that he can vaguely remember plenty of sermons. He may have forgotten some, as he has forgotten the Hallam. But is it not possible that he got profit even from the sermons which he remembers vaguely? Our body does not remember past meals precisely, though they were appreciated and did valuable work at the time. As to studying the temperament of the soul, at Eton a boy has his parents in the first place, and Mgr. Benson was particularly well off in that respect. He also has his tutor, and the free interchange of older and younger minds by reason of the tutorial system is a feature of especial value at Eton. But when Mgr. Benson's tutor, during the preparation for confirmation, asked him if he had any difficulty to discuss, the boy "really had about twenty or thirty," and, "of course, I said that I didn't think I had any." You see, he thought his tutor "might" tell his parents, and so he told a lie owing to a suspicion which was probably groundless. A suspicious or a cunning boy can always outwit a man who comes with nothing but kindness and honourable feeling; but I do not think that poor Eton is at fault, when this happens. The story about the Sunday work on page 404 is a puzzling one, as boys do not naturally put work on a master's study-table. It is collected in school. But whether or no it is given correctly in all its details, you and I can cap it by the story of the lie to the tutor on page 376.

Mgr. Benson writes of the school that nurtured him, "hardly any boys in the world fare so hardly . . . than (*sic*) do those educated under such a system as prevails at Eton." Hasty writing this, and hasty, ungenerous thinking! A public school, like a day-school, does "throw the responsibility upon the parents." Who else should be responsible? The school does what it can with chapel services, prayers,

(*Continued on page 472.*)

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and kindly intercourse. The private school sends the child—he is only that—on to us with good advice, which the parent endorses and the tutor probably recalls to the child's mind. The master, as even our critic admits, "strains every nerve to combat" vice. You might think it "impossible," as the bishop said to St. Augustine's mother, "that the son of these tears should perish." And after many years of experience, I honestly think that an enormous majority pass from childhood to manhood unscathed. Of course, there is the "nightmare" of Mgr. Benson's master, the anxiety from his elders that attends every child, *whether at home or at school*, on his progress through the physical development that distinguishes child from man. Some fail, and we have good warrant for trying to help the hundredth, but the novelist and the well-known journal are apt to forget the ninety and nine. We who work do not. We know the help which boys give to one another towards leading a decent life. Vicious boys are not really, you know, "reverenced as young Sir Galahads."

Just a word on "the absence of official encouragement to devotion." Our critic says that there *is* this, and that he once saw about a hundred boys at early Communion in the parish church. I cannot say that I see much harm in that. The parish church in his days had an early celebration every Sunday, and the College chapel every other Sunday; and on the intervening Sundays, after the 10.30 service, there was a midday celebration. For many years, however, the College chapel has had an early celebration every Sunday; but Mgr. Benson does not know this, any more than he knew about the arrangements for work and many other things. Some boys prefer the parish church, and that is why they go there. But any stick is good enough to beat Eton with. As to Mgr. Benson's itinerant chaplains with all the good qualities, like "Stalky and Co.'s" "padre" indefinitely multiplied, I confess that I should join in the "howl," if you like to call it that, supposing they were appointed to come round the houses, and exactly upon the grounds given by the proposer; and I can add that I do not think that the boys would tolerate them for a moment.

This letter is long, but, if you publish it, it may correct some erroneous impressions caused by Mgr. Benson's articles upon Eton in the imaginations of those otherwise unacquainted with the place.

ANOTHER ETON MASTER.

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*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

SIR,—Concerning the major part of the statements and charges contained in Mgr. Benson's articles relating to the above it is not my intention to speak, but with regard to his concluding remarks on morality I should be glad if you would allow me to make a few observations.

That Mgr. Benson is deserving of much commendation for the frank and courageous manner in which he has brought forward this extremely important question I am ready to admit; it is with his suggested remedy for the evil that I disagree. After an experience of schoolboy life, as a medical man, extending over a considerable number of years, I have come to the conclusion that the religious and prayerful methods of combating this vice are of infinitesimal value, and I should also unhesitatingly relegate all "passionate" and "mystic" and "confessional" treatment to the same category. That one could for a moment imagine that this latter method would be successful with the average English school-

boy—intensely diffident as he is with adults in all matters sexual, and with his extreme sensitiveness of being ridiculed as "pious" by his fellows—shows, if I may say so without offence, a lamentable lack of practical knowledge of the subject. It is no use blinking the fact that the thing that weighs most with the average adolescent, the thing in which is his most earnest desire, is *not* his spiritual or even mental excellence, but his physical—his stature, his "muscle," his "fitness" and "form." And it is obvious that it is just this ruling characteristic that, with his prestige and influence in relation to these matters, the doctor, and not the priest, nor even the master, can turn to the most advantage. For it doesn't require any very deep consideration to come to the conclusion that (apart from those cases dependent upon local abnormalities—more common than one would think—which should, of course, be surgically corrected in infancy) this matter rests almost in its entirety upon the twin evils of ignorance and curiosity as a foundation, and to deal in any way successfully with it it becomes necessary to dispel the one and alleviate the other.

What I would advise, and what I have found by far the most successful method of procedure, is not to wait until a lad has "fallen," but to take every possible precaution to prevent him falling. To be forewarned is to be forearmed, and I would have all boys a year or so *before* puberty taken in hand by the doctor and talked to kindly, but seriously and firmly, and warned and prepared, guardedly, of course, for the approaching physiological change. At the critical age, and at intervals subsequently, I would have boys in class addressed by the doctor in the same way, but more freely, the relative physiological phenomena frankly explained, with requisite diagrams, etc., the serious danger, both mental, moral and physical, of the violation of Nature's laws dilated upon, and illustrated with short but vivid histories of typical cases in the knowledge of the lecturer.

To conclude, I would earnestly recommend some such plan as this that I have outlined to the serious consideration of those in authority in all schools throughout the country, a plan very easily carried out, and one by which I am confident this very serious evil—this "nightmare," as it has been so graphically described—would be, not absolutely abolished, of course, but enormously lessened.—I am, sir, etc.,

M. R. C. S. (Retired).

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*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

SIR,—I have been extremely interested in Mgr. Benson's lucid articles on Eton, and thankful that there is a writer of his eminence to deal fearlessly with the moral condition of our lads—at Eton or elsewhere. It is deplorable that a most vital function of their being should be involved in mystery and secrecy, that they should be left to find out as best (or worst) they can the most sacred obligations of life. It is really time this were altered. It seems to me that at the age of puberty (and this age, of course, varies) all lads should, by their parents' suggestion, have an interview with the family doctor. The matter would be then treated with due respect and as a functional matter, and with the vanished secrecy and mystification, away would go the need for enquiry and foul talk with lads like themselves, with no real knowledge to guide them. It is grievous to think of the fine boys of England being left in any uncertainty on such a subject.

I do not think the parents or friends are the right ones to tackle this subject, as it is important that the

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matter should be treated on its own medical basis, and not *emotionally*. There are numerous booklets that it is safe to hand to lads at this crucial time of life, and I have used and posted many copies of Rev. F. B. Meyer's manly and Christian pamphlet, "A Holy Temple," admirable in its way, but not so efficient as a more radical explanation from a medical standpoint.—I am, sir, etc.,

MEDICA.

## THE VALUE OF THE BIBLE.

*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

DEAR SIR,—I feel that I cannot allow Mr. (?) Ferriss' letter to pass unchallenged. I should imagine, like so many critics of the Bible, that he has read very little of it, and that without understanding.

The value of the Bible lies, not in any question of morality or inspiration, but in the fact that in it we have something absolutely unique—*the history of the development of a race.* At one end we see the mere germs of a civilisation; at the other end the Superman—Christ. From a mere family of shepherds we can trace the gradual development of a nation, the evolution of its law, its architecture, literature and art, its system of government, its adaptation to a constantly changing environment. And then, as the outcome of this, we have Christ. Not only this, but the whole history is written impartially; it is a mere narrative, which the writers offer in all sincerity. In addition, the best intellects of the succeeding ages have been joyfully expended upon its translation, and thus we have in the Bible an example of the best and simplest language.

As a piece of psychological history it is invaluable, especially now the theory obtains that the history of the race is re-mirrored, with, of course, environmental changes, in the development of the individual. If, therefore, we wish satisfactorily to educate our children we must study the development of the race, in order to understand the material we have to work upon.

I think if your correspondent considers the Bible from this point of view, a view outside any religious dogma, he will see that we can gain from "the superstition and savagery of the ancient Hebrews" something I defy him to gain from the present-day novel. Novels may be all very well as a relaxation, but as far as helping the race upward goes, or furthering our elementary, blind knowledge of man as a human being, I, for one, fail to see their value. In conclusion, I should like to add that I am not a Christian, and therefore I can enthusiastically and impartially echo the judgment of my intellectual betters—the Bible is the greatest and most wonderful monument of literature in the world.—I am, sir, etc.,

I. M. F.

*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

DEAR SIR,—The question raised by Canon Barry in his article on "The Tyranny of the Novel," and the letter by your correspondent in the issue of the 10th inst., suggest that here, as in most other cases, a middle course is perhaps nearer the truth.

The plea for the study of the Bible as literature has been made by abler pens than mine, but it is well also to venerate a book which has influenced in some measure the thought and character of every European nation. Let us not be guilty of scorning the steps by which we did ascend.

To say that the bulk of the Bible is "in moral conflict with the Gospels," and that "the teaching of Paul has widely supplanted the teaching of Christ Himself," indicates that the message of the book is misinterpreted. The Bible is essentially a national history of a Semitic and pastoral people—still pastoral in spite of international buffeting, judging by their work in South America and Palestine. It therefore reflects *their* religion, *their* hopes, and *their* statute laws, of which the Ten Commandments form part—typical of the mandate of the desert, "Thou shalt *not*." The message of their prophets is always the same: firstly, a threatened dispersion among the nations; secondly, a regathering both foreshadowed by their great Lawgiver, and which makes one wonder whether the colonisation schemes at present in Palestine are not the natural sequence of the Jewish dispersion.

The so-called "moral" teaching of Christ was the individual aspect of the ancient Mosaic laws, modified and divested of ritual and ceremony, due to the break-up of the national life. The promises to the patriarch of the race (which, by the way, Paul styles *the* Gospel) are still the rallying point, the theme of both the teaching of Paul—"the restitution of all things spoken of by all the prophets"—and of Christ Himself—"the restoration of the kingdom to Israel." Gentiles, as such, are said to be "aliens from the commonwealth of Israel and strangers from the covenants of promise," and the baptised into Christ are called "the seed of Abraham and heirs according to the promise."

If this nationalism is the keynote to the Bible, surely it does not merit abuse if we do not find in it moral teaching in accordance with modern ideas.—I am, sir, etc.,

W. H. BARKER.

## THE CROSS AND THE CRESCENT.

*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

DEAR SIR,—Dr. Dearmer, in returning to the attack on Islam, does well to remind us that there was once a Moslem occupation of Spain. His acquaintance, however, with this portion of history seems to be somewhat inaccurate, and his views rather distorted.

The serious error in the article is Dr. Dearmer's suggestion that the Christians of Spain learnt their lesson of intolerance from the Moors, their neighbours for eight centuries. The truth is that they *might* have learnt precisely the opposite lesson, for there is a most striking contrast between the enlightened government of the Moslems in Andalusia and the bigotry and tyranny of their Turkish co-religionists in the East. The glories of Spanish Islam appear the more resplendent by contrast with the darkness in which Christendom was plunged at the time, as well as with that which succeeded their expulsion from Spain. The torch of science, all but extinct in Christendom, was borne aloft by the Jews and Moors. When Sancho the Fat wished to be cured of his obesity it was to Caliph Abd-er-Rahman that he applied, and it was a Jewish physician that was sent. And Spain was also the home of toleration. When Tarik the Moor overran Spain, the old serf population found their new masters kinder than the old ones, and the Jews and Christians, so long as they did not openly curse the Prophet, were allowed to practise the rites of their religion freely. The Caliph was not to be blamed for the suicidal deaths of the martyrs of Cordova, even to the same slight extent to which some may hold the present Government responsible for the imprisonment of the more fanatical of the militant Suffragettes.—I am, sir, etc.,

J. K. WILKINS.

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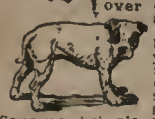

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## ROUND THE WORLD FOR GOLD*

THIS may well be reckoned one of the best books of travel of the present season. It recounts the varied experiences of an expert mining inspector in different parts of America, Australia, the Philippines, Siam, China, and West Africa. The author had a story which was well worth telling. We pass, it is true, in hot haste from country to country and from one class of impressions to another; but this discursiveness, so far from being an objection, really constitutes the peculiar charm of the book. If we have a criticism to offer, it is that Mr. Way has given us too many technical details and overmuch about his professional work. No doubt it is of absorbing interest to himself, but his readers may be pardoned if their enthusiasm regarding such matters is appreciably less.

For the rest, we heartily commend this book. It is freshly and brightly written, extremely well informed, and contains many vivid topographical descriptions. While Mr. Way's experiences are seldom of the thrilling order, they are usually lively and entertaining. The book opens with an account of his American wanderings, and we are afforded some pleasant glimpses of life among Kansas cattle punchers, of mining round Rico, and of what "roughing it" means in Colorado. Mr. Way was disgusted with the States, presumably on professional grounds.

"There was no honest press; all the papers were subsidised by the monometallists to hoodwink the people. The continued contraction of the currency was the curse of these times."

The visits to Australia and the Philippines were comparatively brief. In the Antipodes our author spent most of his time at Coolgardie. One thing there which particularly impressed him was the very large percentage of salt in the water. He writes:

"Looking at a map of Western Australia one would imagine the country to be remarkably well watered, for blue lakes are shown all over it; but the truth is that these are nothing but dry salt pans, over which you can gallop, kicking up the salt-encrusted sand behind you."

Some of the most interesting passages in the book are to be found in the section treating of Siam. Thither the author went in 1907, so that his impressions are quite modern. As mining engineer to a company formed for exploring Siam and taking up mining concessions, Mr. Way travelled a good deal and saw much of the life of the people. His view of their future is by no means optimistic. The Siamese men are, he tells us, very weedy compared with the women, and, in his view, it looks as though it would not take many generations to stamp out the Siamese as a separate people. Bangkok he calls the Venice of the East; but it is also "a city of smells." Mr. Way paid visits to the Kabin and Watana gold mines.

"Kabin is famous for Siamese cats and scorpions. The cats are most fascinating animals, with cream-coloured bodies, and black faces and paws, and light blue eyes. The scorpions I found most frequently in the bathroom, where I often killed as many as eight or ten in a morning."

From Siam Mr. Way proceeded to China, of which he gives a fairly full and interesting account. He inspected numerous mines, and his narrative contains vivid word-pictures of the country through which he passed, of the people whom he met, and of little incidents of one kind and another by the way. Thence he proceeded to Tibet and Burma. The only French missionary in Tibet, Abbé Tintet, is thus described:

"He was a very simple man, much beloved by those among whom he lived. His church he showed us with great pride,

* "Round the World for Gold." By Herbert W. L. Way. 21s. net. (Sampson Low.)

for he and his people had built it entirely themselves. . . . We pointed out to him the danger he was in on account of the spread of the Boxer rising, and implored him to accompany us out of the country; but he refused absolutely to leave his people or to move at all without the consent of his Bishop."

The concluding portion of the book deals with West Africa, to which Mr. Way paid a flying visit in 1901. The many full-page and smaller illustrations much enhance this charming volume. There are also six maps, showing the portions of the four continents visited by the author.

## A VISION OF CHRISTIAN LONDON*

In this quite remarkable book a courageous attempt is made to show the wonderful transformation that would be brought about were all who profess the Christian religion honestly and whole-heartedly to give practical effect to its teaching. A "divine visitation" is supposed to have come to the British nation on the 23rd of April—"England's Day, St. George's Day, Shakespeare's Day"—and the book conveys a singularly vivid impression of some of "the wonderful things which happened in London on that memorable and holy day."

Here are a few of the visions which the exuberant imagination of our author conjures up. The Duke of Gloucester, remembering that he has two big country houses standing empty, implores the Ragged School Union to fill them with children. A clerical landlord, who fares sumptuously every day, pays a visit for the first time in his life to his property in the East End, and is so shocked by its "sluminess" and the squalor and wretchedness of the tenants that he decides to pull all the houses down and to build better ones.

In the House of Commons, the leader of the Opposition, in a speech marked by unwonted religious fervour, expresses the willingness of his party to co-operate with the Government "to render the life of England glorious and beneficent." The Bishop of Brompton is seen in Piccadilly attempting to rescue unfortunate women. The churches agree to sink their differences and unite their forces "for the interests of morality." Suffragettes cease their belligerency and become harmless as sucking doves. No longer are they bent upon getting "the vote" at all costs; their energies are now concentrated upon "the spiritual uplifting of women throughout the whole world."

The eventful day closes with the strangest of spectacles—"an enormous host" of religious enthusiasts "marching through the midnight streets."

"Just ahead of me went a numerous band playing 'Onward, Christian Soldiers!' Behind them followed a host of clergymen, among whom I noticed the Bishop of Brompton, Dr. Garth, and several well-known ministers, both Anglican and Nonconformist. . . . For the most part this army of London represented the young men of the great city. . . . The procession was estimated to be four miles in length."

The objective was St. Paul's Cathedral, where the processionists arrived a minute or two before the clock struck twelve.

"The Bishop of London, surrounded by clergy, stood on the topmost step, in the shadow of the great doorway. Below him was massed the first band. Behind the band flowed an immense multitude as far as eye could see—an ocean of souls, each one conscious of God in the solitude of its isolation. . . . The band played 'O God, our help in ages past.' Midnight struck as thousands of voices filled the air with that noble hymn. Then the Bishop, with lifted hand, led the people in 'Our Father.' . . . It seemed to

* "The Day that Changed the World." By the Man Who was Warned. 6s. (Hodder.)


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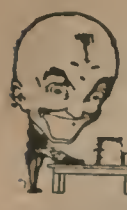

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me that England might now justly call herself Christian England."

Such are a few of the author's notions of what would transpire in London were the people suddenly to become dominated by the idea that God really exists, and that they are living miserably selfish lives. The book reminds us forcibly of Mr. C. M. Sheldon's "In His Steps," though we should say that the present writer exhibits more imaginative power. There is nothing grotesque about his conceptions. Keeping in view the basal idea of the book, he writes with admirable restraint and in a style which proclaims literary craftsmanship of a high order. We commend the book to all who are interested in practical Christian ethics.

## AN AMERICAN ESTIMATE OF WORDSWORTH*

PROFESSOR SNEATH has restricted himself almost severely to one aspect of his subject. He is the psychologist, not the literary critic of Wordsworth. His mission is to reveal to us what Wordsworth thought, and what Wordsworth sought, and, since no poet has made more conscientious attempts at revealing himself, his thoughts, his aims, and his actions, than the poet of the "Prelude," this object has been very largely attained. Professor Sneath lets his subject tell his own story, and has restricted himself for the most part to the functions of showman. Enough authentic words of Wordsworth have been printed to fill quite a substantial anthology, and enough to stimulate in the reader the desire to read or reread the whole poems of which these are typical extracts. The rest of the book is combination and elucidation; certain theses are deduced or confirmed, certain distinctions are drawn, and a general view of the poet's psychology is presented. There is a good deal of repetition, even of quotations, as is perhaps inevitable. Occasionally, too, we become rather satiated with the debauch of paraphrase in which the lecturer indulges.

We would not go so far as to say that a new Wordsworth emerges from these pages, but we do think that a very clear conception of the man and the poet is to be obtained from them. The old criticisms based on the triviality of Wordsworth's topics are successfully refuted. On the Wordsworthian conception of Nature, Professor Sneath is nothing less than excellent, if at times prolix. He gets us away from the popular idea of his hero as the poet of the sheltered life, and gives us the truer picture of an earnest questioner, who at last "beat his music out." He finds in his Nature poems "the unifying tendency of the mystical poet—the intuition of the one in many, the synthetic apprehension of manifold of sound as one song, as though it were a harmonious creation of the natural world." Professor Sneath has a good reply for those who accuse Wordsworth of insipidity—he is "a poet who knows the human heart. He has sounded its depths. . . . He knows the passions of the soul, not in their superficial tumult, but in their profound undercurrents." We are rather surprised that Professor Sneath should have thought it necessary to give parallels—"Break, break, break," *in extenso*, for example—for Wordsworth's occasional sorrow in contemplation of Nature. This is surely the greatest commonplace of poetry, one of the best explored regions of the pathetic.

* "Wordsworth: Poet of Nature and Poet of Man." By E. Hershey Sneath, Ph.D., LL.D. 7s. 6d. net. (Boston: Ginn and Co.)

## THE FIGHTING SPIRIT OF JAPAN*

IN his preface the author apologises, not wholly without reason, for inflicting "upon a long-suffering public another book on Japan." He went to Japan, he tells us, some fourteen years ago in order to take up a journalistic appointment, but he confesses that for a considerable period after his arrival he "lived more particularly for the study of the language and the practice of the celebrated art of *judo*, more commonly known abroad as jiu-jitsu." No doubt, a reader of strong pugilistic tendencies will revel in this book, but the ordinary man and woman will, for the most part, find it rather boring.

About one-half of the volume is devoted to an exposition of the "occult aspects of Japanese military arts," and we are furnished with much dreary detail regarding the history and rationale of *judo* and where and how it is taught. There are two chapters on "The Esoteric Aspects of *Bujutsu*," and another on "Fencing, Wrestling, and Sword." We do not say such information is valueless, but it is relatively unimportant, and, what is more to the point, of little interest to the reading public. All that the author has to say about *judo* and the allied arts might have been compressed with advantage into a single chapter of moderate length.

The remaining essays, treating of Japanese superstitions and occult practices, of theatres, and of Japanese women, contain little that is fresh; but they are readable, inasmuch as they are a record of personal impressions. The book is provided with many excellent illustrations from photographs.

## THE ESSAYS OF A LIBERAL PROTESTANT†

DR. HORTON has done well by the public in republishing this volume of essays at a price which renders it accessible to the many. "Great Issues" is a collection of studies on subjects of universal appeal, written from the standpoint of a really liberal and enlightened Protestantism, and informed by that spirit of "sweetness and light" which is the outcome of a wide culture and a true humanity. The essential and individual element of Dr. Horton's teaching is to be sought in his contention "that religion is as universal as humanity, that it is not yet disposed of, nor will ever be." Its forms, its theology, are variable to infinity, and liable to all the evolutionary processes of growth and decay; but the religious experience is coterminous and coeval with the race.

His volume opens with a very excellent discussion of *Myths*, based upon the Platonic use of the myth as the symbol of an ultimate but inexpressible reality, and passing on to a very informing defence of the ideal truth of the Christian documents. "The question," he writes acutely, "about the story is not, Is it true? but, Does it convey truth?" We must distinguish between facts whose court is that of science or of history, and facts whose appeal is to religious consciousness. So far as the former of these categories is concerned there may be admitted to be an element of myth (in "the vast and honourable usage of the word") underlying even the Gospel narrative itself. However, "it is the myth in Plato's sense, the human medium through which high and difficult matters, which evade logic and definition, may be conveyed to the soul."

* "The Fighting Spirit of Japan." By E. J. Harrison. 12s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

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The same excellent and (in the best sense of the word) modern spirit pervades the other essays. We are only inclined to join issue with Dr. Horton on two questions, which are closely inter-related. The first of these is his tendency to develop the moral teaching of the Gospel-Christ at the expense of the purely spiritual and eschatological. The second is his exhibition of a certain animus against the more highly organised Christian institutions. The whole tendency of the most modern research (as shown, for instance, in M. Loisy's "Synoptiques" and Prof. Schweitzer's "Quest of the Historical Jesus") is to establish the Christ of history as pre-eminently a "religious genius," and to emphasise the conclusion that His revelation to His own age and to all after time was primarily a spiritual one, and that His spirituality found its clearest expression in His conceptions of the life hereafter and of the second coming. The second of these two issues, that of the institutional forms of Christianity, we would raise rather in the interest of history than of "the Churches" themselves. Admitting frankly the complete lack of Scriptural and early authority for the Catholic expression of the Christian idea, we would yet suggest to Dr. Horton that Catholicism (either Eastern or Western) was for over a thousand years the sole expression of that idea, and that under its influence (despite their subsequent corruptions) were developed movements profoundly significant for and formative of the spiritual life of the race. To rule out Catholicism from one's synthesis, or to account for it merely by Prof. Harnack's rather rhetorical conception of it as the successor of Imperial Rome, must inevitably result in a certain loss of spiritual values, from which loss, as it seems to us, Liberal Protestantism is not out of danger of suffering.

* * *

## BOOKS OF THE WEEK

Mr. Cunninghame Grahame occupies a unique position among present-day writers. He is one of the few authors who have mastered the art of the sketch, and have attained in its perfection that most difficult achievement of suggesting a drama in a few vivid strokes, of creating an atmosphere with a pregnant phrase. Success (Duckworth and Co., 2s. 6d. net) contains some of his finest work. There is a fearlessness of treatment in "Los Seguidores." He reproduces the loneliness of the Pampas, shows us the fierce, primitive natures of the Guachoes, their almost uncanny understanding of their horses, their flaming jealousies and swift, fierce gleams of hate and passion. Take this description: "The Seguidores, the greatest object of the brothers' love, were black as jet, with their off fore and off hind feet white, so that the rider, riding on a cross, was safe from the assault of evil things by night. . . . Both horses were rather quick to mount, not liking to be kept a minute when the foot was in the stirrup iron. . . . They could turn when galloping in their own length, their unshod feet cutting the turf as a sharp skate cuts ice, when a swift skater turns at topmost speed." Take again the concentration in the following; it is the description of a cat, thrilled with terror at the sight of one of its own species lying dead: "The fascination, such as seems to draw the eyes of women to some sight their nerves abhor, possessed it, and it laid down, purring, close to the corpse, stretched out a paw in horror, felt the cold flesh, and, shrieking, fled again into the street." You have a picture in a few short words strung together in a succession of phrases that hit the mark each time. The volume is well up to the author's level, and provides a literary treat to all those who enjoy a perfection of style and vividity of treatment.

* * *

Mr. Tighe Hopkins has given us a most thoughtful and interesting book in Wards of the State (Herbert and Daniels, 7s. 6d.). He deals with the problems of penal servitude, prison labour, and emphasises in no measured terms not alone the barbarity, but the "futility of flogging." In one of the ablest chapters in the book he deals with the failure of the lash as a prevention for the recurrence of crime. Flagellation has, he insists, an evil and hardening effect upon all who assist at and witness it, and he deals very effectively with the argument that the cat stopped garotting. The case of the woman he devotes largely to the treatment of the Suffragettes. But he conclusively proves that the rules in force against the unhappy female prisoners are, if possible, more injurious, morally and mentally, than to the males. He quotes the statement of Patrick O'Leary, convicted at the London Sessions of stealing lead from a roof. The appeal makes one twinge with sympathy. "All you have heard of me is rotten and bad. But, your Lordship, I don't want to be a criminal all my life. I want to get a job and work hard. . . . The more I go to prison, the more I shall keep on going there, and the worse I shall get. Give me one more chance, and you will not regret it; I will do my very best to run straight." The crying necessity for the criminal to be given "one more chance" is eloquently and forcibly urged by Mr. Hopkins. Ably written, admirably argued, it is a book to be in the possession of all those interested in the amelioration of our social conditions.

* * *

Three Plays, by John Galsworthy, contains "The Eldest Son," "The Little Dream," and "Justice." Mr. Galsworthy gives us strong drama with a directness of treatment and a simplicity of style that is forceful to the point of occasionally leaving one breathless. The first of the three plays deals with the situation of the Squire's son and the gamekeeper's daughter. The young man has seduced the girl, who is about to have a child; there is a parallel between the case and that of the under-gamekeeper and a girl from the village. Sir William Cheshire hauls the gamekeeper before him, and insists that he shall marry the girl or leave his service. Dunning explains that neither he nor Rose, the girl in question, desire to become man and wife. The Squire will not listen to any such excuse, and finally he has his own way. Faced with a similar situation with his son Bill and Freda, the lady's maid, he does not live up to his ideal. The son, however, though he admits he has not an ardent affection for Freda, insists that he will play the game and make her his wife. He turns a deaf ear to his father's threats and his mother's pleading, and Freda is persuaded, half against her will, to consent to be married. The situation is finally solved by Freda's father, the head gamekeeper, who very humbly, but most emphatically, says he does not wish his daughter to enter a family where quite obviously she is not wanted, and therefore takes her home. "Justice," a powerful study of a clerk who has served his time in prison, seeks to gain re-employment, only to be recaptured by the police for not having reported himself as a ticket-of-leave man, is as convincing now as when it first appeared, some two years back. It may be remembered that to Mr. Galsworthy's genius we owe the abolition of that most execrable system, "the ticket-of-leave," under which the wretched convict was allowed to leave prison, only to be fetched back, as a cat fetches a mouse, to be retortured.

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THE LADY OF MYSTERY (James Duffy and Co., 2s.) is a simple, unpretentious story of rural and manufacturing life. It is written in pleasing style, dealing with the life of a country village and a country mill, from the somewhat romantic point of view. The descriptions of scenery are dainty, and the characterisation, though not strong, is, at least, convincing.

❀ ❀ ❀

Mr. Arthur D. Lewis has written a book to explain, in part at least, what is popularly called Syndicalism (SYNDICALISM AND THE GENERAL STRIKE, Fisher Unwin, 6s. net). The volume should certainly do something to clear the minds of those who are at present interested and, in some part, confused on the issue. At the present moment the majority of modern nations that have been affected by industrial development are rapidly dividing into two camps. On the one hand we have the rich owners directing and amassing profit from the production of their workmen; on the other, the mass of workers forced to sell their labour for a wage, and, in the majority of instances, unable to fix that wage at anything approximating to a standard of decent living. It may certainly be prophesied that such a condition of society cannot endure. Some method must be arrived at of giving to the army of workers a control over their own means of livelihood, or their status must be realised to be that of a separate and subject community. The inevitable alternative is to find some method of redistributing ownership, or to accept the fact that a portion of the nation, and that a most important portion, must be classed as slaves. Syndicalism, as interpreted by Mr. Lewis, is the attempt to work out the idea of freedom for the workers by a revolutionary strike. Mr. Lewis does not, however, clearly state the inevitable objective of this movement. That, if Syndicalism is to be effective, it must aim at the transfer of property, not to the State, but to the workers in their capacity as such.

❀ ❀ ❀

Miss Marjorie Bowen has given us a stirring romance in A KNIGHT OF SPAIN (Methuen, 6s.). She has the faculty of suggesting the atmosphere of the times of which she writes, and with a few swift touches conjures up historical scenes and personages, which in her pages become invested with actuality and appear to us clothed in flesh and blood. The story treats of the time of William of Orange, and the intrigues between Spain and that Prince form the background for the hero. Her love scenes are excellently written. She has the faculty of striking the note of romance, finding the nerve of humour, turning with a swift touch to tragedy. "His full lips curved into a smile; he kissed Marguerite's white wrist, and the fingers with which she held the silver gilt flagon she served him with. But she was so adorned with rings and bracelets that he touched pearls and gold, not flesh. 'Who's hair have you in your earring?' asked Marguerite. 'The hair of a dead woman,' he answered slowly." The scene works up to a contest between the beautiful woman on one side, caring for nothing but vanity and the amusement of an idle hour, and the grave, chivalrous Don Juan on the other. The contest continues throughout the book. It would be unfair to foretell the ending. The story will be eagerly read by lovers of romance and adventure.

❀ ❀ ❀

Mr. Hilaire Belloc is invariably arresting and picturesque in his style. THE RIVER OF LONDON (Foulis, Edinburgh and London, 5s. net) is a history of the Thames. The author deals with it from political and mercantile aspects, and devotes certain chapters to its possible defence in time of war. But the most noticeable thing about the book is the emphasis the author lays on the close, the inseparable connection between London and its river. The Thames is, indeed, the soul of London. "No one can see the marriage between London and its river without wondering in what degree things, other than ponderable and measurable things, may enter into the habitation of man. There is nothing man does, of course, which has not in it the soul. But it may be also true that there is nothing done to man wherein some soul is not also. . . . We must properly lend to these insensate things some controlling motive; and we may rightly say, but only by the use of metaphor, that all these things have a spirit within them. I cannot get away from it, that the Thames may be alive, and London most certainly is." We journey with the author from Tilbury. He paints for us the low-lying flats, the houses, and the places of change, and the great stores, and the abrupt street ends with their water steps, and the picture grows on us till we seem to feel and understand the soul of the river of London. But, while he does full justice to the Thames, he seems to us to slight the City so intimately connected with it. London, he protests, is mean in its approach, "for one mile after another you pass the thousands of little houses all shamelessly similar, for in none does a man intend to make his being, to possess his soul, or to live and die there." He upbraids London that she offers no salutation to the stranger approaching her streets, and characterises those same streets as narrow and crooked, declaiming that when at last "one comes to the inner part where there is something of history and of meaning, and of an intelligent culture, one comes upon it without introduction and without grace." The wonder of London lies in her vastness, her myriad moods, her ever-changing character. It is her boast that she hides behind no citadel gates or fortifications, and opens up a refuge for all who seek her. One must either love London with an ever increasing passion, or reject her utterly. But for the river so inseparably associated with her Mr. Belloc has an innate sympathy and understanding. Those chapters devoted to the strategical position of the Thames are forcible and incisive.


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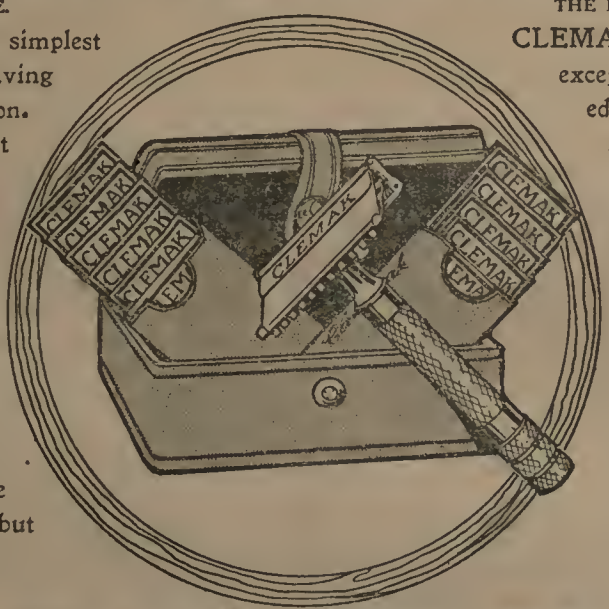


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### ARTICLES

BY

PERCY DEARMER

GILBERT THOMAS

CHARLES SAROLEA

HENRI MAZEL

## HISTORY IN THE MAKING

### NOTES OF THE WEEK.

BY the overthrow of the Government of Kiamil Pasha the situation in the Near East has been greatly changed for the worse. The Young Turks, who now hold the reins of power, and claim to represent the national sentiment, repudiate the policy of their predecessors. Adrianople, they declare, cannot be ceded. Having taken over the responsibilities of the late Administration, it now devolves upon the Young Turks to send a reply to the Note of the Powers. Meanwhile the Allies, conscious that the peace negotiations have broken down, are preparing for a resumption of hostilities. However, until Turkey has delivered her reply to the Powers the Allies will take no decisive step.

---

It is, however, unlikely that Turkey will resume hostilities unless pushed to the extreme point of resistance. The Allies are at the moment not averse to a breathing space, and are not likely to push forward a renewal of the attack. Meanwhile the Turkish Government is busy raising money and restoring order in the capital. The Young Turks feel so sure of their hold upon the country that the free circulation of people at night in the streets of Constantinople, which had been stopped in the time of Kiamil Pasha, is now allowed once more. It is rumoured that the Cabinet will endeavour to settle terms direct with the Balkan peoples, independent of the interference of Europe, as it is felt that had previous negotiations been conducted with no outside pressure peace by this time would have been arranged.

---

The atmosphere of the House of Commons, which for days was heavily charged with excitement, was suddenly thrown into an electrical condition by the reply of the Speaker to a question of Mr. Bonar Law with regard to the amendments on the Government's Franchise Bill relating to women's franchise. Sheltering himself behind the authority of Erskine May, the Speaker said that if the form and substance of the measure were substantially affected by the amendments, as practically to make it a new Bill, it would be necessary to have it withdrawn and re-introduced. The statement created excitement in the House of Commons and searchings of heart in the Cabinet. All doubt on the subject was set at rest on Monday, when the Speaker announced that the Franchise Bill would have to be withdrawn and a fresh Bill introduced if one or other of the amendments to grant women's franchise was inserted. In accordance with the Speaker's ruling, the Prime Minister intimated that the Government would not proceed with the Bill this session. When opportunity offered they hoped to proceed with electoral reform and redistribution, but as regards plural voting, they hoped to deal with it during the present Parliament. The Government, Mr. Asquith continued, were not prepared to introduce a Female Suffrage Bill, but would give facilities for a private member's Bill next session. In view of the new situation the militant Suffragists have resolved to resume their campaign of violence. Mrs. Pankhurst has declared guerilla warfare, in which sorties and riots will form a part. Short of taking human life, Mrs. Pankhurst said, they were warranted in using all the methods that are resorted to in time of war.

---

In view of the recent crisis in the Unionist party, great interest was taken in Mr. Bonar Law's speech in Edinburgh on Saturday last. In replying to the attacks made upon him, he denied that he had hauled down the flag of Imperial Preference. If returned to power, they intended to impose a moderate tariff on foreign manufactured goods, and to give the Colonies the largest possible preference without the imposition of food taxes. In regard to Home Rule, he said the Government were gambling with the liberties and the

rights of the people of the North of Ireland. If the Home Rule Bill should pass through all its stages the King's position would be very difficult. If he gave his assent, one-half of the people would say it ought not to have been given. To put the King in such a position was a crime greater than any that had ever been committed by any Minister who had ever held power.

---

At a luncheon in London Lord Roberts reiterated his views on national defence. He not only wanted a large army, but one imbued with the patriotism of the Bulgarians and Servians. He denied that national defence was a party question.

---

A deputation of the British Cotton-growing Association waited on Mr. Asquith with the request that the Government should guarantee a loan of three millions, to be spent in turning the Gezira Desert, in the Sudan, into a rich cotton field. Mr. Asquith acceded to the request. Already a Bill has been drafted, to be introduced at the earliest possible opportunity next session.

---

Lord Hardinge has sufficiently recovered from his wounds to be present at the Legislative Council at Delhi. He said the recent outrage would not make him waver a hair's breadth from the policy he had pursued. He had confidence in the determination of the people of India to stamp out the fungus growth of terrorism.

* * *

# THE CULT OF PLEASURE

MORALISTS in all ages have found a fruitful theme for meditation in the enervating effects of civilisation. That civilisation, when it reaches a high stage of development, that man, just when victorious in his conflict with Nature, should find a blight falling upon his highest powers—this is, indeed, the paradox of history. Every schoolboy knows how luxurious living, devotion to the cult of Pleasure, sapped the energies of the ancient Romans and made them an easy prey to the hardy, vigorous barbarians. Is it to be true of the moderns as of the ancients that when wealth accumulates men decay? Certain ominous social symptoms seem to point in that direction. How else are we to explain the mad race for pleasure, particularly the enormous sums spent in London, for example, in senseless luxury, records of which confront us almost daily in the newspapers? Luxurious living, glaring enough as it is among the idle rich of London, is surpassed by the Americans, who, in this as in other matters, to use their own phraseology, "lick creation." This much is plain from a book, "The Passing of the Idle Rich," written by a member of the American wealthy class, who is alarmed at the frightful extravagance of his own set. Here are a few samples. At the conclusion of an elaborate banquet in New York City the cigarettes were handed round. When each cigarette was unrolled it was found to be wrapped, not in the usual white paper, but in a 100-dollars bill, with the initials of the host in gold letters. In another case the wife of a millionaire wears a necklace that costs more than 600,000 dollars. "The infant son of this favoured lady reposed during his tender years in a cradle that was valued at 10,000 dollars, and a retinue of servants was formed for the sole benefit of the infant. This corps of retainers consisted of four nurse ladies, four high-priced physicians, who examined the child four times a day and posted serious bulletins for the information of the clamant Press and public." The young son of another millionaire had a staff of personal attendants, consisting of two cooks, six grooms, three coachmen, two valets, and one governess. We are told of a 75,000-dollars feast, at which monkeys sat between the guests, and ducks swam about in pools contained in ivory fountains. An entire theatrical company journeyed from New York to entertain a company in which there was drunkenness without conviviality. There is also the account of a banquet given by a wealthy man whose ingenuity was taxed to relieve the monotony of an idle existence. A monster pie was carried before the astounded diners upon the shoulders of four servants. The top crust was cut open—a slip of a girl bounded to her feet; a score of birds were released at the same moment.

So much for the extragavance of the rich, but what of the extravagance of the poor? The horny-handed sons of toil are found elbowing the idle rich in their eagerness to worship in the temple of Pleasure. It is one of the weak points in the Labour movement that the leaders, while eloquent on the rights of the working man, are silent on his duties. One prominent leader recently declared emphatically for the right of working men to get drunk. He would have been more profitably employed in reminding them of their duty to keep sober. Labour leaders might do well, when advocating higher wages, to impress upon the workers the duty of spending their earnings wisely. In this connection they would find ample scope for their energies in starting a crusade against gambling. The misery caused in working class homes owing to this senseless and demoralising craze is appalling. An authority on the subject tells us that not only is gambling prevalent among working men, but their wives are also passing under the influence of the curse. "In many districts bookmakers and their agents go from door to door tempting women to bet. Money given by the husband for food and rent is put on horses, and when it is lost, as it usually is, new furniture and clothes are purchased on the credit system, and pledged to make good the losses. One working man with seven children found himself in debt to the extent of £70 in this way, and the children's beds and cupboards almost destitute of clothes." A Newcastle gentleman, in his evidence before the Royal Commission, said: "I have noticed that the University Extension Movement is dead in many of the mining districts, and that Secondary Schools are scouted by most young men. Drink clubs have taken the place of the lecture rooms, the bookmaker the place of the lecturer, and the sporting newspaper the place of the text book. . . . The intellectual waste caused by betting is enormous. Where gambling has increased I have observed that intellectual movements have decreased. Lads of bright intellect, who might have made the world better, are drawn into the vortex of this madness, and develop low cunning instead of character. They become moral and intellectual wrecks. Their highest ambition is to be a bookmaker."

Some idea of the widespread nature of the gambling epidemic is had from the statement of a leading statistician that over £5,000,000 annually goes into the pockets of the bookmakers, a great proportion of which comes from those living on the edge of poverty. Here surely is a state of matters deserving the earnest and urgent attention of all who are interested in the moral and social well-being of the people. The cult of Pleasure, carried to the extent indicated, spells national degeneracy.

HECTOR MACPHERSON.

# AN IRISH MYSTIC:

## "Æ" AND AGRICULTURAL CO-OPERATION

IRELAND'S economic backwardness has been variously diagnosed. There are some that attribute it to the British Government and to landlordism; others that attribute it to the priest, or to an inherent defect in the character of the people. There are the "Nationalist" arguments on the one hand, and the "Unionist" arguments on the other. We find that during a few years at the end of the eighteenth century Ireland enjoyed complete legislative independence. The period was one of economic prosperity. After the Union in 1800 economic decline set in. The historical case for Home Rule rests upon these facts. Unionists contest their relevance. They assert that the economic prosperity of Ireland under Grattan's Parliament was an artificial condition that could not have been maintained. They hold that the Irish would have profited by the Union if they had not spent their time agitating for its repeal. They point to Belfast and the wealth of Protestant Ulster. But both parties agree that Ireland has not made full use of her considerable natural resources.

I.

The Nationalists said: "We must wait upon Home Rule"; the Unionists: "Let first the revolutionary agitation be stamped out." Meanwhile, an Irishman, Sir Horace Plunkett, returned from an American visit, and ignoring the warnings of both parties, founded the co-operative movement in Agriculture, which is the subject of this book.* Sir Horace Plunkett had his own views on the constitutional question; but he felt at the same time that the Irish problem was not so much a political as an economic and social problem. Nor did he believe that the fate of his country was being finally decided, or could be finally decided, by the results of general elections or votings at Westminster. Salvation must come from within—a proposition that Parliamentarians as a rule find it difficult to accept.

II.

Sir Horace Plunkett did not seek battle with the Parliamentary leaders of Irish opinion; but, indeed, invited them into his council. Mr. Redmond was not at once unfriendly; until lately, indeed, two members of the Home Rule party have been actively associated with his work. The most definite opposition first came from the Orangemen, who accused Sir Horace of "trafficking with rebels." To-day, however, the Irish Unionist M.P.'s are, nominally at least, in sympathy with the movement, whereas the Irish Nationalist party is openly hostile. Sir Horace Plunkett's propaganda has been successful in the sphere of practical action, which is the great thing; but it has also spread the light of ideas. Irishmen are still Home Rulers, but they no longer believe that Home Rule will usher in the millennium. Nor do the Nationalist M.P.'s themselves now attack the theory of the movement; that criticism of Sir Horace Plunkett is based upon the fact that with him theory and practice do not correspond. He is, they say, a Unionist politician first and last. Agricultural co-operation is an excellent thing; but in Ireland it has been worked as a piece of mere political strategy, the aim of Sir Horace being to destroy the Home Rule party.

* "Co-operation and Agriculture." By Æ. 1s. (Maunsel and Co.)

III.

There are able Irishmen who are neither in Parliament nor in the Civil Services, nor yet in the Army—men whose ambition it is to serve Ireland in Ireland, and who will not wait for Home Rule to begin—and among these Sir Horace Plunkett finds his best champions. The author of "Co-operation and Nationality" is a notable Irishman of this type. Mr. George Russell (or, as he calls himself, "Æ") is a poet, a painter, a mystic, who, as editor of the *Irish Homestead*, the journal of the Irish Agricultural Organisation Society, has more influence upon the thought of this generation in Ireland than any other man. How was "Æ" drawn into the vortex of Irish controversy? The story goes that Mr. W. B. Yeats told Sir Horace Plunkett, some years ago, that if he wanted the Irish people to listen to economic doctrine he must get a poet to teach it to them. Mr. Yeats himself was not available; but "Æ's" name was suggested—a young man who earned his livelihood as an accountant, but was then best known to the town as the author of a little book of mystical poems, "Homeward Songs by the Way," as Mr. Yeats' co-worker in the Irish literary revival and as prophet of the Celtic nature faiths. Sir Horace Plunkett caught Mr. Yeats' idea, and immediately engaged "Æ's" services. "Æ" went round Ireland on a bicycle, preaching the doctrine of co-operation, "winning friends to the movement wherever he went," as Mr. George Moore has said, "by his personal magnetism and the eloquence of his belief in Plunkett."

IV.

"Æ" believes in humanity, and especially in rural humanity, and he believes in Ireland. There is only one great centre of manufacture in Ireland—Belfast; but probably "Æ" is not sorry that Ireland had so little share in the great industrial progress of the nineteenth century. He does not ask, as the Ulstermen do, why Catholic Ireland does not produce a Belfast, if it wants to keep its population at home, and stop grumbling. "The thoughts of the world," he says, "have been too much with the cities." The miracle to be wrought is the creation of a rural civilisation; but civilisation can only be attained when the community is organised and has strength to retain some surplus of wealth beyond what is required for the bare necessities of life. The main need of Ireland is another agricultural revolution. The Irish farmer has thrown off the yoke of the landlords, but he is now enmeshed in the toils of the middlemen, who make sure that his riches "shall not prove a stumbling-block at his entrance into the Kingdom of Heaven." "The old aristocracies swaggered royally to the devil. They borrowed money at sixty per cent. and ruined themselves. The new aristocracy, whose coming I dread, have been accustomed to lend money at sixty per cent., and ruin others." What will be the end of it, if we do not beware? Not Socialism, but the Servile State, the establishment of which is an even more actual danger in Ireland than in England. Sir Horace Plunkett, because he foresaw that danger and preached self-reliance, initiative and independence of spirit, inevitably provoked the hostility of those who believed in the power of the State to make people prosperous by Act of Parliament, or by stopping other people from passing such Acts.

V.

"Æ" has the Irishman's gift for controversy and an Irishman's pugnacity. He does not spare those who have represented the Irish agricultural movement to be a "piece of mere political strategy." The conspiracy against Irish agricultural co-operation originated in the small country towns, the shopkeepers in which are large subscribers to the funds of the Irish Parliamentary party. What is this class which dominates Irish politics? It has a bad economic reputation. These shopkeepers are the universal credit-givers in the country districts (Mr. Shaw referred to them in EVERYMAN the other day as the Ikey Mo's of Mr. Chesterton in Ireland—reallyTim Malones). At the fairs they combine market-rigging with money-lending. Well, people have accused the co-operative movement of decreeing capital punishment to the centres of their activities—the country towns. It is not quite true; at any rate, "some rows of licensed premises, with a few men spitting at the corners, do not constitute a civilisation whose lapsing Ireland need lament over with too exquisite a pain."

VI.

The soundness of the economics of "Æ" has been questioned; his eloquence as a controversialist is rivalled by other Irishmen; but the book is finally the vision of a poet. "I hate the people," writes "Æ," "who talk scornfully of Paddy or Hodge, of those who work on the land, as if the low brow and the dull brain were an inevitable accompaniment of such toil, as if spirit were not there, an awful presence, a majesty imprisoned from the infinite." His book is for those who know humanity is going "from the great Deep to the great Deep of Deity, with wind and wave, fire and water, stars and suns, lofty companions for it on its path of a divine destiny." "Æ's" *rôle* in Ireland reminds one, of course, of that of William Morris in England. He too is the poet turned economist who has kept his vision. And if one were to compare the vision, the philosophy, the economics of "Æ" with the vision, the philosophy, the economics of Morris, one would perhaps find the difference between Ireland and England. I should like to make such a comparison, but "Æ's" mystical writing, his poetry, and his paintings are, alas! insufficiently known in this country, and it would involve too great a trespass upon the space of EVERYMAN.

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## LIVING WAGE"*

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dollars bill, with the initials of the host in gold
In another case the wife of a millionaire wears a
lace that costs more than 600,000 dollars. One
infant son of this favoured lady reposed during the
tender years in a cradle that was valued at fifty
dollars, and a retinue of servants was formed for all
sole benefit of the infant. This corps of retainers
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and physical well-being, enough to enable him to qualify to discharge his duties as a citizen." The practical objections are all based on expediency. Dislocation of trade would, no doubt, follow an ill-judged application of an accepted principle, and the interference of the State is not a good thing in itself. Mr. Snowden is careful to demonstrate that the State has, with much reluctance and in simple obedience to the logic of facts, admitted the principle of interference with wages. The only question now left to answer is, how far should that interference go? The strikes of 1911 and 1912 showed the workers in a new light; not as the antagonists of capital, but as the enemies of society at large. Society at large replied by "disclosing a power of resistance which was a surprise and a discomfiture" to the organisers of the revolt; but the harm done to the principle of voluntary conciliation in disputes about wages is probably irreparable. A sanction is necessary, and will and must be found in the immediate future.

To those who are inclined to qualify wage reform as fantastic, Mr. Snowden replies by enumerating its results in those of our colonies where it has been tried. Various are the schemes, but almost invariable has been the success. The question whether what can be done in a new country can be done with equal effect in an old country is not propounded, explicitly at least. Mr. Snowden points out that "there are many industries, employing large numbers of workers, where substantial advantages might be given without incurring the least risk of injury to the trade." He instances "government and municipal service, the railways, the transport trades, and, to a great extent, coal-mining and the building industry." Some industries must be carefully handled, and some concerns even had better cease, to be replaced by others, better and more humanely administered.

The possibility of a successful reform is proved by the continual upward progress of taxable income, with no corresponding ascent on the part of wages, whether real or monetary. Mr. Snowden stipulates that the wage-earner should not be "the last person considered" in the distribution of the spoil. Wages are largely governed by the needs of the least employable. A sound minimum wage means better remuneration for the best workers. The agitation has come from the more thriving of the wage-earners; it has always been so since the time of the peasants who made the French Revolution, and probably before; at any rate, de Tocqueville first discovered the truth from this particular instance. Starvation wages are a blight that affects the whole body politic; labour and capital suffer, though not in an equal degree; the margin of subsistence is a very vulnerable condition.

Mr. Snowden does not ask us to surrender our national prosperity at the bidding of abstract justice; he does not impeach well-husbanded capital and imaginative brains; he merely asks the whole community to make of the cause of the starveling their own cause. Though mercy seasoned with justice happens to be the best policy for the community and its members, it is the moral aspect of the matter that concerns us most—the contemplation of a savage injustice, without hope or endeavour to mend it, is bad for us all, and sets up an apathy that is in danger of degenerating into a mere callous indifference to the sufferings of others, so long as we ourselves are not affected. To rule out certain of our fellows from our purview is mentally to shorten our sight and narrow our vision. You cannot injure a member of the body politic without affecting the whole; thus a veto on the human aspirations of a large part of our largest class of citizens is bad for the community.

# COUNTRIES OF THE WORLD ⁂ BY THE EDITOR

## V.—THE KINGDOM OF POLAND: WHERE THREE EMPIRES MEET

I.

The English traveller on his way from London to Odessa, after crossing the dreary march of Brandenburg, reaches a vast and monotonous plain where three Empires meet, where Prussia ends, where Russia and Austria begin, a region inhabited by one of the most gifted races of Europe, whose sufferings are one of the tragedies of history, and whose future is one of the perplexing enigmas of international politics. That vast plain, of which no hill relieves the melancholy uniformity, is the once mighty Kingdom of Poland. It is true that neither the name of the country nor that of the people appears on any map of Europe, but then it is often the most important maps that are ignored by the cartographer. In this case it must be confessed in extenuation of the cartographer's omission that the boundaries of that Kingdom of Poland are arbitrary and indefinite. Few geographers will agree as to the exact area occupied by the Polish race. But we shall not be far wrong if we estimate the total number of Polish-speaking people at twenty millions, of whom four millions belong to Austria, and four millions and twelve millions respectively are unwilling subjects of the Kaiser and of the Czar. And that number is increasing, for amongst many uncertainties one fact is certain, that in the wide expanse where the Pole and the Teuton are confronted, it is the Teuton who is losing ground, and it is the Pole who is gaining.

II.

Perhaps the simplest way to explain the unique position of Poland to a British reader is to describe her as the Ireland of Central Europe, with this difference, that whereas Ireland has long ago been delivered from the despotism of the Conqueror, Poland is still in the grip of her oppressors. Otherwise the annals of Poland are very much a repetition of the tragic annals of Ireland, and both countries make a similar appeal to the student of history, of ethics, and of politics.

In the first place, we ought to be interested in Poland on historical grounds. Poland can boast of a heroic past. On more than one occasion Poland saved Europe from the invasion of Turk and Tartar, and although the Poles are branded to-day by the Russians and Prussians as an inferior race, predestined to slavery, the truth is that Poland was a highly civilised country when the Prussians and the Russians were only hordes of barbarians.

In the second place, we ought to be interested in Poland on moral grounds, for the Poles have been, and still are, the victims of an odious persecution, which must rouse the indignation of all those who believe in justice, and who believe in freedom.

In the third place, we ought to be interested in Poland on practical grounds, because the question of Poland remains a burning question. Poland remains an open sore. The map of Europe is just now being recast in South-Eastern Europe, on the principle that each nation has the right to decide her own destinies, on the principle that the Balkans belong to the Balkan people. It is quite safe to prophesy that the next great change will take place in North-Eastern Europe, and on exactly the same basis of the great principle of nationalities, and that a not distant future will see the resurrection of the ancient Kingdom of Poland.

III.

The "partition" of Poland, the murder of a great civilised people, is one of the most revolting political crimes of modern times. Of this crime, Frederic, called "the Great," was the instigator, and he secured impunity for his crime by obtaining the complicity of Russia and Austria, of Maria Theresa and Catherine "the Great." To use the cynical phrase of Frederic, "the three Sovereigns partook of the Eucharistic body of Poland." The three murderers of the Polish nation have tried to justify themselves, and they have justified themselves by slandering the Poles. Even thus, in Imperial Rome, the public executioner dishonoured his victim before execution. We are told that the Poles fully deserved their fate. We are told that they were a prey to the Jesuits, or that they were a prey to anarchy, or that they were a prey to an unruly aristocracy. We have been long familiar in the past with similar arguments on the Irish Question, and in both controversies the arguments have about equal value. It is quite true that Poland was a prey to anarchy, but that anarchy was largely caused by the intrigues of her mighty neighbours. It is quite true that after playing an important part in European culture, after resisting the Tartar and the Turk, the Polish aristocracy oppressed the people whom they had originally saved. But, alas! the oppression of the people by a tyrannical aristocracy is not a phenomenon peculiar to Poland, and it was more apparent in Poland simply because of the total absence of any Middle Class, owing to the poverty of the country, and owing to the insecurity of war. It is only in our own generation that we have witnessed in Poland the gradual emergence of a Middle Class. Even to-day trade and industry are largely in the hands of the Jews, to whom, for historical reasons, Poland has become a country of refuge, and a second Palestine. About four million Jews are living within the limits of the old Kingdom.

In any case, those accusations against Polish anarchy, against the unruly Polish aristocracy, were only a thinly veiled pretence on the part of the conquerors to excuse their crime. Those excuses were merely used to deceive public opinion. In his moments of cynical outspokenness, Frederic, yclept "the Great," never concealed his real motive for the annexation of Poland, which was the same as his motive for the annexation of Silesia, namely, self-aggrandisement and the lust of territory.

IV.

It is, then, under such flimsy pretences, which added insult to violence, that Poland was divided amongst the three Empires of Central Europe, and that Poland was deleted from the map of Europe. This is not the place to recall the tragic history of the nation since the Partition. In Austria the Poles rose and failed, they rose again and succeeded, and were granted autonomy. In Prussia the Poles were too few, and the army of the Hohenzollern too strong to give any chance to the rebels; they had, therefore, to be content with opposing a passive and sullen resistance to unjust laws. But most poignant of all was the national tragedy in Russia. The Poles rose in 1830, they rose again in 1863, and once more they rose in 1905. Each time they were unsuccessful. After each revolution, they have been governed with more ruthless severity. Oppression, suppression, and repression have been the

three recurrent phases in the monotonous drama of Russian Poland.

To a superficial observer, the story of the Polish nation may appear to be, on the whole, a history of national failure, but as in Ireland, so in Poland, the people have really triumphed. For their spirit has never been broken. The strength of the three great military powers has not been equal to the indomitable resistance of a poverty-stricken, disarmed, dismembered race. The Polish people were determined to live, and as a result they are stronger to-day than they were a hundred years ago. Poland is to-day more than a dream, more than a pious aspiration. Unless patriotism is only an illusion, unless nationality is only based on political force, and is to be measured only by commercial success, the Polish nationality is an accomplished fact, for the Polish people are united by the strongest bonds which can unite any people: a common language, a common religion, common traditions, the memory of common sufferings, and an unshakable faith in a common Destiny.

## V.

Of the three component parts of Poland, the Austrian part, Galicia, need not detain us, although to the ordinary traveller it is far more interesting than the two other parts. Its capital, Krakov, the Polish Rome, is one of the historical cities of the world. Austrian Poland possesses in the Carpathian Mountains some of the finest scenery in Central Europe. Its Alpine resorts attract an ever-increasing number of tourists, and Zakopane is, in summer, a brilliant and fascinating Kurort, and the gathering place of Polish patriots from the three Empires. But to the student of politics, Austrian Poland appeals much less than Prussian or Russian Poland, except in so far as it shows the political capacity of the people. After being the most disloyal, Galicia has become one of the most loyal provinces of the Austrian Empire. The influence of the Austrian Poles in politics is shown not on the side of anarchy, but on the side of conciliation and moderation. The result of such Polish autonomy as has been granted to Galicia is the best answer to those that maintain that the Poles are incapable of self-government.

## VI.

If Austrian Poland is the least important, Russian Poland is the most important of the three branches of the Polish family. It is also the most homogeneous. There are some tens of thousands of Germans, three hundred and fifty thousand Russian soldiers and officials, and nine hundred thousand Jews, who are the proletariate of Israel. But the bulk of a population of over twelve millions are Poles, and their numbers are rapidly increasing with the industrial expansion and the prosperity of the country, for as Prince von Bülow, the German Chancellor, put it, the Poles breed like rabbits. He might, perhaps, have added that they have often been shot like rabbits. Russian Poland, with the ancient capital of the Kingdom, Warsaw

(population, 850,000), is one of the busiest centres of the Russian Empire. But this extraordinary industrial and commercial expansion has brought neither contentment nor real prosperity to the people. Not only has Russian Poland more than her share of the industrial unrest, prevalent all over Europe, but that industrial unrest is complicated by constant political and religious troubles, by the conflict between conquerors and conquered, between Greek Orthodox and Roman Catholic. Warsaw, once the gayest of cities, is now one of the saddest. Occupied by a Russian army corps, she gives the impression of a beleaguered city. Any political life, or even any expression of political opinion, is impossible. The writer of these lines was invited not long ago, by a group of leading Liberals in Warsaw, to give a lecture describing his impressions of the country. He accepted the invitation, but was given to understand that it would be safer for him not to deliver his address, and the recent arrest and imprisonment of a British citizen, Miss Malecka, clearly proved that it was better to err on the side of caution.

As there is no political life, so there is little intercourse between the different sections of the people. The Jew does not mix with the Christian, nor the Pole with the Russian. Social life is at its lowest ebb. The police is everywhere visible, and the Polish population lives in an atmosphere of suspicion and terror.

VII.

It seems inconceivable that national antipathy could go any further than the antipathy of the Pole for the Russian, yet Prussia has succeeded in inspiring her Polish subjects with a hatred even more deadly. And this is not because Poles and Russians belong to the same Slav race, whilst Poles and Prussians belong to different races. The Pole hates the Prussian, because there is in Prussian despotism something even more odious than in Russian despotism. The Russian is content to persecute the Pole, but the Prussian both persecutes him, despises him, and slanders him. The Russian at least does not use any canting phrases. He oppresses the Pole, merely because he is the stronger. The Prussian oppresses the Pole, and calls it civilising him. He brands him as being of an inferior stamp. German Liberals have denounced the imperial policy for two generations. But it is getting worse. The Pole is not allowed to hold public meetings, or to wear his national colours. The Polish child is not allowed to pray in its mother-tongue, because German culture, forsooth, in virtue of its superiority, must stamp out Polish culture. The Polish peasant is not allowed to possess the land of his fathers, and whereas the Russian bureaucracy in the days of Milioutine has distributed millions of acres to Polish peasants, the Prussian bureaucracy have already spent hundreds of millions of marks to expropriate them.

VIII.

Limitation of space prevents me from discussing the Prussian theory. Nor is it worth discussing. The whole pedantic contention can be disproved by the summary verdict of history, and disposed of in the following single remark: Surely a race which in modern times has produced a thinker like Copernic, a hero like Sobieski, a musician like Chopin, a poet like Mickiewic, a physicist like Madame Curie, a race which still can boast of the most beautiful, the most witty women of Central Europe, cannot be said to be so incurably inferior to the heavy East Prussian, nor will such a race be subjected much longer to brutal persecution.

# SILHOUETTES

*From the gallery of memory, mutascopic and fragmentary, there flashes at times a picture, many-coloured and complete; more often the screen gives back an outline, blurred in parts, yet conveying an impression so vivid and compelling that the mind holds only the salient points, and there emerges of scenes and emotions—a silhouette!*

HE was a hard man, and a successful one. He had fought his way from the rut of mediocrity to the head of a large firm. Men did his bidding eagerly, women trembled at his frown, not an employé but felt a sickening of the heart when he drew near.

He was hated, but he was feared, and the sense of power and of authority grew within him.

It was an early day of spring, and the open window of his office let in a glimpse of blue sky, the waving branches of a tree, grown old in the greyness of the city, but still, with infinite charity, renewing every year its promise of green leaves. But neither the warm sunshine, the note of the birds, nor the scents of spring stirred the ice at his heart, and he frowned severely when he caught his typist smiling at the golden weather.

The girl fulfilled her duties with punctuality and with despatch; in his regard she was a highly skilled and technically efficient machine. Her smile irritated him, he was reminded of the world outside his office, a world of youth and hope, of eager strivings and deep longings, a world that he had left years ago when he went to the great city.

The typist made quite three mistakes in a letter he was dictating, and stumbled hopelessly when he asked her to read it. She wore a flower in her belt, and the ogre was irritably conscious of its scent. The perfume lingered after she had left. He did not immediately summon a second minion, as was his custom, but, opening his door, discovered, within a stone's-throw, his typist and a clerk in conversation. The look on her face, the light on his, told the same tale. They had broken the ogre's iron law, forgotten the grind of the machine, and remembered only for a moment youth's enchanted garden. The ogre had no understanding of the lapse, however, and decided the girl must leave, and the young man also.

He rang his bell, and directed the girl should come before him. The summons was not immediately obeyed, and as he waited the same insistent scent that had troubled him before came to him again. His keen eyes saw a touch of rich red-brown upon the carpet—brown with a glint of gold—and he picked up a sprig of gillyflower. The office walls rolled back, giving place to a cottage garden fragrant with lemon thyme, sweet-scented narcissi, old-fashioned flowers. On a may tree a blackbird was singing, and beside him—ay, him, the ogre—stood a girl in a white gown. Her hands were full of blossoms, the soft brown of the gillyflower accentuated the whiteness of her skin. Somehow the scent, pungent yet haunting, was intimately associated with her. She came back to him now on the breath of the perfume. He had talked of the city and the wonderful things that awaited him. She had listened, smiled, sighed, and wished him "God-speed"—and the garden gate had clicked behind him. He had never opened it again. The city with its visions of wealth and power had held him. But the perfume of remembrance remained.

. . . . . .

"He wasn't so bad," said the typist. "I am to stay on till we get married, and next month he'll raise my screw. I can't imagine what's come to him, . . . . and I thought our luck was right out, Ted, when I lost the bit of gillyflower you gave me!"

# MONS. POINCARÉ AS A MAN OF LETTERS

I.

IT is often contended that democracy does not care for culture, and that the people have an instinctive distrust for the scholar and the artist. Recent events are an emphatic refutation of such a contention. Almost simultaneously the two greatest democracies of the world, having to choose the head of the Executive, have deliberately chosen two men of letters: the American Republic selected an eminent University professor; the French Republic selected a member of the French Academy, one of the forty Immortals.

II.

I have before me three volumes of the works of the new French President.* They are mainly composed of literary essays, of political and forensic speeches. They are distinguished by all those qualities which we are accustomed to associate with the best French writing: lucidity and logic, symmetry and proportion, ready wit and versatility. Whether the author sings the praise of Joan of Arc, or of the modern French novelist; whether he brings in a financial measure or an Education Bill, his thought is uniformly perspicuous and his language invariably felicitous. But paradoxical though it may appear, the chief merit of those three volumes to the outside reader lies in their total lack of originality. For if M. Poincaré's essays and speeches did reveal any striking originality they would only reflect the personality of the writer. On the contrary, being entirely devoid of originality, they express all the more faithfully the opinions of millions of Frenchmen. And for the first citizen of a democracy it is so much more important to be the spokesman of millions of his fellow-citizens than to merely express his own vision of the world.

III.

A perfect equipoise of judgment, an instinct for realities, a sense of measure, what the French call "le juste milieu," and what Matthew Arnold would have called "sweetness and light," are amongst the most obvious qualities of Poincaré's writings. He is a man of principle; he is not a mere opportunist and a time-server.

"The foundation of all politics is ethical. Politics are founded on a belief in goodness, in justice, in the love of truth, in the respect of human conscience, in the destinies of our country. Politics which are worthy of the name cannot live from day to day on empirical measures and contradictory expedients."

At the same time he is not a man of Utopias.

"The French people have faith in principles. They believe in the ideal. They have an innate taste and a traditional need for general ideas, but they do not confuse general ideas with vague ideas, principles with formulas, ideals with terms. They want solid living realities."

He is a genuine democrat. But he is also a resolute anti-socialist. He believes in the French Revolution, but he stops at 1789; he does not go as far as 1793. He does not think that the Republic can be saved by a Reign of Terror.

"With the party of agitation, of violence, of disorder, no political understanding is possible. A Government which would seek it would abdicate its authority, and would itself defy the law. A Government which would submit to it, or which would not repudiate it, would be swept away by its own hypocritical and equivocal policy."

He believes in the supremacy of individual reason and conscience. He is determined to resist the tyranny of the Church. But he is no less determined to resist the tyranny of the State.

"The action of Government cannot extend to the intimate thoughts of individuals. Political life is not the final end of Man. Human energies which put in motion the social mechanism are not entirely absorbed by it. The State cannot be allowed to encroach on the liberty of human reason, and this liberty outside the sphere of the State constitutes the inner life of the Soul. Our individual energies are not wholly attracted and captured by the social mechanism. Human Society is made of free volitions, and it is only on an absolute respect for human dignity that the greatness of a community can be established."

IV.

It would be unfair to call Monsieur Poincaré a Conservative, and it is an appellation which his supporters would particularly resent, for the word "Conservative" is in very bad odour in France, and is synonymous with reaction. He delights in appearing as a Modern of the Moderns. He glorifies recent tendencies in Literature and Art. Yet his sympathies are with the past as much as with the present. He likes to repeat the famous words of Comte, "The Dead count for as much as the Living" ("L'humanité se compose de plus de morts que de vivants"). He has been nourished on the humanities, and he would probably contend that, even so far as the French Revolution is concerned, it was not merely an overthrowal of the past, but a return to the most ancient democratic traditions of humanity.

But the dominant note of Poincaré's Essays and Speeches is the patriotic note. He is a citizen of Lorraine, and, as we said in our last number, Lorraine inspires her children with a patriotism more intimate, more anxious, more tender, than any other region in France. The love of France is his supreme inspiration. He is, no doubt, a good European, because he assumes that a good Frenchman must necessarily be a good European, because French culture is bound up with universal human culture. But I suspect that M. Poincaré has little interest in European culture as distinct from French culture.

V.

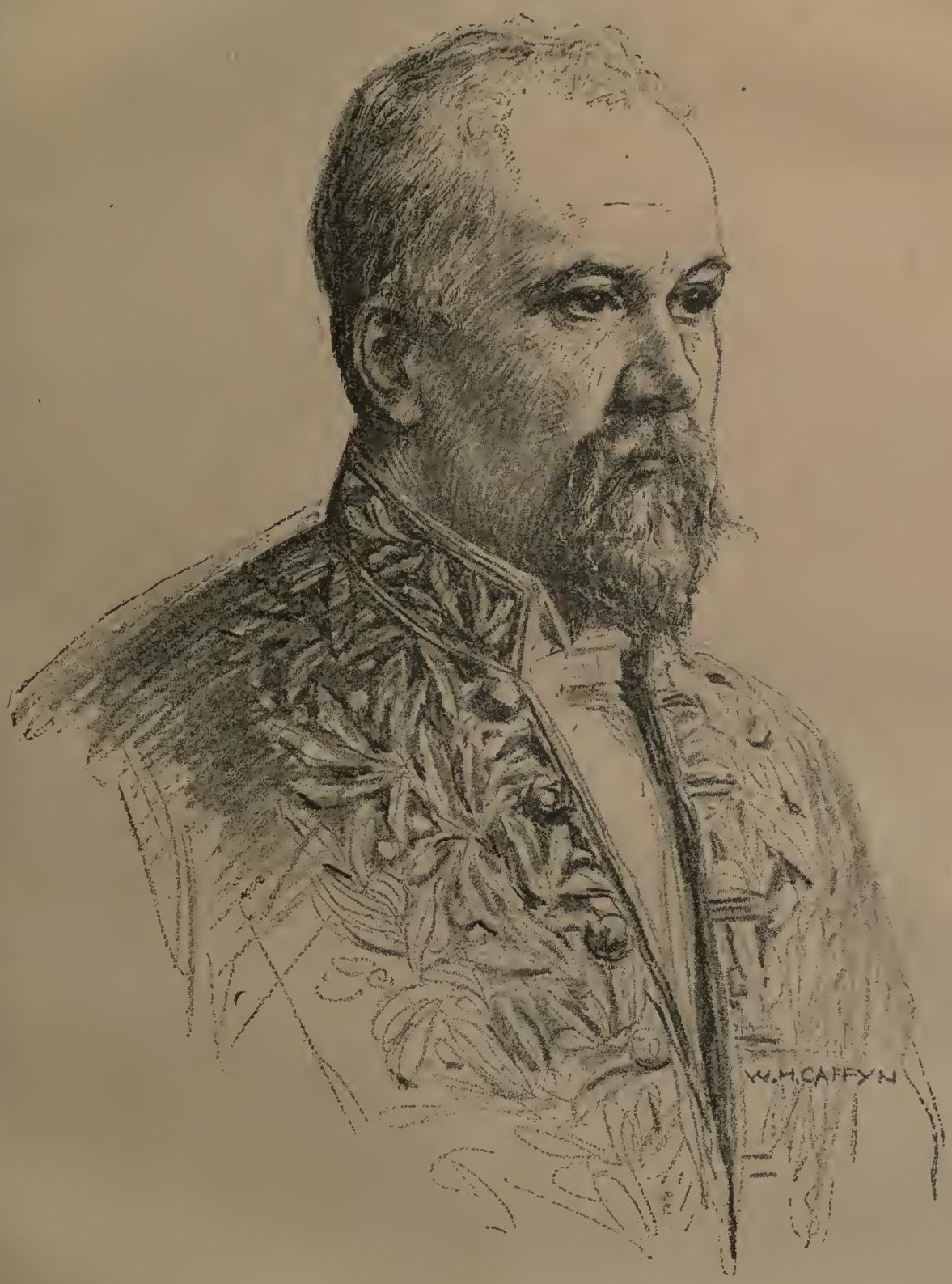
This cursory analysis of the characteristics underlying M. Poincaré's writings will enable us to some extent to forecast the policy which the new President will try to impress upon his Ministers.

I do not think that his Home Policy will be one mainly of social reform. It will mainly be a policy of Republican concentration and of resistance to lawlessness.

Even as his Home Policy will be mainly a policy of resistance to the party of disorder, M. Poincaré's Foreign Policy will be mainly a policy of resistance to the encroachments of Germany. We may expect a firm though conciliatory attitude in international affairs, and a strict adherence of France to the Triple Entente And this vigorous Foreign Policy will entail increased Naval and Military expenditure. That is another reason why his Home Policy cannot be one of Social Reform. Social Reforms cost a great deal of money, and for the next seven years all the available resources of France will be claimed by the exigencies of national defence.

CHARLES SAROLEA.

* Idées Contemporaines, Questions et Figures Politiques, Causes Littéraires et Artistiques.




RAYMOND POINCARÉ, NATUS 1860

# LITERARY NOTES

Saturday last being the anniversary of Burns's natal day, the floodgates of oratory were opened, and copious streams of eloquence flowed from hundreds of Scottish tongues. I think it is Andrew Lang who reminds us that on few literary subjects has more been said or written than on Robert Burns, and that on none, perhaps, is it more difficult to say anything satisfactory. The first statement is indisputable. Shakespeare alone excepted, no poet has been the subject of so vast a volume of praise. As to the second, I am not so sure. I should say that many quite satisfactory estimates of Burns's poetry are forthcoming at the annual festivals held in his honour.

* * * * *

Where, it seems to me, the real difficulty comes in is with regard to Burns the man. When shall the critic arise who, undeterred by indiscriminate eulogists of Burns and the glamour of his poetic genius, will courageously face the problem of his life? It is a difficult and thankless task, as Campbell Shairp and Henley, among modern critics, found; but it has still to be done. The truth is, Burns has been canonised. His devotees not only insist upon the supreme merit of his poetical achievement, but upon his singular worth as a man. I have read Burns orations in which the poet's life was extolled as a great moral triumph, and I have even known him to be claimed as "a wise religious teacher." It is high time that there was an end of such hypocritical talk. Those who are guilty of it are no true friends to Burns's memory.

* * * * *

The late Lord James of Hereford played so conspicuous a part in legal, political, and social circles that it would have been regrettable had no record of his brilliant career been forthcoming. His executors, however, have arranged for a biography, and have entrusted the writing of it to Mr. Alfred Lyttelton, M.P. No doubt they have been influenced in this decision by the fact that Mr. Lyttelton was for four years Legal Private Secretary to Lord James when the latter (then Sir Henry James) was Attorney-General. Mr. Lyttelton, so far, has been innocent of authorship, and it is difficult to say what are his literary qualifications, but at any rate the biography ought to be strong on the legal side.

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Canon Julian's death removes the foremost British hymnologist. His "Dictionary of Hymnology" is the most valuable and comprehensive work of its kind in existence. First published in 1892, it was the fruit of more than ten years' laborious investigation. The MSS. used in the work number nearly 10,000. But this monumental "Dictionary," which sets forth the origin and history of Christian hymns of all ages and nations, was only one of many valuable contributions to hymnology, for Canon Julian was indefatigable in his devotion to the history and elucidation of sacred song. Personally, he was a man of much charm, and was always most willing to place his vast stores of hymnological learning at the disposal of those who sought his help. Canon Julian had a very large collection of hymnological books and MSS., which have now found a permanent home at the Church House, Dean's Yard, London.

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My recent note on the authorship of the "Canadian Boat-Song" has brought me an article by Mr. Hector Macpherson, which sheds fresh light on the subject. As I indicated a fortnight ago, the "Canadian Boat-Song" was printed in *Blackwood* in 1829 as "received from a friend in Canada." Galt, as I also noted, was then in the Dominion, and was corresponding with the publishers of the magazine, two facts that seem to establish a strong presumption in his favour. Mr. Macpherson now supplies another link in the chain of evidence by producing a letter which Galt wrote to David Macbeth Moir (Delta), relating how he had been rowed down the St. Lawrence by Canadian boatmen, who enlivened the voyage with songs. "Here," as Mr. Macpherson says, "we have circumstantial evidence, approaching to demonstration, that the author of the 'Canadian Boat-Song' was no other than John Galt."

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The barriers between England and Scotland have all been swept away except one—the linguistic. Incredible it may seem, but it is a fact that the pronunciation of English by a Scotsman differs in not a few respects from that of a Briton born south of the Tweed. And in saying this I am not thinking of the Scot whose speech is, for the most part, the dialect of the northern kingdom, but of the educated Scotsman who wishes to speak standard English. Even long residence in England makes little difference. The reasons are somewhat obscure, but no doubt some light will be shed on the subject in a work entitled "The Pronunciation of English in Scotland," by William Grant, which the Cambridge Press are publishing shortly.

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Why have we never had a biography of so interesting a personage as Anthony Trollope? His "Autobiography," no doubt, is both informative and amusing, but it can hardly take the place of a biography. Happily, there is now some prospect of the gap being filled by a monograph which Mr. T. H. S. Escott is publishing through Mr. John Lane. I hope it will compel reconsideration of the popular judgment of Trollope, which has been a little unkind. Trollope is usually regarded as a mediocre person, who turned out novels with the unfailing regularity with which a factory turns out boots. Be it so; but at any rate his books are readable and wholesome, which is saying more than can be said of the work of some novelists who stand much higher in literary favour.

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It would really seem as if Mr. A. C. Benson were going to take the place of Mr. Andrew Lang, both as regards versatility and industry. He has already more than thirty volumes to his credit, and next month he adds to the number with a volume of essays entitled "Along the Road." Not a bad record for a writer who has just turned fifty. And if Mr. Benson gives us quantity, he also gives us quality. He has made his mark in literary criticism, biography, and history; he has also won distinction as a scholar, essayist, and critic. The extreme felicity of the titles of many of Mr. Benson's books is, to my mind, a most notable feature. "The House of Quiet," "The Hill of Trouble," "The Isles of Sunset," "The Thread of Gold," "Beside Still Waters," are titles which cling to the memory.

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With the appearance of Vols. 19 and 20 ("The Dynasts" and "Time's Laughing Stocks"), Messrs. Macmillan have completed the publication of the Wessex edition of Mr. Thomas Hardy's works. Each volume is furnished with a preface and notes; also a frontispiece in photogravure and a map of the Wessex of the novels and poems.

X. Y. Z.

# THE BOY AND HIS MOTHER ⁂ ⁂ ⁂ BY GILBERT THOMAS

I.

THE question as to whether the public school system is a success or a failure is, as it has been before, and as it will be again and again until it is finally settled, one of the questions of the hour. It is a question that has attracted the attention of every type of professional and lay critic, and innumerable remedies have been suggested for innumerable complaints. Nor out of all this welter of debate has much light dawned; simply because, as is too often the case with public discussions, the solution has been sought by worrying around side issues and neglecting the heart of the situation. The educational toothache can only be removed by removing the offending tooth; any amount of poulticing can only serve, in the long run, to aggravate the wound which it strives to heal. In an admirably sincere and refreshingly common-sense book just issued anonymously under the title of "A Housemaster's Letters," the author, who is obviously a man of wide and genuine experience with a deep sense of the responsibility attaching to his profession, lays his finger with sure judgment upon the offending tooth. I say that he has a deep sense of his responsibility, and he makes no attempt to shirk it. He has a loyal faith in the public school, and a high estimate of what it is able to achieve. Nevertheless, he is convinced that why the public school fails to realise the ideal is because its limitations are insufficiently realised—not, as superficial critics urge, by the public school authorities themselves, but by the parents who surrender their boys to the care of a system from which they expect more than the best organised system can possibly supply.

II.

The mistake which the average parent makes is to regard the public school as affording in itself a whole and perfect education for the body, mind, and soul of a boy when once he is released from his mother's apron-strings. Whereas, the truth is, of course, that there is no time when a boy stands more in need, especially of a mother's influence, than when he is cast as "a waif upon the wind," to quote the Harrow song, into the vortex of school life. It is then that the mother must let her spirit go forth to him in her letters; while in the holidays—and it is a mistake to suppose that the holidays are a day too long—she must take every opportunity of maintaining and deepening that spiritual communion between mother and son which is the choicest of God's gifts to both. It is the purpose of the public school to supply the wind of discipline, to strengthen and to prune the garden of the young life; it is the mother's part to supply the sun, to mellow, to beautify and mature. Therefore, fond mother, let the garden which God has given into your care have plenty of sun. Without plenty of sun, it must wither; and, if it wither, the wind, unable to fulfil its true function, since it has not the right soil to work upon, can only wither it the more. Given good soil, the public school can produce good results; but given bad soil, it can only achieve indifferent results. It cannot gather grapes of thistles.

III.

Now all this is not to suggest that the mothers of our public school boys are guilty of wilful neglect. Such a thing is unthinkable, except in those very rare instances which, we are told, always go to prove the rule. It is simply a case of misunderstanding. As the author of the book I have mentioned says, there is an idea abroad that too much maternal attention makes a boy effeminate. It is false. Too much sentimentality, too much surface fussiness, is ruinous to the constitution of any soul; but too much healthy sentiment it is impossible for a mother to bestow upon her son. And yet so deeply has this fear of effeminacy taken root in the mother's heart that when her boy comes home for the holidays she makes no attempt to melt the solid ice of reticence with which she is confronted, and sometimes she even tries to keep as much as possible out of his way, lest she should prove a stumbling-block to his manhood! While the boy, in the presence of his mother's reserve, recoils more and more into his own shell, much as he yearns for the warmth of her sympathy. What a pathetic misunderstanding on both sides!

IV.

If the public school problem (falsely so called) is to be solved, the mother must rid herself of this wholly erroneous notion, and remember that the highest type of manhood is that in which there is most of gentleness. Remembering this, she will no longer hesitate to open her heart freely to the youngster during his holidays, and she will be surprised to see how quickly the apparently impenetrable ice thaws under the sunshine of her sympathy. She will learn to talk easily to the boy about her own interests and her own doings, and she will be surprised to find how much more ready he is to admit her into his own confidences. She will learn to take him about with her; nor will she hesitate to let him mix freely in feminine society, if once she realises how heavily the responsibility of the boy's ultimate attitude towards womanhood weighs upon her own shoulders, and how vital is that attitude in the forming of his character.

V.

And, finally, the mother will not forget that the true education and culture of her son's mind, while largely the father's concern, is still more largely her own. At school the boy will learn that any two sides of a triangle are together greater than the third, and will pick up smatterings of knowledge on various concrete subjects. But, after all, what is taught at school is less of intrinsic value than it is of worth as a sharpener of the receptive faculties; the true flower of culture must always be of home growth. The wise mother, therefore, will do all in her power to encourage her son to read and to think for himself, and she will not deny him any reasonable class of literature for which he may show an affinity. And, if she be truly wise, she will make a regular habit of reading to him herself. For, while many boys will only read books of an ephemeral order spontaneously, they will often listen to words of more permanent worth when they come through the medium of a mother's lips, and irradiated with a diviner glory in that they come also with the emphasis of a mother's heart. By thus reading to her boy, a mother not only unlocks for him treasure houses of wisdom and beauty, but she establishes a still fuller spiritual bond between herself and him, which nothing can destroy, and which will remain eternally fresh even when the primroses have blossomed many times, perchance, upon her grave.

# THE SPIRITS' MASS

## By ANATOLE FRANCE

THIS is the story that the sacristan of the church of Ste. Eulalie at Neuville d'Aumont told me in the arbour of the "White Horse" one fine summer's evening, as he drank a bottle of old wine to the health of a well-to-do man who had died, and whom he had that very morning carried to his grave with all due honour, covered by a pall strewn with fine silver tears.

"My poor dear father" (to use the sacristan's own words) "was a grave-digger all his life. He had a pleasant disposition, which was doubtless the effect of his trade, for it has been observed that people who work in graveyards are of a jovial nature. Death does not frighten them; they never think about it. As for myself, sir, I go into a graveyard at night as calmly as into the arbour of the 'White Horse.' And if by any chance I meet a ghost, I am not in the least upset by it, for I bethink myself that it has as much right to go about its business as I about mine. I know the ways of the dead and what they are like. I know things concerning them that the priests themselves do not know, and if I told you all I have seen you would be astonished. But it is not all truths that will bear repeating, and my father, who was nevertheless fond of telling a tale, did not reveal a twentieth part of what he knew. But, on the other hand, he often repeated the same stories, and he has, to my knowledge, related at least a hundred times what happened to Catherine Fontaine.

"Catherine Fontaine was an old spinster whom he remembered having seen when he was a child. I should not be surprised if there were still as many as three old men hereabouts who remember having heard of her, for she was very well known, and of good reputation, though poor. She lived at the corner of Nuns' Street, in the little tower which you can still see, and which belongs to an old tumble-down house looking on to the garden of the Ursulines. On this tower there are some half-effaced figures and inscriptions; the late curé of Ste. Eulalie, M. Levasseur, declared that there is among them a Latin sentence saying that love is stronger than death. 'This is to be understood,' he would add, 'as referring to divine love.'

"Catherine Fontaine lived alone in the little house. She was a lace-maker—you know that the lace of these parts was very famous in the old days. She was not known to have any relations or friends. It was said that at eighteen she had been in love with the young lord of Aumont-Clery, and had been secretly betrothed to him. But honest folk would not believe a word of this, and said it was a tale invented because Catherine Fontaine looked more like a lady than a working woman—because, in spite of her white hair, she still preserved traces of great beauty, because she had a sad face, and because on her finger was to be seen one of those rings on which the goldsmith has wrought two little clasped hands, and which in olden days used to be exchanged at the betrothal ceremony. You shall soon know the truth of the matter.

"Catherine Fontaine lived a devout life. She was a great church-goer, and went every morning, whatever the weather, to six o'clock mass at Ste. Eulalie's.

"One December night, while she was asleep in her little room, she was awakened by the sound of bells; never doubting that they were ringing for the first mass, the pious soul dressed and went down into the street, where it was too dark to see the houses, and where no gleam of light showed in the black sky. And in the darkness the silence was so intense that not even a dog was to be heard barking in the distance, and that one felt cut off from every living being. But Catherine Fontaine, who knew every stone underfoot, and who could have found her way to the church with her eyes shut, had no difficulty in reaching the corner of Nuns' Street and Parish Street, where the wooden house stands which has a Tree of Jesse carved on a great beam. When she reached this spot she saw that the church doors were open, and that a great glow of lighted candles was shining forth. She walked on, and, passing through the porch, found herself among a numerous assembly, which filled the church. But she did not recognise any of the people present, and was surprised to see them all dressed in velvet and brocade, with feathers in their hats, and wearing swords in the fashion of long ago.

"There were noblemen carrying tall canes with gold knobs, and ladies with lace caps, held in place by a jewelled comb. Knights of the Order of St. Louis went hand in hand with ladies who were hiding their painted faces behind their fans, so that all that could be seen was a powdered temple and a patch at the corner of the eye. All of them were noiselessly taking their places, and, as they walked, neither the sound of their steps upon the stone floor nor the rustle of their clothes was to be heard. The side aisles were filled with a crowd of young artisans in brown jerkin, linen breeches, and blue stockings, who had their arms round the waists of pretty girls with rosy cheeks and downcast eyes. Near the holy water basins peasant women in red skirts and laced bodices were seating themselves on the ground with the placidity of domestic animals, while young fellows stood behind them, wide-eyed, twirling their hats in their hands. And it seemed as though the expressions of all these people were mutely immortalising the same thought, at once sweet and sad.

"Kneeling in her accustomed place, Catherine Fontaine saw the priest approach the altar, preceded by two of the clergy. It was a silent mass, during which no sound could be heard from the moving lips, nor any tinkle from the useless bell. Catherine Fontaine felt herself under the observation and influence of her mysterious neighbour, and, looking at him almost without turning her head, she recognised the young lord of Aumont-Clery, who had loved her, and who had been dead for forty-five years. She recognised him by a little mark under his left ear, and particularly by the shadows cast on his cheeks by his long black lashes. He was dressed in the red hunting costume, with gold braid, which he was wearing on the day when, meeting her in St. Leonard's Wood, he had asked a drink of her and taken a kiss. He had preserved his youth and his good looks; his smile still disclosed teeth like those of a young wolf.

"Catherine whispered to him, 'My lord, you who were my love and to whom long ago I gave a girl's dearest possession, may God hold you in His grace! May He at last inspire me with regret for the sin I committed with you; for the truth is that, white-haired and near death as I am, I do not yet repent of having loved you. But, my dead love, my good lord, tell me who are these people in the dress of olden days who are attending this silent mass?'

"The lord of Aumont-Clery replied, in a voice softer than a breath and yet clearer than crystal: 'Catherine, these men and women are souls from purgatory who, like us, have offended God by the sin of carnal love, but who are not for that reason cut off

from God, because their sin, like ours, was free from evil intent. While, parted from what they loved on earth, they are being purified in the lustral fire of purgatory, they suffer the pains of absence, and this suffering is most cruel to them. So unhappy are they that an angel from heaven takes pity on the anguish of their love. With God's permission he every year, for one hour of the night, unites the lovers in their parish church, where they are permitted to attend the mass of the shades hand in hand. This is the truth. If it is given to me to see you here before your death, Catherine, it has not been brought about without God's permission.'

"And Catherine Fontaine replied: 'I would I could die and become beautiful again, as, my dead lord, in the days when I gave you to drink in the forest.'

"While they talked thus softly a very old canon was collecting alms and offering a great brass plate to the congregation, who, one after the other, dropped into it old coins which have not been current for long past: six-guinea pieces, florins, ducats, ducatoons, jacobus and rose-nobles; and the coins fell silently. At last the old canon stopped before Catherine Fontaine, who searched in her pocket without finding a farthing. Then, unwilling to refuse an offering, she took from her finger the ring the knight had given her the day before his death, and dropped it into the brass plate. The gold ring as it fell rang like a great bell-clapper, and, at the sounding noise it made, the knight, the canon, the officiating priest, the clergy, the ladies, their cavaliers, and the whole congregation vanished; the candles went out and Catherine was left alone in the darkness."

His tale concluded, the sacristan took a large gulp of wine, remained thoughtful for a minute, and then began again as follows. "I have told you the story as my father told it to me many a time, and I think it is true, because it agrees with all I have noticed as to the habits and customs peculiar to the dead. I have been much in the company of the dead ever since my childhood, and I know that it is their habit to return to their love. So dead misers wander about at night near the treasures they have hidden in their lifetime. They keep good watch over their gold, but the trouble they take, far from serving them, turns to their hurt, and it is not rare to find money buried in the ground by digging in a spot haunted by a ghost. Again, dead husbands come in the night to trouble their wives who have married again, and I could name several men who have kept better watch over their wives after death than they ever did in their lifetime. These last are blameworthy, for, in all justice, dead men ought not to be jealous. But I am telling you what I have noticed, and one must beware of this when one marries a widow. Besides, the story I have told you is proved in the following way.

"In the morning after that night of wonders Catherine Fontaine was found dead in her room. And the beadle of Ste. Eulalie found in the brass plate used for alms a gold ring with two clasped hands. Besides, I am not a man to tell stories in jest. Suppose we call for another bottle of wine!"

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The path led by an easy descent to the edge of the lake, which now unfolded itself . . . in all its languid and silent beauty. Willows bent their tender foliage over it. Reeds, like pliant swords, swayed their delicate plumes on the water. They stood rustling in islands, and around them the water-lilies spread their broad heart-shaped leaves and their pure white flowers. Over the flowering islands shrill dragon-flies flew, whirling and darting, with emerald or sapphire breast-plates and wings of flame. . . . From its lowly stem the iris yielded them its scent; all around the ribwort unrolled its lace on the edge of the sleeping waters which were studded with the loosestrife's purple flowers.—*From "Bee, the Princess of the Dwarfs," by Anatole France.*

## MR. DARRELL FIGGIS' ESSAYS*

Of the sixteen papers in this volume, thirteen deal with Victorian and post-Victorian writers. Two are devoted to J. M. Synge, and those are by far the most valuable, embodying, as it seems to us, the final verdict on the work of that gifted writer. Mr. Figgis regards Ibsen and Synge—the former for "breadth and scope," the latter for "sheer beauty"—as two modern dramatists who pre-eminently stand out "from the ruck of mere journeyman work." But his admiration for Synge is by no means unqualified.

"If there is one thing more than another noticeable in Synge's work, it is his small and limited field. . . . It is not small only in its final achievement: it is small also within that achievement, since there is a certain sameness running through it. There is also a character of unhealthiness in it that it would be unwise to neglect."

This is well and wisely said, and we hope it will be taken to heart by those whose infatuation has led them to think of Synge as being only a little lower than Shakespeare himself.

Equally interesting is the paper on another distinguished Irish dramatist—Mr. W. B. Yeats—to whom, as we are reminded, Synge owed practically his literary being. Mr. Figgis, however, is concerned merely with Mr. Yeats' poetry. Here, again, he is on unassailable ground when he says that Mr. Yeats' art is "that of simplicity wrought mystical and magical. It deals only with essences. When he succeeds his success is that of pure delight; when he fails there is either confusion or banality." On the other hand, Mr. Figgis' appraisement of Mr. William Watson is too high. To say that "next to Milton I know no craftsmanship so complete in English verse" is surely to express a view which, even when every allowance is made for the superb quality of much of Mr. Watson's work, will not command general approval.

The paper on Meredith is in Mr. Figgis' best critical vein. He is one of the few persons, we should imagine, who have "read through Meredith, work by work, prose and poetry, in chronological order." As the result of this formidable mental effort, Mr. Figgis has become impressed by the organic unity of Meredith's thought, and by the fact that philosophy plays a vital part in the novels. He sums up Meredith's philosophy in one word, "Earth," its correlative being "Man."

The centenary tribute to Dickens, while it does not advance anything particularly new, utters many things in an interesting and attractive way. More penetrating is the companion paper on Thackeray. In the case of the author of "Vanity Fair" the critics are never likely to be agreed, but Mr. Figgis contrives, within brief compass, to state a point of view both shrewd and moderate.

"It is impossible to read any portion of Thackeray without realising that here, if ever, was a man of genius, if he had only been content absolutely and fearlessly to trust that genius, and to dare it in the face of proprieties and smug conventionalities."

No space is left in which to call attention to the exhilarating papers on Browning, Mr. Robert Bridges, Mr. Bernard Shaw, Mr. W. H. Davies, and Mr. Herbert Trench, but enough perhaps has been said to show that Mr. Figgis' book ought to be in the hands of all who appreciate sane and robust criticism wedded to a style of singular charm.

In preparing a second edition Mr. Figgis should remember that the name of the Edinburgh reviewer who cried out on Wordsworth's "Excursion," "This will never do," was not Jeffreys, but Jeffrey.

* "Studies and Appreciations." By Darrell Figgis. 5s. net. (Dent.)

# THE NIGHT SIDE OF LONDON

To the stranger within her gates, London at night may seem drab, dull, forbidding, presenting only miles upon miles of darkened streets and heavy houses. Those who know and love the mammoth city, however, have found that its night side has an interest all its own, strong enough to tempt them sometimes from the cosy shelter of their homes to look again upon the strange scenes, the weird effects, the almost incredible contrasts that make London at night the most fascinating place in the world. The very streets seem clothed in a new, a wonderful aspect, as though you were seeing them for the first time. Filled as they are with an unexpected, a delicious quietude, and freed from the pressure of the crowds that throng them all day long, you notice a thousand new points about them, and you realise that till you have seen London at night, you have not really seen her at all.

* * *

Entering the City proper by its eastern gate, having, let us suppose, reached Liverpool Street by an early morning train, you cannot forbear a gasp at the silence that has descended upon the Temple of Mammon, for not a sound is to be heard save the eerie echo of your own footsteps as you swing along, wondering, as well you may, if anywhere else in the civilised world, let alone London, there is a spot more absolutely deserted, more utterly free of man. Not a soul, not a living creature, can you see. If you were to choose a spot for an assassination, surely it would be here, within a stone's-throw of Throgmorton Street, where all day long men strive and shout, but which is now hushed to a profound stillness. And yet, even here, activity suddenly breaks the silence, for, see, a smart young messenger boy, who ought, you think, to have been in bed these four hours and more, swiftly emerges from a building from which the lights are flashing into the sombre mirk of Cornhill. It is from the cable offices that Mercury has come, bearing you know not what message of life or death, that has been received, perhaps, from the uttermost ends of the earth, a message, perhaps, that is to tell the nations that war has broken out, or that a great ruler is dead, or, who knows? that "earthquake has hit 'Frisco again." Who can tell what an hour may bring forth? You recall that memorable night in December, 1895, when Mr. Chamberlain, sick of waiting for news of Jamieson and his raiders at the Colonial Office, and, with characteristic directness, drove straight to the headquarters of the Cable Company, and, if you are human, you think with a pang of sadness of the tragedy which has rendered that statesman silent as the streets about you. But those streets are soon behind you, and, marching on, you reach Fleet Street, thronged now with carts, crowded with shouting, eager men, who are loaded with bundles of papers, and with the roar of the presses so insistently in your ears that you are eager to escape into the Strand, the region of Bohemia. Here, for the first time on your tour of inspection, you find something of the London that you see every day. There are cabmen, taxi-drivers, young men in evening dress. One who has returned from a concert embarrassed with an enormous 'cello, is arguing with the proprietor of a "growler." "I have paid you your legal fare," he remarked stiffly. "Yus, guv'nor, that's all right for yourself," retorts Jehu, "but," with withering scorn, and pointing at the gargantuan 'cello, "*'ow about the flute?*"

* * *

If you are not too tired with your walk, and care to saunter up Bedford Street, you will have suddenly brought before your eyes the most brilliant night scene that all London affords. You are in Covent Garden, amid a blaze of colour. The air is heavy with the scent of roses; there are masses of lilies, carnations, the spoils of a thousand gardens, the harvest of the countryside. Porters, hoarse of voice, burly of frame, a pyramid of baskets on their heads, lurch across your path. Costers raucously chaffer for their wares, and pile their barrows with vegetables, heaping marrows, cabbages, and lettuces in a glorious mass of colour. Strawberries pervade the atmosphere, pottles and pottles from the fields of Kent. Flower women argue over bundles of blossoms, and, amid a crowd of interested spectators, my Lord Tomnoddy, who has been dining out, and is taxi-ing home, drops in to spend a fi'-pound note and to cover his companion with a wealth of floral offerings as bright as the sacred lamp of burlesque, of which she is a high priestess.

* * *

You must not go home yet. Not till you have seen one other night scene, just a stone's-throw from the Strand, too, where, under the catacombs of the arches beneath the Adelphi, there huddle together in shapeless masses the outcasts of the city, creatures that once were men—and women—now broken in heart and spirit, chilled to the bone, compelled thus to burrow underground and to share their shelter with the rats.

"Oh it is pitiful,
Near a whole city full
Home they have none."

For them there is no rest. For them there is no repose. They will start the day too exhausted, too weary to make a real effort to find work, too weak to do it were it provided. They must look with strained eyes at the cinema show in the Strand of Dante's "Inferno," for the lost souls therein are not more hopeless, not more tortured. * * *

In the suburbs, on the fringe of Greater London, on the open spaces still left as a harbour of refuge to the City's waifs and strays, you will find men, women, and children huddled under the shelter of the trees and bushes, nestling close to the earth, that in their case proves but a stern stepmother. Once—it was a sight never to be forgotten—a car drew up beside one of the "Greens" in Hammersmith; a tall, opulent-looking man alighted and strode towards the shadowy forms outlined on the grass. He did not wait to question or inspect, but simply threw largesse amongst them with a generous hand. A convenient coffee-stall hove into view, and a stampede was made in its direction.

The poor things could not give their orders quick enough; one—she was a grey-haired matron, with two little ones clinging to her skirts—pulled at the sleeve of the stranger and thanked him in such broken tones of gratitude and eagerness that in his own eyes the tears began to start.

But, see, the night is ending, and a flush of rose tints the sky. In the parks the outcasts are trying to make their poor toilets, washing their hands in the Serpentine, the women trying pitifully to arrange their hair. The lions' whelps are leaving the shadow of the Nelson Column. Jeames is stirring in Mayfair, and Lord T. is turning in in Curzon Street. Down the river at Bermondsey the dockers are up, waiting to get busy with the vessels that have come up London's river in the night with bread for her millions. The armies are beginning to pour over the bridges. The day's work has begun.

# THE FUTURE OF THE RUSSIAN CHURCH BY DR. PERCY DEARMER

THE evils in Russia are more picturesque than the good, and form peculiarly vivid material for novels and plays; from whence come many one-sided English ideas. Yet when an advanced Radical like the late Mr. Stead visited the Empire, he returned full of enthusiasm for what he had seen; and most Englishmen who get to know the Russian people retain for them ever after a particularly warm corner of their hearts. It is certainly so with myself: a year has nearly passed since I left Moscow, and to-day the frost in the London streets brings back to my mind the snowy roofs and golden cupolas shining under a blue sky, as when I last looked down upon them from the Kremlin; and I long to be in touch again with the Eastern Church and to feel again the brotherliness of the Russian people.

For that is the characteristic of Russia. It is a family, and its very quarrels are family quarrels,—which, perhaps, accounts for their violence. Solidarity is the supreme Russian quality—or to use the Russian word, *sobornost*, which means more, and carries the sense of national unity into the sacredness of religion. The Russian character is indeed bound up with religion, and forms a brotherhood of faith in a way that we do not know in England. And especially is this the case with the peasantry, which *is* Russia. The Russian word for peasant is "Christian"; and the peasant is a Christian just in those points where Christianity is most difficult to us—patient, simple, meek, poor in spirit, and very charitable, he is a brother in his village community, and the Tsar is his "little Father." He has the qualities of the Sermon on the Mount, and is a born evangelical.

The history of Russia has been a long trial of its solidarity and patience, first in its struggle under the Tartar yoke, then in its efforts to free itself from the Poles (who held Moscow in Shakespeare's lifetime), then in its subsequent expansion. The Christianity of Russia has been intimately bound up with its political history, so that the State bonds are now too close, and Russian ecclesiastics are working to restore the Patriarchate of Moscow and to substitute it for the Holy Synod. Yet the very fact that the head of the Synod is a layman nominated by the Tsar is itself significant, and of a piece with the way in which an ordinary parish church is worked by laymen. The people do not depend upon their minister, as they do in England; a bad priest does not empty his church—the people see that he keeps up the services, and stand in their crowds, as before, packed together for the long Liturgy of the Eastern Church. Religion is everywhere, and its symbols: sacred ikons are in every room, in the restaurants, the café-chantants, even in the brothels: it is bone of the people's bone, and flesh of its flesh. And there is no self-consciousness about it, no false shame: a peasant in his sheepskin, rugged of hair and beard, kneeling on the frozen ground—that is typically Russian; but even more typical to my mind is the picture which lingers in my memory of the great railway station waiting-room at Petersburg, with its two altar-like ikons, and a prosperous merchant in his snow-besprinkled furs crossing himself with his cigar.

All this which I have tried to sketch means, I think, two things—that the Russian Church will endure, and that it will always be strongly national and nationally strong. The Russian Church is indeed going through a period of religious crisis. It is like other Churches in this; but it is less prepared: Western criticism has come to shake it, and it possesses an insufficiently educated clergy. Scepticism is widely spread among the "Intelligenza," and is not unknown in the seminaries. There may be heavy losses in the next generation, and obscurantist bishops may produce a catastrophe. The autocracy too (or the bureaucracy) may make further blunders, and the Church may be fatally involved in them. Very likely the Russian Church is going to be worse before it is better.

Yet I think its roots are so deep that it will in the end recover and endure. And it will be national. Probably it will be less isolated from the West in the future; but there are few signs of its making any terms with the Western Papacy—fewer signs even than there were in the past. The period of copying Italian architecture and French ways is over, as the Germanising policy of Peter the Great is over. Russia has got much harm, as well as good, from the West, and means to go forward into the future on Russian lines. And surely she is right: she still has many beautiful and precious things which we have lost; and now that she has a great literature, and great artists of her own, and men of science, she is wise to do things in her own way, if haply she may avoid some of our Western mistakes.

Now, the Orthodox Church of Russia has always been a great missionary Church, which is little realised by us, because (characteristically) the Russian missionaries have followed the flag—or preceded it, and have had little touch with Western missions. This began when Russia was almost covered by pagan tribes; it spread through the conversion of peoples whose very names are unknown to us—Ijor, Tchud, Korel, for instance—till all Russia was converted. In the sixteenth century the Church, under enormous difficulties, began to work in Kazan, Astrakhan, and Siberia. In the nineteenth century a great educational movement spread from Kazan, through Nicholas Ivanovitch Ilminski, who was a remarkable linguist, even among Russians: he was a master of Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Arabic, and Persian, and he also knew Turkish, Tartar, Yakut, Altaï, Kirgis, Tcheremis Mordva—and many others! The Scriptures were translated into these strange tongues, in the pronunciation of which "not only the throat, the tongue, the teeth, the cheeks take part, but also the eyebrows and the lines in the forehead, and even, it would seem, the hair." Strange tongues indeed!—in Samoyede there was no word for *bread* or *fruit* (there being neither in the land), and none for *love* or *mercy;* and one well-known text had to be translated, "Be ye wise as ermines and simple as seal cubs."

And still Russia spreads. After North Asia came Central Asia—the strange hidden regions where the human race began. And everywhere the Russian Church is at work, herself Eastern, with a natural affinity to Oriental ways. Certainly she has a future in Asia. From Constantinople have sprung the Slav Churches which already stretch, continuous and solid, from the mountains of Montenegro to the remotest plains of Siberia, from the gates of Italy on the Adriatic to the Behring Strait and the Sea of Japan.

# MASTERPIECE OF THE WEEK

## BALZAC'S "COUSIN PONS" ⁂ ⁂ ⁂ BY HENRI MAZEL

NONE of Balzac's novels brings us into closer touch with the author than "Le Cousin Pons." The psychology of the work is singularly subtle, while the plot is both interesting and pathetic. Further, it is a book that anybody can read.

I will try to sketch as lightly as I can the sad fortunes of the kindly soul whom Balzac has drawn. Cousin Pons, about the year 1844, was a tiny, wizened, old man whom everyone turned round to stare after in the street, because he stuck to the fashions of thirty years earlier, when he was young. He wore a light brown English "Spencer" over a dark green coat with white metal buttons, a threefold waistcoat, an immense cravat, in which his chin was buried like a nut-cracker's head, crowned by a huge silk hat, perpetually on the point of tumbling backwards.

But the old caricature of a man was, nevertheless, an artist, being both an accomplished musician and a connoisseur in painting. Indeed, in the latter art his unerring judgment had enabled him to profit by the whirlwind of the Revolution and the Napoleonic epic, when art was at a discount, to get together the best collection in Paris of Italian and Flemish masters. But nobody knew of their existence. A confirmed old bachelor, Cousin Pons never asked anybody to his house except one old friend, a German musician named Schmucke, who was as queer a creature as himself; in fact, the owner of so many masterpieces guarded their privacy against the public eye as jealously as does the Sultan his seraglio.

This worthy old gentleman had one weakness. He was a gourmand whose mouth so watered after savoury meats that he used eagerly to accept the occasional invitations of a distant relative, M. Camusot de Manville, President of one of the divisions of the King's Court in Paris. This he did, in spite of the fact that the President's wife showed no great liking for a poor devil whose humble function was to lead the orchestra in a small theatre, and of whom she condescendingly spoke as "poor Cousin Pons." The novel opens with the President's wife trampling so heavily on the feelings of the "poor relation" (although he had just made her a present of one of the best things in his collection) that Cousin Pons, hurt, miserable, and heart-broken, got up and walked out of the President's house, swearing never to put foot inside it again.

But the amiable old virtuoso has no malice about him, and it is enough for the President to make a little speech about family jars and things not being really meant, for him to forgive them, and even try to return good for evil by making a match for their ill-dowered daughter with a German banker who was four times over a millionaire. The affair went like clockwork, and Cousin Pons was in the seventh heaven, when at what was intended to be the betrothal breakfast the rich banker abruptly called the match off, explaining with German brusqueness that he has never been informed that the young lady was an only daughter, that all only daughters are abominably spoilt, and that, this being so, he won't marry her. And the President's wife, fancying this to be a vengeful stab plotted between the millionaire from the other side of the Rhine and the spiteful old cousin, closed her door against the latter, and said such things about him to their acquaintances that the poor old man found himself cut by everybody. So crushed was Cousin Pons by this unfair coalition, and so broken-hearted was he at finding himself thus slandered and misunderstood, that he fell ill, very ill indeed; and from this point onward the reader sees the man's sickbed becoming a focus of low greeds and ignoble speculations. The dirty wench, Cibot, his concierge, and her neighbour, Remonencq, the marine-store dealer, have got an inkling of the existence of certain valuable treasures in the collector's flat. They manage to bring into his rooms one Magus, a Jew, who keeps a curiosity shop, and is amazed to behold this incredible prize.

The sinister trio see a veritable fortune before them, and they proceed to lay formal siege to it. Poor Pons, who takes a long time over his dying, has nobody to defend him but his old friend Schmucke; and what can he do against the infernal alliance of the concierge, the marine-store dealer, and the curiosity-shop Jew? More vampires come flapping to join the alliance, a shady man of business, a rascally notary, a hypocritical doctor, not to mention others, some working on their own and some in the interest of the President's wife. She has found out what a fortune the old collector possesses in his mysterious abode; she is furious at her ill-luck in having quarrelled with him, and her object is to keep him from making a will disinheriting her, or, if he does so, to arrange for its invalidation.

However, before he actually dies, the old man does have time to make a will, leaving his whole collection to his inseparable friend, the worthy Schmucke; but the latter, simple as a child, overwhelmed by his loss, and hunted by the whole pack of commercial and legal hounds, does not know which way to turn. A writ is served upon him, and he finds himself accused of having exercised undue influence over a testator, a serious crime in the eye of the law, which punishes it with severity; and this completes his discomfiture. He consents to renounce his friend's legacy in consideration of a mere pittance of £100 a year for himself, enough for his own humble needs, as well as of a few thousand francs which he insists must be allotted to a certain minor employee of the theatre, who alone amid the greedy pack of rogues had shown pity and affection for poor Cousin Pons. Thus the finale is that the President's wife becomes the heiress of the wonderful collection.

This bare outline gives a very inadequate idea of the novel. Seldom has the mass of dirty jobs that do sometimes make up modern life been painted more clearly, more vividly, and with so much pathos. The main battle rages round the bedside of the dying man, but there are fresh intrigues, cunning and shameful, which spring to life and come into collision with each other; there are ambitious political and social schemes on the part of the President and his wife, dirty tricks on the part of the shady subordinates who work for the President, but have to avoid compromising him, actual crimes committed by the lowest of the scoundrels, the concierge poisoning her husband in order to marry the curiosity-shop man, after having helped the latter to steal the best pictures in the collection without even waiting for the death of poor Pons

And all these characters, weaving the threads of these multiple intrigues, are marvellously drawn, every

(*Continued on page 502.*)

# Which are Balzac's best novels?

## The Great French Author's Masterpieces, as chosen by Clement Shorter, Editor of the *Sphere* — the only complete and unexpurgated edition—First payment 2/6 only.

To the man or woman who is concerned with the study of character as the mainspring of action, as to the philosophic observer of mankind and to the plain, straightforward reader who likes his fiction to be a real record of real life, the novels of Balzac have an enduring charm.

How simple is his spell! How lightly he taxes the mind with all his greatness! How easily and yet how subtly does he make clear the working of the human heart, unchanged and unchanging throughout a constantly changing civilisation!

An immense sensation was created in the publishing world by the issue of "The Caxton Balzac"—this being the only complete and unexpurgated edition of Balzac's Works ever published in England. And there is no doubt that to the publication of the Caxton Edition of Balzac's Works is largely due that revival of the cult of Balzac amongst cultured Englishmen and Englishwomen, and that practical realisation that Balzac's novels are the Books of Humanity, the novels of the world, and the stories for all time.

It will be good news to those who are only beginning to realise that the novels of Balzac, more than those of any other writer, will bear reading and re-reading again and again to hear that the Caxton Publishing Company is now issuing in a small series a selection of the Best Novels of Balzac for the convenience of those who do not wish to buy the complete edition, and yet who wish to make a profitable acquaintance with Balzac through the best of his works.

The selection of the Best Novels of Balzac was placed in the hands of Mr. Clement Shorter, the Editor of the *Sphere*, an acknowledged authority on the subject.

### What Clement Shorter says:

"I have been asked which, in my judgment, are the best novels of Balzac. There is little difficulty in coming to a decision. I would give them as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| Cousine Bette. | Eugenie Grandet. |
| Cousin Pons. | The Lily of the Valley. |
| La Duchesse de Langeais. | The Illustrious Gaudissart. |
| The House of the Cat and Racket. | The Village Curé. |
| Gobseck. | The Country Doctor. |
| Old Goriot. | The Magic Skin. |
| | The Unknown Masterpiece. |

"Something has been said of the fact that the publishers advertise that their Balzac is 'unexpurgated.' This is of the utmost importance. The charge that a translator 'betrays' is justified where there is a prurient attempt to modify and alter phrases in the interests of Mrs. Grundy. Nothing can justify that. When face to face with a great classic we want the book as near as possible as the author presented it.

"Altogether it would be impossible to speak too highly of the excellence of translation of this edition of Balzac's novels. There are those who say that Balzac should be read in the original, as only thus can you secure his peculiar charm. It is possible to lay too much stress on this point. At least half of Balzac's work relies not so much upon quality of style as upon strength of intellect, and that intellectual power can be captured in a translation, particularly in a translation so good as this."

But as some of these selected stories of Balzac are but short stories, or comparatively short stories, and as, moreover, their charm and interest are greatly accentuated when they are read in conjunction with other Stories—the designs of which have direct reference to them—the Publishers, while they have kept this series a small and compact one, have not confined it strictly to the above list. To give merely one instance. The two first of the Stories selected by Mr. Shorter are "Cousine Bette" and "Cousin Pons." Both of these, though each in itself is complete as a story, form a part of the admirable series known as "The Poor Relations."

And so the Publishers have thought it well to include the whole series of "The Poor Relations" in "The Best Novels of Balzac" series.

"The Best Novels of Balzac," in fourteen volumes, of a style and a size convenient for constant reading, include in all twenty-six Novels, each one absolutely complete and unexpurgated.

### The Magnificent Illustrations.

These fourteen handy volumes are beautifully illustrated by great French Artists, who have embodied the very spirit of the Author. The frontispieces are etchings printed from the copper plates.

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### Andrew Lang's opinion:

"It is impossible to enter on a detailed criticism of Balzac's novels. In them he scales every height and sounds every depth of human character. The qualities of Balzac are his extraordinary range of knowledge, observation, sympathy, his steadfast determination to draw every line and shadow of his subject, and his keen analysis of character and conduct."

### What "Truth" says:

"I can testify not only to the excellence of translation, but also to the charm of the type, binding, paper, and especially of the exquisite illustrations by famous French artists. I should mention also that they are absolutely unexpurgated, and are translated with fidelity, avoiding the coarseness which is so marked in the works of less skilful translators, although quite foreign to the spirit of Balzac himself. Considered in every light, I am unable to conceive a more satisfactory edition of the great novelist's work."

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one of them with crispness, with colour, with life. Once we have read the story we can recall the scenes of it years afterwards with perfect precision. Even the figures in the background, making only a passing appearance on the stage, stand out sharply silhouetted as individuals. The various women servants are as completely differentiated one from another as the solemn members of the Camusot family or the various legal luminaries who come up to the assault in turn. To make his figures more lifelike, the novelist is at times at pains to show us their accent, their very mispronunciations; the good Schmucke speaks German-French, the marine-store dealer talks the patois of Auvergne, Magus uses the jargon of the low-class Jew, and the concierge murders the French language in the slang of the faubourgs. The sensation is that of falling into a literal menagerie of rogues and bandits.

Take, for instance, the portrait of the shady man of business who has just been changing his clothes in order to call on the President's wife, and submit to her his scheme for the acquisition of the collection.

"Fraisier, in a white tie, yellow gloves, and a new wig, redolent of Portugal water, was like some deadly poison decanted into a crystal bottle, the stopper covered with white kid, the very label of it coquettish down to the bit of baby ribbon tied round it, and the poison all the deadlier in consequence. His keen glance, his pimpled face, his cutaneous disease, his green eyes, his villainous savour smite like storm-clouds on a sky of blue." The portrait might stand for Robespierre himself.

But if the drawing of the arch-criminals is perfect, it is no whit more so than that of the heroes of goodness and devotion. A truly touching figure is that of the good Schmucke, with his devoted love, too affectionate almost for a man of sixty, an age when the feelings are necessarily rather less warm; and how he draws our sympathies to the worthy German type! What a perfect pair they made, Pons himself also so kindly, so delicate, and at the end so clear-sighted when in his last agony he discovers the network of villanies spread around him; Schmucke so absolutely devoted, and so absolutely incapable of getting out of any kind of difficulty by himself. And how the third honest man in the story, Topinard, the scene-shifter, is also drawn with sympathy and truth, a poor devil of a working-man, living with his wife and three children in a garret, who shelters poor Schmucke in entire simplicity, with no notion of his being the heir, and shares with him his roof and humble board.

Stories there may be found of greater depth, or grandeur, or brilliancy than Cousin Pons in that rich series of masterpieces known as the "Comédie Humaine"—there is nothing with truer characterisation or more pathetic feeling.

* * *

## PASSERS-BY

I SOMETIMES wonder when I meet you, dear,
And talk of nothing in an easy way;
I wonder if you understand and hear
The things that my poor heart would like to say.

We talk of weather, but I mean that you
Are like a very perfect April day;
We talk of people, but (my dear, it's true!)
There's no one else but you is what I'd say.

And so we meet and talk and part again—
Part, though my very soul would have you stay;
Part, and a smiling face hides all my pain,
And so I take my solitary way.

ERIC LYALL.

# CORRESPONDENCE

*[As our space is limited, correspondents will please bear in mind that the utmost brevity and clearness are essential. We regret having been compelled to withhold a number of excellent letters simply on account of their great length.* ED.]

## LAND REFORM.

*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

SIR,—The opening of your columns for the discussion of the Land Question is very opportune and should clear the issue.

If it be admitted that the private ownership of land is the root cause of all our social evils, then the case for peasant proprietorship falls to the ground. We merely change a number of large estates for a greater number of small ones, and a number of large landowners for a greater number of small landowners, leaving the land private property.

On the other hand, "State tenancy," with fixity of tenure, fair rent, tenant right, the principle of betterment, etc., with which the tenant is assured of the full value of his own labour and improvements, gives to the occupier all the advantages of a peasant proprietor, without the disadvantages.

If reformers could agree on this point, there only remains the question of how to effect the change. Briefly, the methods advocated are (1) Confiscation, (2) Taxation, (3) Compensation. How may we reconcile these three schools of thought, so that by concentrated effort the task may be *easily*, *swiftly*, *economically*, and *justly* effected? Let us assume that municipalities have obtained power to acquire land wherever needed for the community's use, and that the purchase price is a fixed quantity, in accordance with the values tabulated in a new Doomsday Book. Then pay the present landlords, not in cash but by municipal or national bonds, bearing interest, but stamped "Land Values," and subject to the ordinary income-tax, death duties, etc., as ordinary incomes are taxed, plus the "taxation of land values." The bonds could be met annually by the rent obtained from the tenant, the bond reduced by further taxation if the "taxation on land values" were increased, and the redemption of the *decreased value* brought about by the *increased increment*, which would now be the general property of the community.

The "compensators" would thus buy the land without expending any cash. The "taxers of land values" may tax the scrip when they tax the land still privately owned; and the "confiscators" may by aiding the single taxers, or those who advocate terminable annuities for a term of years, life, or lives, finish the job at a season which seems to them good. The whole nation would then be divided into two classes: (1) Occupiers of land, paying rent; (2) non-occupiers, receiving rent. Class 1 would also be rent receivers as much as Class 2, and the landlords who had received compensation would also receive rent as Class 2.

Briefly, by payment in bonds, taxable, terminable, redeemable, we make a payment without cash, using the credit of the nation; we give the single taxers the opportunity, when they have the power, to tax land values to the ultimate, and the confiscators the opportunity to terminate the payments when their chance arrives. And we get the land we require at once, and put the people (after education) on the land at once, and increase our agricultural output at once, gradually reducing payments out and increasing the payments in.—I am, sir, etc., REUBEN MANTON.

Hull.


# A Smoker's Death

**Tragic Story of a Young Guardsman's End at Chelsea Barracks.**

Excessive cigarette smoking was said to have caused the death of Pte. Hatfield, aged twenty-three, of the 2nd Batt. Coldstream Guards, upon whom an inquest was held at Chelsea to-day.

When reveille sounded at the barracks on Sunday morning Hatfield did not stir, and a comrade who went to his bedside found him dead.

Lieut. Osmonde, of the R.A.M.C., said that when Hatfield returned from furlough recently he complained of giddiness, and he advised him not to smoke so much. The cause of death was syncope from degeneration of the heart set up by excessive cigarette smoking.

Extract from the *Evening News*, Jan. 23, 1913.

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**I offer a genuine guaranteed remedy** for tobacco or snuff habit in 72 hours. It is mild, pleasant, strengthening. Overcomes that peculiar **nervousness** and craving for **cigarettes, cigars, pipe, chewing tobacco,** or **snuff.** Tobacco is **poisonous** and seriously **injures the health** in several ways, causing such disorders as nervous dyspepsia, **sleeplessness,** gas, belching, **gnawing,** or other uncomfortable sensation in stomach, **constipation, headache, weak eyes, loss of vigour, red spots on skin, throat irritation, catarrh, asthma, bronchitis, heart failure, lung trouble, melancholy,** neurasthenia, loss of memory and will power, impure (poisoned) blood, rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica, neuritis, **heartburn, torpid liver, loss of appetite,** bad teeth, **foul breath,** lassitude, **lack of ambition,** weakening and falling out of hair, and many other disorders. **It is unsafe and torturing** to attempt to cure yourself of tobacco and snuff habit by suddenly stopping—don't do it. The correct method is to **eliminate the nicotine poison** from the system, strengthen the weakened, irritated membranes, and gradually overcome the craving. You can quickly and easily quit tobacco and enjoy yourself a thousand times better while feeling always in robust health. My FREE book tells all about the **wonderful 3 days' method.** Inexpensive, reliable. Also **Secret Method** for conquering habit in another **without his knowledge.** Full particulars, including my **Book** on **Tobacco** and **Snuff Habit,** mailed in plain wrapper, **free.** Address:

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**EDWARD J. WOODS, 10, NORFOLK ST., 454 T.A., LONDON, W.C.**

*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

SIR,—Your three desiderata for an effective discussion are excellent. May I suggest, for another, a careful and studied avoidance of vagueness and variety in the use of technical terms? For example: when a writer mentions "the Land," let it be quite clear that he is not meaning the land with something else mixed up with it, or only some of the land, as the rural districts, but that he means what he ought to mean, the aggregate area, above and below, of our common territory. When he speaks of "Land Ownership," let the term stand for the real thing, which is, simply, the legislative sanction of exclusive tenure and control, combined, suicidally, with the perpetual and full remission of what it costs the community, in diminution of its aggregate of natural opportunity, to accord and continue such sanction.

When one writes of "Land Values" again, let it be quite clear whether he means (1) what it costs the body of citizens for the time being to go without the use of this or that tract in favour of one or another of their number — the letting value; or (2) the lump sum which such citizen is enabled to command from a fellow-citizen for transferring to him, along with the title to the tract of land, his present legal immunity from the payment of its current and prospective public dues—the selling value. The arrogation of the term "Labour" (or "the worker," as in Felix Elderly's letter last week) to a particular class ought, I think, to be barred; the "working" man, properly speaking, being only another name for the "honest" man—that is to say, for *everyman*—who, in place of coveting or desiring other men's goods, prefers to do his duty towards his neighbour by learning and labouring truly to get his own living.—I am, sir, etc.,

A. C. AUCHMUTY.

Edgbaston, Jan. 6th, 1913.

*(This Correspondence is now closed.)*

## SHOULD TEACHERS BECOME CIVIL SERVANTS?

*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

SIR,—This letter has been suggested to me by a paragraph from the *Spectator*, which appeared under the heading "Echoes of the Week," in EVERYMAN for January 17th. The writer of the paragraph seems to think that education would suffer through teachers becoming civil servants. He writes: "We cannot make it (i.e., the change) except at the cost of subordinating the interest of education to the interest of the teachers, and this is not a cost which we have any right to incur."

I am one of a large and, I think, growing number of people who think that education in this country might be a very great deal better than it is, but couldn't very well be much worse. That is not, however, the special point I want to raise. May I ask what the teacher counts for in education? Are his interests not worth consideration? Is his profession, from a national point of view, not the most important of all professions? Does the character-building of the citizens of the future not lie largely in his hands? We might well take a pattern from Germany and France, not only as regards education generally, but also the treatment meted out to teachers. In these countries the teacher is a civil servant, and in Germany he is better paid than his British colleague, whilst in both countries his conditions of service generally are a long way better. The Germans do not waste their money paying large salaries to head masters for organisation (blessed word!) while starving their assistants; hours of work are reasonably long, and ample time is allowed for the correction of exercises. We see that the Germans have an excellent system of education, and yet the teachers are State servants.

Why, then, should education in this country suffer through the improvement of the teacher's position? So far he has had precious little attention given to the betterment of his conditions. The men who do the really educative work of the school get a beggarly pittance, with which they are supposed to keep their libraries up to date, to take Continental holidays (especially if they are language masters), to keep a decent house, bring up a family, give their children a good education, and if they are in the country to go to town to attend educational conferences. In many of our schools—I refer particularly to secondary and higher grade schools in Scotland—the assistants are sweated to produce examination results, Government grants, and attractive prospectuses.

Two years ago a "Report of an Enquiry into the Conditions of Service of Teachers in English and Foreign Secondary Schools" was published by George Bell and Sons, price 2s. Let all assistants in secondary or higher grade schools in this country provide themselves with this report and judge for themselves; the money will be well spent; let them study with particular care the chapters dealing with France and Germany, and then perhaps they will wonder at their own apathy and long-suffering willingness to endure conditions that are in a great many schools almost beyond endurance, conditions that are scoffed at by Continental teachers, who have a status and receive a consideration that the teacher in general in this country has never had.

I enclose my card, and beg to sign myself

STUDENT.

## THE "DOWRY" QUESTION AND FRENCH MARRIAGES.

*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

SIR,—In a recent issue of EVERYMAN, the article, "Why is Living Cheaper in France than in England?" revealed a keen and fair insight in the understanding of a question which is nearly always misinterpreted on this side of the Channel—the question of the dowry. It is very gratifying to see it at last put before the English public in its true light.

But I think that one thing has been omitted; for, if, indeed, the *dot* is not usual in England, it is not quite true that money-matters play no part whatever in English marriages, only it takes a different aspect, and is far from having the same result.

In fact, generally speaking, the English girl of to-day does not, as the writer of the article seems to insinuate, "trust to Providence and to the future," for she wants her future husband to have a fairly high income. I am alluding here to the classes of society which correspond to those in which in France a dowry is thought of as necessary.

How many English girls have I met who "*do not marry yet*" because their fiancé has not a sufficient income, *i.e.*, as a rule, an income of £350 to £400? These girls have no money of their own, and their parents have now for the whole family about £500 to £600 a year, sometimes less. They are, in four cases to my knowledge, over thirty years of age, and are thus wasting the best years of their life. I wish to add that, although, to my mind, they are distinctly

*(Continued on page 506.)*

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wrong, it is difficult to blame them entirely in the present state of society.

It is not rare either to hear the money side of a marriage discussed in England. Whenever I have heard a marriage announced, one of the first questions asked was whether the girl had got any money. There are many families where the son's wife is not at all appreciated because she was not rich enough. I could quote many instances of these kinds.

The money question comes into consideration just as much in England as in France; but it seems to me that the sense of parental responsibility, alluded to in the article of EVERYMAN, which prompts French people to constitute a dowry for their daughter, is of a higher kind than the one which causes a girl to wait until her future husband has got an income, which, to a French girl of the same situation, seems a very high one to begin married life with.

On account of her dowry and its consequent participation in the prosperity of the family, the French woman feels that the family she creates is built up on her money as well as on that of her husband; she feels more independent in the proper sense of the word; she feels a true right to claim a part in the making of plans in which her money is entrusted; her husband does not disdain to ask for her advice, and to rely upon it.

To these last few points may probably be traced one of the reasons why the French woman plays so great a part in the life of the country; why she is conscious of the place she occupies; and why the English suffragist movement has not had in France any parallel worthy of notice.

I must add that, if the question of the dowry may prevent some marriages in France, the French girl has always a say in the choice of her husband; that no one is ever forced on her, as is the current opinion with a large number of persons in England; and, moreover, that it is also quite certain that a girl without money has just as many chances of marrying in France as in England.

If you think these few words likely to interest your readers, I shall be grateful to EVERYMAN for the opportunity given to me to show, although I have not by far said all there is to say about it, that the dowry question is not so shameful after all.—I am, sir, etc.,

Reading. YVONNE M. SALMON.

## A ROMAN CATHOLIC EDUCATION.

*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

DEAR SIR,—Monsignor Benson has given us his account of Eton education with regard to religion and morality, which, to a certain extent, he contrasts with religion and morality as taught in the Roman Catholic Church. And now may I be permitted to render an account—with sole reference to the two subjects under discussion—of my six years' education at a Roman Catholic Secondary School?

The most important part of my boyhood I passed at this establishment, and my reports can prove that I always obtained high marks for Doctrine and Scripture. Furthermore, during all that time and for a few years afterwards I was an altar-boy at a Catholic church, where I came into contact with numerous priests of that faith. So it is plain that I received a good deal of Catholic instruction, and obtained a fair insight into the methods of instructing the boyhood of the Roman Catholic Church for their welfare.

In his boyhood Monsignor Benson learned religion and morality according to the Eton system, and I fancy that I am not wrong in saying that, could this

distinguished man of religion have his boyhood over again, he would prefer the Catholic method. Well, in the writer you have a case of one who was educated entirely under the latter system, and who, if it were possible for him to have his boyhood once more, would strain every nerve NOT to have morality and religion taught him in the way it is done in the Roman Catholic Church. I am perfectly confident that I am by no means a solitary case in this respect, because the extremely lax system prevalent in the Roman Catholic Church of inculcating morality in the young is, in an enormous measure, to blame for those who throw off the yoke of Rome. It is absolute humbug having beautiful churches, elaborate ceremonial, magnificent singing, and high-sounding prayers, when at the same time there is an entire failure to instil morality in the young.

Monsignor Benson would have us to believe that what is lacking in the Eton education is a man who can be the confidant of the boys, and that a sympathetic man, sworn to keep such confidences, would be the right man in the right place. The Catholic priest in the confessional is bound by the laws of his Church to keep confidences, and Monsignor Benson implies that here is the man wanted. But does he really believe that every Catholic boy gives his confessor absolute confidence?

I strongly maintain that there are very large numbers of Catholic boys of the impressionable age who are absolutely unaware of what the particular form of vice in question really is, by reason of the fact never having been explained to them. Does Monsignor Benson think that the average Catholic schoolboy, totally ignorant that indulgence in this vice is a most grievous sin, is going to confess as a sin that which he (the boy) regards as being perfectly natural and harmless?

Unfortunately the youth of the Catholic Church receives no explicit teaching as to what ruin to both body and soul the insidious blight can do. Of course, at the school where I was educated there were religious lectures to apply specially to boys; yet the subject of purity was always spoken of in a vague, indefinite manner, so that the vast majority of the boys hardly understood what the instructor was driving at.

From my own experiences, the Roman Catholic clergy evidently treat the subject as a "nightmare"—the matter is too unpleasant for them to discuss. Most likely they expect parents to inform their children, while at the same time the parents confidently rely on the priests, as moral and spiritual guardians, to enlighten their children on this all-important question. The moral and spiritual welfare of Catholic youth is entrusted to the clergy of that Church, who leave the boys in the dark to feel for themselves. To my mind, it is absurd to have such elaborate ritual, confessions, and so forth, whilst at the same time the boys are left to their own devices in the most important part of all.

Practically all the boys at the church I used to attend, altar-boys and choir-boys included, fell into vicious habits, but never a word was uttered on the subject—it would, perhaps, have been a breach of (supposed) good manners. At my school, as well as at the church, this particular form of vice claimed too many victims, who might doubtless have been of fine character but for this besetting evil. I often wondered later on how some of the boys escaped, and this I discovered was owing to proper instruction by their sensible parents, who evidently did not trust all to the priests.

I ought to mention that it is one of the proudest


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boasts of the Roman Catholic Church that her teaching everywhere is the same. A fair sample of some of this latter and its results have been given here.

You will not eradicate this vice by means of the confessional. It should be one of the principal laws of all religions that every boy be told frankly and straight what personal purity really is, and thus ensure that the foundations of manliness be firmly laid.

After I had left school I got a tremendous shock, when I found out (from a non-Catholic though unbiased source) what morality really meant. This set me thinking seriously for a long time, the result of which was that I could not consistently remain a member of such a religion, and consequently I felt it my duty to leave the Roman Catholic Church.

Monsignor Benson joined the Catholic Church long after his boyhood. The writer was born and brought up in the Roman Catholic faith, and I might go so far as to say that had this eminent cleric, as a boy, been educated in religion and morality according to Roman Catholic methods, he would now, perhaps, think a little different as regards those same methods, which are very, very sadly in need of reform.—I am, sir, etc.,

F. A.

## THE BIBLE.

*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

DEAR SIR,—At the very summit of English Literature stands the English Bible. It is worth reading from this point of view, and, if rightly interpreted, it presents a conspectus of the world's history and of the gradual revelation of God's will concerning us. Mr. Ferris is mistaken in supposing that we teach to-day in the Church of Christ the infallibility of every word in the book. We find in it a record of progress, in spite of constant retrogression, of mistakes which taught useful lessons, and of the tendency of rules, regulations, and ceremonial to harden the heart. Mr. Ferris is right in saying that the tradition of the elders which our Lord set aside was the immediate cause of the Crucifixion, and this should have been a sufficient warning to all who call themselves by His name that the same result will always follow—as indeed has been the case—whenever a prophet has arisen with a call to righteousness. "I wot, brethren," says St. Peter, "that it was in ignorance ye did it"; but such ignorance is no longer a righteous plea. We are bound to search the Scriptures, and we do, but bound still more to use the light now spread abroad by them to see where we have gone astray in the past, and mend our ways in the future. The revelation of Jesus Christ is plain. God is our Father. All distinctions of race or position are abolished; wealth is a snare and should be only used as a trust for the common good; absolute truthfulness and honesty are prime duties; every shadow of hypocrisy is hateful.

No line should be drawn, as Mr. Ferris would draw it, between the Old and the New Testament. He will find in the Apocalypse passages which will shock him all the more, because they proceed from a Christian source; but he will admire the glorious beauty of other passages, and take into account the horrors of the Neronian persecution.—I am, sir, etc.,

OCTOGENARIAN.

In our issue of last week, referring to the forthcoming edition of "The Art Treasures of Great Britain," we inadvertently stated that the editor, Mr. C. H. Collins-Baker, the well-known art critic, was of the National Portrait Gallery. Mr. Baker has a unique knowledge of the works of art in the Gallery, but is *not* officially connected with it.

## A JAPANESE FARMER SAGE*

"If we would only develop the deserted wastes in human minds, we could then let the deserted fields look out for themselves." This, one of the favourite sayings of Ninomiya Sontoku, the Japanese Farmer Sage, may fitly be regarded as the inspirational idea of his life-work.

Ninomiya is the most famous man Japan has given to the industrial world. Born in 1787 in the province of Sagami, he was a farmer from a humble home, who educated himself, and became one of the great moral and intellectual forces of Japan just before the dawn of the Meiji Era, the age of enlightenment. After his death in 1856, his teaching and methods were perpetuated by a band of enthusiastic disciples. But it is only since the Russo-Japanese War that his writings have become popular. Now his followers are scattered all over Japan, and such is the esteem in which his teaching is held that the Home Department of the Japanese Government, acting in co-operation with the Educational Department, recently endeavoured to introduce it into the whole school system of Japan.

Ninomiya was an economic and moral rather than a religious force. His career was largely an attempt to show that, while the cultivation of the land is the true basis of economic success, this ideal was attainable only by people who had moral stamina. The most careful and economical methods of utilising the resources of the country would be largely futile, if those who employed them were morally indifferent. Many notable men in Japan had emphasised the fact that in the tillage of the soil lay the happiness and prosperity of the people, but Ninomiya was the first to base economic success upon morality.

The fundamental teaching of the Farmer Sage is contained in his "Evening Addresses," which have been likened to the "Analects of Confucius." It is known as "Hotoku" (literally "The Rewarding of Graces"). Hence the well-known Japanese organisation of that name, with its two-fold object—the development of morality and the promotion of industry and economy.

English readers will feel grateful to Mr. Armstrong for his brief but quite adequate record of the life and teaching of Ninomiya Sontoku, who, in trying to rescue his countrymen from the misery of bad economic conditions and to make them prosperous and contented, is entitled to be regarded as one of the makers of modern Japan. There is a portrait of the Sage and other illustrations.

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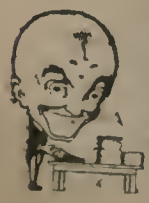

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which, with careful proof-reading, might have been avoided. Be that as it may, the book presents a vivid conception of Jesus Christ "as known (if known at all) by the vast majority of Moslems, whether learned or illiterate."

Dr. Zwemer, at the outset, reminds us that there is a paradox bound up with his theme.

"Islam is the only one of the great non-Christian religions which gives a place to Christ in its book, and yet it is also the only one of the non-Christian religions which denies His deity, His atonement and His supreme place as Lord of all in its sacred literature."

Moslems acknowledge Jesus Christ not only as a true prophet, but one of the greatest before Mohammed. And the fact is also worth remembering that no fewer than three of the chapters of the Koran, namely, that of "Amran's Family" (Surah III.), that of "The Table" (Surah V.), and that of Mary (Surah XIX.), are so named because of references to Jesus Christ and His work. But, as Dr. Zwemer brings out in a most interesting way, the Koran alone of the sacred books of the East gives Christ a place, but does so by displacing Him. The cardinal attributes of His life and teaching are left out; to the people of the Moslem world he is only a prophet, and a *minor* prophet.

But the very fact that the Founder of Christianity has a place in the literature of Islam ought to be of immense service to the Christian missionaries who labour among the Moslems. Dr. Zwemer sees this clearly, and has wisely devoted his final chapter to the problem of how to preach the Christ of the New Testament to the Mohammedan world. As regards this aspect of the subject, it is interesting to learn, on the testimony of so experienced a missionary, that beyond the shadow of a doubt "the hour is ripe for evangelising the Moslem world." It only remains to add that the book contains several illustrations and a useful bibliography.

## A PLEA FOR SCIENTIFIC CHRISTIANITY*

THIS new and cheaper edition of an eminently thoughtful book, first published some four years ago, will be welcomed by many who seek to reconcile the claims of science and Christianity. The writer takes his stand upon the Darwinian theory, and his book is an effort to investigate "the true scientific basis of religious phenomena." He argues that the whole nature of man is subject to laws which operate universally, and that when these laws are so applied they furnish the key to a good many problems, including how to live the greatest life, by which is meant the highest ideal conceivable by the human intellect.

Dr. Leighton's position is thoroughly antagonistic to the current conceptions of orthodox Christianity. He does not allow for the play of supernatural forces. To differentiate religious truth from other kinds of truth is, in his view, unwarranted. Spiritual experiences, he says, must be governed in accordance with the laws which rule the rest of the universe. And so he concludes that the future evolution of man, if it is to be in the direction of higher ethical progress, can only be attained as the result of what he calls "a scientific Christianity."

The writer's leading positions are lucidly and skilfully set forth, and the book is full of sober reflection. Dr. Leighton wholly misunderstands orthodox Christianity, which professes to be a divine revelation, and therefore incapable of scientific demonstration. To

* "The Greatest Life." By Gerald Leighton, M.D., F.R.S. 2s. 6d. net. (Duckworth.)

ask, Can no place be found for spiritual truths in the natural order of things? is to ignore entirely the supernatural claims of Christianity. Dr. Leighton says "that the age of acceptance by faith of *any* truth is gone for ever." If that be so, Christianity is doomed, for it rests upon faith.

## THE STRUGGLE FOR BREAD*

THAT Mr. Norman Angell should have succeeded in bringing into the field so able, vigorous, and well-equipped an antagonist as "Rifleman" is in itself a striking testimony, if not to the profound significance of his views, at all events to their novelty and attractiveness. "Rifleman" sees clearly that Mr. Angell's arguments have taken strong hold upon the popular imagination, and, as he is firmly convinced that they constitute "the most gross and dangerous illusion ever based on ignorance and preached to ignorance," he summons to his aid all his dialectical skill (which is saying much) and straightway attempts to demolish them.

It may seem paradoxical, but it is a fact, that there is a class of militarists who define their position somewhat hesitatingly, as if haunted by a suspicion that it was not quite tenable and required extenuation. "Rifleman" does not belong to this school. He is a pronounced militarist, who does not mince matters. Not only does he state quite frankly the logical conclusions of his position, but he seems to accept them with an air of triumph. He ridicules the idea that economic security has no relation to military power, and maintains, on the contrary, that without the fostering care of armed strength, trade decays.

The present economic situation in Europe fills "Rifleman" with the gloomiest forebodings.

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His case is briefly this: The capitalist nations of Europe are struggling desperately for bread. Germany is the hungriest of them all, and by the economics of the case is bound to become hungrier still. Irresistible forces are therefore driving her to better her economic position, which can only be done by ousting Britain from her premier position in the markets of the world. If the ruling classes of Germany do not attempt the military conquest of Britain, then that nation will be face to face with an internal revolt of Labour forces which will practically amount to a revolution. War or Socialism—between them lie the fate of Germany.

"Rifleman" devotes considerable space to showing that Germany has every inducement to fight. From a military point of view she is all-powerful, whilst her navy is rapidly being brought to a high state of efficiency. On the other hand, if she were victorious, the economic gain would be enormous, for not only would she capture the carrying trade of Britain, but the receipt of a gigantic war indemnity would capitalise German industry and place eventually in her hands the bulk of British export trade.

"Rifleman's" conclusion is that the day is not far distant when we shall be menaced by the twin dangers of foreign war and industrial revolution. The first can only be warded off by a powerful navy; the second by a firm administration of the law, and a policy of sane, enlightened social reform.

Altogether, the book furnishes a powerful state-

*The Struggle for Bread: A Reply to "The Great Illusion" and Enquiry into Economic Tendencies. By "A Rifleman." 5s. net. (Lane.)


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ment of the militarist view. But we rise from its perusal dissatisfied, unconvinced. We feel that at bottom the author is out of sympathy with what we shall call "the humane view," and his whole outlook is coloured by this fact. There is no suggestion in this book that he has ever been impressed by the truth that "Peace hath her victories no less renowned than those of war." Militancy appeals to him, and it is not difficult to discover that his antipathy to the pacificist policy is more influenced by this fact than by the logic of events.

* * *

## BOOKS OF THE WEEK

THIS AND THAT AND THE OTHER (Methuen, 5s. net) includes some of the most delightful things ever said by Mr. Belloc. The essay on "Inns" cheers one even to read, and fills one with an ardent longing to discover the special hostels of which he writes. He contends the noblest are in South England, "and it is in South England that the chief inns of the world still stand. In the hall of it, as you come in, are barrels of cider standing upon chairs. The woman that keeps this inn is real and kind. She receives you so that you are glad to enter the house. She takes pleasure in her life. That which was her beauty her daughter now inherits, and she serves at the bar. Her son is strong, and carries up the luggage." A paradise such as this is rarely to be met with. Nowadays the good old taverns have given place to showy hotels, where the raucous gramophone has ousted the local singer. For it is noticeable that in the country—always excepting the South of England—the inn, as Mr. Belloc describes it, is gradually becoming extinct, and what a few years ago was a cheerful, roomy place you find to-day turned into a draughty building, built after the fashion endorsed by the Garden City, with its drink to match. The essay that gives us keenest delight is on the "Servants of the Rich." The opening paragraph sets the key to the delicious whole, and we cannot resist quoting. "Do you mark there, down in the lowest point and innermost funnel of Hell's Fire Pit, souls writhing in smoke, themselves like glowing smoke and tortured in the flame? You ask me what they are. These are the servants of the rich: the men who in their mortal life opened the doors of the great houses, and drove the carriages, and sneered at the unhappy guests." We have at times suffered intensely from the superior butler, the man who seems instinctively to spy out the hole in your boot, and fixes his eye on the darn in your coat. No one has ever written of the tyranny of these people so perfectly as the author. "That man who looked us up and down so insolently when the doors were opened in St. James's Square, and who thought one's boots so comic. He, too, and all his like burn separately."

The rest of the essays, "The Human Charlatan" and "The Fanatic," are amongst the most brilliant and convincing.

* * *

The success of the Ammergau play notwithstanding, there has always been in this country an instinctive dread of dramatic representations of Christ. Religious people imagine that they are bound to degenerate into unedifying theatrical displays, from which the spirit of reverence and devotion has fled. Those who entertain such scruples would do well to read BETHLEHEM TABLEAUX FROM BEHIND THE SCENES, by John K. C. Chesshire (Dent, 5s. net). The author is fully convinced of the religious value of representations of this sort, and says that wherever the attempt has been made "it has been

found that reverence and the right spirit increases so marvellously as the preparations and rehearsals proceed that anything in the nature of bad taste automatically disappears." His book is based on personal experience gained in connection with the management of the Wribbenhall Bethlehem Tableaux of 1911 and 1912, and is a compendium of practical information, showing how such tableaux may be represented in town or country parishes. At the end of the volume there is a suggested scheme for a representation of the Bethlehem Tableaux, with an Old Testament introduction, together with suitable music. The work is enhanced by numerous illustrations from photographs taken, with three exceptions, by flashlight from a reconstruction of the actual groupings of the Wribbenhall Tableaux.

❀ ❀ ❀

NAN AND OTHER PIONEER WOMEN OF THE WEST, by Frances E. Herring (F. Griffiths, 3s. 6d.), is not exactly a pleasant book. It consists of sketches of British Columbia life as the writer knew it some forty or fifty years ago. These are, for the most part, somewhat gruesome, especially the first (which gives the title to the book), in which we are introduced to the horrors of cannibalism. But the writer does not eschew entirely the lighter vein. In "Miss Phœbe's Courtship" she shows herself possessed of some humour. As a whole, however, the book is rather amateurish, and we do not quite see why it was published, unless it was to enforce the lesson that the pioneer women of the West had a terrible time, mainly owing to "the over-thraldom of men." Certainly, suffragettes will find consolation in this book.

❀ ❀ ❀

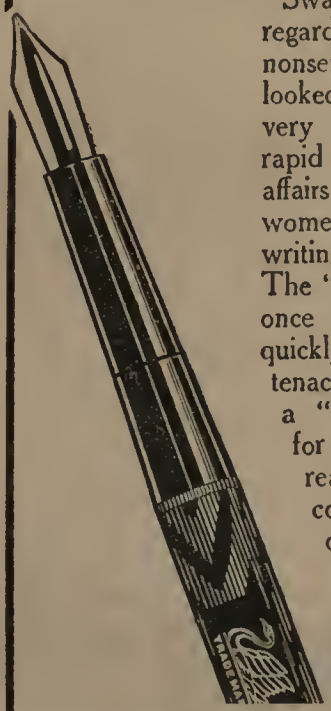
WASHINGTON IRVING occupies a unique position in literature. He shares with Charles Lamb the elfin humour and Puck-like spirit that mark out the salient points for ridicule and gentle sarcasm. But he has a fund of sympathy not always present in the essays of "Elia." Save, perhaps, in "Dream Children," where Lamb touches the high-water mark of pathos, the American has a broader and more human outlook on life, possesses a wider understanding of man's weaknesses and foibles. THE SKETCH BOOK is at once the most popular of Irving's works, and the most notable. Eloquent as are his descriptives, picturesque as are his accounts of the "Alhambra" and Moorish art in Spain, nothing attains to the perfection of his art in "Rip van Winkle." In style Irving is easy and pleasant to read. The stream of his narrative flows on like a country road, winding in and out the hills, until of a sudden through the trees you catch a glimpse of purple mountains in the distance, or the smoke of a little homestead rising to the sky. The story of Rip is immortal. He paints for us the picture of those dear and familiar things that we can never forget. For the legend tells us not only of life's failures, hardships, and heartaches; it enshrines for us the most precious things of all, the memory of old hopes, the ideals of our lost youth, the fragrance of our first love.

Messrs. Frowde are to be congratulated upon their production of this edition. Well bound and admirably printed, it is astonishing that so valuable a book can be obtained for the small price of a shilling.

❀ ❀ ❀

"In a poplar-girt Vallach village of Transylvania there lived once upon a time a boy whose world was a large green meadow full of daisies." This is the promising beginning of a well-written book. THE TEMPLE ON THE HILL (Sidgwick and Jackson, 3s. 6d.) is a


# Twenty years ago



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story of life in a Roumanian village; the characters are strongly drawn, are convincing and arresting in their elemental simplicity. Anuce, the beauty of the countryside, is married by her parents to an aged man, though she already loves Cyprian, the boy whose world is a meadow of daisies. The stress of the situation lies in the fact that her husband is Cyprian's father. The boy, early in revolt against life, becomes embroiled with a forester, whom he kills. Tormented by remorse, he confesses to the priest, who as penance lays on him the task of completing the church he has already commenced to build upon the hill. Designed as a landmark throughout the country, the edifice grows in the priest's imagination out of all proportion to reality. Ambition and a fierce desire to complete this fantasy dries up the springs of human sympathy, and he lays this task on the unhappy youth without remorse. The story ends on a tragic note, and, though the final catastrophe is inevitable, we confess we are disappointed. It is a fault of so many stories of the people that the joy of life and the simple contentment with small things that play so large a part in their existence are persistently ignored. We wish Miss Elsa de Szasz would give us a novel in a less poignant setting.

❀ ❀ ❀

To the solution of the mystery of Edwin Drood there is no end, but especial interest attaches to that which has just been published by Messrs. Chapman and Hall at 7s. 6d., under the title of THE COMPLETE EDWIN DROOD. The fact that the work is from the pen of so distinguished a Dickensian authority as Mr. J. Cuming Walters alone suffices to give the volume unusual interest. We have not space at our command to deal exhaustively with the theory which Mr. Walters advances, but it deserves the careful attention of all students of the master's work. Perhaps the most arresting portion of the book is that in which Mr. Walters analyses the personal testimony which he claims has been advanced in support of his conclusions, and which includes a reference to the evidence of Madame Perugini, Charles Dickens's only daughter, and that of the late Charles Dickens, junior. Scarcely less valuable is the chapter in which Mr. Walters summarises the numerous attempts to clear up the mystery, none of them perhaps quite convincing, although the contributors to the symposium include authorities as distinguished as Mr. Andrew Lang, Mr. William Archer, and Mr. Clement Shorter. Says Mr. Walters, "It is true the riddle is answered in different ways. That is inevitable. No Daniel can come to judgment. But the theorists display much ingenuity, and, thanks to them, many new facts have lately been brought to light, and some extremely valuable personal evidence has been tendered. Like the alchemists of old, the theorists may not have discovered the secret elixir they sought, but golden grains have come to the surface of the seething cauldron."

❀ ❀ ❀

Among the more interesting reprints of Messrs. Macmillan is JIMBO, by Algernon Blackwood (7d. net). The author has a quality of investing things with an atmosphere of horror or tragedy with striking effect. JIMBO is the story of a boy that was frightened. The facts, as they appear on the surface of the tale, include the tossing of the boy by a bull: "The swinging gate was only twenty yards off; now ten; now only five. Now he had reached it—at last. He stretched out his hands to reach the top bar, and in another moment he would have been safe in the garden and within easy reach of the house. But before he actually clutched the iron rail a sharp, stinging pain shot across his back. . . . The horns had caught him just behind the shoulders." The description of the boy's delirium following on the accident is a marvellous piece of writing. Mr. Blackwood succeeds in conveying the border line between fact and fantasy with such reality that he recalls half-forgotten images from our own dreamland, fantastic, terrible imaginings, when we were whirled from great heights or swept breathlessly into a vast abyss full of unnamable horrors. The boy is captured and held in the Empty House, from which he occasionally escapes on long flights through the air. He is pursued by Fright, and whenever he is on the brink of regaining that other self, lying at home in his bed, he is plucked back to the house, where the children cry and strange shapes throng round the door. The book sustains its high level throughout, and is notable for its finish of execution. NOT WISELY, BUT TOO WELL, by Rhoda Broughton, is one of the best-known novels of that clever writer. She is paid too little attention in these days, but she understands to the full the art of telling a story, and inevitably tells it well. GRIEFENSTEIN, one of Marion Crawford's most powerful romances, still sustains its place in popular favour. The writer has a sense of the dramatic, and works up his situation with admirable art. The tragedy strikes one as the only possible termination to a situation involving the marriage of one woman to two brothers.

❀ ❀ ❀

THE LOVE STORY OF GAYNOR DACE (Washbourne, 6s.) is a tiresome story of unreal people. The old plot, most impossible of any created, is worked once again. A bogus report of the marriage of the hero, Gerard Hamborough, convinces the heroine that he is faithless. The evidence is entirely inconclusive, and rests solely on a newspaper cutting from an obscure journal. As a consequence, Gaynor—the author cannot be congratulated on the euphony of the name—marries a man whom she "respects, but cannot love," a proceeding which strikes us as a little hard upon the husband. In the ultimate, Gerard Hamborough is proved guiltless of the alleged marriage, receives the Victoria Cross, and dies. The husband also dies. Last of all, Gaynor dies also. Many pages are devoted to dissertations on the Catholic faith, and arguments are advanced for and against secularism.

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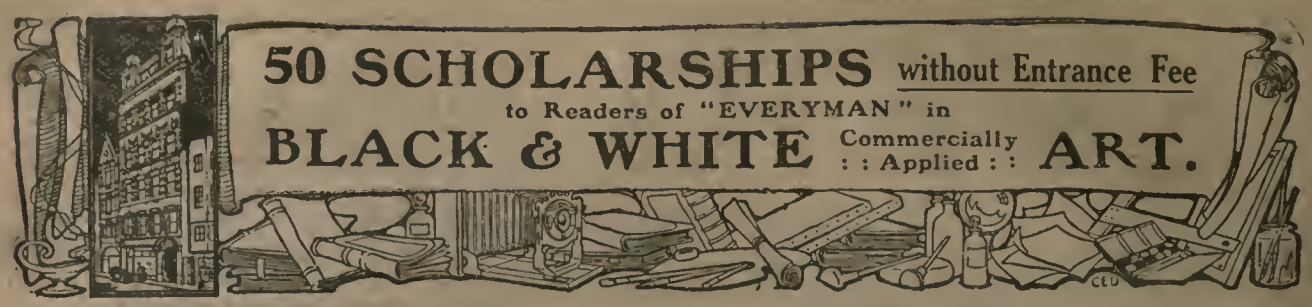


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# EVERYMAN

**His Life, Work, and Books.**

No. 17. Vol. 1. [REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O.] FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1913 One Penny.


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ARTICLES

BY

MRS. HENRY FAWCETT

H. G. WELLS

THOMAS HOLMES

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# HISTORY IN THE MAKING

## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THE Balkan armistice expired on Monday evening, and ere many hours had passed hostilities were proceeding briskly at various points. The Powers worked strenuously for peace up to the last, but the departure of the Balkan delegates from London showed clearly that the Rubicon had been crossed. Optimists, however, may derive some consolation from the assurance of the Bulgarian and Greek Premiers that the war is not likely to last long, as the fall of Adrianople seems to be imminent.

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The House of Lords rejected the Home Rule Bill on Thursday week, an event which was fully anticipated by both friends and opponents of the measure. The only uncertainty was as regards the size of the majority, and in this matter it is worthy of note that while the Bill of 1893 was rejected by a majority of 378, the Bill of 1912 was thrown out by a majority of 257. The debate as a whole was interesting; but, owing to the result being a foregone conclusion, it did not rouse so much public attention as otherwise it would have done.

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On Friday, the day following the rejection of the Home Rule Bill by the House of Lords, the city of Londonderry returned to Parliament Mr. D. C. Hogg, a Liberal and a Home Ruler. Mr. Hogg, whose majority was 57, gives a seat to the Government, and places the Home Rulers of Ulster in a majority of one. At the General Election in 1910 the Marquis of Hamilton, the Unionist candidate, was returned by a majority of 105.

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The Ulster Unionist Council at its annual meeting in Belfast on Friday, approved of the draft articles of the Ulster Provisional Government, which it is proposed to set up in the event of the Home Rule Bill becoming law. Letters were read from Sir Edward Carson and Lord Londonderry, the former expressing the hope that the Council would empower the leaders to take the necessary steps to emphasise Ulster's resolution of resistance.

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The outstanding political speeches of the week were those of the Chancellor of the Exchequer at the National Liberal Club, Mr. Balfour at Nottingham, and Mr. Austen Chamberlain at Birmingham. The Chancellor referred to land reform as one of the tasks confronting Liberalism in the immediate future; Mr. Balfour vigorously denounced the Home Rule scheme, which, he declared, had no more chance of working satisfactorily than he had of becoming Governor-General of Laputa; and Mr. Chamberlain spoke hopefully of the amalgamation of the two wings of the Unionist party.

---

The Lansbury incident proved an apple of discord at the annual conference of the Labour party. The meetings were held in London, and were largely attended, though one notable absentee was Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, who is in Madras. He, however, sent a letter, in which he testified to the warm interest with which the affairs of the Labour party were followed in India. Mr. G. H. Roberts, M.P., delivered a stirring presidential address, advocating, among other things, the extension of the principle of the Trade Boards Act to every low-paid industry, including agriculture, and the public ownership of railways and mines.

---

The obituary of the past week includes two distinguished Peers, Lord Ilkeston and Earl Crawford. The former entered politics late in life, after a brilliant medical career. He sat for twenty years in the House of Commons, and in 1892 became Parliamentary Secretary to the Local Government Board.

# THE PROBLEM OF THE SLUMS

THERE is abundant evidence to show that the dominant note of the twentieth century will be humanitarianism. In previous centuries what Carlyle calls the condition-of-the-people question occupied the attention of earnest thinkers. In his "Utopia" Sir Thomas More dwells sorrowfully on the hard lot of the poor, whose condition he compared unfavourably with that of the beasts. He was a voice crying in the wilderness. It was reserved for Rousseau, in piercing tones, and with an eloquence and pathos that arrested the attention of the civilised world, to champion the cause of the downtrodden multitudes. His writings undoubtedly sowed the seeds of the French Revolution, which, in cataclysmic fashion, compelled those in authority to listen to the groaning defiance of the prisoners of poverty. As has been well said: "Not since the voice of Luther was heard, hardly since the words of the Gospel were spoken, had there been words so charged with far-reaching effects—words which stirred poets, the middle classes, and the people; words which have been the fountain-head of all Revolutionary, Communistic, and Socialistic literature since, and whose influence will be felt while the earth revolves in space."

Rousseau not only declared in trumpet tones that struck terror to the hearts of despotic rulers that the toilers were "everywhere in chains," but in heart-burning eloquence he called upon the people to strike off their fetters. Rousseau's method of emancipation does not stand the test of analysis, but his democratic evangel has had the all-enduring effect of calling the attention of the civilised world to the fact that a social problem exists of portentous magnitude, which statesmen and philosophers can only ignore at their peril.

The reaction caused by the French Revolution had the effect in this country of relegating the social problem to the background. In the midst of the terror Pitt's scheme of franchise reform was abandoned, and the people found their political chains more firmly riveted than ever. Then came the Industrial Revolution, which had the effect, intensified by the land monopoly, of crowding huge masses in congested districts under conditions of what may be termed economic slavery. Manufacturing supremacy was England's ideal, and in pursuit of this was ruthlessly sacrificed the well-being of the toiling millions. Even children of tender years were offered on the altar of the Industrial Moloch. The Blue-books of the time, which Marx utilised in his great work with deadly effectiveness, record a state of things which were a disgrace to humanity, not to mention Christianity.

About the middle of last century the spirit of Rousseau awoke from its long slumber, and the writings of men like Maurice and Kingsley as Christian Socialists, Carlyle and Ruskin as passionate Idealists, and J. S. Mill as Economists, roused the national conscience to a sense of responsibility to the poor.

Improved environment has a transforming effect, not only upon children, but upon adults. Miss Octavia Hill, whose labours among the London poor entitle her to a hearing, has left on record her experience of the good effects of improved dwellings on the habits of the people as follows:—"I have learned to know that people are ashamed to abuse a place they find cared for. They will add dirt to dirt till a place is pestilential, but the more they find done for it, the more they will respect it, till at last order and cleanliness prevail."

Striking testimony in the same direction was given in Glasgow last week in a lecture delivered by Colonel Kyffin-Taylor, M.P., Chairman of the Housing Committee of the Liverpool Corporation. The usual method of slum reform, as far as the dwellings are concerned, is to demolish the old houses, thereby driving the people out, without an attempt at rehousing. The Liverpool solution was to build houses for the identical people who were turned out, on the spot where they were turned out, at rents they could pay. This rehousing scheme was carried out at a charge on the rates of a little more than 1½d. in the £. In addition, public-houses in the improvement area were bought up and closed. What effect had these improvements upon the character and habits of the people? In the rebuilt areas the death-rate had decreased from 60 per 1,000 to 27, and the consumption rate from 4 to 1.9. Police offences had fallen 50 per cent. Colonel Kyffin-Taylor referred to other advantages in having the people back to the districts already equipped with schools, churches, and shops, and spoke of the remarkable transformation in the habits of the people by being provided with new and healthy dwellings.

It was a true instinct that led the Liverpool Corporation to accompany their housing reform scheme with closing of the public-houses. Improve the domestic environment in the slums as we may, so long as we leave the social environment untouched, so long as the gin palace, with its garish allurements, is allowed to tempt the people from the path of sobriety, so long will the efforts of reformers be neutralised. Drink was once described by Mr. Gladstone as "the cause of a curse more terrible, because more continuous, than war, pestilence, and famine combined," and so long as this curse remains workers in the cause of humanity will find their energies largely dissipated, for the simple reason that it is just in the poor congested districts that the public-houses are most congested. A flood of light is thrown upon this aspect of the problem by an article which appears in this month's *Missionary Record*, under the title of "Darkest Glasgow." The writer points out that in two densely populated districts of Glasgow there are 190 licensed drink-shops, and of these 180 are public-houses, as against 31 Protestant places of worship. Some of these public-houses occupy the best corner sites, and are open fourteen hours a day on six days a week. In the Cowcaddens district there are nine places of Protestant worship and over 100 public-houses. In the face of these figures, it is at once seen how little effective the rehousing of the people in the slums will be so long as these plague spots are left untouched. The truth is, the evils which flourish in slum-land are too complex and deep-seated to be eradicated by one remedy. The complexity of the problem is increased by the fact that evils which themselves are the effects of demoralising causes become, in their turn, causes of further demoralising effects. The domestic discomforts of slum-dwellings drive the people to the public-house, which sends the miserable frequenters another stage on the downward path. Inspired by the humanitarian spirit, bands of noble men and women are engaged in continual conflict with the hydra-headed evil of the slums; but inasmuch as their schemes lack co-ordination, and their enthusiasm organised direction, energy tends to run to waste. It would almost seem as if voluntary action, however well intentioned, is inadequate to the problem, the herculean nature of which demands for its solution something of the nature of a national crusade.

HECTOR MACPHERSON.

# THE LABOUR REVOLT

## By H. G. Wells

THE present discontent of the labouring mass of the community is a thing at once dangerous and fine. In the last thirty years or so the working-man has quickened from acquiescence to intelligence, has become imaginative, hungry, fastidious, human, as we who read and talk and think estimate humanity. The ideal State, its cities splendid and spacious, its affairs benignant, its life of fearless action and clear thought, has passed from being the peculiar vision of rare thinkers to an integral part of our collective consciousness—and his. And there is an infuriating contrast between that ideal and present reality, the muddle of misery and drudgery streaked with preposterous pleasures which the rich have built out of his toil—toil he has performed far more conscientiously than they have ever performed their duty of government. The Labour revolt is a revolt of the imagination against the pettiness of the immediate life, and more particularly a revolt of the worker's imagination against the ignoble extravagances of wealth and authority.

But much of this revolt still fails to find expression, or stutters into misleading claims. Socialism, and especially Social Democracy, the first coherent attempt to state a democratic polity, has all the excesses of definition that are natural in a first attempt to give a form to ideals. Finality is the negation of life. Life is change, and for the mastery of life we must be quick to foresee and challenge its changes. In Social Democracy I find little more than a disposition to lop the present social system into a truncated finality.

That cry, "The World for the Workers," gallant as it is, perpetuates a social error. It is true to-day that the world is far more for the cotton-spinner than it is for the scientific investigator, that it takes far more care that the cotton-spinner shall work in a proper place and under proper conditions. And Social Democracy seems to have no suspicion of the foolishness and wastefulness of that. A triumph for Social Democracy as it is imagined to-day would—at the best—make us a nation of prosperous trade unionists, well-fed, well-paid, cocksure; cotton-spinners, railwaymen, bootmakers, and post-office clerks, and—functionaries. Admirable Webblets, mysteriously honest, brightly efficient—bright with the shine of varnish rather than the gleam of steel! One sees these necessary, unavoidable servants of the workers' commonwealth—trusted servants, indispensable servants, in fact, authoritative and ruling servants—bustling virtuously about their carefully involved duties, and occasionally raising a neatly rolled umbrella to check the careless course of some irregular citizen, who had forgotten to button up his imagination or shave his character. . . .

* * * * *

I think the idea of a specialised working-class, whether victorious or enslaved—in practice it would be very much the same thing—detestable. I believe that this burying alive of a class in the pit of labour is sheer waste of humanity. It is largely the result of meanness of outlook, and a knowledge that men are cheaper (at any rate, under existing conditions) than machines. That is certainly the case on our railways, which, though managed haughtily, are managed without pride, generosity, or even common sense, where men risk their lives every day in doing dirtily and clumsily what a simple mechanical device could do much more efficiently. And partly it is the result of our national curse, our contempt for psychology. We've never taken the trouble to deliberate under what conditions the best work is done. We have an infantile faith that the longer and longer a man works, the more and more work he must produce, and we shirk discussion of the variations in quality of the work. To do so means no end of brain fag. Possibly, too, there is a pretty definite desire—it is no use pretending that the leisured class are gentlemen when they are dealing with workers—to tame the workman's spirit by keeping his nose to the grindstone.

But supposing that a scientific investigation of the psychology of work proved that work has its crises and its times of apparent inertia, of slow inception and rapid evanescence? It may be that a man has a clearly defined period of maximum efficiency; that he begins by fumbling at his work, that his interest and skill rise slowly to a climax of supreme achievement, and then sink towards boredom. This is certainly true of some most necessary forms of social service. They begin in enthusiasm, they end in degeneration. Teaching, for instance, if persisted in, gives the mind a spinsterish knack of over-explanation and strained lucidity, a kind of laborious lassitude in the face of living ideas and living realities, a habit of dogma. It is probably true of all other occupations that, followed too loyally and too long, they bruise the mind as the constant use of a spade raises callosities on a man's hands. And if this is true, then ours is an over-specialised world, and our course towards a better economic civilisation lies through an established versatility, a wider distribution of "labour" throughout the State. This spreading-out of labour could be conveniently initiated by a labour conscription, enrolled from all classes of the community for a year or two of service on public works.

Instead of having one class doomed to labour for life, I would make a phase of labour a part of everyone's life. Road-making and navvying, teaching and nursing, post-office and telephone work, the simpler kinds of service in hospital, and suchlike toil, are tasks as honourable at least as military service, and I would give everyone a share in them. To a leisured class as relaxed as ours they would come as a bracing privilege. And I would have every child born into the State destined first for service and then for the freedom such service would render possible. The toil of a few years should purchase the independence of the rest of a lifetime. Everyone would belong to the labouring class in order that everyone should belong to the leisure class.

But I believe that the ordinary Socialist, endowed as he is with a hard prudishness that recoils from the temptation of leisure, and with a mulish determination to be a worker, that is to say, to work habitually at mean labour, would be bitterly opposed to such a scheme, for that would necessitate paying through trade unions, or competent expansions of trade unions, a regular salary to people who would have done their work, who would be, oh, horror!—*idle!* . . .

There's an extraordinary illiberalism about the Socialism of to-day. It is largely a congress of crude minds, swayed by mutually destructive passions of benevolence and resentment, and devoid of a collective intelligence. To help it to achieve that we must give it much better means of self-expression. The first barrier in our way to a sane social organisation is, I am convinced, the system that has stolen repre-

sentative government from the people and turned the House of Parliament into a desert of lawyers. We must get rid of this old, careless method of election of representatives in one-member local constituencies by a single vote, which gives the voter no choice beyond the candidates nominated by the stupid conclaves of the two great Parties. It poisons our public life as a leaky drain poisons a household. At present our voting is a hysterical matter of rejections. We vote recklessly for the blankest figure who presents himself as an alternative to Home Rule or Tariff Reform, and in a three-cornered contest we may find ourselves voting not for the candidate with whom we agree, but for some nonentity whose sole virtue is that he will probably defeat the most hateful candidate. It is a preposterous business, and the more since there is an infinitely more satisfactory alternative already planned—proportional representation, with large constituencies returning many members each. I do not, of course, mean such a system as that in force in Belgium, the failure of which was cited by M. Vandervelde as a proof of the ineffectiveness of proportional representation.

That is a mere politician's dodge to avoid the inconveniences of one-member constituencies; electors have to vote on lists presented by the parties. That, obviously, is no release from the politician. But with the single transferable vote an elector is enabled to vote for any candidate he may choose from a long list, and to be sure that, if his candidate has enough votes already, or too few to have any chance at all, his vote will not be wasted, but will be transferred to any other candidate for whom he has indicated a second preference. It is a perfectly simple method, and it breaks the back of the party system completely. It gives a method of legislative expression to all those factors in the life of the community which the barristers and financiers, with their feats of libel and their disciplined party organisations, now elbow more and more out of government.

My belief in proportional representation as a means of recovering our social controls from the specialised politician, and reanimating every aspect of our intellectual activities with the sense of collective significance, is profound. There is a limit to the devotion of the artist or the intellectual worker. Our art is trivial where it is not feeble, our science is taught without spirit, and falls more and more into the hands of spiritless and inferior men, our literature splutters with protest or declines towards preciousness, because our political machinery is indifferent to and contemptuous of all these finer things in life. They become unreal because they are ineffective things.

You cannot expect a Bacon or a Milton, a Shakespeare or a Michael Angelo, to spring from a system that exalts men like Mr. F. E. Smith. You cannot expect leadership or wisdom. We drift towards a deepening discontent of the mass of our population, with no means whatever of saving that discontent from the foolish and violent methods of expression that are natural to an entirely base and silly political system, a depraved sham of representation, that baffles and cheats and disheartens every constructive force in the community.

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WE have pleasure in announcing that the articles on "The Countries of the World," which have roused so much interest and attention, will be resumed next week, when we are publishing THE ARGENTINE REPUBLIC.

# A RUSSIAN'S VIEW OF RUSSIA

*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

SIR,—I fully appreciate the writings of your talented contributor, Dr. Sarolea, but in his last article on Russia there are a few points requiring further explanation, which, as a Russian, I cannot withhold.

It is quite true that Russia is not a country, but a continent (or a sixth part of the world), being an unwieldy conglomerate of different nations (big and small), having no common tie, but bound together, like a gang of fettered slaves, by one of the most horrible despotisms known in the history of man—"irresponsible bureaucracy," as Dr. Sarolea, somewhat mildly, calls it.

It is a great mistake to suppose that "Russian government," as says Dr. Sarolea, "is instituting a gigantic experiment in land reform, which . . . . our land reformers would do well to follow closely."

In initiating and organising the destruction of the Russian Land Commune (*Obschina*) the late Premier, Stolouipin (who was a very clever man), had principally in view to create, as a new bulwark against any new revolutionary movement, a class of small land proprietors in the village. He saw clearly that the Land Commune proved to be a very dangerous element in the great upheaval of 1905. That he was creating a village proletariat as a consequence did not trouble him much. Of course, agriculture of the country was to profit, to a certain extent, from the reform; but it was a secondary consideration.

I do not understand how, according to Dr. Sarolea, English land reformers are to profit by "closely following" this political move of the Russian bureaucracy; and I still believe that our Land Commune, modified and renovated, will come a victor out of the coming strife with small village capitalists (mostly of venal type) created by Stolouipin.

Of course, we all know that there is no real Parliamentary regime, or the so-called Constitution, in Russia, and the present "packed" Douma, like its predecessor, is a *sham*, kept up only for appearance before the eyes of Europe—to keep up Russian financial credit and value of State securities on the European money market. The indebtedness is tremendous, and the maintenance of the credit, in view of the future foreign loans, is a question of life and death to Russian bureaucracy.

Dr. Sarolea speaks of the Greek Orthodox Church, the State religion of Russia. I venerate this ancient Church, with its great traditions and its comparative freedom from bigotry; but at present it has become a mere handmaid of the almighty bureaucracy.

It is dangerous to dive into the future, and speculate as to what will happen twenty-five years hence, when, according to Dr. Sarolea, the population of Russia will number 250,000,000, and "it will become one of the most formidable world Powers for good or evil." I do not agree with him, though I am proud of our glorious literature, and I love my countrymen, amongst whom are to be found the greatest heroes and martyrs for liberty the world has ever seen; and I do not see that the future belongs, not to England, to France, or to Germany, "but to Russia." I only surmise that "long before the first half of the present century has run its course," and when the name of the Turks in Europe has become a *memory*, there may arise before European nations, on the borders of the present Russia, a new gigantic *Eastern question*, upon the solution of which, perhaps, will depend the future of mankind. But *Deus videt*.—I am, sir, etc.,

RUSSIAN MODERATE.

St. Petersburg, January 22nd, 1913.

# G. BERNARD SHAW AS THE CHAMPION OF CAPITALISM

AN OPEN LETTER ON THE NEW COPYRIGHT BILL

I.

My dear Shaw,—A Government which professes to be democratic and progressive, and which boasts of its socialistic tendencies, passed in the year 1911 one of the most anti-democratic, one of the most reactionary, and one of the most individualistic measures in the history of recent legislation. I am referring to that odious new copyright law, which I can best describe as an unblushing attempt on the part of publishers to deprive the people of their inheritance in the masterpieces of literature. Britain had the good fortune to possess a copyright law which was liberal and just, which might still be susceptible of improvement, but which was certainly far better than that of other countries. That British copyright law has been repealed, and a new law, which is practically the copyright law of France and Germany, has been substituted for it. To enable the reader to form a judgment, it is almost sufficient to compare the provisions of the new with the provisions of the old law. Under the old British law, copyright was limited to forty-two years after publication or seven years after death. The new law extends the copyright to fifty years after death. Under the old law all the great Victorian writers have now become the property of the nation. If the new copyright law had been in force, Macaulay, Carlyle, Ruskin, Emerson, Thackeray, and Browning would still be withheld from the people, and that magnificent industry, the publishing of popular classics, the democratisation of literature, which is one of the most hopeful signs of the times, would not exist, even as it does not exist in France and in Germany.

II.

When, on returning to London, after a protracted absence, I was informed that this odious measure had been placed on the statute book, my first feeling was one of indignation, and my first impulse was to denounce both the measure itself and its authors. My second feeling was one of surprise that a law so obviously in the interests of a few publishers, and so obviously against the higher interests of the public, should have been allowed to pass in the teeth of the opposition of so many public-spirited writers like yourself and Mr. Wells. For I assumed as a self-evident proposition that you at least would be on the side of the people and against the capitalists. Alas! I had been strangely mistaken, and my indignation and surprise gave way to blank bewilderment when I heard that you, even you—the Superman of Socialism—were emphatically on the wrong side, and that the law was passed, not only with your tacit acquiescence, but with your cordial approval.

III.

There will certainly be found cynical critics who will complacently tell us that, after all, your attitude was quite natural. It is quite natural for a Socialist author to defend Socialism in the abstract where it is only a case of confiscating *other people's* property, but it is also quite natural and quite human for a Socialist author to remain a confirmed individualist where it is a case of safeguarding his own literary property. Now any one who has the privilege of knowing you realises that those cynics do you a flagrant injustice. I am convinced that if it had been with you a matter of conscience, if you had understood the principles involved, you would have stood up for those principles, and you would not have hesitated for one moment to sacrifice your personal interest to those principles. I am convinced that if the action had commended itself to your judgment, you would have been quite prepared, like Tolstoy, to surrender your copyright altogether, and, like Tolstoy, to present your book rights to the public, instead of selling them, as you do at present, at a price which is prohibitive to the student and the working man. It therefore seems obvious to me that in this matter of copyright law you have failed to see what Tolstoy saw and what even an individualist like Macaulay saw, namely, that there is a vital principle involved. It is obvious that you have simply been hoodwinked by a conspiracy of vested interests, and that, like the merest Philistine, you have been the victim of your own ignorance.

IV.

That an intellect so uncannily acute and clear-sighted and far-sighted should thus have been hoodwinked by a few publishers and mercenary authors, that the greatest Socialist writer of this generation should thus have supported so sordid a capitalist measure, is a practical paradox which requires some explanation. The problem is all the more deserving of close scrutiny, because it throws such a vivid light on what seems to me a vital weakness of modern Socialism—namely, its total inability to understand the spiritual and moral interests of the people. The older French Socialists of the Jean Jacques Rousseau school were concerned mainly with moral values. They were passionately interested in matters of religion and education. Their creed was illuminated by a reflected light from the Republic of Plato, and from the New Testament. But the new German orthodox Socialistic Gospel according to Saint Marx has nothing in common with the Gospel according to St. Mark. It stands at the very antipodes. It boasts of presenting a strictly materialistic interpretation of history. It is not concerned primarily with moral or religious or educational values.

Alas! that such a creed should have taken your genius captive and should have infected all your political writing! You have identified yourself with controversies innumerable, and what a magnificent champion you are when you choose to espouse any cause! But, pledged as you are to the materialistic conception of human society, you have but seldom chosen to take any interest in educational or religious reforms. You never seem to realise the point of view of Plato, of Rousseau, or Tolstoy, that all political or economic changes must be conditioned by changes in our educational system and in our religious ideals.

V.

There, to my mind, lies the explanation of your extraordinary indifference in this matter of the copyright law. If you had taken a genuine interest in popular education, you would at once have noticed the vital issues involved. You would have noticed that the new copyright law is a serious blow struck at the publishing of literary classics for the people, and, therefore, at their higher education. As it is, it does not seem to have occurred to you that when, through the operation of the old copyright law, a literary master-

piece became "public property," the people actually did succeed to an invaluable spiritual possession, of which the new law is actually dispossessing them. It does not seem to have occured to you that if the nationalisation of bread is a Socialistic policy, the nationalisation of literature is no less a Socialistic policy—with this difference, that the former is at best a distant ideal, whereas the latter had almost become a reality.

VI.

Having failed to understand the moral issues underlying the new copyright law, it is not astonishing that you should have misunderstood its political and economic aspects. And yet if ever there was a test case illustrating fundamental principles of political philosophy, the copyright law is such a case, for the old law embodies the highest form of Socialism and the new law illustrates the worst kind of individualism.

The individualist conception of literary property, *id est*, the conception of the ordinary publisher and art dealer, implies that literary property is a commodity like any other commodity, that it is to be bought in the cheapest market and sold in the dearest. The publisher, as such, is not concerned about producing a good book or a beautiful book, but a book yielding the highest returns for the capital and labour invested by the publisher. I do not say that all publishers strictly act on that principle; all I say is that the average publisher is mainly concerned with commercial values. And those commercial values have no relation to the intrinsic values, artistic or moral. Only a few weeks ago a portrait by a living French painter, Begas, which was originally sold by the artist for twenty pounds, was ultimately resold for eighteen thousand pounds, the artist thus having received about one-thousandth part of the ultimate money value of his work.

On the contrary, the Socialistic conception of literary property—which, on the whole, is also the conception of every true artist and writer—is that literary property is not a commodity like any other commodity. The aim of every writer is the discovery of truth. The aim of every artist is the creation of beauty. Both are a permanent addition to the spiritual inheritance of humanity. No true artist is primarily concerned with the commercial value of his work, and the community is not in the slightest degree concerned that he should make money. And the Socialist holds—and in this matter all idealists are Socialists—that the truth, once discovered, and the beauty, once created, must not be withheld from the nation. The Socialist holds that it would be as monstrous to appropriate a work of genius as it would be to appropriate the elements of nature. That principle is so universally accepted that all Governments to-day try to secure the treasures of art and literature for their national museums and libraries. So firmly convinced is public opinion of the social character of literary property that the owners of pictures in Italy are now forbidden by law to export them, the assumption being that a canvas by Raphael and Leonardo belongs, ultimately, not to Prince Borghese or Prince Colonna, but to the Italian people and to humanity. And it is because those legislators who, seventy-five years ago, made the old copyright law held those Socialistic and idealistic views of literary property that copyright was practically restricted to the lifetime of the artist, so as to ensure their possession to the nation after his death.

VII.

If the foregoing considerations are right, and if such are the Socialistic interpretation and limitations of literary property, then it is obvious that you have been countenancing the worst kind of individualism, where even a Whig and individualist like Macaulay was prepared to accept the Socialist principle. But it is not only on the political principles of the problem that you are wrong; you are equally wrong on the economics of the question. On the one hand, common sense proves that the long duration of the new copyright law does not increase the productivity of a writer. On the other hand, experience has proved that the short duration of the old copyright law enormously stimulated the enterprise of author and publisher, and increased the diffusion and efficiency of their publications.

In the first place, it is obvious that whether the term of copyright is reasonably short or unduly protracted, it does not in the least affect the productivity of the writer. Although Victor Hugo was the most avaricious of poets, and was possessed with the miserly instincts of the typical French bourgeois, he would not have written one line more or less, whether the copyright of "Odes et Ballades," published in 1822, lasted as under the English law until 1864 or as under the French law until 1934. And similarly, although you yourself are the most generous of writers, you would not write one line more or less, whether the copyright of your new play produced in in 1913 would have expired as under the new law fifty years after your demise, say in 2005, or as under the old law in 1962.

And whereas the duration of the copyright does not in the least affect the productivity of the writer, a short term of copyright enormously affects the diffusion and usefulness of his work. I have heard you defend the proposition (and it is a strange proposition for a Socialist to defend) that it is better for the circulation of a book to be monopolised by copyright, that whatever is everyman's property is nobody's property, and that a book has a better chance when a publisher has an exclusive interest in pushing it. Now experience proves that you are hopelessly in the wrong, that a large circulation of a work only begins after the copyright has ceased. For that reason popular publishing is infinitely more advanced in countries with a short term of copyright. Popular series like the older "Camelot" series, like the "World's Classics," like "Everyman's Library" would simply have been impossible under the Continental law. So obvious is this superiority of Great Britain in popular publishing that it has been left to a Scottish publisher to present the reading public of France with popular editions of their own French classics.

VIII.

Such as it is, reactionary and anti-democratic as it is, the new copyright law has, alas! been voted. By a stroke of the legislator's pen hundreds of masterpieces of world literature which might have been "public property" this year of grace 1913 will not become "public property" for another half-century! But I venture to prophesy that this law will not remain on the statute book very long. Things move quickly in our generation. Thanks to a few men like yourself, Conservative England is Conservative no longer. The democratic spirit is astir. When the people succeed in dead earnest to political power, and when they choose to make their voices heard in Parliament, when they realise what is meant by the new copyright law, they will insist on recovering that spiritual inheritance of which a few capitalistic publishers and mercenary authors have deprived them under the most hollow pretences.

CHARLES SAROLEA.

# THE PRESENT POSITION OF WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE

## By Mrs. Henry Fawcett, LL.D.

If I am asked to express in the shortest possible form what the general effect of the events of the last fortnight has been on the Women's Suffrage question, I reply, "Its prospect of immediate success in this Parliament has been destroyed, but its position in the country and in the House is stronger than ever. It has become the dominant issue in home politics."

The general outline of recent events is clear in every mind. Over and over again, from May, 1908, when he first became Prime Minister, to November, 1911, when he invited a deputation of suffrage societies to Downing Street, Mr. Asquith has repeated that he intended to introduce and carry a great measure of Parliamentary reform, and that the advocates of the enfranchisement of women would then have the opportunity of moving amendments to that measure. These amendments, if accepted by the House, would then become part and parcel of the Bill, and would be pushed on by all the driving force at the command of a powerful Government. The opportunity of thus getting women's suffrage made part of a Government Bill was accepted by nearly all the suffrage societies; an enormous amount of well-organised work was done; public interest and support were stimulated to the highest possible degree; and the time for this great Government Bill to go into Committee was fixed for January 24th, 1913, the fag-end of a long and exhausting session. On January 23rd Mr. Bonar Law asked a question of the Speaker about the effect of certain amendments given notice of by the Government to abolish the occupation franchise. The Speaker replied to the effect that these amendments so materially altered the Bill as to make it a different measure from that which had been read a second time in July, and therefore on Report stage he would rule that it must be withdrawn and a new Bill introduced. Then, without any question at all being asked respecting the various suffrage amendments, the Speaker went on to say (speaking in a very unjudicial tone of the "huge difference" these amendments would make, and "Heaven only knows in what shape the Bill would emerge from Committee") that his ruling would probably be the same in regard to them, namely, that they would introduce a change of principle so great as virtually to make the measure a new Bill, and that although the amendments might be held by the Chairman of Committees to be in order, yet he should rule on Report stage that if carried the Bill would have to be withdrawn and a new one introduced.

"What a satire," as the *Observer* exclaimed, "upon male government!" The whole house of cards came toppling down. The intrigues and wirepulling and seething excitement of the lobbies were transformed into a ministerial crisis of an acute kind. The new situation aroused intense interest and sympathy: even opponents of women's suffrage freely acknowledged that women had been badly treated; and when it became known that though the Bill was withdrawn and the Plural Voting Bill was also abandoned for this session, yet in lieu of the pledges and promises which the Prime Minister had given to women suffragists in November, 1911, all he was now prepared to offer them was "facilities" for a private member's measure in the coming session, the sympathy and indignation were intensified. Not a single suffrage society, not even the Women's Liberal Federation, considered the new offer an equivalent to the unredeemed pledges the Prime Minister had given fourteen months earlier.

But the women's agitation had entered upon a new phase. It had caused the withdrawal of one of the Government's principal measures. It had destroyed the unity of the Cabinet; and the House and the country were diverted, and perhaps also a little disgusted, by the spectacle of the Colonial Secretary pouring forth a stream of concentrated venom, in polished phrases, against the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the Secretary for Foreign Affairs, the chief Cabinet champions of women's enfranchisement.

The situation was dramatic enough already, but the drama was not over. The curtain was rung down in the House of Commons: the next scene was to take place upon another stage. The Parliamentary fiasco ended on January 27th. The annual conference of the Labour party began on January 29th. The delegates at this conference represented over 1,800,000 members, all but a small fraction trade unionists. On January 30th it resolved first of all to tighten up party discipline, so as to secure greater unity of action; secondly, it "called upon the party in Parliament to oppose any Franchise Bill in which women are not included." This was carried on a card vote by 850,000 to 437,000, amid a scene of the greatest possible enthusiasm, the delegates jumping on the seats and waving hats and vociferously cheering.

The importance of this vote is tremendous. Forty votes subtracted from the Government majority and cast on the other side, and these votes coming too from the very class that had most to gain by the proposals embodied in the Government Bill, will alter the whole centre of gravity on the Franchise question. It is one of the most generous political actions on record. The resolution represents not merely a pious opinion, but a definite instruction to the Parliamentary Labour party. The terms of the resolution, as well as the proportion of supporters and opposers, indicate an immense advance over a somewhat similar vote given last year. Then the resolution simply was that "no Bill can be acceptable to the Labour and Socialist party in which women are not included." This milder resolution was accepted a year ago by 919,000 to 686,000, or, roughly, a good deal less than three to two, whereas the far stronger resolution of January 30th was carried by nearly two to one.

It should be observed that both last year and this year the speakers representing the minority were careful to explain that they were all for women's suffrage, but did not see why men should not get more votes for themselves, leaving women out, if opportunity offered. Against this natural human selfishness, Mr. Philip Snowden, M.P., protested in a speech of very great eloquence and power. One of the Labour papers said it was "the speech of his life." It was on fire with conviction and fine feeling. Much of the victory of our cause in the Labour Congress is due to it. The Labour vote in the House of Commons will now certainly be given against any Bill for giving more votes to men without giving any to women, and this makes our position infinitely stronger. A new factor has come upon the scene; a new chivalry is making itself felt. The cry no longer is as in 1884, "Throw the women overboard"; but "no more votes for men unless women are admitted at the same time."

# AN APPRECIATION OF MRS. HENRY FAWCETT

## By Mrs. H. M. Swanwick

"WHAT Mrs. Fawcett thinks" has become a matter for the inquiry of intelligent men in all matters relating to women and the family. Throughout her life she has shown herself so upright, reasonable, and self-controlled that in any crisis—such, for instance, as the present—people know that her view will not be a distorted or exaggerated one; logic, not rhetoric, has ever been her instrument, and a lifetime spent in honourable service has given her the right to speak and to be consulted. One cannot but feel that fewer mistakes would have been made and the suffrage question less mishandled on both sides if her counsel had been taken.

I.

Millicent Garrett Fawcett was born at Aldeburgh, in Suffolk, on June 11th, 1847. Her father, Newson Garrett, J.P., and mother, Louisa (née Dunnell), were both Suffolk bred. They had ten children, and, up to the age of sixteen, the girls had very little that would now be called education. Except for two years in a Blackheath school, Mrs. Fawcett taught herself by reading books and newspapers, and by the lively talk and discussion that went on in the large household of active-minded people; and her sister Elizabeth (Mrs. Garrett Anderson) also won her way by native gifts of mind and character. On April 23rd, 1867, she married Henry Fawcett, the blind professor, who became a Privy Councillor and Postmaster-General in a Liberal administration. Four months after her marriage this girl of twenty spoke for the first time in public, at a Women's Suffrage meeting, and on the same platform were men of such repute as her own husband, John Stuart Mill, Charles Kingsley, John Morley, and James Stansfeld. It would be a remarkable thing for a girl of twenty to do even in these days. Think what it was at that time! Philippa Fawcett, the only child, was born in 1868, and, two years later, in Mrs. Fawcett's drawing-room, was held the meeting from which sprang the foundations of Newnham College. It is reported that Professor Fawcett, in advocating the opening of Universities to women, remarked, "I do not suppose they will be senior wranglers." No one would have been more delighted than he to have seen this doubt abolished by his own daughter, who, in 1890, did what no man can do—appeared in the class lists "above Senior Wrangler."

II.

Mrs. Fawcett's writings include a novel, "Janet Doncaster"; "Political Economy for Beginners" (1870); "Tales in Political Economy" (1875); "Essays and Lectures," jointly with Henry Fawcett (1872); "Some Eminent Women of Our Time" (1889); "Life of Queen Victoria" (1895); "Life of Sir William Molesworth" (1901); "Five Famous Frenchwomen" (1906); "Women's Suffrage" (1912). Countless articles and speeches on many subjects have been thrown off with what looks, to the outsider, ease; in fact, Mrs. Fawcett's power of work is largely the result of an orderly and concentrated mind, which is "all there" for a remarkable number of hours a day.

III.

It will be seen that she was in at the beginning of the agitation for Women's Suffrage in Great Britain, and she has been the leader ever since, having been President of the National Union of Women's Suffrage Societies (now numbering 36,000 members) ever since its formation. She regards the political enfranchisement of women as only a part of the great movement for "uplifting a whole sex," and she has taken a very large share in securing their intellectual enfranchisement, through education, and their civil enfranchisement, through the opening up of professions and employments, and through reforms of the kind so bravely advocated by Josephine Butler and W. T. Stead. In her evidence before the Divorce Commission (1910) she showed herself an advocate for the reform of marriage law, but this reform should, in her opinion, be a levelling up, not a levelling down, and her desire for greater liberty is always closely associated with the complementary desire for training, discipline, and responsibility. Being an active person, she would always rather be doing things than talking about them, and committees are, therefore, frankly a weariness to her; but common sense and a democratic conscience cause her to submit to this weariness with much grace and good humour, although it must be confessed that procedure and points of order are, and will probably to the end of time be, to her a very evil and never completely mastered necessity.

IV.

When one mentions so many of the austerest virtues as belonging to a woman, one is oppressed by a suspicion that those who do not know her will get an impression of a forbidding or charmless person. This would be a ludicrously false impression in the case of Mrs. Fawcett. She is the best of good company, and has an excellent memory for good stories and a vivacious art in the telling of them. Her humour irradiates the dullest committee, and peeps out in witty repartee or in graphic reports of interviews and statements which might be dull from the lips of another. Being appealed to recently by a sentimentalist, "Why *can't* we *all* be united?" she replied breezily, "Yes; shall we all break windows, or shall we all not break windows? The Gadarene herd was very united!" She has many tales to tell of the queer ways in which she has been treated as a public personage: one enterprising journalist came to her with the plea that he was writing a series on "Famous Faddists," and wanted to interview her; another blandly declared that he had been used to interviewing distinguished men, but, having broken down in health, had now declined upon women.

V.

It is, however, recorded of the late Lord Derby that he said of a speech by Mrs. Fawcett, that it was "the best political speech I ever heard." Her manner and appearance are unpretentious, exceedingly, but her quiet reasonableness of speech always commands respect from all but the most hooligan audience. She is small in stature, and very nimble and quick, running her younger friends mercilessly off their legs. Her face, with its alert expression and genial smile, is that of a woman fifteen years younger, an impression confirmed by the masses of chestnut hair coiled round her shapely head. She takes pleasure in many things: in music and painting, in literature and the play; she loves needlework, and is most happy in country rambles. Perhaps, above all else, she is happy in her home relations and in the love and regard of a very large circle of friends, tried by time and tempered by association in great causes.

MRS. HENRY FAWCETT, LL.D., NATUS 1847

# LITERARY NOTES

DR. WOODROW WILSON is signalising his entry upon the presidency of the United States by publishing a new book through Messrs. Chapman and Hall, entitled "The New Freedom: A Call for the Emancipation of the Generous Energies of a People." I am rather interested in this book, for it promises to reveal the writer's personality, of which, I venture to say, the vast majority of us knew next to nothing a few weeks ago. The new President is not only a politician, but a man of strong religious conviction, as one might expect in the case of a direct descendant of the historian of the Scottish Covenanters, and his new book will be an earnest attempt to infuse new life into American politics, in other words to raise political ideals to a higher level, and to bring national life more into harmony with the religious spirit.

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Now that the feminist movement has entered upon a new lease of life, and militant suffragettes are daring their worst, we are sure to have a fresh crop of books dealing with the subject. One thing is sure, it will remain a thoroughly "live" topic for a considerable time to come, a fact which publishers will not be slow to recognise. So, if there is any literary aspirant who has something really original and attractive to say regarding the feminine movement, now is the time to put pen to paper.

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I observe that the first book of the season is to come from Messrs. Putnam. It is to take the form of a survey of the whole question, and will be prospective as well as historical. The book is called "The Women Movement," and the writer is Miss Ellen Key, a lady who is known on both sides of the Atlantic as a prominent exponent of advanced "feminism." As regards the new phase of the women movement, Miss Key takes the line that the claim to exert the rights and functions of man is less important than the claims of woman's rights as mother and educator of the coming generation. I ought to add that an introductory chapter is being supplied by Mr. Havelock Ellis, who, only the other month, dealt instructively with the changing status of woman in his "The Task of Social Hygiene."

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Comparatively little notice has been taken of the death of Mr. Eirikr Magnusson, of Trinity College, Cambridge, who did more to popularise Norse literature in this country than any other man since the death of William Morris. So long ago as 1870 he was associated with Morris in the translation of the "Völsunga Saga: the Story of the Volsungs and Niblungs, with certain songs from the Elder Edda," and more than twenty years later both again collaborated in bringing out the Saga Library, which Mr. Quaritch published in six volumes. These were issued at intervals between 1891 and 1906.

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After Morris's death in 1896, the burden of the work fell upon Mr. Magnusson. The Saga Library contains the most extensive selection in English of the Icelandic sagas. Mr. Magnusson's most important contribution to this work was the compilation of a commentary, together with indexes and genealogies—a formidable undertaking which put his Icelandic scholarship to a severe test. Besides being lecturer on Icelandic at Cambridge, he was Sub-Librarian of the University, a post which he held for close upon forty years. An accomplished linguist, Mr. Magnusson was a leading spirit of the Cambridge Philological Society.

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I suppose the books that can be said to be selling briskly at the present moment could be numbered on the fingers of one hand. One of them is Mrs. Barclay's "The Rosary," a fiftieth edition of which Messrs. Putnam have just printed off. During the week before Christmas 3,000 copies were sold, and more than 1,000 copies were disposed of the week after Christmas.

* * * * *

Many books have been, or are in course of being, written about the unfinished war in the Balkans, but comparatively little has been published about the now concluded war between Italy and Turkey. Next month, however, Messrs. Nisbet are to publish "Two Years Under the Crescent," which will recount the experiences with the Turks in Tripoli and Thrace of Mr. H. Seppings Wright, the well-known war correspondent. The censorship upon Mr. Wright's dispatches from the front was so extremely severe that his book will contain fresh matter practically from beginning to end. It is interesting to add that, so great was Mr. Wright's interest in the Turkish cause, that it induced him, after his return from Tripoli, to set out again for the new scene of conflict.

* * * * *

My paragraph about the need for a clear, reliable, and well-informed survey of the history of India has brought me reminders of J. T. Wheeler's "A Short History of India and of the Frontier States of Afghanistan, Nipal, and Burma." I am grateful to my correspondents, but I should like to say that, when I wrote the paragraph, I had in mind a work on more popular lines, and certainly less expensive. Moreover, Wheeler's narrative does not extend beyond 1880, and much has happened in India since then. But I am fully alive to the scholarship and literary value of Wheeler's work, and in any comprehensive list of histories of India, it ought assuredly to find a place.

* * * * *

I would not again have referred to the vexed question of the "Canadian Boat-Song" were it not that readers of EVERYMAN, judging from the letters I have received, appear to be interested in the subject. One correspondent writes me to say that he has searched the four volumes of Professor Ferrier's edition of the "Noctes Ambrosianæ," but has failed to find the "Canadian Boat-Song." He overlooks the fact that, of the seventy-one "Noctes," only forty-one were reprinted as Wilson's own. The truth is that the composition of the "Noctes" was a joint concern, in which Lockhart and James Hogg, the "Ettrick Shepherd," and others were partners with Wilson, and the question of the extent of the collaboration has never been definitely decided, and, I suppose, never will. My correspondent will find what he wants in *Blackwood's Magazine* for September, 1829.

* * * * *

Apropos of the same subject, another correspondent points out that the line "From the lone shieling of the misty island" does appear in the original published in *Blackwood* in 1829. I regret if there has been an error, but I may explain that my authority for the statement that Sir John Skelton was responsible for this line, and that the original ran: "From the lone sheiling *on* the *distant* island," is "Chambers's Cyclopædia of English Literature," a work which is usually unimpeachable on the score of accuracy.

X. Y. Z.

# MASTERPIECE OF THE WEEK

## Motley's "Rise of the Dutch Republic"

I.

About the middle of the last century, a young American writer turned his studies to the investigation of the History of the United Netherlands, the Mother of Modern Republics. For ten years he buried himself in the libraries of Europe, and the archives of Brussels and the Hague, and finally emerged with a formidable manuscript of 2,000 pages. He offered that manuscript to the house of Murray. The manuscript was refused, a fact which proves that even the most experienced publishers are not infallible, and that even publishers' readers do not always recognise a masterpiece on the rare occasions when they are given a chance of seeing it. Motley's "Rise of the Dutch Republic" was, therefore, published at the author's risk and expense. The risk proved to be non-existent, for on the day after the publication the unknown writer woke and "found himself famous." The work took the literary world by storm. It was translated into every civilised language. It was multiplied in countless editions. It found equal favour with the masters of the historical craft and with the wide reading public in quest of tragedy and romance.

II.

Nothing is more arbitrary than the history of literary reputations, and it is the unexpected that often happens. Therefore it is often very difficult to give satisfactory reasons either for the success or the failure of a book. It is not easy to explain, for instance, why one of the greatest of American historians, Francis Parkman, should have been ignored for two generations. No such difficulty is felt in explaining the triumphant reception and continued vitality of Motley's "Dutch Republic." The greatness of the work must be visible to the untrained observer.

First of all, to account for its popularity, there is the fascination of a magnificent subject. The choice of a fitting subject is important to all artists, but most important of all to the historical writer. Alone it may make or mar the fortune of a book. Carlyle devoted the best years of his life, in the fullness of his power, to the history of Frederick the Great. Yet Frederick the Great is nearly forgotten, whilst the "French Revolution" retains all its vitality and freshness. Gibbon originally decided to write the history of Switzerland. If he had persevered in this purpose, he would be read to-day by a few specialists. In a fortunate hour, he chose the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," and his work remains one of the immortal masterpieces of the language.

The names of Carlyle and Gibbon naturally rise to our minds in connection with the "Rise of the Dutch Republic." For Motley chose one of the very few subjects which in intrinsic interest rival the "French Revolution" and the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." Motley's theme has more continuity than Gibbon's theme, and lends itself better to artistic treatment. On the other hand, it has the same dramatic unity as the "French Revolution." It is as fertile in stirring episodes: the execution of Egmont, the siege of Leyden, the sacking of Antwerp, the Massacre of St. Bartholomew. It is as rich in arresting and tragic characters: the gloomy and narrow Spanish tyrant, the brilliant and weak Egmont—hero of poetry and romance—the cunning, ambitious, and greedy Granvelle, the brave and cruel Duke of Alva, the wise and indomitable William the Silent. And, like the French Revolution, the Dutch Revolution is worldwide in its significance. More strikingly than any other modern struggle, it incarnates the conflict between despotism and liberty, and it culminates in the collapse of a mighty Empire and in the birth of a nation.

III.

This brings us to the second element of greatness in the "Rise of the Dutch Republic." The interest of the book is perennial, because the book deals with permanent issues. Prescott's "Conquest of Mexico" may be equally romantic, but it does not involve, like the "Dutch Republic," the most inspiring of political principles, the most vital of all political issues. What was at stake in the struggle was the whole spiritual future of European civilisation. If William the Silent had been beaten, or if he had been murdered at the beginning of the conflict, there was an end of European liberty. The Spanish Monarchy would have been supreme in two continents. Christianity would have been perverted into a grovelling tyranny. There are some misguided Catholic and Protestant historians who tell us that the triumph of William the Silent was the triumph of Protestantism. No historical view could be more superficial. Catholicism has nothing in common with the debasing and almost Oriental despotism of Alva and Philip II. Roman Catholicism and Protestantism were equally interested in the defeat of Philip II. His triumph would have been equally fatal to both. The triumph of William the Silent has benefited all the Churches and all the nations of Christendom, because it was the triumph of political and religious liberty, because it seems to me a self-evident proposition, which I submit to the reactionaries of every creed, that the separation of temporal and spiritual power, the supremacy of the religious conscience, is the very essence of Christianity.

IV.

In the "Rise of the Dutch Republic" the craftsmanship of the artist is equal to the merits of the historian. The style has all the qualities required by the subject. It is forcible, impetuous, vehement. It stirs our imagination; it vibrates with passion. Is there in Carlyle any scene more vivid than the abdication of Charles V.? Are there in Macaulay any portraits more striking than those of Egmont and Alva, of Viglius, the crafty lawyer, of Titelmans, the diabolical agent of a diabolical Inquisition?

I admit that the style has also serious defects. It is strained and lacking in ease. It is magniloquent and lacking in simplicity. It is monotonous and lacking in variety. It is redundant and lacking in brevity. But those defects of Motley are only the counterpart of his splendid qualities. It is difficult for him not to be florid when his mind is steeped in the turgid atmosphere of Spanish surroundings. It is difficult for him not to be rhetorical when all through his book he is pleading for a great cause. It is difficult for him to use self-restraint when his soul is boiling over with indignation. It is difficult for him not to be redundant when his mind is full of his tremendous subject.

V.

If from the consideration of the style we pass on to the consideration of the spirit and purpose, there are

obvious blemishes in Motley's "Dutch Republic." It must be admitted that, although he is not constitutionally inaccurate, like Froude, he frequently ignores facts which do not fit in with his theory. Still, those scientific prigs and pedants who are always ready to pick holes in an historical masterpiece ought to remember that after all Motley was a pioneer, and that he opened to modern research a magnificent and unexplored field. Far more serious than the charge of inaccuracy is that of partiality. Even his most enthusiastic admirers would not contend that Motley is without a strong bias, and that this strong bias not infrequently perverts his historical judgment. He is not fair to Charles V. He does not do justice to Balthazar Gerard. William of Orange is not the ideal hero, nor is Philip the inhuman monster, depicted by the historian. But the admission of partiality scarcely detracts from the value of the work. There are cases where impartiality is both impossible and undesirable. Who would desire an historian to be neutral where the interests of humanity are at stake? We do want him to take sides against tyranny and treachery and cruelty. We are not particularly anxious that he should show sympathy for a tyrant like Philip II. or a brutal janissary like Alva. No doubt there may be circumstances where there is scope even for the "devil's advocate." But when the devil is incarnated in Philip II., in Alva, in Titelmans, and Viglius, it is better far to stand firmly "on the side of the angels" and on the side of the martyrs. It is better far for the historian to retain his moral conscience, for the conscience of the historian sooner or later becomes the collective conscience of the human race.

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# A FEW FACTS CONCERNING IMPRISONMENT

## By THOMAS HOLMES

I WANT to put before the readers of EVERYMAN a few facts about prisons and prisoners, in the hope that they will prove as startling as they are important.

Fact 1. During the decade ending 1910 about a million of people were, in England and Wales alone, committed to prison because they could not forthwith pay fines imposed upon them in courts of summary jurisdiction.

Fact 2. Every year, right up to the last date for which figures are available, more than one-half of those committed to prison have been committed for the same reason; in other words, they were put in prison because of their poverty, not because of their criminality.

Fact 3. Fifteen per cent. pay, or part pay, their fines after they are in prison, the law allowing a pro rata payment, a reduction being made in the amount payable, according to the days served in prison, every portion of a day counting as a whole day.

This means that friends raise the necessary money and obtain their release.

Fact 4. A large percentage of the prisoners thus detained were youths between the ages of sixteen and twenty-one years. During 1911 10,380 males and 1,506 females under twenty-one years of age were received into prison.

Fact 5. 1,548 of these young people were sent to prison for offences against police regulations or for breaches of by-laws, and 1,427 for vagrancy or offences against the poor law—non-criminal offences.

Fact 6. That the London courts furnish an abnormal proportion of committals; 1,341 youths under twenty-one years passed through Pentonville Prison in one year—1910. During the two years 1909, 1910, 1,791 youths of similar age were committed to Wandsworth Prison. Of those imprisoned in Pentonville 947 were given sentences of less than one month, many being sentences of a few days only.

Fact 7. That a large proportion of these young offenders had the option of paying fines, but were unable to pay forthwith.

Fact 8. That many of their offences were of a trumpery kind, including pitch and toss, selling newspapers in prohibited places, kicking footballs in the streets, disorderly conduct, bathing in the canals, etc., etc.

Fact 9. That the Prison Commissioners tell us that nearly 40 per cent. of first offenders committed to prison return to prison more or less frequently, and help to form the army of prison habitués.

Fact 10. That the Prison Commissioners frequently tell us that our prisons are largely peopled by the very poor, the ignorant, the weak, and the afflicted.

Fact 11. That prison is at present the one great corrective for the offences of the poor, and the one grand specific for their delinquencies.

Fact 12. That these frequent and unnecessary imprisonments have largely destroyed the primary object of prison, all fear being removed; familiarity breeding contempt.

Fact 13. That the system of fines is in principle just, if time is allowed for payment and the amount is not prohibitive. The maintenance of public order costs money, and offenders against it ought to contribute towards the expenses incurred.

Fact 14. That time after time different Secretaries of State have sent strong letters of remonstrance to all the magistrates, warning them against the evils of prompt committal to prison, and asking them to use the optional powers they possess of giving time for payment.

On October 3rd, 1912, Mr. McKenna also sent a strongly worded circular letter on the same subject. But at present the ruling principle appears to be—Your money or your liberty.

Fact 15. Persons who have designedly robbed others are often dealt with under the Probation Act, and thus avoid all legal punishment, but prison is the fate of the poor who have committed non-criminal offences and cannot pay at once.

Fact 16. That imprisonment should be the final resource of the State, not the first.

Next week I will deal with serious crime.

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## HER HAT

(From the French of Jules Lemaitre)

IN a corner of her hat,
Among the lace and roses,
A dainty little humming-bird,
With shining wings, reposes.

The silken skies are calling her
To loose her wings and fly away;
Alas! my lady's locks her tomb
Have been this many a day.

Poor little bird! slight as a bee;
A jewelled pin right through the heart
Transfixes thee.

I, too, am pierced through the heart,
And held a captive hand and foot,
And feel an arrow's smart.

# THE PRACTICAL TEACHING OF LITERATURE

*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

DEAR SIR,—Having had the privilege of reading in proof the article on "Motley" in this week's issue, I venture to make a practical suggestion in connection with your new series: the "Masterpiece of the Week." I have no doubt that this series might be made a very important feature in your paper, and of invaluable benefit to teachers and students, and that it might be used as a means of training the critical faculty, and of developing the literary appreciation of your readers.

To achieve that desirable consummation, it would be necessary (1) that in each case you should ask definite questions, whether those questions are explicitly raised in the paper or whether they are implicitly suggested by the book under discussion. (2) That the readers of EVERYMAN should be invited to answer those questions. (3) That EVERYMAN should discuss those answers in a subsequent issue, in so far as the answers are relevant.

To make my meaning quite clear by a concrete illustration, I would submit the following questions in connection with the paper on Motley's "Rise of the Dutch Republic."

1. With regard to the Spirit and Purpose of Motley's masterpiece, is the writer of the article correct in calling Motley "the historian of European liberty"? Would it not be more appropriate to call him, like Froude, "the historian of Protestantism"; or does the writer see any fundamental difference between the purpose of Froude and that of Motley?

2. With regard to the impartiality of Motley, does the writer sufficiently discriminate between that lower and negative form of impartiality or neutrality which refuses to take sides or to espouse any cause, and on the other hand that higher or positive kind of impartiality which proceeds from a sense of justice and generosity, and which is equally fair to friend and opponent? Judging Motley from that higher point of view, can he really be regarded as impartial? For instance, do the readers of EVERYMAN not think that he is signally unjust to the murderer of William the Silent? Is he not blind to the magnificent heroism and fortitude of Balthazar Gerard?

Generalising my question, is Motley not systematically unjust to the Spanish side? Is it credible that all the men who are on that side are unmitigated scoundrels, or bigots, or imbeciles?

3. With regard to the literary value of the "Dutch Republic," what are Motley's specific merits as a portrait painter? Can it be said that all his portraits are equally true to life? Shall we accept as artistic fiction or as true to history the portraits of Charles V., of Philip, of Alva, of Egmont, of Viglius?

4. The writer points out four blemishes in Motley's style: (1) redundancy and lack of brevity; (2) rhetoric and lack of ease and restraint; (3) monotony and lack of variety; (4) floridity and lack of simplicity. Can the readers of EVERYMAN select passages illustrating those blemishes?

To enable them to follow the discussion, I would suggest that for all purposes of reference and questions they should use a definite edition: either the edition of "Everyman's Library," or any other edition announced beforehand.

I am convinced that if questions were proposed and answers given on those lines, we would come much nearer to a critical appreciation of the "Masterpiece of the Week" under discussion.—I am, sir, etc.,

"SIGMA."

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# THE NATIONALISATION OF EDUCATION

I.

LORD HALDANE'S Manchester speech has once more brought the Education problem to the front. Educational schemes have been so often wrecked in the past by political partisanship and religious sectarianism that we have become almost as sceptical in the matter of educational reform as in the matter of temperance reform, and it will take something more than Government announcements and pronouncements to restore confidence. I cannot, therefore, share the wild enthusiasm of Professor Sadler, who, in a recent article of the *Daily News*, calls the Lord Chancellor's utterance an "historical speech." Still, that speech would have served a useful purpose, even if it had produced no other result than to concentrate once more an apathetic public opinion on the deplorable condition of national education. That those conditions are, indeed, unsatisfactory no competent authority would deny.

"When a numerous and powerful body like our schoolmasters, of all grades and classes," says Mr. W. R. Lawson in his suggestive book, "John Bull and His Schools," "almost unanimously condemn their own work, there is evident need to find out what is wrong with it. When education committees all over the country frankly express their disappointment with the results of their arduous labours and vast expenditures, what stronger call could there be for a thorough reconsideration of the whole question? When parents, employers, and ratepayers are equally dissatisfied with the products of our schools, primary and secondary alike, no possible excuse remains for groping along blindly in the dark."

II.

Anarchy is the best description that could be given of our education: Anarchy tempered with Despotism. It is Anarchy: for the educational authorities, *i.e.*, the Universities, have one policy, and the administrative authorities, *i.e.*, the Education Department, have a totally different policy. It is Despotism: for Bureaucracy rules supreme. Government inspectors, arbitrarily selected, increasingly interfere with the liberty of the teacher; Government circulars take the place of educational principle, and the Machine takes the place of the living Spirit.

III.

Lord Haldane proposes drastic legislative changes, both as regards the pupils and as regards the teacher. With those reforms which only affect the pupils—improved sanitation, feeding of children, continuation schools—I shall deal in another paper. In the present article I am only concerned with the teachers. And when I consider the recruiting and training of our 250,000 teachers, I confess that I do not see how a Government measure, however drastic, could help us out of the present difficulties.

Will the new Bill give more power to the Bureaucracy? But it is obvious that the Education Department has already too much power, and already interferes too much with the independence of the teacher.

Will the new Bill impose more stringent tests, introduce fresh examinations? But there are already too many examinations, and John Bull is getting more and more in the grip of a Chinese system.

Will the new Bill provide more money for national education? We do not object to increased expenditure, although Britain already spends on education three times more than France. But what is wanted is not only more money, but that the public should get full value for the money which is being spent.

Will the new Bill introduce better methods? But the value of the methods entirely depends on the value of the men who use them, and the real problem, therefore, is not how to secure the best methods, but how to secure the best teachers.

IV.

Now, I am firmly convinced that the problem of securing the best teachers is not mainly a financial problem, but a moral problem. I do not say that the financial conditions of the teaching profession might not be considerably improved, and that if we spent a hundred millions on popular education instead of sixty millions, that would not be an excellent investment. But I do think that is not the main difficulty. Nor do I say that our vast army of two hundred and fifty thousand teachers does not contain splendid elements. But I do say that the teaching profession does not generally attract the best men from the schools and universities, and that even where it does attract such men, there is no scope and no career for them under present conditions. And the best men more and more refuse to enter the profession, not because teachers are underpaid and overworked, but simply because the teaching profession does not enjoy that public confidence and does not hold that position and confidence and that status to which it is entitled. For instance, a distinguished Oxford graduate will rather be a teacher in a public school at a lower salary than a teacher in a Council school at a higher salary. Paradoxical though it seems, he would rather serve a private institution than serve the nation, simply because if he enters a Council school or a Board school he at once loses "caste," and, losing caste, he must give up all hope of an academic career.

In this odious word "Caste" lies the explanation of many of our troubles. The curse of our whole educational system is that it is infected with the "class" spirit. Schools are not classified according to their educational efficiency. They are not divided into schools good, bad, and indifferent. They are divided according to the social class which frequents them. They are divided into popular schools, into middle-class schools, and into upper middle-class schools. The Public school looks down upon the Council school, even as the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge look down upon provincial Universities. Successful tradesmen living in Birmingham or Edinburgh will not send their sons to their native Universities of Birmingham and Edinburgh. They will rather send them to the aristocratic Colleges of the South.

V.

The tyranny of the class spirit and of the "caste" system points to one remedy and one remedy only—the nationalisation of Education. But let us remember that education cannot be nationalised mainly by Act of Parliament. It can only be nationalised by the nation itself. It cannot be done by compulsion, but by the free-will of parents. Education will only become national when parents give their confidence and support to the schools of the Government instead of giving it to private institutions. But, again, that is a moral problem, it is not a financial or political problem. Schools will only cease to be run on class lines when a truly democratic spirit will have taken the place of the snobbism and flunkeyism which is characteristic of the middle classes of Great Britain.

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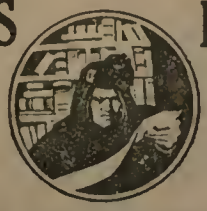

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# THE TRIAL OF JOAN OF ARC ⁂ ⁂ ⁂ BY HENRI MAZEL

IT was at Compiègne, on May 23rd, 1430, that Joan was taken prisoner. Her captors turned her straight over to the English, apparently without the intervention of their liege lord, the Duke of Burgundy, or without any effort being made to buy her back by the ungrateful French King. What the price of her blood was we know: it was put at an annuity for the actual captor, the Bastard of Wandonne, and ten thousand livres, Tours currency, then a considerable sum, for his chief, John of Luxemburg.

This phrase, "the price of her blood," is the literal truth, for Cardinal Beaufort, who was acting as regent in France for the young king, Henry VI., had resolved that the Maid must die. But as a preliminary he desired to have her found guilty of heresy, imposture, and sorcery, by way of bringing dishonour both upon her and her work. Accordingly, instead of hanging her out of hand or sewing her up in a sack and flinging her in the river, after the pleasant fashion of those days, an official process, in regular legal form, was commenced against her.

The moment she became a prisoner Joan was claimed simultaneously both by the Inquisition and by the Court of the Bishop, for both of these authorities had the right to take cognisance of the ecclesiastical crimes laid to her charge. Compiègne lay in the diocese of Beauvais, and the Bishop of Beauvais, Pierre Cauchon, was, as it happened, an ardent partisan of the Burgundians and English. When Beauvais rallied to the cause of Charles VII. the Bishop had had to flee, and he had taken refuge in Rouen, where there was a vacant archiepiscopal chair, the succession to which he might well hope to obtain in return for the great service he proposed to render to his liege the King of England.

With this motive Joan was transferred to Rouen towards the end of December, 1430. The Chapter at the Norman capital had little love for the Bishop of Beauvais or for the University of Paris, confederate with the Bishop against the prisoner; nevertheless, it gave authority for the case to proceed. The case, indeed, was already in process, for the accusation had been re-formulated immediately after her capture, and Pierre Cauchon had spent the seven months since then in procuring informations and documents of every sort, even sending inquisitors to her native place, Domrémy. The case was yet to drag on for five months longer.

The trial of Joan was truly a Passion. History offers no instance of a prosecution more savage and more pitiless, of a more dignified defence, of a more piteous death. Now, when all those ancient passions are cold, Joan of Arc shines with a marvellous glory, not only in France, where she is universally honoured as the national heroine, but equally in England, where numerous authors unite in glorifying her life and bewailing her end; now she shines not only in the religious world of Catholicism, where she has been canonised by the Pope, but in the great world of civilisation, which finds it impossible to refuse homage to one who added to a man's courage and a woman's modesty the constant soul of a martyr.

Joan, being prosecuted for an ecclesiastical offence, should by rights have been placed in an ecclesiastical prison. By a breach of the law at the very outset she was shut up in a tower, now destroyed, of the old castle of Rouen; and she was there guarded by English soldiers. It may even be true that she was kept in an iron cage; it is beyond doubt that irons were placed on her hands, her feet, and her neck. She had once attempted an escape while the Burgundians held her prisoner, and the English soldiers made up their minds that the victim never should escape from them. Henry VI. had arrived and taken up his residence at Rouen, and Cardinal Beaufort and Warwick were also there to inflame the zeal of his partisans.

On February 21st she appeared for the first time before her judges. A round hundred of assessors had been convoked, ecclesiastics all, and almost all Frenchmen, belonging, of course, to the Anglo-Burgundian party. Of them scarcely the half took their seats. On this first day Cauchon was supported by forty-three, who included abbés, priors, and inquisitors, canons of Rouen, and doctors of the University of Paris. The session from the start was a mixture of questions and of insulting exclamations. It was vain for Joan to take exception to the Bishop of Beauvais on the ground of his being her enemy. His answer was, "I have the King's orders to try your case, and I am going to do so."

And try it he did, in a style that the most critical official of the King could find no fault with. Pierre knew how to conduct the debates so as to give the illusion of scrupulously observing legal forms, while, in fact, his one object was to stifle the truth and destroy the prisoner; and he ended by having her condemned to death—to the most cruel of all deaths—in absolute disregard both of pity and of justice.

His first step was to re-establish order in the hall where the Sessions were held. No more shouts and no more insults, as on the first occasion; but the questions were all the more entangling, the more insidious, the more deadly. There were six of these public examinations; and then, as Joan's serene and pious loyalty was making too good an impression on the Bishop's colleagues, the later sessions were held in private, twice a day sometimes, and so continued till the 17th of March.

We have the official reports of the examinations; they are complete in the Latin, and part of them exist also in French. With them before us we can live over again, hour by hour, minute by minute, the days of anguish endured by Joan. History shows no spectacle more amazing than this peasant girl of nineteen, ignorant of reading and writing, holding her own for fifteen interminable sessions against the most captious and cunning of inquisitors. They question her about everything, and for everything she has an answer. Each moment they spread snares for her, they travesty her meaning, they ask her questions to which "yes" or "no" is a reply equally dangerous for her, and never once does her clearness of mind, her courage, nay, even her good temper, desert her. And yet she is a woman; she has her hours of despondency, of weakness, of weeping; she is neither a virago, nor a Stoic, nor an enthusiast. The very sceptics, who do not admit the supernatural character of her mission, and regard her "voices" and her visions merely as products of her own imagination, recognise that apart from them Joan is a young girl of perfect sanity, very frank and very simple.

If Joan had been dealing with true judges she must have been acquitted. A sorceress she could not be, because the fact of her virginity was established—a conclusive proof, according to the ideas of that period. She was not a heretic, because she had always protested her submission to the Church. She never admitted being an impostor, seeing that nothing could make her express the faintest doubt as to the reality of the mission confided to her by her "saints." All they could find against her was that she had worn men's clothes, and to transform this into a serious crime they had to unearth the canons of a Council of the fourth century.

A Rouen lawyer, Jehan Lohier, before whom the opening of the proceedings had been laid, declared that the process was not in due form, the judges not being free and the accused not having an advocate. He had to leave Rouen. Another lawyer, La Fontaine, disclosed to Joan that she possessed the right to appeal to the Pope. He was excluded from the case. On the other side what traitors and spies surrounded her! The Bishop of Beauvais plays the farce of exhibiting his fatherly affection for her, and forges against her the twelve propositions, professedly extracted from her answers, which are to serve to condemn her. He assigns to her a confessor, one Loyseleur, and poor Joan believes him to be loyal. Loyseleur plays her false, urges her to set herself above the Church, betrays the secrecy of her confessions; and, almost alone among those judges, this wretch has the atrocious courage to vote that she, the young girl who is his spiritual daughter, should be stretched upon the rack.

These multiple torments must have overstrained the strength of Joan: she was, after all, only a poor young girl. On the 24th of May they took her to the cemetery of St. Ouen. There, before her judges and in the presence of a yelling crowd, they read to her the list of errors of which she had been declared guilty by the tribunal. She can save her life only by abjuring these errors, and thereby implicitly admitting her guilt. For long does her loyal nature resist! She holds out against the sight of the executioner, there with his cart before her eyes, all ready to take her to the stake; against the awful thought of being burned alive, against threats, against insults, even against the entreaties of those who, perhaps in good faith and out of pity, cried out to her, "Abjure and you will be saved." Three several times does Cauchon in vain demand that she shall abjure, and then begins the reading of the unjust sentence. She is aware that if he reaches the end she will be burned alive, and her woman's weakness overcomes her; she interrupts the judge, she confesses everything, every single thing they want: that her visions are false, that she has been an idolater, a schismatic, a wanton, a shedder of blood. Thereupon the Bishop of Beauvais tears up the first sentence, and reads to her the alternative one, which spares her life indeed, but condemns her to perpetual imprisonment, with the bread of sorrow and water of affliction.

Hereupon those who wished Joan to be put to death shouted that the Bishop had betrayed them; and now it was on the judges and assessors that insults and stones were showered by the soldiery. The ecclesiastics essayed to calm their fury. "Don't disturb yourselves; we'll catch her again!" And truly they were not long about it. Even if Joan had failed to recover her heroic temper they would have burned her all the same. They removed her female garments, leaving her only her male attire, so that her action in putting it on again after swearing not to do so should render her a relapsed offender. But, more than that, she herself declared to Cauchon, who came to verify with his own eyes the fact of her having relapsed, that she had been told by God, through St. Catherine and St. Margaret, how it had grieved Him to behold her abjure in order to save her life, adding that her abjuration had been a lie. She had condemned herself to death. "Be of good cheer," said Cauchon to Warwick; "that settles it!"

This scene took place on the 28th of May. Next morning an assembly of doctors declared that Joan, having relapsed, must be handed over to the secular arm, and on the morning of the day after they came and told her she was to be burnt alive. Joan wept. "Alas! must I be treated so horribly and so cruelly, and must my body, so pure and clean, be reduced this day to ashes? Ah! I would be beheaded seven times over rather than be burned." She made her confession, and asked for the communion; and the Bishop gave his consent, thereby admitting that she, whom he proclaimed to be a heretic cut off from the Church, might nevertheless receive the sacred host. Joan made her communion with much fervour. Then, seeing her judge, she said: "Bishop, my death is on your head. Had you put me in a prison of the Church and given me ecclesiastical guards, this would not have come to pass. Wherefore do I appeal against you before God."

It was nine o'clock. They came to carry her to the Old Market. An immense pile of wood had been prepared opposite the seats where sat the judges and the representatives of the King of England. Joan shivered. "Oh, Rouen, Rouen! is it here, then, that I am to die?" Possibly she may have hoped to the last for some victorious charge to be made by her former companions in arms, or even—who can say?—for a miraculous intervention of her Saints. It is said that just before the last moment she shook her head sorrowfully: "I do see plainly that my voices have deceived me." But at the very last, face to face with certain death, her grand soul found itself again in all its heroism and all its angelic sweetness. With patience she listened to the sermon and then to the sentence; she fell on her knees, asking the prayers and the pity of the beholders, and all in so devout and humble a manner that everyone fell to weeping, even Cauchon, the Cardinal, the English soldiers.

Others, it is true, were impatient and grumbled. These latter dragged Joan to the pile, where the executioner hoisted her up. At the sight of the fire she gave a great cry. Brother Martin, her confessor, held up before her a cross, which she looked at ardently. Amid the roaring of the flames she was heard to repeat the name of Jesus, and to give her testimony to her Saints. "Yes, my voices were of God, my voices have not deceived me." Doubtless in that supreme hour she understood that the deliverance they had promised was no escape from her earthly prison, but her ascension to Paradise, "where, with God's help," she had declared some hours earlier, "I shall be to-night." What sacred memories these words recall! Joan of Arc's passion is alone worthy to be set alongside our Lord's.

Poor Joan! the victim of her friends even more than of her enemies. For in this fifteenth century, a century of atrocious outrages, one can comprehend the ferocity with which a Cauchon or a Cardinal Beaufort set themselves to her undoing. But a Charles VII., who owed his crown to her! a Pope Eugenius IV., who was the master both of the Inquisition and of the Episcopate! How is it that neither one of them did aught to ransom, or to rescue, or at the very least to save from the fire the Holy Maid of Orléans?

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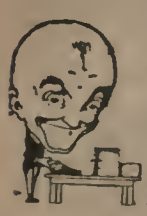

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# SILHOUETTES

*From the gallery of memory, mutascopic and fragmentary, there flashes at times a picture, many-coloured and complete; more often the screen gives back an outline, blurred in parts, yet conveying an impression so vivid and compelling that the mind holds only the salient points, and there emerges of scenes and emotions—a silhouette!*

SHE was seventy years and over, and life, that had brought her many things, love and suffering, hope and disappointment, had narrowed to the space before her window—a glimpse of garden merging into green fields, and to the right the curve of the long white road that, winding like a ribbon over the hills, lost itself at last in the surge of the great city. Her eyes, infinitely wise and tender, wistfully followed the road to where it passed out of sight; followed and then returned, lingering on each remembered landmark by the way. When evening came she would have a lamp set on a table in the window, so that its friendly gleams sped a welcome to the wayfarer on the brow of the hill.

She had lost the husband of her youth long since, and of her children some were dead, others were married. There remained one only who was out of the fold; but "night brings all home," said the patient mother, and set a lamp to guide him. A brilliant youth, full of promise that had never blossomed to achievement, he had played fast and loose with opportunity till, outworn by repeated failure, his friends left him, his companions denied him; only the old mother was left. She neither reproached nor entreated him, but sent all that her love could hoard. And he had promised to return to her within the year.

Spring dropped her treasure of violets on the lap of earth; summer with her riot of roses passed by. The browns and reds of autumn were over—a powder of snow lay on the hills, and the road was a sheet of ice.

"He will never come," said her daughter. "I would not worry, mother, if I were you. Promise? He never kept a promise yet."

She waited, half-angry that no remonstrance or protest came from the patient figure at the window. "You think more of him than any of us," the daughter grumbled; and when the door was closed the tender eyes shed a few tears.

He would not fail her; though the whole world were against him he was still her boy. And in the wonderful fashion of motherhood she saw him, the prodigal of middle age, as the curly-headed boy that leant against her knee.

"Now perhaps you are satisfied and won't worry," said the daughter on the last night of the year. "He can't possibly come, mother, the last train is in and there's a heavy fall of snow. . . . Put him out of your mind, he's not worth thinking of."

But the lamp was set as usual on the table, and the mother watched the long white road with wistful eyes. Anne was a good woman, but she had no son—she could not understand.

She dozed in her chair by the window, and for the first time for many nights slept soundly. And as she slept the old year passed, and, as the daughter said, the prodigal had not returned.

* * * * *

But in the morning, on the brow of the hill, just where the welcoming beams of the lamp would meet him, they found him in the snow, and on his face was set the seal of the great peace; and the hunger in the mother's heart was satisfied. The prodigal had remembered, her boy had come home at last!

# CORRESPONDENCE

*[As our space is limited, correspondents will please bear in mind that the utmost brevity and clearness are essential. We regret having been compelled to withhold a number of excellent letters simply on account of their great length.* ED.]

## GERMANY AND RELIGION.

*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

DEAR SIR,—With reference to your interesting article about Germany in No. 14 of EVERYMAN, I should like to allude to several points which seemed to me to be inaccurate.

If you range the Churches within the spiritual forces, which are strenuously working to undermine the Prussian military oligarchy, this is certainly not the fact. It is true that a few men like Jatho and Traub object to the high reactionary pressure of the orthodoxy, which is protected and fostered by the Government. But even those men see that things cannot go on as they are, and therefore endeavour to find a way out in order to avoid the coming revolution.

Now I think it will be impossible to understand the German nation without mentioning one most important point, viz., the religious question, which is practically a question of politics as well. The German nation may be divided into three parts, the reactionaries, the progressives, and those who are more or less indifferent. This last category is naturally the largest one, whereas the progressive section is growing from day to day.

It must be remembered that Germany has a State religion, or rather two, the Protestant Orthodox and the Catholic. Jews are already regarded as second-rate subjects, whereas dissenters are suppressed by all possible means. That children of dissenters are forced to attend religious lessons might be unthinkable in England and France, but it is a fact in Germany.

No wonder that, by degrees, people become obstinate, and that this obstinacy, which is, in the first instance, directed against the Orthodox Church, extends itself also against the State, which supports the Church. This movement is growing, and in a very short time there will be a breakdown of the old system.

Every broad-minded German will thank you for the last words of your article; for the good relations between the two countries are intimately bound up with the disappearance of the old *régime*.

May I express the hope that these words will find an echo here?—for the English nation could help a good deal if Jingo papers would stop pointing at a German danger. There is no danger at all. The old *régime* will not be able to conduct an offensive war successfully, whereas the coming generation will be too advanced to wish any complication.—I am, sir, etc.,

E. SCHMIDT.

Dulwich, London, S.E., January 30th, 1913.

## THE MORAL PROGRESS OF THE SWISS.

*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

SIR,—In the article on Switzerland in this week's issue, the statement is made that "in the province of education Switzerland is in advance of most countries in Europe." May I suggest that this view is not quite borne out in the subsequent passage, when it is doubted whether "the moral progress of the people has kept pace with their intellectual progress"? I am aware that this is partly attributed to the influences of those visitors who are drawn to that beautiful country, but surely there must be something badly wrong


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with the educational system when it fails to produce a people with sufficient character to resist the adverse influences of the holiday-makers—and, after all, a large proportion of these visitors must be those contact with whom would tend to strengthen and not to weaken the moral fibre of the people. "Switzerland," the article says, "has taught us many a valuable lesson." There is one to be followed up here.—I am, sir, etc.,

J. F. COLE.

Finchley, January 29th, 1913.

## THE VALUE OF THE BIBLE.

*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

SIR,—In the discussions on the Bible, two facts are frequently lost sight of: (1) It is not one book, but many. These books were written by very different people, at very different periods of the world's history. Hence we find various theological views therein. It unfolds progressively man's idea of God. (2) The books of the New Testament were not written to make people Christians. They were written to confirm and correct, to instruct and guide those who had already accepted the Christian faith.

The Jews had a "genius for righteousness," as Matthew Arnold points out; and because the books of the Bible help us to attain rightness of conduct, in a greater degree than any other literature, they will always retain their value.—I am, sir, etc.,

Truro, January 27th, 1913. W. G. KERR.

## LAMB AND BURNS.

*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

SIR,—In your article on Burns, in your issue of January 24th, it is stated that "Lamb would kiss his copy of Burns as he put it back on the shelf." What is the authority for this statement? I cannot find anything about Burns in the index to Lucas' "Life of Lamb," which one would expect to mention such an incident.—I am, sir, etc.,

London. H. M. CHARTERIS MACPHERSON.

## "THE KING'S MIRROR."

*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

SIR,—It is curious how tastes in books differ. I agree with nearly everything Mr. Lewis Melville says about Mr. Anthony Hope's works, except his extravagant praise of "The King's Mirror." I regard that work as piffle, totally unworthy of its distinguished author.—I am, sir, etc., EDWARD MARKWICK.

Godalming, January 28th, 1913.

## AN ETON EDUCATION.

*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

SIR,—I have been following the articles by Mgr. R. H. Benson on "An Eton Education," and hope that you will find room in your next issue for this protest against what I consider an unwarrantable intrusion upon the pages of EVERYMAN.

After reading the first few parts of Mgr. Benson's series, one cannot help thinking that his object is, not to give a fair outline of education, but to seize upon every conceivable opportunity to exalt the Roman Catholic religion and to disparage the Protestant faith.

What he says about the morals of the schoolboys at Eton is undoubtedly true, but he need not make it an opportunity of glorifying the Roman Catholic religion and of sneering at non-Catholic religions. The evil is entirely physical, and must be dealt with on physiological lines, and from what we know of public school boys we must believe that there are plenty of devout Catholic lads who are not one whit

better in this respect than the most unblessed heretic that ever shirked his lessons.—I am, sir, etc.,

STANLEY E. GULLICK.

Leyton, January 28th, 1913.

## THE TYRANNY OF THE NOVEL.

*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

DEAR SIR,—May I venture to suggest that, judging from his article on "The Tyranny of the Novel," Canon Barry either does not know in what spirit the novel is read, or does great injustice to the novel-reading public.

From his article it would appear that all novels are written either with no purpose at all (except of enriching the writer), or with the direct object of upsetting ancient faiths and Christian beliefs.

Is not the question, "Why the novel and not the Bible?" rather absurd, and does not the answer, "You have taken to the human story rather than the divine one," betoken a disregard of fact? Surely the Bible and the work of fiction cannot, out of respect for the one and fairness to the other, be compared in this way.

The reverend gentleman says that the novel, in Christian hands, is well adapted to illustrate the Gospel. Would he be so intolerant as to suggest that no novel is good but one written to expound the Gospel, and that in an orthodox manner?

He bemoans the fact that the storyteller is nowadays taken seriously, and asserts that the popular novelist always attacks Christian axioms and institutions. What the advanced novelist who *is* to be taken seriously does is to assail, not Christian axioms, but their frequently questionable applications. The novel is not always fancy let loose; it is often philosophy of a true kind. The existence of the "heterodox-pious" does not threaten religion; and, because it is not written with a Gospel text, the novel is not therefore the enemy of the Bible.—I am, yours, etc.,

WILFRED J. NEDEN.

74, Chelsham Road, Clapham, S.W.

## "THE DAUGHTER AT HOME."

*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

DEAR SIR,—Not having read "The Upholstered Cage" (noticed in your issue of January 3rd), I cannot criticise your reviewer's estimate of the book nor his general impression of its purport.

His attitude, however, to "the daughter at home" is a common and exasperating one, and calls for criticism.

It is difficult to imagine anyone "despising" her, but surely a little of the superabundant pity and sympathy bestowed by our present-day novelists on married people—pity on the happy and sympathy on the unhappy—need not be grudged to the daughter at home.

Her troubles and tragedies are as real, if less romantic and, as a rule, less deserved.

Putting aside the question of the servitude of woman, and allowing, for the sake of argument, that the care of an invalid mother, the taking of a mother's place in the household, and all the other duties which fall to the lot of the daughter at home form an ideal occupation for a woman, it cannot be denied that it is a "blind alley" one.

When the invalid mother no longer needs her care, and the brothers and sisters she has mothered have all gone their separate ways, what prospect has the daughter—now without a home—of making one for herself and earning enough to provide for her present needs and for her old age?

The chance of marriage as a solution of her diffi-


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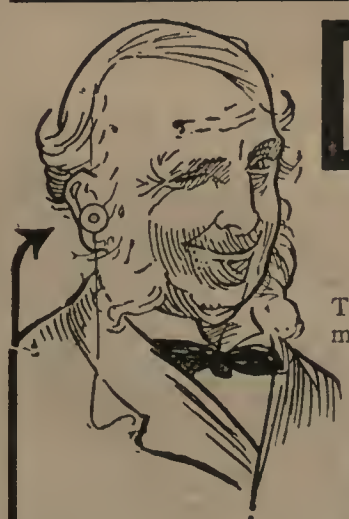

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culties need not be considered, being too vague a possibility.

All professions and skilled trades infer an apprenticeship. What's wrong with the daughter at home occupation is that it is a perpetual apprenticeship, and, unlike other apprenticeships, leads to nothing.

Domestic work—for the worker's "own people"—is considered unskilled labour, to all intents and purposes, and has little or no value as "experience" to potential or prospective employers. That specialisation so notable in the present-day industrial world makes it very hard for a jack-of-all-trades to compete with younger, more modern women trained from girlhood to some profession or trade, as men are from boyhood.

Her experience, moreover, does not do much to fit her to face the world "on her own." When she comes o that she is rather like a strayed cat, only less ikely to "fit into" any offered refuge than the cat. Food and shelter are not the only necessities of life.

Woman's sphere *may* be in the home and the family, and these great institutions *may* provide her with scope and freedom for the exercise of her highest qualities: but when she is only a "daughter at home," and these institutions not her own, she is expected to play "second fiddle" cheerfully and to accept with equanimity the prospect of being left to make a home and a living for herself at an age when her more fortunate sisters are resting a little on their oars, and looking forward to a comfortable and secure old age!

Gissing understood a little of the tragedy of the "odd women," but your reviewer, being either very old or very young, does not.—I am, sir, etc.,

Glasgow, January, 1913. F. L. C.

## THE DOWRY QUESTION IN FRANCE.

*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

DEAR SIR,—I think that your contributor, who seems to be a friend of France—a fact on which I cannot but congratulate him—seems also to be determined to see only the "fair side" of the "dowry" question. The "dot" would be all right if the reasons of its existence were those described by him—self-sacrifice, in order to provide for the uncertainties of human life; feeling of independence and dignity in the French-woman. Perhaps *once* (!!) it was so; but as it is, the reason is because—to put it plainly—*a dowerless girl cannot marry.* I know many girls, charming, clever housewives, cultured, of good birth and family, who are still single because they've no dowry. I and others have tried to find good husbands for them, but invariably the first question of the would-be suitors was about the dowry. And when the answer was given, "No dowry," or "A very small one," they one and all went their way. Many matches were broken off because the girl had lost her dowry before the marriage had taken place.

But there is another evil, far worse than the unhappy condition of these girls. Young men, instead of trying to work and to get a position which would enable them to marry and support a wife and family, have learned to rely upon a good match to get a living. Some, indeed, go so far as to anticipate, and run into debt (tradesmen being assured they will get their due after the wedding).

Your contributor says that women insist on not being dependent on their husband's income; but I can assure you that *men* have no such scruples, and the consequence is that young men no longer "struggle for life," but "marry for life." French-women are less than Mohammedan women—*they* are held of some value, since their husbands must *buy* them from their parents. But *we* are held cheaper. Husbands only take us with a "compensation gift." On the other hand, I know English girls—very nice, but penniless—they are *all* engaged to nice men, who are working hard to get a position which will enable them to marry. Some have been engaged for years.

Our system has another drawback. Men do not care much about their wives, for they have been chosen chiefly for money's sake, and not for their own; and temper and personal appearance are not taken into consideration.

As a conclusion to this too long letter, may I tell you that many years ago, in the *Annales Politiques et Littéraires*, this question of dowry was discussed, and a remark was made which is very accurate (at least, I think so)? It was said that, to prevent the decay of the race, the dowry ought to be suppressed, for healthy girls remained single, while sickly girls (cripples even) got married and had children, because they had money. Men, it was argued, would naturally love healthy and pretty girls, and only the lack of money prevented them from marrying them. Surely this is an argument worthy of consideration.—I am, sir, etc., (Mrs.) L. GEOFROY.

Sainpigny (Meuse), France.

## NIETZSCHE, SHAW, AND OSCAR WILDE.

*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

DEAR SIR,—In your article on "The Philosopher of the Superman" you state, "After all, Mr. Shaw is not his only disciple in England. The late Mr. Oscar Wilde was a heavy debtor to his teaching." I was very much surprised to read that. Considering that some of Nietzsche's most characteristic work was written *after* some of Wilde's most characteristic, one might as well say that Nietzsche was a debtor to Wilde. Could Wilde read German with ease? While he had a comprehensive knowledge of French and French literature, and was friendly with many eminent French writers, Henri de Regnier, André Gede, Bourget, dined with the Goncourts, paid a visit to Victor Hugo, his writings show no first-hand knowledge of German literature. He refers certainly to Goethe, but the trend of Goethe's writings were, of course, known by every man of letters, and his works available in English translations. In 1896, when Wilde had written everything except "The Ballad of Reading Gaol" and "De Profundis," appeared an article in the second number of the *Savoy*, by Havelock Ellis, on Nietzsche, where he wrote, "If we turn to Scandinavia or to France, whither his (Nietzsche's) fame and his work are penetrating. . . . At present I know of no attempt to deal with Nietzsche from the British point of view."

In the same year appeared in book form, translated in English, "The Case of Wagner, etc.," and "Zarathustra." Well, if Wilde did not read them in the original, how could he be "a heavy debtor to his teaching"? Why should we think less of our men of letters than Germany thinks of them? Precisely in those circles where Nietzsche is most admired in Germany, centres of intellectual life surpassed by none in Europe, there Bernard Shaw and Oscar Wilde are intensely appreciated, not as imitators and disciples, but literary artists of the first rank.—I am, sir, etc.,

RALPH ALKER.

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CONSIDERATIONS of space prevent us from inserting our summing-up of the discussion on the Land Question this week.

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# LADY LYTTELTON'S LETTERS*

COWPER, whom Southey accounted "the best of English letter-writers," summed up the whole theory of familiar correspondence by saying that nothing was necessary but "to put pen to paper and go on." If by this is meant the power of being one's self, of being always real and always human, then assuredly Lady Lyttelton understood the art of letter-writing. To say that her letters are good literature, in the sense that Cowper's and Lamb's were, would be preposterous; but that she possessed a genuine gift for correspondence is revealed on every page of this delightful book. An uninterrupted flow of spontaneous, open-hearted utterance, the outcome of a sympathetic, affectionate, and tolerant nature, a sprightly fancy, a rare fund of humour, charm and grace of style—such are some of the qualities that mark the letters of Lady Lyttelton. And to these epistolary virtues ought to be added a gift of terse and felicitous characterisation and a narrative power of a high order.

Sarah Spencer lived in four reigns, two of them the longest in British history. She was born when George III. was nearing the middle of his reign, and Victoria had completed rather more than half of hers ere she died. The elder daughter of the second Earl Spencer, whom posterity remembers as an able co-adjutor of Pitt and as the founder of the famous Althorp Library, Sarah Spencer belonged to a family as harmonious as it was distinguished. She had the benefit of a sound and liberal education, which in those days was not so common even among persons of her rank as it should have been, and she grew to be not only accomplished, but wondrously shrewd, observant, critical, and businesslike. Moreover, hers was a radiant nature, keenly sensitive to the joyousness of life, and eschewing everything gloomy or morose. She had a genius for friendship, and, as her letters testify, she kept it constantly in repair. Deeply interested in public affairs, and acquainted with most of the famous people of her time, her correspondence abounds in well-informed, sagacious, and instructive comment upon the leading events and personages of her long life—political, social, literary, and religious.

The letters in this volume begin with the year 1804, when Sarah Spencer was seventeen years old, and end with the year 1868. During the years preceding her marriage, in 1813, to Mr. (afterwards Lord) Lyttelton, most of her epistles were addressed to her second brother, Robert, who was a naval officer and the favourite of his sister Sarah. These contain many finely drawn pictures of old England when the wheel of existence turned slowly and there was time for the cultivation of those qualities which sweeten and intensify home life.

In 1813-14 Lady Lyttelton, with her husband, paid a lengthened visit to the Continent, and travelled over a large part of Russia and Sweden. Napoleon was then setting Europe in an uproar, and our correspondent was an eye-witness of more than one incident of the memorable drama. What she saw she depicted, with many a graphic touch, in a series of letters to her parents, and in a diary, part of which is reproduced.

In 1838, a year after her husband's death, Lady Lyttelton became Lady-in-Waiting to Queen Victoria, and four years later she was made governess to the royal children. She held that onerous position for nine years, and acquitted herself to the entire satisfaction of the Queen and Prince Albert. "Laddie" was the pet name given to her by the royal children, to

* "The Correspondence of Sarah Spencer, Lady Lyttelton, 1787—1870." Edited by her great-granddaughter, the Hon. Mrs. Hugh Wyndham. 15s. net. (Murray.)

whom she was greatly devoted, especially to the Princess Royal, who seemed to betoken much promise. The letters written during this period are by far the best in the book. Taken as a whole, they present a most intimate and attractive picture of Court life at the beginning of Victoria's reign, besides affording lively descriptions of many distinguished personages who had *entrée* to the royal circle. Lady Lyttelton's admiration for the Queen and Prince Albert amounted almost to veneration, and she was constantly dilating upon the domestic happiness which prevailed at Windsor.

"Her Majesty and the Prince are both very well. It was pretty to see him yesterday, after Mrs. Sly had vainly endeavoured to get on the Prince of Wales's glove, and thrown it aside at last as too small, just coax the child on to his own knee, and put it on, without a moment's delay, by his great dexterity and gentle manner; the Prince, quite evidently glad to be so helped, looking up very softly at his father's beautiful face. It was a picture of a nursery scene. I could not help saying: 'It is not every papa who would have the patience and kindness,' and got such a flashing look of gratitude from the Queen."

We have given only a very faint idea of these charming letters. To be fully enjoyed, they ought to be read in their entirety and in the order in which they were written. We conclude by remarking that a more engaging volume of correspondence has not been published for many a day. W. F. G.

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## MEN, WOMEN, AND MINXES*

A MELANCHOLY interest attaches to this volume, not by any means on account of its contents, which are lively and entertaining, but because of the prefatory note, which must have been, if not the last thing, one of the last to come from the versatile and genial pen of Mrs. Lang's husband. Mr. and Mrs. Lang chose the essays of this volume together, "and laughed over them together." And we can well imagine that the laughter would be hearty, for there is in these essays that vivacity, and wit, and allusiveness which Andrew Lang so keenly relished.

The sketches, which are reprinted from various magazines, cover a wide field—literary, social, and artistic. The portraits of the women preponderate, and their wide dissimilarity furnish much of the piquancy of the book. The contrast is striking between (for example) Madame de Genlis, that strange, volatile creature who convulsed the gay throng at Versailles by undertaking the education of the children of Philippe Egalité, and Miss Grant of Rothiemurchus, the stolid, outspoken, but sagacious Scotswoman who, although she found Scott's novels dull, had sufficient imagination to write the "Memoirs of a Highland Lady," which present a wonderfully vivid picture of the manners and customs of her time.

But the essay to which we first turned was that on "French and English Minxes." Instead of a running commentary on French and English minxes, as the title might lead one to expect, we have a lengthy analysis of "the most wholly satisfactory of all the minxes," Ariane de Montespan, in Gyp's "Le Cœur d'Ariane." Mrs. Lang, it is true, does furnish some comparative results, but they are too fragmentary to be of value. The true home of the minx, it is consoling to an English reader to learn, is France, where the conventional and artificial training of girls is well calculated to foster those qualities which go to make up this forbidding type of female character. But, "if an English minx is less depraved than a French one, she is undoubtedly far less clever, and much more

* "Men, Women, and Minxes." By Mrs. Andrew Lang. 7s. 6d. net. (Longmans.)


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vulgar." We do not know that Mrs. Lang's judgment will be upheld when she names Isabella Thorpe ("Northanger Abbey") and Blanche Amory ("Pendennis") as the two typical English minxes. Becky Sharp, it is admitted, was an adventuress, but she was more bountifully endowed with the attributes of the minx than probably any other character in English fiction.

One of the best chapters in the book is that in which Mrs. Lang dilates very sensibly and with quite good humour upon the trials of the wife of a literary man. We do not know if the essay is to be regarded as a record of personal experience, but, at all events, we can well imagine that the lot of the wife of a man of letters is not to be envied, when the latter is dominated by one idea.

"Morning, noon, and night does he expatiate interminably upon the subject to which he is at that moment giving his attention. . . . Yet for months together—in fact, till one burning question is replaced by another—she must be content to have the topic recur at every meal. Perhaps *she* would like to speak of the matters which interest *her*, . . . but she is never given a chance, for men have a wonderful power of assuming that what interests them is bound to interest other people."

In "Rousseau's Ideal Household," Mrs. Lang offers some acute criticism of "Nouvelle Héloïse" and of "Emile," though on pages 161 and 162 she gives the wrong dates of their publication. Other notable papers are: "Morals and Manners in Richardson," a penetrating study of the author of "Clarissa Harlowe"; "Pitfalls for Collectors," an anecdotal account of the ingenious forgeries perpetrated upon connoisseurs; and "Poets as Landscape Painters."

## ENGLAND, 1880-1898*

HISTORIANS of the older school were wont to lay undue stress on the fact that man is a rational animal; they credited him with a reasoning power which could dominate all impulses and prejudices; they argued that because he believed in such and such principles he would follow them to their logical conclusion; that because he knew such and such a course was to his advantage he would pursue it regardless of obstacles. This view of history and politics is now largely abandoned. We recognise that men are not rational beings; that habit, instinct, prejudice, and a score of other motives are continually interfering with the free exercise of his reasoning faculties; that our actions are seldom logical. We are glad to welcome a book on recent history which takes some cognisance of these facts. Mr. Gretton shows us, to take a trivial example, that Lord Rosebery lost, in 1894, his hold on the Liberal party, not because he had abandoned the traditions of the party, not because he had played traitor to the cause, but, forsooth! because his horse had won the Derby. Mr. Gretton emphasises then the human element in politics; he recognises that psychology and history are not separate sciences; and it is in the setting forth of the general state of feeling at a given epoch in the various strata of the national life that makes this volume so interesting and so valuable. He gives us the spirit of the year he is describing, the varied causes which brought it about, and its direct influence on the political events of the time. We feel that if we were transported to some year in the eighties, we should be able to join in their conversation, and to understand something of their point of view. In a word, Mr. Gretton makes us feel that the decades of which he writes are alive; that they are full of the same motives and impulses which move us now; that history is, as Freeman has said, only "past politics."

* "A Modern History of the English People." Vol. I. By R. H. Gretton. 7s. 6d. (Grant Richards.)

## THE STORY OF THE RENAISSANCE*

THE literature dealing with the Renaissance is very extensive, but while many books treat of particular aspects of the subject and trace the influence of revived classicism in various countries, Mr. Hudson's is the first, so far as we are aware, which attempts a broad survey of the whole field in a condensed, popular, and readable form. The difficulties in the way of carrying out such an idea are very great, and it is no disparagement of Mr. Hudson to say that he has not wholly succeeded. Some doubt may be expressed as to whether the arrangement he has adopted is the most effective for his purpose. We think also that his sense of proportion has occasionally failed him. Furthermore, as we shall presently show, he is a trifle careless about his dates. But these defects are almost inseparable from a work of this character, and they are amply compensated for by substantial merits. The book is evidently the fruit of wide and varied reading, and it reveals withal a sound and charitable judgment, and an admirable literary gift. As a competent, comprehensive, and popular exposition of the Renaissance, Mr. Hudson's volume is not likely to have any rivals.

So many diverse views exist as to what is meant by the Renaissance that we are glad that Mr. Hudson has sought, in his opening chapter, to bring order out of chaos. It is not easy to hit upon a definition which will adequately describe so complex and many-sided a movement as the Renaissance, but Mr. Hudson probably divides us least when he says:—

"The Renaissance meant many things. But beneath them all, it meant a fundamental change in men's attitude towards themselves and the world. Through the mere shifting of their point of view, phases of life were revealed to them of which hitherto they had never dreamed, and, what is equally important, long familiar phases were brought before them under a totally fresh light. A new spirit was everywhere at work. Its transforming power was shown alike in politics and society, in science, philosophy, and religion, in literature and art."

Quite the strongest section of the book is the sketch of the revival of learning in Italy, Germany, France, and England. Mr. Hudson shows clearly and convincingly how the renewed interest in the long-lost masterpieces of Greece and Rome powerfully affected the growth of personality and of the critical spirit. Interesting, too, is the way in which he brings out the fundamental difference in spirit between the Renaissance in Italy and the Renaissance in Germany and England. In the case of the former, it was scholarly and æsthetic; in the latter, practical and religious. Mr. Hudson does not fail to deal with the much-discussed problem of Italy's moral and political corruption during the Renaissance. He combats the popular idea that the frightful depravity of the time was mainly due to the rebirth of classical learning, and argues with much force that the real causes behind Italian corruption were the social disorganisation which followed the perpetual internecine wars and the flagrant immorality of the Church. At the same time he frankly admits that classical enthusiasm cannot be wholly absolved.

Arising out of the mistaken view that neo-classicism and moral decadence were cause and effect is the

*(Continued on page 544.)*

* "The Story of the Renaissance." By William Henry Hudson. 5s. net. (Cassell.)

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equally erroneous notion that the Reformation was a reaction against the Renaissance. Here, again, Mr. Hudson is on unassailable ground when he says that the Reformation was the spiritual and moral side of the Renaissance, the intellectual aspect of which was principally connected with the revival of the classics of Greece and Rome. Mr. Hudson handles the problem of Erasmus' connection with the Reformation on moderate and sensible lines. The weakness of the position of the great Humanist must not be traced to pusillanimity, but to personality. A scholar to his finger-tips, Erasmus was temperamentally averse to contention and strife. He forgot, as Mr. Hudson points out, that conflict cannot be shirked when we get to close quarters with mighty evils.

On page 117 the amazing statement is made that by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1685 "Richelieu practically annihilated Protestantism in France." Considering that that great Minister had been in his grave for forty-three years before this event occurred, we are at a loss to know what Mr. Hudson means. But this is only one of a number of misstatements. It was in Verona, and not in Florence, that Petrarch found a collection of Cicero's letters. In the city on the Arno he discovered a fragment of Quintilian. Perhaps this is what Mr. Hudson may have had in his mind. Reuchlin died in 1522, not in 1532; Colet in 1519, not in 1515; John XXII. in 1334, not 1324; Dolet was burned in 1546, not 1540. The English translation of Castiglione's "Cortigiano" was published in 1561, not 1586; Tasso's "Aminta" appeared in 1581, not 1573; and Guarini's "Il Pastor Fido" in 1585, not 1590. The Society of Jesus was founded in 1534, not 1540. Linacre did not found the London College of Physicians, but the Royal College of Physicians. We point out these errors, not in any carping spirit, but because they detract from the value of an otherwise excellent book.

* * *

## BOOKS OF THE WEEK

WE welcome a new and cheaper pocket edition of THE MUSEUMS AND RUINS OF ROME, by W. Amelung and H. Holtzinger (2 vols., Duckworth, 5s. net). The English edition of this work was revised by the authors, and edited by Mrs. S. Arthur Strong, and was first published in 1906. Since then it has come to be recognised as indispensable to English readers who are contemplating an artistic pilgrimage to Rome. The work is much more than a guide-book, for it is based on a theory of artistic development, and endeavours to lead the student to view each ruin and each statue not as so many isolated units, but as integral parts of a connected whole. The first volume, by W. Amelung, is a concise and authoritative survey of the most important works in the various collections of antiquities in Rome, whilst the second volume, by H. Holtzinger, aims at giving, on a topographical basis, a general appreciation, historical, architectural, and æsthetic, of the buildings of ancient Rome. The work contains 264 illustrations.

* * *

We are glad to welcome the second series of Werner Laurie's delightful books on OLD ENGLISH TOWNS, by Elsie Lang (6s.). The present volume deals with as widely differing places as Liverpool, St. Albans, Tamworth, Ely, and a dozen more. The history of the town from earliest days is touched on, the reason for its foundation, its greatest townsmen, and leading points of interest are given; delightful illustrations, most of which are taken from drawings by Myra Hughes, add greatly to the charm of the book. The short sketch of Boston is one of the most interesting in the series. Few people realise that "the humble and primitive mother" of the great city in the United States is a little, and at the present a wholly unimportant, township at the mouth of the Lincolnshire Witham.

* * *

The author of BELGIUM, THE LAND OF ART, W. E. Griffis (Constable, 5s.), is an American. The book is written from an American standpoint, and for American readers. Thus the only comment on the present King of Belgium is that he, "besides having travelled in the United States, is a warm friend of America." Such statements are harmless, and, no doubt, interesting to Americans; but when, in an earlier paragraph, Mr. Griffis calls Leopold II. "a man of great public virtues," and merely qualifies it by saying that over his *private* life his friends prefer to draw a veil, we are tempted to wonder how far an author writing from Ithica, New York, can be expected to be cognisant of modern Belgian politics. Historically, however, the book is of some value. It deals with the history of the Fleming and Walloons, from the Roman dominion down to the present times, there is an interesting chapter on Ypres, Ghent, and Bruges in the middle ages, and the story of Charles the Bold is vividly set forth. The style, however, is at times very trying. Sentences, of which the following is a good example, "As in a favoured environment, the crystal becomes the purer and the larger gem, so behind the portcullis, the consummate white flower of pure womanhood, protected from violence, bloomed into fullness of beauty," leave us somewhat cold; but we must remember that the book was written for Americans.

* * *

The Crown Prince of Germany says, in the introduction to his own book, FROM MY HUNTING DAY BOOK (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.), "I do not pretend to claim any literary merit for these plain, unadorned sketches. . . . They are just pages taken from the hunting diary of a man who loves open-air sport, and to whom nature, grand and beautiful, is an inexhaustible source of delight and joy." They tell of elephant hunts in Ceylon, of grouse-shooting in Scotland, of a famous tiger hunt in India, and the reader will not lay the book down till the last page is turned. Numerous illustrations from photographs add greatly to the interest of this delightful book.

* * *

Mr. Rider Haggard has travelled a long road since he wrote "King Solomon's Mines," and has wandered very far from the first promise of his genius. But now, after many days, he has recaptured the secret of his power, found again the wizard wand that created "She Who Must be Obeyed" and the invincible Umsloopagas. CHILD OF STORM (Cassell and Co., 6s.) takes us back to Zululand, where we meet our old friend, Allan Quatermain, with his faithful Kaffirs, and discover the greatest witch-doctor the author has yet sketched—Zikali the dwarf, "the Thing-that-should-never-have-been-born." There is a compelling attraction in Mr. Haggard at his best. You read without question, eagerly taking in the magic and the marvel of the story, never pausing to think as to probability of event or fidelity of characterisation. And the reason is not far to seek. The author writes in simple yet vigorous Anglo-Saxon. He is a master of a forcible yet restrained style, using words as a craftsman uses a chisel to carve out his meaning from

*(Continued on page 546.)*

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the rock. Allan Quatermain tells the story, an epic of war and beauty, vengeance and love. Mameena is an African Helen, a gorgeous, copper-coloured beauty, with the brains of a genius and the wiles of a Cleopatra. She plays one lover off against another, using them as steps to climb to power. The only man she loves, or thinks she loves, is Quatermain, who, though he loses his heart for a moment, safely preserves his head—a notable achievement in the troublous days of Panda, father of Cetewayo. In descriptive, the author achieves some very fine effects, and, for sheer word-painting, the picture of Zikali is difficult to surpass. Mameena, true to her name, carries trouble wherever she goes, and, having sent Prince Umbelazi to his death and arranged for the downfall of another lover, is finally condemned by an outraged society, and only escapes execution by suicide. But before she dies she claims Allan's promise that he will kiss her before all the people. "Slowly she lifted her languid arm and threw it about my neck; slowly she bent her red lips to mine and kissed me, once upon the mouth and once upon the forehead. But between those two kisses she did a thing so swiftly that my eyes could scarcely follow what she did. It seemed to me that she brushed her left hand across her lips and that I saw her throat rise as though she swallowed something." . . . A deep silence followed, a silence of awe and wonderment, till suddenly it was broken by a sound of dreadful laughter. It came from the lips of Zikali the ancient —"Zikali that should never have been born." Graphically sketched, full of swift touches of vivid colour and fine prose, CHILD OF STORM is one of Mr. Haggard's most notable productions.

❀ ❀ ❀

Mr. George Ryven, in a praiseworthy attempt to achieve originality of style, has fallen into a most cumbrous method of expression. "Can you call Shafton's, world-known long before the great Venetian princes, its marvellous influence met with again and again in our annals, even before Alfred's acknowledgment of their loan to him, short-lived?" Such sentences as these make only for the weariness of the flesh, and do not attempt further excursions through THE SHINING DOORS (Griffiths and Co., 6s.). The author has fallen back on the old transpontine descriptions of female beauty, and explains that his heroine—by the bye, her name is Rona—"was loveliness made human." The plot is never ending, and includes secret missions, spies, and intrigues galore.

❀ ❀ ❀

BAYREUTH AND THE WAGNER THEATRE (T. Fisher Unwin, 2s. 6d. net) contains some interesting notes on the necessity of Bayreuth "to protect Wagner from the desecration that his greatness and popularity bring upon him." The authors, Anna Bahr-Mildenburg and Hermann Bahr, contend that the performance of the operas under conditions of extravagant staging and rich scenic effects does not make for their understanding, and that only in the comparative simplicity of Bayreuth can the genius of the master be even faintly apprehended. Says Mr. Bahr: "The highest miracle of the drama is here attained. Some entirely lose themselves and only live in the light represented on the stage—all thoughts and feelings dominated for the time by the genius of the composer, who has created a new world for them. . . . Perhaps never since the time of the ancient Greeks has the preparation and purification of the soul of man for the receiving and adoption of a new will and new ideas been so clearly seen as here in Bayreuth." . . . The authors point out that the real reason of the intimate success of the Wagner opera in Bayreuth is that the whole dramatic caste, in common with the audience, feel and acknowledge the force appealing to their innermost feelings. Soaked in the Wagner traditions, the townsfolk make a unique audience, able to appreciate to the uttermost the influence of the master on the performers.

The book contains an interesting sketch of Frau Wagner. "Her movements had a spiritual grace about them, but, nevertheless, there was something in her unrelenting, decided, and strong willed, which was plainly written on the long, thin, pale features of this notable woman. Her hair, which was turning grey, was drawn back from a high forehead beneath which two incomparably kind eyes greeted me. I felt as if my very soul was laid bare before her, and was being read and estimated, and my entire will being taken possession of."

Free from technicality and translated into simple, easy English, the book is well worth reading.

❀ ❀ ❀

Mrs. Stanley Wrench has a flippant style that is sometimes fairly readable and in parts amusing. Her sentences, however, are badly in need of pruning; simple short statements spy out the poverty of the novelist's resource, however, while wordy paragraphs cover paucity of idea and drape inaccuracies of characterisation. THE COURT OF THE GENTILES (Mills and Boon, 6s.) is a story about writing women, and incidentally suggests other and more notable books. There are quite a number of pages devoted to love scenes in the desert, which the author somewhat naïvely tells us is called by the Arabs the Garden of Allah! The episodes, however, come a very long way after the remarkable novel of that name, and Rachel Challoner's confession in the Garden is both disappointing and unreal. She explains to her *fiancé* that certain things in her past stand between her and his love. Keyed up to the tiptoe of expectation, the reader learns with surprise that her fateful secret lies in the fact that she has used her friends and her admirers as "copy" for her books! Stephen, the lover, is puzzled at her remorse, and learns, somewhat regretfully, that she has destroyed her latest masterpiece because "he was in it!" There is also a dancer, Fatima by name, a traditional breaker of hearts, who, on the night of her début in London, is fatally stabbed by a dusky admirer. Altogether, the book is full of limelight situations and blood-curdling incidents, strung together on the thin thread of an outworn plot.

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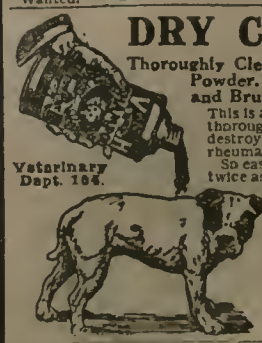

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# EVERYMAN

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No. 18. Vol. 1. [REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O.] FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1913 One Penny.


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## ARTICLES

BY

RUDOLF EUCKEN
PROF. KETTLE
DR. W. P. PATERSON
RICHARD CURLE
CHARLES SAROLEA

# HISTORY IN THE MAKING

## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

ON Monday afternoon the startling intelligence reached this country from New Zealand that Captain Scott, the leader of the British Antarctic Expedition, and the four other members of the Southern party had perished on their way back from the South Pole, which had been reached on January 18th, 1912, only thirty-five days after Captain Amundsen's arrival. Captain Scott, Dr. E. A. Wilson, chief scientist of the expedition, and Lieutenant H. R. Bowers, commissariat officer of the Southern party, died from exposure and want during a blizzard about March 29th last year, when 155 miles from the base at Cape Evans. Captain L. E. G. Oates died from exposure on March 17th, and Seaman Edgar Evans died from concussion of the brain on February 17th. The news of the disaster has caused profound sorrow throughout the civilised world.

Owing to the decision of the respective Governments to exclude newspaper correspondents from the seat of war, news from the Balkans is scanty and not very reliable. At the time of writing, all that we know is that the bombardment of Adrianople, which began on Tuesday week, is still proceeding vigorously; that the Bulgarians have defeated a Turkish force before the lines of Bulair, in the Gallipoli Peninsula, with heavy losses; and that the Montenegrins and Servians have captured several important points outside Scutari.

On Saturday the German Emperor delivered a speech full of religious fervour to the students of Friedrich Wilhelm University, Berlin. He claimed the facts of Prussian history as sure proofs of the governance of God, and called upon the whole of Germany's youth "to forge for itself that shield of faith, proved in the fire, which must never be lacking in the armoury of Germans and Prussians." Armed with such a weapon they could pursue their straight path, "eyes upraised, hearts upraised, trusting in God." With the words of Germany's first Chancellor, "We Germans fear God and nothing else in the world," the Emperor concluded a singularly impressive speech.

The House of Commons during the past week was mainly occupied with the final stages of the Welsh Disestablishment Bill and the Lords' amendments to the Temperance (Scotland) Bill. The former measure passed its third reading by a majority of 107. Its rejection was moved by Mr. Lyttelton, who maintained that the measure was conceived in a narrow spirit and without due regard to the report of the Royal Commission. Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. McKenna were the principal speakers on the Government side. The Chancellor combated the idea that Disestablishment would mean a decay of religion in Wales, and pointed to the Colonial Churches in support of his view. The discussion on the Temperance (Scotland) Bill ended in the rejection of the Lords' amendments by a substantial majority.

Two papers were read at a meeting of the Chemical Society of London foreshadowing another momentous scientific discovery. The papers, which were the joint work of Sir William Ramsay, Professor Norman Collie, and Mr. H. Patterson, described the results of experiments that either establish the transmutation of elements or announce the transformation of energy into matter.

The obituary of the week includes Sir Gordon Sprigg, ex-Premier of Cape Colony; Colonel J. M. McCalmont, M.P. for East Antrim and a prominent anti-Home Ruler; Mr. Bradley Martin, the American millionaire; and Sir George Reid, a distinguished portrait painter, formerly President of the Royal Scottish Academy.

# THE PROBLEM OF THE CHILD

WITH the passing of the Education Act a great step forward was taken on the path of progress. Experience was not slow in revealing the fact that education does little for underfed children from miserable homes, where the elementary comforts of civilised life are absent. Out of this grew an inquiry into the environment of the children of the poor. The nutrition of the child depends on the wages of the parent. A medical officer of health examined children of thirteen years of age whose fathers earned wages ranging from 25s. to 12s. On an average, children whose fathers earned 25s. a week weighed 99.6 lbs. The other children's weight gradually and regularly dropped as their father's wages dropped, till from weighing 99.6 lbs. they fell to 84 lbs., 77 lbs., 76 lbs., and 74 lbs. when the father's wage stood at from 12s. to 14s. In the matter of physique, clothing is an important factor, and here, too, the children of the poor are heavily handicapped. The head master of an East London school notes that out of 300 scholars in the very coldest days in winter ten to twelve are without boots; in the warmer weather thirty to forty; 25 per cent. are never supplied with new boots; 50 per cent. on any wet day are found with useless boots. As regards clothing 50 per cent. in colder weather are inadequately clothed for warmth, and 10 per cent. inadequately clothed for cleanliness. How unfit those children are may be seen from an investigation which took place some years ago in one of the slum schools in Leeds. With the consent of the School Board, medical examination of the children was made. With the exception of about a dozen, the children were physically unfit. Bad teeth, spongy gums, defective sight, wisps of hair, skin spotted with a kind of scurvy, rickety, crooked limbs—these and other ills, we are told, characterised the majority. A large number of the children had not enough food to eat, and the little they got was of the wrong kind.

In the face of this state of things, is it surprising that School Boards are now adding to their educational function the task of feeding and clothing the children of the destitute poor? It is felt that children are a national asset of the highest possible value, and that, ethics apart, and from a purely utilitarian standpoint, it is good business to maintain our racial supremacy, upon which our industrial supremacy ultimately rests. But what of parental responsibility? Are we not almost unconsciously drifting towards the Socialistic state, when family life becomes a matter of public management? The ideal domestic circle is the home, the nursery of all the virtues. On the other hand, where in the slums of our villages, towns, and cities is there to be found anything approaching ideal home conditions? Before such conditions are possible the dwellings of the poor must be radically improved; in a word, poverty, with all its demoralising consequences, must be got rid of. The problem of the child, therefore, is closely related to another problem—that of the redistribution of the national wealth. The richest nation in the world, we have within our borders masses of poverty and destitution which are an ironical commentary upon our Christian civilisation. Thanks to the increasing sensitiveness of the public conscience, the glaring contradiction between our principles and our practice is stirring the hearts of all right-thinking people. Humanitarianism is abroad, and before the twentieth century is much older the problem of poverty will be grappled with in deadly earnest.

HECTOR MACPHERSON.

# A BRITISH HERO

## CAPTAIN ROBERT FALCON SCOTT.

A TERRIBLE catastrophe has been added to the epic and romance of British history. An inspiring name has been added to the glorious roll of British mariners. There always have been matter-of-fact critics who, in the past, would question the uses of Polar exploration, and who would contend that the final results were not commensurate with the effort. If Captain Scott and his brave fellows had returned loaded with honours and with all the pomp and circumstance of victory, even then those practical men would not have been silenced or convinced. The sacrifice and death of the young explorer and his companions have done what no triumph could have achieved. They have revealed once more why a whole nation may be stirred more profoundly by the vision of the desolate ice-bound Antarctic plateau than by all the visions of Eldorado. They have revealed to the most obtuse mind the transcendent meaning of an eternal and apparently aimless quest. And dull indeed must he be of soul to whom this last episode in the history of exploration does not also reveal the deeper meaning of the only things that matter—love of country, love of home, sense of honour, self-surrender, loyalty to duty.

The catastrophe of the Scott expedition also teaches us a lesson much needed in our commercial age—that failure may be infinitely more valuable than triumph. Captain Scott, after all, did reach what he set out to achieve. Like Blake and Nelson, like Wolfe and Moore, he died in the hour of victory. But the discovery of the Pole counts as nothing as compared with the spiritual value of his deed, and personality as compared with the inspiration of his example and per[illegible] that had he lived "he would have had a tale to tell of the hardships, endurance, and courage of his companions which would have stirred the heart of every Englishman." However poignant may be our sense of [illegible] loss of such a tale, Captain Scott has left behind him in the record of his last days, a literary bequest which will impress itself more deeply on the memories of men than any previous written record of exploration. The brief and pregnant page in which Captain Scott narrates and explains the failure of his hopes, and where, in face of imminent death from exposure and starvation, he unites, in one supreme thought, the honour and love of his country and the love and care of the widows and children left behind, is as sure of immortality as any masterpiece which he might have written if he had survived to tell his tale. We certainly do not know in the vast literature of travel anything more moving in its pathos, more heroic and yet more human, more sublimely forgetful of self and yet more intimately personal. We know of nothing more notably characteristic of the British temperament in its subdued accent, in its restraint and reticence.

In the presence of this great event let us therefore, like Captain Scott, "bow to the will of Providence, determined still to do our best to the last": both humble and proud, humble worshippers of the hero and proud partakers of a common citizenship; both mourning and rejoicing: mourning an irreparable loss, but even more rejoicing that Great Britain still is, as she ever was, the mother of an heroic breed of men.

---

THE Editor has pleasure in announcing that he has arranged for a striking series of articles from Miss Margaret Hamilton, dealing with an important problem of modern industrialism, and entitled WOMEN AT WORK. The series will open in our next number with "The Shop Girl."

# HOW TO IMPROVE ANGLO-GERMAN RELATIONS

## By Prof. Eucken

THERE can be no doubt that an improvement in the mutual relations between England and Germany is highly desirable. It is an utterly unnatural situation that these two great and capable nations, who have been, and can be, so much to each other, should find themselves in a condition of mutual irritation. This state of things can only be overcome if an earnest desire on both sides for a more friendly understanding not only exists in the minds of the people, but is put into effective practice.

I.

The main point is that the nations should learn to understand each other better, that each of them should be more able to put itself into the position and enter into the feelings of the other. The German must recognise that through Germany's increase in power, economic and political, in the last ten years a new situation has arisen, which is causing the Englishman much anxiety. He must also recognise that England must maintain her maritime security, her unassailability by sea, by every means; that this is a question of national self-preservation.

But, on the other hand, the Englishman should recognise that this growth of power on the part of Germany and the extension of her interests over the whole globe urges the necessity for building a large fleet, and that this in no way implies aggressive designs against England. The lack of a sufficient fleet has brought Germany into deplorable situations, even in the second half of the nineteenth century. In the war of 1864 Prussia and Austria together could not retain mastery of the sea against tiny Denmark, and in the Franco-Prussian War only the rapid victories of the German armies prevented German trade from being entirely paralysed by the French fleet. Such recollections being still fresh, is it to be wondered at if a universal longing for increase of power by sea penetrates the German people?

II.

If, in spite of goodwill on both sides, dissatisfaction still arises, a good deal of it is due to the Press, though, of course, only to a part of it. The newspapers are often not aware of the great responsibility which they possess; they throw out unfriendly—ay, hostile—remarks, with no evil intention perhaps, but which must necessarily wound those on the other side. At the same time, the mistake is often made of selecting unfriendly remarks from a paper without examining of what importance that paper is in the other country, and how far it represents public opinion there, and treating them as typical for the whole people. Thus the nations easily receive a completely distorted picture of the mood which prevails in the other country.

In these circumstances it is especially necessary to counteract this tendency energetically, to bring the Press to a better realisation of its responsibility, but also at the same time to practise more independence in our own judgment, and not take to ourselves every unkind remark and every exaggeration brought to us by any kind of paper. But there are not only misunderstandings to do away with; it is also necessary to put more positive value upon that which binds the great nations together and makes them valuable to one another. The English and German peoples, in particular, find themselves in the fortunate position of being different enough to be mutually able to proffer something new, and yet of resembling each other enough to be able to come to an intimate understanding and to feel with one another. We should mutually bring ourselves to a greater sense of what we have been to each other during the centuries, and of what we owe to one another. How strong, for example, has been England's influence on German culture since the beginning of the eighteenth century!—towards greater freedom not only in political and economic affairs, but also in philosophy and the whole conduct of life.

III.

English Empiricism gave the most fruitful stimulus to German thought, and the greatest German thinker (Kant) acknowledged that he was awakened from the slumber of dogmatism by a Scottish philosopher (Hume). And is it not worthy of remark that this thinker is descended, on the paternal side, from a Scottish family (Cant)? Further, with what joy have not German poets and musicians often acknowledged the consideration and encouragement which they have received from England, sometimes in greater measure than from their own country?

Goethe, the greatest German poet, often gave warm expression to his sympathy for the English character, and the fact that the greatest English poet, Shakespeare, is esteemed by the German people quite as much as if he were a poet of their own, that his "Hamlet" appeals to the German almost as much as Goethe's "Faust," is surely distinct evidence that a close relationship of thought and feeling binds the souls of the two peoples.

All this should be powerfully and clearly represented by tongue and pen. Literary effort can do much to bring about a better understanding between the two nations. If they learn to know each other sufficiently well they will mutually respect and value one another, and that is a sure way to the peaceful and friendly arrangement of all problems which the present time may bring. Much can also be done in this connection by an increasing development of personal relations, which the nature of present-day communication makes so easy. As many Englishmen as possible must go to Germany, and as many Germans to England, not in search of a momentary pleasure, but for thorough study of the nature and the institutions of the other people. That will be the surest protection against the hasty generalisation of isolated mistakes and blunders, and at the same time against all spiteful popular catchwords. It will be considered bad taste to disparage the other people in the mass. Every nation, like every man, has its failings, but where excellence is as predominant as in the case of the English and the Germans no failings should be allowed to obscure the picture as a whole.

IV.

The fact that England and Germany to-day have both to solve the same great problems particularly urges them towards friendly agreement and mutual interchange of ideas. We are thinking in this connection especially of the religious and social problems. Here, as there, in relation to religion, alterations are being energetically effected; old forms have been

done away with, the new are but coming into existence. It is a time of seeking and striving.

The social problems show no less complication: the rising of the great mass of the people, the necessity for bringing their claims into agreement with the demands of the State and within the limitations of actual circumstances. There is a very great deal to be done in both directions, and both nations can learn much from each other: the Englishman from the more intellectual and systematic method of the German, the German from the more practical character of the Englishman, emphasising, as it does, independence of personality. It is of the greatest importance for the whole of mankind that both ways of thinking should mutually complete each other, and work together towards a common goal. The experiences of the one people could in this case become a direct gain to the other.

After all this, the conviction should rule in England and Germany that a hostile encounter, with its lasting enmity, seems simply impossible; it should be established beyond doubt that whatever complications may arise between the two nations, these should be settled by friendly agreement, or at least before a peaceful court of arbitration. Naturally, both nations have problems enough at home on which to exert all their strength. But each individual should consider it his duty to strive to the best of his ability that in this great question reason and justice may triumph over blind passion and confusion.

* * *

## MORE FACTS CONCERNING IMPRISONMENT

By THOMAS HOLMES

MENTAL AND PHYSICAL DISEASE *versus* CRIME

FACT 1. No Industrial School will receive any boy under fourteen years who is criminally inclined, unless he can pass a medical examination and be declared sound in mind and body.

Fact 2. No Reformatory School will receive a boy under the age of sixteen years without a similar certificate. Further, if any boy, after his reception in either of these schools, reveals any mental or physical infirmity, he is discharged as "unfit for training."

Fact 3. No young offender, after conviction, is given Borstal treatment unless he is strong, healthy, and declared fit.

Fact 4. That a large proportion of the weaklings who have been denied reformative treatment and training become prison habitues.

Fact 5. That a medical examination of thousands of youths who passed through Pentonville Prison proved that they were two inches less in height and fourteen lbs. less in weight than the industrial population of similar age; also that 28 per cent. of them suffered from physical disease, affliction, or deprivation, and that they furnished the highest proportion of reconvictions, no less than 40 per cent.

Fact 6. That a considerable number of prisoners are classified by the prison authorities as "unfit for prison discipline," about 400 fresh names being added to this list every year.

Fact 7. That the "unfit for prison discipline" spend the greater part of their lives in prison.

Fact 8. That in local prisons during the year ending March 31st, 1912, 156 prisoners were certified insane, and 522 others reported "weak-minded."

Fact 9. That in Parkhurst Convict Prison during the same year 100 prisoners, certified to be weak-minded, were undergoing sentences of penal servitude, twenty-eight being sentenced for crimes against the person, including seven murders and fifteen for arson. These prisoners shared 875 convictions amongst them, more than one-half receiving their first sentences before they were twenty years of age.

Fact 10. That in due course, except death intervenes, the whole of these prisoners will be free and at liberty to commit other crimes.

Fact 11. That epileptics are treated as criminals. During 1910 155 known epileptics suffered imprisonment.

Fact 12. That during 1910 253 prisoners were certified to be criminal lunatics and sent to asylums, making a total of 1,089 under detention, of whom 411 had been detained for more than ten years.

Fact 13. That the neglect by the State of criminally inclined youthful defectives entails disastrous consequences, and is largely responsible for the prisoners' progress, as indicated by the above facts.

* * *

## DAY AND NIGHT IN LONDON

Every day in London
From the opening of the morn,
Three hundred babes and twenty-five
They tell us now are born.

Every night in London—
At the closing of the day,
One hundred souls and ninety
Have passed from earth away.

Every day in London—
Amid its rapid strides,
One hundred of the fairer sex
Are now becoming brides.

Every night in London—
Sorrowing mothers weep,
While festive scenes oft trouble
The mighty city's sleep.

Every day in London—
Its council has to find
Four thousand pounds and upwards
For the poorest of mankind.

Every night in London—
On pictures, songs, and plays,
Thirty thousands pounds, it seems,
Are spent in all such ways.

Every day in London—
Thousands are seeking work,
And bravely trying hard to bear
Burdens they cannot shirk.

Every night in London—
Thousands are going back
To squalid homes and weary wives
Along life's fruitless track.

Every day in London—
The traffic is so great,
Four millions of the people now
Travel from morn 'til late.

Every night in London—
"The Curtain" seldom "falls,"
E'en though the darkness gathers
O'er the City of S. Paul's.

WILLIAM A. PAGE.

# MR. JOHN REDMOND: A MISUNDERSTANDING

## By Prof. T. M. KETTLE

I.

In political geography, Ireland possesses this remarkable feature: it has no East. Everybody has heard of the Orange North, of the vowelled and insinuating South, of Celtic Connaught. But of the Eastern sea-board, the English know only the Shelbourne Hotel. And yet this strip of coast happens to have been the gate of invasion, and the focus of war in all our history. It also happens to have given to the political leadership of Ireland Mr. Redmond, and before him Parnell, and before him Grattan. There is in this a symbolism. Mr. Redmond is an Eastern Irishman. That is to say, he stands with all Ireland behind his back, and he looks England squarely in the face. His county is Wexford, which, of all Irish counties, is the most lethargic in speech, and the most energetic in action. It is renowned for tillage and taciturnity. It is what your writers would call "thoroughly English": so much so that its most recent, distinctive appearance in history was when in 1798 the torrent of Wexford pikes overwhelmed the redcoats as lava swallows up stubble.

These are what London journalists call the paradoxes of Ireland. In other words, they are the elementary laws of human nature.

II.

Mr. Redmond was educated at Clongowes, which then was and still is the Irish Eton, and at Trinity, which then was but no longer is the anti-Irish Oxford. He proceeded to the Bar, which then was but no longer is—for times and men are changing—the cemetery of national ideals. As an advocate he might have won the reputation and the rewards of his younger contemporary, Sir Edward Carson, and something more. That lucid mind and masterful presence must have carried him long since to the first place on the Bench, but there was a blot in his escutcheon. He was a Nationalist, and his youth was touched and made drunken by the magic of Parnell. He found his way from junior counsel's seat to Westminster *via* the dock and the prison, as was the custom of those days. And there, revisiting the place that he had known earlier as an official of the House, he discovered himself, his métier, and his destiny. During that rending civil war called the Split he was, as leader of the Parnell remnant of nine, to discover deeper wells of passion both in himself and in Ireland. The fire of it searched and annealed him.

III.

Of Mr. Redmond as the perfect Parliamentarian there is no need to say anything. As one who served under him, I limit myself to saying that he was an easy man to work with, to live with, and to reason with. When Mr. Dillon rose, with that white intellectual passion as of a Scotist or a Thomist in his face, you knew that you were going to hear either the best or the worst speech you had ever heard, but you did not know which. Mr. T. P. O'Connor was bound, under all his genius, to be just a little too liberal in his allowance of Hymettian honey; Mr. Devlin, under all his, to be just a little strident. Of Mr. William O'Brien you could prophesy that he would trip himself up and finally strangle himself in his own trailing periods; and you saw Mr. Healy rocketting into the inane on one of his own aimless fireworks. But of Mr. Redmond you knew that he would rise to the occasion, and, what is still more important, that he would not rant beyond it.

> He nothing little said or mean
> Upon each memorable scene."

In technique he belongs to the gradual school. It is the method of the Alpine avalanche in nature, and of Tolstoy in imaginative literature. Stroke follows stroke as flake follows flake. No one of them is in itself noticeable or memorable. But they accumulate, they gather momentum, finally they sweep you off your feet.

IV.

As befits one who, from his boyhood, has been a Shakespearean and a classicist—his best playing part at school is said to have been that of Brutus—he employs few words, and means them all. His official vocabulary is as limited as that of Sir Edward Grey. He has never coined a phrase, or imprisoned his mind in an epigram. One image, and only one, I remember. When we were condemning the Irish Council Bill as lacking organic integrity, the friends of that measure kept on telling us that half a loaf is better than no bread. Our case was that the Government of a people is a living unity, and that there can be no control of administration without control of legislation. Mr. Redmond gave us the *mot juste*, the clinching metaphor. "Half a loaf," he said, "is undoubtedly better than no bread, but is half a chronometer much better than no watch?"

He is scarcely ever humorous in business hours. Outside them, when he is shooting or fishing down at Aughavanagh, in Wicklow, or otherwise released, he rivals his brother "Willie," although it cannot be said that he excels that super-Shavian.

V.

Two points remain to be annotated—two points common to all the world—his past and his future. What he has been few Englishmen can understand. For more than thirty years this man has tramped through division lobbies, ridden on the wave of electoral triumph, and been drenched and menaced by it. He has known all pains that the immortal spirit must endure when it devotes itself to a political cause. Sitting below the gangway he has seen young man after young man, with not one tithe of his public genius, pass from obscurity to office. He ground his teeth, and remembered Ireland. Now at last the fruits of power stoop down to him, and beg to be gathered. What will he do with them?

Two things. First of all, he will heap coals of fire on the heads of the former enemies of Home Rule. He will encumber them with tolerance, and bury their bigotries under a tumulus of fair play. Next as to social policy? He passes for a Conservative, but I have never known a humane cause that did not carry his heart with it. We come nearest to his philosophy in certain verses of John Boyle O'Reilly, the Irish-American poet.

> "Only from day to day
> The life of a wise man runs.
> What matter if seasons far away
> Have glooms or have double suns?
>
> "Like a sawyer's work is life:
> The present makes the flaw,
> And the only field for strife
> Is the inch before the saw."

From these lines you may construct the curve of his future development, and of that of Ireland.

# COUNTRIES OF THE WORLD ✦ ✦ ✦ BY THE EDITOR

## VI.—THE ARGENTINE REPUBLIC*

I.

A VAST plain of nearly a million square miles, extending north and south for more than two thousand miles, without hills and almost without undulation, without trees and almost without a pebble—a virgin country of inexhaustible fertility, which, without manure, gives abundant harvests, and which has already become one of the great wheat growing and meat producing centres of the planet—a land possessing splendid harbours and a wide stretch of coast on the open Atlantic, a land watered by magnificent rivers which form so many inland seas, a land blessed with a temperate, dry and healthy climate (Buenos Aires is Spanish for "Good Air"), a nation of seven million people, which before the end of the century may have increased to a hundred millions—such is the Argentine Republic.

It is true that against those inestimable advantages we must place the absence of coal, timber and stone, which will prove a serious obstacle to industrial development, and we must also place the twofold plagues of withering droughts and devastating locusts. The evil effects of the drought may be minimised by irrigation, and by a greater variety of cultivation. The locust invasion only occurs on an average every seven years, but when it does occur it spreads destruction and desolation throughout the country.

II.

All that is wanted to develop the resources of the Argentine are capital and labour. Northern Europe—and mainly Great Britain—has provided the capital. Southern Europe—mainly Spain and Italy—has provided the labour. The Old World has been slow in recognising the unbounded possibilities of the country. The long sea voyage, which used to take a month, and which has now been shortened to fifteen days, an invidious reputation for bad government, for political corruption and anarchy, and especially periodical bankruptcy, all combined to frighten away intending immigrants. About 1882 the Government settled down; the Argentinians finally discovered that honesty is the best policy, and determined scrupulously to pay their debts, and from that day the tide of immigration set in the direction of Buenos Aires. Interrupted during the early nineties by a severe financial crisis, immigration assumed tremendous proportions in the last years of the nineteenth and in the opening years of the twentieth century, and we may confidently prophesy that it will still further increase in geometrical ratio, as the United States and Australia are closing their gates.

III.

Compared with the United States, the Argentine population is remarkably homogeneous. Ninety per cent. of the people are of pure Latin race: the Germans and the English form an infinitesimal minority. There is only a remnant of thirty thousand aboriginal natives, and there are no negroes.

But although there are no negroes, and although the homogeneity of the Latin races makes assimilation much easier, Argentinian immigration has its own special difficulties. In the first place, there are many undesirable elements amongst the Italians and the Spaniards. Underfed Neapolitan paupers and Sicilian anarchists are not the best foundation for a future Argentinian Commonwealth. And, in the second place, immigration in the Argentine Republic presents a curious and almost unique phenomenon. Immigration is a seasonal flow and ebb. The influx at the beginning of the year is followed by the ebb of emigration at the end.

The unsuccessful immigrant remains to fill the slums and to increase the congestion of the great cities. Already the population of Buenos Aires has increased to one million and a half, and forms more than one-fifth of the total population. On the other hand, the successful immigrant returns to Andulusia and Sicily with his savings, and thus withdraws from the Argentine both capital and labour—a disastrous drain for a new country.

IV.

The abnormal fluctuations of immigration, the congestion of the cities compel us to face at the very outset the whole problem of Argentinian civilisation. Most writers on the Argentine profess unbounded optimism, and burst out in raptures about the expansion of the Southern Republic. That the Argentine Republic is rapidly progressing is an obvious fact, but is it progressing in the right direction? Is the progress normal and healthy? Are the people really becoming civilised?

If civilisation only means material development, increase of capital, elevators, improved machinery, splendid buildings, then certainly Argentinian civilisation is advancing by leaps and bounds. Whereas, twenty-five years ago, the country had to import its flour, to-day fifty million acres out of two hundred and fifty millions are cultivated. The annual value of the harvest exceeds a hundred millions sterling. The country is covered with a close network of 25,000 miles of railways. Artificial harbours have been built at enormous expense. The Argentine has become, indeed, the New Atlantis of the statistician and of the Manchester economist.

V.

On the other hand, if civilisation means lofty civic ideals, a high standard of morality, of education and religion, then the Argentine is still in a state of semi-barbarism. Some pessimists might even urge that the fruit of Argentinian culture is rotten before it is ripe. It is true that there are no religious difficulties, but that is because there is little religion left to quarrel about! It is true that there is no political strife, but that is only because there is no political life. It is true that there are giant papers, like the *Prensa* of Buenos Aires, which is housed in a palatial building, but the *Prensa* does not represent public opinion, for there is no public opinion. Government is largely personal. Parliament counts for little. Elections are manipulated by the party in power.

And as there is little civic life, there is little artistic activity. Whatever literature there is, is imported from France, in the form of questionable Parisian novels. Buenos Aires, with its population of a million and a half, is no centre of culture. It is essentially a Metropolis of Business and a City of Pleasure. Every

* Amongst many good recent books on the Argentine and South America, I would specially recommend (1) Martinez and Lewandowski, "The Argentine in the Twentieth Century" (Fisher Unwin, 12s. 6d. net); (2) Garcia-Calderon, "Latin America" (Fisher Unwin, 10s. 6d.); (3) Clemenceau, "South America of To-day" (Fisher Unwin, 12s. 6d. net); (4) James Bryce, "South America" (Macmillan, 8s. 6d. net); (5) Koebel, "Modern Argentine."

"GEOGRAPHIA," LTD., 33, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

hour which is spared from the scramble for wealth is given to gambling—betting and racing are the favourite national amusements. The Argentine is not a democracy, it is not an aristocracy, it is a plutocracy.

I admit that the Argentinian is a great patriot, and that is a healthy sign, but his patriotism tends to be of the jingo kind, bluffing and boasting, bragging and blustering. The Argentinian jingo is already basking in the vision of a glorious future, when the Southern Republic will have become a mighty Empire. And in anticipation of that future—although the Government cannot afford to build schools, and although batches of boys in Buenos Aires can only attend classes alternately in the morning and the afternoon, for lack of accommodation, yet the jingo politician is already spending millions a year on armaments and Dreadnoughts to defend that problematic future mighty Empire against future imaginary enemies.

## VI.

It may be objected that it is unfair to judge Argentinian civilisation either by a materialistic criterion or by the criterion of the idealist, and that it is much safer to take the common-sense Benthamite criterion of the greatest happiness of the greatest number. Unfortunately, if we are to accept that good old Radical test, our judgment of the Argentine Republic will be even less favourable. The Argentine has solved the problem of the production of wealth, but she has not solved the problem of the distribution of wealth. The Argentine politicians have shown a recklessness and lack of forethought almost without a parallel in history. If forty years ago the Argentine Government had leased or distributed those public lands to desirable settlers in moderate allotments, on the principle of the American Homestead Act, the Argentine would to-day be a model agricultural community. Instead of so simple and obvious a policy, the corrupt Argentine politician has distributed sixty millions of acres of the best soil to an insignificant number of speculators, and, what was even more criminal, he put endless difficulties and formalities in the way of the small settler, with the result that to-day, in the richest agricultural country of the world, there exists no peasant class, but there only exist, on the one hand, a few landed magnates, each with hundreds of thousands of acres, and, on the other hand, a proletariate of farm labourers. Is it to be wondered at that already in this new country anarchism is rampant, that two years ago bombs were thrown in the opera house of Buenos Aires, and that the metropolis was declared in a state of siege?

To any reader who wants to realise the evils of irresponsible individualism, to anyone who would realise the vital importance of a sound land policy, the Argentine must be an ever memorable object-lesson. With a rational land system the Argentine would have been a peasants' paradise; with a bad land policy it threatens to become a country of wasted opportunities!

# RUDOLF EUCKEN

## By E. Hermann

THOSE who know Professor Eucken only through reading his books are apt to form an entirely wrong impression of the great thinker's personality. Some imagine him to be a conventional German "Gelehrter"—one of those desiccated creatures who view the world from behind the narrow rampart of their professorial desks, and are roused to animation only when the occupant of some other desk attacks their pet theory. Others, again, picture him as a sentimental German "schöne Seele" of wide but watery culture who has somehow strayed into the realm of philosophy. In truth, he is as remote from the one as from the other. He is a man of the North, closer akin to the Anglo-Saxon than to the Middle or to the South German type. If his calm and finely developed brow and his gentle manner suggest the peaceful thinker, a glint of his blue eyes reveals an ancestry that lived cheek by jowl with nature and did grim business in great waters. "Wir leiden an Gelehrsamkeit" ("We suffer from erudition") is a characteristic *mot* of his, and there is a certain *plein air* quality about him—something of the breadth and freedom of the open sky—which, one suspects, has a less than soothing effect upon the muck-raking *petits maîtres* of index-learning who are so large a factor in German academic life. And if his philosophical temper and outlook are anything rather than typically German, his political convictions—taking the term in its broad, non-party signification—are still less so.

I.

As a teacher, Eucken has the rare gift of evoking in his students a sense of the deepest personal obligation. It is now about thirty-nine years since he became professor at Jena, and it is not too much to say that of the thousands of students who came from the ends of the earth to hear him, few went away without being more deeply touched to vital issues. Men seem to find it well-nigh impossible to expose themselves honestly to the impact of this teacher's personality and remain altogether unchanged. The award to Eucken of the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1908 gave a powerful impulse to the translation of his books into many languages, including Japanese; and since then his lecture-room has taken on a truly cosmopolitan character. Briton and Japanese, Servian and Icelander, Australian and Swede, and men of almost every civilised country jostle each other in the passages, sit side by side taking notes, gather in groups to discuss the secret of his influence, to find out, if possible, wherein the strength of this gentle and unassuming Samson lieth. And his influence is by no means confined to academic students; the humblest soul in search of mental and spiritual anchorage amid the seething cross-currents of bewildering thought evokes his most sincere and sympathetic interest. Of the snobbery of the schools he knows nothing. "The emergence into new life of the humblest soul," he once said to the present writer, "is more to me than the birth and discovery of a thousand new worlds." His way with souls *en route* is a delight to witness. Perhaps it is a thoughtful "man in the street" who approaches him, halting and awkward through consciousness of ignorance and cramping disability. "Now just let me tell you all about this," the genial teacher will begin, using the German word "erzählen," with its happy suggestion of homely fireside talk. And then, in forceful, direct, refreshingly unacademic language, his very look betokening unfeigned joy in his task, he will seek to bring the bewildered spirit into serious and intimate adjustment with the great realities.

II.

The genuine catholicity of Eucken's sympathies has won him the affection and confidence of men of the most widely varying convictions. A Protestant by ancestry, training, and temperament, he has many friends in the Roman Church, and has been invited to lecture at Rome. For the Catholic Church in Germany he has a word of high praise, contending that, there at any rate, she has stood for the equality of man and paid no slavish homage to wealth and influence. Yet a Protestant he remains to the backbone, and confesses that he finds it easier to converse with a non-German than with a South German Catholic, whose traditions and interests differ so utterly from his own. His relations with members of the Greek Orthodox Church are no less happy, and one of his most interesting connections is his correspondence with a member of the Greek Patriarchate at Constantinople. His relations with English-speaking students have been particularly happy, and he much enjoyed his visit to England in the spring of 1911, while his present visit to the United States has revealed his power of influence over pragmatic thinkers impatient of the jargon of the schools.

III.

And what is this wonderful philosophy of life which people talk about? Not a few tell us that there is really nothing new in it, and one has heard of a poor Methodist woman who, on having the fundamental principles of Eucken's philosophy explained to her by an enthusiast, exclaimed, "Why, I learnt all that long ago in class-meeting!" But while Eucken's philosophy may be described as a vitalistic rehandling of classical concepts, a matter of emphasis as much as of discovery, "a new culture rather than a new category," yet his originality asserts itself at every point, and he will stand out in the history of thought as the protagonist of a new Idealism.

IV.

Eucken entered the arena at a critical moment. Naturalism and Intellectualism alike were breaking down, and men everywhere began to feel themselves bankrupt of a true interpretation of life, and sought desperate alliances with the Pessimism of Schopenhauer and the Subjective Emotionalism of Nietzsche. He re-emphasised the spiritual significance of man, but, unlike the intellectualist, he did not leave the spiritual suspended *in vacuo*. Man represents the spiritual in nature; he marks the emergence of a new field of reality in the development of the world. For Eucken a philosophy of life does not mean a philosophy that follows life and seeks to explain it, but one which is part of life and must therefore first of all be itself *lived*. Life is not a debating society, but a battlefield on which nature and spirit are at desperate grips over the soul of man. Philosophy is not an excogitation; it is a pilgrim's progress, a holy war, a wager, a venture. Pascal is right when he says that man must wager, must venture; for he who refuses to wager, wagers all the same, and he who refuses to choose has thereby already chosen. Small wonder that a teacher whose philosophy offers, not the *pro* and *contra* of theoretical reason, but the "Either-Or" of vital choice, should speak the revealing word to thousands in a generation athirst for reality.

RUDOLF EUCKEN, NATUS 1846

# LITERARY NOTES

MESSRS. WILLIAMS AND NORGATE make the welcome announcement that next week they will publish an additional ten volumes of the "Home University Library." When this venture was started I was a little sceptical regarding its success, being strongly of opinion that specialists are the last persons to whom one ought to apply for popular expositions. The experts, I was wont to say, are so full of their subject that they lose all sense of proportion, and, what is worse, are usually incapable of broadly generalising their knowledge and presenting it in an appetising form to "the plain man." This view I have not relinquished, but certainly it has been greatly modified by the uniform excellence of the volumes of the Home University Library, the writers of which are, without exception, specialists.

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But perhaps I should attribute the success of the Home University Library to the extraordinary good fortune of the editors in enlisting the services of the right men, rather than to any flaw in my argument that experts are usually bad popularisers of knowledge. Anyhow, as one who has a pretty wide acquaintance with the fifty odd volumes of this series already published, I venture to say that never before have the salient features of the most important fields of human knowledge been brought before the average reader with such compactness, lucidity, and charm of presentation.

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The new volumes of the Home University Library promise to be as attractive as their predecessors. One of the three editors, Mr. Herbert Fisher, writes on Napoleon, a subject of which he is one of the first masters. Another addition to the Historical section is "The Navy and Sea Power," by the well-known naval writer, Mr. David Hannay. "The Newspaper," by Mr. G. B. Dibblee, claims to be the first full account, from the inside, of British newspaper organisation as it exists to-day. Science will be represented by a volume on "Chemistry" by Professor Meldola; also one on "The Origin and Nature of Life" from the pen of Professor Moore, of Liverpool.

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Three notable additions will be made to the Literature section. Mr. John Bailey, who, if I mistake not, is the writer of many of the brilliant leading articles in the "*Times* Literary Supplement," contributes a volume on "Dr. Johnson and his Circle"; Mr. G. K. Chesterton, in "The Victorian Age in Literature," passes under review most of the prominent figures of the time, from Macaulay and Newman to Mr. Shaw and Mr. Wells; and Professor J. G. Robertson deals with "The Literature of Germany," a subject about which he has already given us an able book. The remaining volumes are by Professor Estlin Carpenter, whose subject is "Comparative Religion," and Sir Frederick Wedmore, who discusses "Painters and Painting," mainly in relation to the French and British schools of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries.

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Jane Austen, whose novels all admire but comparatively few read, has probably been more written about than any other British lady novelist, with the exception of Charlotte Brontë. I could name nearly a dozen volumes about her, some of them excellent in their way, notably Goldwin Smith's monograph; Miss Constance Hill's "Jane Austen, her Homes and her Friends"; and Miss Mitton's "Jane Austen and her Times." But the fact remains that we have never had a satisfactory biography. The memoir published by Jane Austen's nephew, the Rev. J. E. Austen Leigh, in 1869, though it filled a gap, could not be regarded as a final appraisement of the novelist's life and work. In 1884 Lord Brabourne edited a selection of Jane Austen's letters, mainly addressed to her sister Cassandra, but these did not throw much light upon the writer's character. Now comes the announcement of what promises to be the definitive "Life." The writers are two members of the novelist's family, Mr. W. Austen Leigh and Mr. R. Austen Leigh, and their work, which Messrs. Smith, Elder will publish during the spring, is based on the memoir and the letters edited by Lord Brabourne mentioned above, supplemented by other family documents, some of them hitherto unpublished.

* * * * *

The fruits of Mr. William Watson's poetic genius ripen slowly. No one would ever dream of describing him as a facile versifier. But when he breaks silence his admirers expect what Mr. Darrell Figgis has called "a rare repast of grandeur," and seldom are they disappointed. Another of these delectable periods appears to be approaching, for Mr. Herbert Jenkins announces that he will publish shortly a new volume of Mr. Watson's poems, to be entitled "The Muse in Exile." It will be prefaced by a prose essay on "The Poet's Place in the Scheme of Life."

* * * * *

Hearty congratulations to Messrs. Jack on the issue of the fifth dozen volumes of their People's Books. They are slighter in form than the volumes in the Home University Library, and naturally, being half the price; but along their own lines they are wonderful value. As I write I have in mind one particular volume of the People's Books to which I am constantly referring. No other work with which I am acquainted presents so admirable a summary of the leading facts of the subject.

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I am glad to learn that Messrs. Routledge and Kegan Paul are about to issue a new edition of Dr. E. A. Baker's "A Descriptive Guide to the Best Fiction: British and American." This most useful work, which was first published in 1903, aims at furnishing "a fairly complete list of the best prose fiction in English," each book being accompanied by a brief descriptive note which tells the reader just what he wants to know. The work has been brought down to date and enlarged by the incorporation of a large number of novels of all periods. No other work, so far as I am aware, covers exactly the same ground, though Mr. Jonathan Nield's book, now in its fourth edition, forms an excellent guide to the best historical novels and tales.

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A long list of books is announced by Messrs. Constable for publication in the spring. Mr. Hilaire Belloc is represented by "The Staines Street," which will contain an introductory chapter on the Roman road in Britain, and Mr. Charles Whibley by a volume of biographical essays. A fresh instalment of "Emerson's Journals" (Vols. VII. and VIII.), covering the period of Emerson's visit to England and Scotland, will no doubt be warmly welcomed. The same firm is also to publish a brief monograph on W. E. Henley from the pen of Mr. L. Cope Cornford, who wrote the Stevenson volume for Messrs. Blackwood's Modern English Writers Series.

X. Y. Z.

# MASTERPIECE OF THE WEEK

## MAETERLINCK'S "BLUE BIRD"

M. CAMILLE MAUCLAIR, at a very early period of Maeterlinck's literary career, drew attention to the peculiar duality of mind of the Belgian writer, which enables him to create simultaneously a concrete form complete in itself, and a web of symbolism, subject matter for deep thought. Thus he appeals to a double audience; and while the "Blue Bird" play completely satisfies the children for whom it is written and the superficial adult intellect which never seeks to investigate beyond the obvious, it offers at the same time material for abstract speculation which invites the interest of the more thoughtful.

I.

We have been told again and again that the Blue Bird is the symbol of Happiness, and the programme of the Haymarket production tells us that "the Blue Bird, inhabitant of the *pays bleu*, the fabulous blue country of our dreams, is an ancient symbol in the folk-lore of Lorraine, and stands for Happiness." Now, the play was avowedly written for children, and it is entirely suitable that this explanation should be given them, for it is only children who understand the meaning of happiness; children, and those few who retain the simple souls of children. To the rest of us it exists merely as the necessary but unfamiliar contrary of unhappiness. Assuredly Maeterlinck, with his unique dual nature, has provided this superficial interpretation for the children, and at the same time has offered us a beautiful example of the symbolic mysticism by which he leads us to search for that hidden meaning of things which is just outside the obvious. Few writers have been so consistent in this. Always it is the mystery lying immediately out of sight to which he lures us by his compelling simplicity, the element only just beyond our reach which he indicates by his wonderful symbolism. We will accept the statement, therefore, that the Blue Bird represents Happiness, and at the same time look for a deeper meaning.

II.

Tyltyl's final words are, "We need him *for* our happiness, later on"; and the Oak describes the Blue Bird as "the *great secret* of things and of happiness." The Blue Bird, therefore, is something that is needed in order that we shall be led towards that perfection of the ideal of life which, for want of a better term, we call "happiness." Not once is it stated that the Blue Bird is intended to represent happiness itself; there is distinct evidence that it is intended to represent something that is far better.

In the first scene we find the two children, not miserable and unhappy, but as joyful and content as children well can be. They have loving, kind parents, a happy home, and they are so unselfish that they do not even grudge the rich children their party and cakes. Mytyl and Tyltyl are not really happier in the last act than in the first; they are only more conscious of it, for during their travels they have been introduced to the Happinesses of the Home. The Bird was in the cottage all the time. What they lacked was the key to the situation, and that key is Knowledge. Tyltyl grumbles, "It is darker here and smaller, and there are no cakes"; and the Fairy replies, "It's exactly the same, only you can't see," and sends the children on the journey of life, to find the Blue Bird of true knowledge, in order that they may learn to "see."

III.

The germ of the theory that the Blue Bird represents Knowledge is to be found in Night's speech: "I cannot understand Man these last few years. What is he aiming at? Must he absolutely know everything?" Night personifies the darkness of ignorance and prejudice, which has for so long hidden the true way. She complains bitterly of the advance of human learning, which has already captured her Mysteries, frightened her Terrors, bored her Ghosts, and made her Sicknesses ill—"the doctors are so unkind to them." Only the Wars remain, "more terrible and powerful than ever," for we have yet to learn how to settle our quarrels without killing each other; but, "fortunately, they are rather heavy and slow moving." The Cat, Night's Aide-de-Camp, describes the unfortunate situation in the Fairy's Palace. "Listen to me! All of us here present—Animals, Things, and Elements—possess a soul which Man does not yet know. That is why we retain a remnant of our independence; but if he finds the Blue Bird, he will know all, he will see all, and we shall be completely at his mercy."

IV.

The first blue bird that Tyltyl found was at his Grandfather's cottage in the Land of Memory; but he had barely time to re-cross the threshold before he discovered that it had turned black. Is it that the bird of knowledge that was blue in our grandparents' time of limited enlightenment turns black by the light of modern research? Or is it that Death opens the door of that Land, which is the only place where the longed-for Blue Bird can live?

In the Forest Scene the Oak has a blue bird, the knowledge of Nature's secret, on his shoulder; but the children cannot obtain it. For the Animals and Trees hate and fear Man. They remember that as Man's knowledge has increased, so has his mastery over themselves. If he should obtain the Blue Bird of all Knowledge, then would their servitude be made "still harder." So, as the Cat explains in his telephonic conversation at the beginning of the scene, "there is no room for hesitation . . . . he must be done away with."

The Blue Bird is not to be found in the Palace of Happiness. Happiness, obviously then, can exist without him. The Luxuries, naturally enough, "have a poor opinion of him"; and the two Great Happinesses, the Great Joy of Being Just and the Joy of Understanding, who ought to know all about the Blue Bird, if anyone does, have to confess, "We are very happy, but we cannot see beyond ourselves." This act (which is a subsequent addition to the work in its original form) sheds great light on the symbolism of the play as a whole, and particularly on two important points. It has made quite clear that Light has known from the first the real whereabouts of the Blue Bird, and that she is taking Man through Life "only to realise and to learn." But most welcome of all is the explanation given of the repeated failure to find the Blue Bird. The reason is that Man is not yet ready for it. When implored by the Great Joys to put aside her veil, and lead them to the "last truths and the last happiness," Light can only answer sadly, "I am obeying my Master. The hour is not yet come."

FLORENCE G. FIDLER.

# "G.K.C." AS A HERETIC

By Charles Sarolea

I.

In the recent book on "The Great State," Mr. Wells, discussing the various schools of contemporary political thought, singles out Mr. Chesterton as pre-eminently the typical reactionary of our generation. To any reader of Mr. Chesterton's works, such a description of his political or philosophical position certainly sounds more startling than any of the paradoxes which he is accused of having launched forth into the world. To affix any label on the most elusive, the most individual of latter-day prophets, is sufficiently strange, but to brand him, the most liberal, the most democratic of humorists, a herald of rebellion, one of the pillars of the *Daily News*, as a mere obscurantist Tory, seems at first sight almost too ludicrous for refutation. Yet, when one tries to read a meaning into Mr. Wells' statement, one discovers that, after all, the statement does have a meaning. One is reluctantly compelled to admit that this *label* is not a *libel*, and that this definition contains a large element of truth. It may be due to a misunderstanding, but it can hardly be called a misstatement, and if it is a misstatement, it is Mr. Chesterton, and not Mr. Wells, that must be held responsible.

II.

For I am bound to confess that, in reading some of Mr. Chesterton's later writings, he seems to me to be in considerable danger of really developing into an intellectual and religious reactionary. He seems to take a perverse pleasure in opposing the most legitimate aspirations of the present, and in sympathising with some of the most doubtful tendencies of the past. With an insistence which would be wearisome—if it were possible for "G. K. C." ever to be wearisome—he denounces our modern belief in human progress as one of the idols of the tribe. Progressives of every shade and colour he denounces as heretics. Modernism has become to him a term of reproach and a mark of imbecility. And his condemnation of the Progressive and the Modernist is unqualified. If he had only said that the majority of Progressives and Modernists do not know what they mean; if he had told us that they do not distinguish between aimless movement and conscious and purposeful advance towards an ideal goal; if he had told us that they do not discriminate between the Rake's progress towards the Devil and the Pilgrim's progress towards Christian perfection, I, for one, would have understood his position. But no! what he seems to attack is the very principle and law of progress in human history. What he attacks is the advocacy of the present and of the future as against the past, and he attacks it in the name of tradition, in the name of Christianity, in the name of Catholicism.

III.

Now, it seems to me sufficiently strange that Mr. Chesterton, who believes in the general soundness of democratic sentiment, should reject as a mere whim a principle which, for nearly two hundred years, has formed part of the popular creed, and a creed which has already produced countless martyrs. It seems to me sufficiently strange that he, who believes in the French Revolution, should reject a principle which was one of the guiding principles of that Revolution. But that he should persistently repudiate it in the name of Christianity and Catholicity seems to me more than a harmless paradox, I must denounce it as rank heresy.

For Mr. Chesterton seems to me entirely to ignore that the idea of progress has come into the world with Christianity. It has grown with the growth of the Catholic Church. The ancient heathen did not know of progress. To him the Golden Age was not in the future, but in the dim and distant past. The modern Calvinist does not believe in it. To him there is no Pilgrim's progress, but only salvation and damnation from all eternity. The Catholic alone proclaims that the life of collective humanity, like the life of the individual Christian, is a march onwards, a "pilgrim's progress," a striving after perfection, an ascent to heaven through the mount of Purgatory. "Per angusta ad augusta." To the Catholic alone, hope is not only an undying human instinct, but a theological virtue. To the Catholic alone, human advance is not in a circle, the aimless circle of the Rationalist; still less is it in a straight line. The true symbol of Catholicism is the spiral of Dante's "Purgatory," still reverting to the same point, but always on a higher plane.

IV.

And I submit to Mr. Chesterton that the Catholic belief in human progress also implies that other belief which he constantly deprecates, the assumption that the future must necessarily be better than the past, that the sufferings of one generation are to be put to the credit account of the next generation, that the whole of human life is a "capitalisation" of effort, that the sanctity of Saints and the martyrdom of Martyrs are handed down to future ages, that the just of to-day are justified not only by their faith, not only by their individual works, but by the work and merits of their fathers. In other words, to believe in progress is to believe in an apostolical succession of virtue and moral energy.

Again and again Mr. Chesterton has protested that to magnify and glorify the present and the future at the expense of the past is to appraise intellectual or moral or religious values in terms of time: the truth of to-day, he argues, cannot be better than the truth of yesterday, for truth is eternal. But, verily, his protest against progress is the protest of a Protestant, or rather of a Pagan. As a matter of fact, to the Catholic, *time does enter in the definition of religious truth.* To the Protestant the Old Testament may be as true as the New Testament. To the Catholic the New Testament proclaims a higher truth. To the Protestant truth has been written down for ever in a book. To the Catholic it is progressively revealed by the Church. To the Protestant Christianity is only a written law interpreted by reason. To the Catholic Christianity is a historical institution, a living Church, ever growing, that is to say, ever changing, adapting itself to new needs, assimilating fresh experiences.

V.

I must confess, therefore, that, whether I examine Mr. Chesterton's political doctrines or his religious doctrines, the more I examine his attitude to the idea of progress and to modernism, the less I understand it, or the more I am convinced that he understands neither what is implied by progress or modernism. As I hinted at the beginning of these remarks, I would have understood his position if he had turned the tables against Rationalists and Agnostics, and if he had told them that merely as Rationalists they have no right to believe in progress, that a belief in progress is inconsistent with their creed. For the idea of progress cannot be justified in the name of individual justice, of individual reason, of individual equity. For to the eye of individual reason progress is the supreme iniquity. Progress is irrational, it is supra-rational, it is metaphysical, it is mystical and transcendental.

Mr. Chesterton has written two books against Heretics, and a third book in defence of Orthodoxy. That third book is, in my opinion, the most brilliant and the most original apology for Christianity which has been written since Joseph de Maistre; but if the argument contained in these remarks is sound, Mr. Chesterton has encountered the fate of many a Christian apologist and many a heresy hunter; his orthodoxy is itself tainted with heresy.

# A HIGH CHURCHMAN'S PROJECT OF UNITY

## By Prof. W. P. Paterson, D.D., of Edinburgh

I.

In an interesting and vivacious book Father Kelly has mooted a scheme for the reconciliation of the Nonconformists with the Church of England. What he proposes is, not federation and co-operation, but an incorporating union. And never, surely, did High Churchman write so candidly about Anglicanism, or so generously about the Nonconformists. "Their separation," he says, "has brought to us something like ossification and death. Their reconciliation would be to us life from the dead."

II.

As a preliminary to bringing together Anglo-Catholics and Protestants he tries to ascertain the essential character and difference of the two systems of Christian thought. The fundamental difference, he thinks, is connected with the interpretation and valuation of the sacraments. The Catholic believes that in the Holy Communion Christ has provided for us a true renewal of the bodily presence of His spiritual humanity, in order that we, partaking of the humanity thus given, may attain to the redemption manifested in the body of His resurrection. The Protestant, in spite of better traditions, gravitates towards the opinion that the communion is merely a symbolical act, which recalls the idea of a Saviour now remote from him in time or place. With the Catholic view of the sacraments is indissolubly bound up the provision of a priesthood which validly administers them, and the priesthood, in turn, is dependent for orders on the divinely instituted Episcopate.

The religious vindication of this scheme is that it is the only way of taking the Incarnation seriously, or at least of making it effective; and it has the practical advantage that sacramental doctrine and practice take a grip, such as no other system does, of the commonplace and unspiritual mind of the multitude. While Catholicism thus witnesses to and applies the fact of the Incarnation, Protestantism rather stands for the truth that there is a Holy Spirit, who is the Lord and Giver of life, and who is manifested in the love of liberty.

"The strength of Nonconformity is that it has maintained and developed the witness of the personal gifts of the Holy Spirit." It has a passion for religious freedom which chafes even against wholesome restraints; it has built a congenial home for a religious aristocracy; and it has shown boundless activity in the realm of Christian work.

III.

Is there, now, a possible synthesis of these diverse religious types? Mr. Kelly's programme is that the Nonconformists should accept the sacramental system of the Catholic Church, with its corollaries of priesthood and episcopate, and that the Anglo-Catholic Church should recognise and annex the Nonconformist bodies as societies usefully engaged in evangelistic work and in the labours of a pastoral and philanthropic ministry. There would, indeed, be no rigid division of labour; but the official priesthood would, on the whole, confine itself to administering the sacramental gift and explaining its significance, while the leaders of the religious societies representing the Protestant tradition would largely take over the business of preaching and the organisation of Christian service.

IV.

As Mr. Kelly reminds us, all things are possible with God. But in the meantime, as he frankly admits, the project does not seem, so far as man is concerned, even to approach the region of practical politics. The points on which he asks the Nonconformists to capitulate are precisely the points which Protestants regard as marking a grave relapse from the purity and spirituality of the Christian Gospel. In particular, there is nothing which they are less likely to accept than the type of sacramental doctrine which is here represented as an essential element of the Gospel. They might, indeed, accept the teaching of the Thirty-nine Articles on the subject—Presbyterians at least profess something very similar in the Westminster Confession—but what Mr. Kelly insists on as Catholic is a doctrine which seems largely repudiated in the Articles, and which is an unintelligible something that lies halfway between the Roman and Calvinistic conceptions. A doctrine cannot well be imposed as essential Catholic truth which the Romanist will not have because it does not include transubstantiation, and which leaves even the student in extreme doubt as to what he is really expected to believe. In a reunited Anglican Church room should certainly be left for those who hold the highest type of sacramental doctrine, but it is intolerable that they should claim to be entrusted with the keys of the temple.

V.

It is a further objection to the project that it would require Nonconformist ministers to cease from administering the sacraments, unless and until they should admit their want of title to the ministerial office, and should penitently seek episcopal ordination. But the hopelessness of the suggested concordat does not imply that Father Kelly's book is useless. It is instructive as showing how and why the sacramentarian and sacerdotal scheme may commend itself to a reasoning and sincere mind. And, in any case, Father Kelly renders the service of commending a splendid objective.

He is right in saying, as Macaulay said long ago, that the Church of England grievously blundered when she failed to make room within her pale for movements which, like Wesleyanism, represented a new outpouring of freedom, enthusiasm, and spiritual energy. And he has shown to others an inspiring vision—of a Church which, though not free from spot or wrinkle, would yet be a most glorious Church, in which the faith, reverence, and clear-sightedness of Anglicanism would be combined with the spiritual zeal, the intellectual avidity, and the moral earnestness of the descendants of the Puritans.

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The arguments in Professor Paterson's interesting and suggestive article are founded on "The Church and Religious Unity" (Longmans, Green and Co., 4s. 6d. net).

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## SILHOUETTES

*From the gallery of memory, mutascopic and fragmentary, there flashes at times a picture, many-coloured and complete; more often the screen gives back an outline, blurred in parts, yet conveying an impression so vivid and compelling that the mind holds only the salient points, and there emerges of scenes and emotions—a silhouette!*

SHE was a pretty woman and a charming one, and possessed sufficient of this world's wealth to enjoy many excellent good things. Life, however, that had endowed her so lavishly withheld the one experience she craved. Suitors she had in plenty. Young poets praised her eyes, and asked nothing better than to kneel at her small feet. But the woman was not satisfied, for she desired to fall in love. It chanced on a blue, unclouded morning, insistent with the promise of spring, that she met a man unlike the poets of her acquaintance. Tall, strong, tanned with the sun, fresh as the wind that blows over the sea, she straightway lost her heart to him.

He was a new experience, and she felt that at last she had found the one thing worth knowing. The man, having work to do, was sent to the other side of the world, and in his absence she forgot her vision of happiness. She forgot his simplicity of strength, that had seemed to her so splendid, and remembered he was not skilled in the turning of a phrase, and occasionally forgot that she was utterly adorable.

Love seemed to the woman more unattainable than before, and she returned to the society of minor poets. Meanwhile the man worked early and late, unmindful of weariness, careful only to save that he might be able to give the sunshine of his heart all she could desire when she was his. For that she would be his wife was to him a sure and certain hope. His enterprises prospered, and at last she learnt the day of his return. The news found her dispirited, and left her dull. His prosperity affronted her; his success seemed a reproach. He no longer played a dominant part in her life, avid of happiness, and she went to meet him as to a painful ordeal.

The train was signalled, and the great platform was crowded; friends and relations waiting to greet those dear to them jostled against hurrying porters eager for baggage and tips. Everyone was on the tiptoe of expectation, and the woman wished she could catch the contagion. A girl, flushed and tremulous, ran to the end of the platform; a young man paced nervously to and fro. If only she could feel with them that joy or sorrow would come to her in the onrushing train! . . . She did not see him at first. She looked unconsciously for a tall, prosperous figure, with head held high, and a look of victory on his face—victory of which she was the spoil.

He saw her first and touched her gently on the arm. He was older, had gone grey, and in some strange fashion seemed to have lost his size. His face, no longer tanned, was worn and wistful; his eyes filled with a hunger and a longing such as she had never known. And as she met his gaze she knew the things that he had suffered, and that the work and the endurance were for her. And a great sob rose in her throat. She forgot she desired to love, and remembered only that she longed to comfort. And she put her arms about his neck and kissed him. "Am I so changed?" he asked, reading her face. "Don't you care any more? . . . I—I have lived only to meet you, Sunshine—*my* Sunshine!"

"Changed?" she asked, between her tears. "You've grown dearer, that's all. . . . Oh, Dick, Dick! I don't think anything matters now I've got you."

## THE PUTUMAYO ATROCITIES*

THE abuses connected with rubber-gathering in the Amazon Valley, now known the world over as the Putumayo atrocities, are not by any means a revelation of yesterday, though British public opinion was only thoroughly aroused a little more than six months ago. The Peruvian Government have long been aware that the Indians of the rubber-bearing regions of the Republic were being abominably maltreated in the interests of rubber capitalists. In Great Britain attention was first drawn to the occurrences on the Putumayo so far back as 1907, but two more years elapsed ere Mr. Hardenburg (whose extraordinary narrative of his travels in the Peruvian Amazon region forms a large portion of this book) told, through the British Press, his grim story of the barbarities being committed on the Putumayo. There was instant denial both by the Peruvian Government and the Peruvian Amazon Company, but the Anti-Slavery and Aborigines' Protection Society, with the help of the editor of *Truth*, brought Mr. Hardenburg's terrible indictment under the notice of the Foreign Office, with the result that in 1910 a British Consul, Mr. Roger Casement, who had previously investigated the Congo atrocities, proceeded to the Putumayo. In July last his exhaustive report was laid before Parliament, and, as everybody knows, Mr. Hardenburg's story was fully confirmed. Consul Casement wrote:—

"The condition of things fully warrants the worse charges brought against the agents of the Peruvian Amazon Company and its methods on the Putumayo."

What action the British Foreign Office is likely to take it is impossible to say, in view of the fact that a Select Committee of the House of Commons is at this moment hearing evidence regarding the atrocities. But that steps of some kind will be taken to end the unspeakable horrors of the Putumayo can hardly be doubted.

Meanwhile, those who wish to be thoroughly posted up in the facts of this appalling story cannot do better than read this book. It is based on first-hand knowledge, for it not only furnishes Mr. Hardenburg's thrilling narrative of his experiences in the South American rubber region, and of the hardships and imprisonments he suffered at the hands of the Peruvian agents of the rubber company on the Putumayo, but it includes the most important portions of Consul Casement's report.

An additional feature of the book is the valuable introduction by Mr. C. Reginald Enock, who has travelled extensively in Peru, and has written the standard book on the country. Mr. Enock deals with one point which will have occurred to many. How was it possible that such atrocities could take place in a country where dwells a highly civilised and sensitive people? His reply is, first, the remoteness of the Putumayo, and, secondly, political strife. For these reasons the educated people of the Peruvian capital and coast region must, in general, be exonerated from knowledge of the occurrences in the rubber districts of the Republic.

The book contains sixteen illustrations and a map. The latter is useful, but the pictures might well have been dispensed with. They are, for the most part, very gruesome, and do not much assist the letterpress, being, in fact, studies of torture and emaciation of so terrible a character that the soul sickens at the sight. The scenes portrayed render it difficult for a sensitive person to read the book without suffering from acute depression.

* "The Putumayo: The Devil's Paradise." By W. E. Hardenburg. 10s. 6d. net. (Unwin.)


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# THREE VOLUMES BY STRINDBERG

THE first of these volumes, "Legends," is one of Strindberg's autobiographical works, and the other two consist of translations of some of his most celebrated plays. They have made their English appearance quite lately, and are a visible sign of the great interest Strindberg is now arousing over here. Nor are they the only translations of this Swedish author. Others of his plays are obtainable in English, and two more of the autobiographical works ("The Confessions of a Fool" and "The Inferno"), and we are promised still further specimens of his work. This awakened inquisitiveness is partly, no doubt, due to his recent death, but it is also due to the fact that Strindberg does represent, to a very marked degree, certain of the most curious and emotional tendencies of our age. Before examining the three particular books before us, it would be as well to notice in what way some of these tendencies are represented in Strindberg.

To begin with, he is a convinced pessimist. Life to him is a hateful medley of suffering and illusion. He sees it stripped of its conventional respectability. And yet, in the midst of his unflinching realism, there are streaks of exquisite romance. His gloominess and the rebellion of his spirit do not hide his deep longing for happiness and peace. Obsessed by the ugliness of motive, by the sordid baseness of existence, he is at heart the sternest of Puritans. No light French cynicism for him. The indecency of some of his works is a sort of cry of agony. He loathes vice, and yet it seems to surround him wherever he looks. And he has all the modern sensitiveness—and this to a quite morbid extent. Also he is extremely and painfully candid. At one moment he reminds one of Tolstoy, at another moment of Ibsen, but never does one lose sight of the fact that it is actually Strindberg, himself, who is speaking, Strindberg with his egoistic, passionate, and mournful soul. Although so immensely versatile (he left, according to Mr. Harrison, "some sixty plays, having destroyed others during a time of depression; fifteen volumes of short stories; seven autobiographical works; three volumes of poetry; four volumes of history; five volumes of science; nineteen volumes of studies, critical, literary, social, scientific, ethical, and philosophical"), Stringberg strikes one as a man hopelessly narrowed and deformed by introspection. His mind really was unhealthy. Spasmodically his influence may be very intense, but it is highly improbable that it will ever be universal. His literary genius and his strange individuality must give him a hearing, but his philosophy is too much an echo of a personal and bitter despair to make his name a classic in any wide sense.

But, of course, there is no space here to enter upon a general criticism of this remarkable man. We should advise anyone who wants to know more of Strindberg to read the very able and enthusiastic articles by Mr. Austin Harrison in the *English Review* for November and December last. For an estimate at once less brilliant and more frigid, see the *Times* literary supplement for January 16th, 1913.

Coming then to the three books that it is our business to review, let us take "Legends" first of all. This, as we have said, is one of the autobiographical works, the most famous of which, "The Confessions of a Fool," created something like a sensation when it first appeared in English, about a year ago. To speak frankly, "Legends" is of a very different calibre, and must be judged as little better than the ravings of a man far gone in mental disorder. It relates the author's experiences, his spiritual experiences in the main, in Sweden and Paris during 1896 and 1897. At that period Strindberg was in the full violence of the crisis which is shadowed forth in the earlier (in time) "Confessions of a Fool." Now, "The Confessions of a Fool" is the production of a man in an extraordinary state of excitement, a state bordering on insanity. It is a powerful and moving book, but it is obviously all that just because it is not mere raving, but a reasoned, even if frightfully overcoloured, study of temperaments and events. But in "Legends" one feels at once that Strindberg has crossed the line between sanity and madness. A book that is one long wail in the key of persecution mania, childish superstition, and groundless terror soon bores one. It is impossible to sympathise with the dehumanised. They are pitiful externally, but the workings of their brains leave us cold. And in "Legends" we *are* watching a dehumanised brain—not entirely dehumanised, but very largely so. Strindberg had much too strong and eager an intelligence to let go of himself altogether, but in this work his grip is very uncertain.

"Miss Julia" is one of Strindberg's best known plays. The story is disagreeable and quite simple—the seduction of her father's footman by a young lady, and her remorse and suicide on the next morning. It is a play into which Strindberg threw all the force of his savage and disdainful realism. He seems to hate and despise both Julia, with her lewdness, her emancipation, and her wretched terror, and the loutish, and, by turns, cringing and domineering Jean. It is the kind of play one can imagine Swift writing if he had been alive to-day. The whole thing is bitter to the last essence of bitterness.

"The Stronger" is a tiny dialogue (or rather, a "dialogue" in which only one character speaks) between two actresses in regard to one of their husbands. It is a bizarre and original fragment, and shows great skill and dramatic intensity.

"There are Crimes and Crimes" is another of Strindberg's most generally known plays, and perhaps it has been acted more than any other. It is a long play of over seventy pages, and one can only give a fragmentary *résumé* of the plot. An unsuccessful playwright, Maurice, has a mistress, Jeanne. They have a daughter of five called Marion. Maurice has a dear friend, Adolphe, who also has a mistress, Henriette. Suddenly Maurice becomes famous—one of his plays has succeeded. About then he meets Henriette for the first time. They are momentarily fascinated with one another, and they go off together. But horrible disasters at once ensue. Maurice's child dies naturally, but with mysterious suddenness, and he is taken to be the murderer. The rumour of this ruins his play, Henriette comes to hate him, and he comes to hate Henriette (each suspects the other of the child's death). But, at last, the clouds begin to roll away—the inquest reveals the true cause of death, the play is reinstated at the theatre, Maurice writes humbly to Jeanne to take him back. It is a play that does not read very convincingly. There is something fantastic and symbolic about it that strikes one as almost ludicrous, and the characters don't seem to hold together. "Miss Julia" is a finer performance, and it is also a much more impressive presentation of life.

RICHARD CURLE.

* "Legends." 5s. net. (Melrose.)

"Miss Julia; The Stronger." "There are Crimes and Crimes." Each translated by Edwin Björkman. Each 2s. net. (Duckworth.)

# A CRUST OF BREAD

## By Henri Lavedan

"Let me see: eight sandwiches—seven pieces of cake—nine éclairs—six ices . . .?"

The group of well-groomed and correctly garbed young men, all anxious to pay at once, insistently tendered their gold on the marble counter, without for a moment interrupting their lively chatter with the bevy of pretty girls with whom Thiboust's, the famous pastrycook's, was crowded.

Every time the door opened, a perfume of baked crust was wafted over the thoroughfare, and every minute small, white-capped and aproned cook-boys marched out, bearing on their heads, with all gravity and respect, trays loaded with odorous and appetising wares.

Outside, a tall, white-faced young man, poorly clad, stood gazing, his face close against the window.

It is in December . . . not too warm! There will surely be a frost to-night. The traffic goes by, people meet and pass each other, hastening about their business; the *sergents-de-ville* blow upon their fingers; cabmen, on the point of running down a pedestrian, shout a belated warning; Paris, the Great City, roars on as of custom.

The white-faced young man still stood there, gazing. . . .

A lady approached, dragging an expensively dressed, plump little boy of four, a dead weight on his mother's skirts. He seemed to run a great risk of choking himself with the big spice-bun he was attempting to eat.

"Mamma, I can't eat my cake!"

"Very well, dear; throw it away."

The child let fall the bun by the edge of the pavement. The white-faced youth turned, bent down, and stretched out his hand, . . . then suddenly recovered himself. Of a certainty he would not disdain to eat what that pretty child had touched with his little, pearly teeth, but there were too many people about, and he was ashamed. He hesitated a moment, plunged his two fists into his pockets; then he started to go away, skirting the shop windows.

No doubt he is in haste, for he walks at a great pace. Where is he going? He passes the shelter where the 'buses stop, crosses the Place du Palais Royal, and takes the Rue de Rivoli. At a corner, under the arcades, a loud-voiced street hawker accosts him. "Map of Paris, with views of the principal monuments, three sous! It's giving them away!"

Without turning his head, the young man passed on, crossed the road, and made directly to an open door on the far side of Louvre courtyard, threaded several white, echoing galleries, and stopped at length, silent, cap in hand, as though in a church.

. . . . . .

The Gallery of Antiquities! Calmness and quietude.

A caretaker slumbered upon a bench, his mouth wide open. Close by, in the embrasure of a window, a girl in black was copying the "Diana and Fawn." She had the cool complexion and calm, pure eyes of a studious child, beautiful brown eyes glancing upwards at the marble goddess and immediately lowered upon the paper over which her fingers, blackened with charcoal, moved to and fro. The short sleeve exposed a slender, bare wrist; and upon the bar of her stool rested her feet, half-hidden under the serviceable skirt. Not the feet of a leisured idler, but honest little feet that every day bore her down the hill of Montmartre, tripping bravely in their thin boots, and tired themselves in the long walk through distant and ill-paved suburbs. She worked on, permitting nothing to distract her attention, neither the stifled laughter of a group of lads in front of a Hercules, nor the loud voices of a troop of foreign sightseers searching for the exit, nor the caretaker's prolonged snoring in a minor key —nor even the presence of the tall, pale young man who was standing behind her. Only now and then a pretty, impatient gesture; the pout of a schoolgirl who has just blotted her copy; the rosy tongue-tip brought by a crisis of concentration to the corner of the lips; bread rubbed into crumb upon the same spot twenty times over—dainty and charming mannerisms of a girl artist in presence of a model whose relentless perfection induces a feeling of despair.

The Diana opposite, with her long, slight robe stretched back and her disdainful lips, had the air of posing expressly for the girl's benefit; the fawn also, crouching in readiness to spring, curving her two clean-cut, sinewy forelegs into parentheses, seemed to be waiting until she had finished before lying down beside the Huntress to lick her white feet.

All around, upon pedestals of green, violet, grey, bluish or polychrome marble, stood Mercurys, poised for flight, Satyrs with pointed ears and salient cheek-bones, shaken with wild laughter as they breathed into their pipes; Athletes fastening their sandals; Tiber, indolently reclining upon his bed of oozy weeds; Æsculapius with his serpent; the Discobolos, serene, self-confident; Ceres, Apollo, Silenus and Bacchus; shaggy Fauns, groaning under the burden of the architraves resting on their shoulders; Cybele shaking her taboret; lions in green Egyptian basalt rolling marble balls, tawny as their eyes, under velvety paws; Jupiter and the Sages, with their curling beards, their fillet-bound brows, their blind eyes, wide open, yet regarding not, eyes such as Œdipus and Homer must have had, which seem to plunge into deeps beyond human ken. . . .

Daylight was waning. In winter darkness comes swiftly on. It invaded the vast gallery, casting great pools of blackness into the corners, drawing shadowy blinds over the tall windows, draping the statuary in wrappers of thick, yet diaphanous shade, through which the eye could distinguish here and there, dimly white, the fugitive contour of a shoulder, the fibula clasping a peplum, the wing of a caduceus, the roundness of a hip, or the barely perceptible curve of a delicate limb. . . .

The alien visitors had at last discovered a door, and the noisy youths had followed, indulging themselves with a little horse-play; the gallery had fallen silent. The Louvre clock struck the quarter. The caretaker shook himself awake.

"Closing time!"

His voice rolled, echoing beneath the vaulted roof, and the Antiques, yawning, stretched limbs wearied with an eternity of sculptural poses, seeming also to be whispering to one another: "Closing time! . . . At last!" The girl rose, laid her drawing-board by the wall, gave her skirt a little shake, and, whilst she was unhooking her toque from the regulator of the window . . . slowly, with the stealthy movements of a cat after a bird, the white-faced young man thrust out his hand, seized the big piece of bread lying on the stool between the pencil-case and the gloves, hid it under his coat, and remained standing there, in a stupor, rooted to the floor, his heart beating great bell strokes, seeing nothing, not even hearing the

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mustachioed caretaker's voice: "Well, young man, what are you doing here, after I've told you it's closing time?"

It was no appetising piece of bread, none of the bread which smells good and rejoices the eye, the golden-yellow bread, with the soft, white crumb grateful to old folks' gums and crisp crust for the sharp teeth of the young—the bread one eats relishingly, recalling the harvest-fields, thanking God who gives it and the bakers who labour nightly, kneading the dough with their strong white arms, that the delicately browned loaves may be delivered, all hot, just as one is waking in the morning. No; this bread was stale, hard, blackened; it was food of a kind to excite disgust rather than satisfy hunger. Yet, seemingly, the pale young man did not find it too bitter, for he was there next day at the same hour, lurking in wait behind the girl, who, as before, was absorbed in her task of copying the Diana.

Events followed the same train as on the previous evening.

The clock gave the same husky wheeze before striking the same quarter; in the same monotone the caretaker pronounced his warning. The girl rose. The bread, a big, magnificent crust, lay upon the stool. As on the evening before, it openly invited seizure.

The tall young man, dull with fasting, stretched out his hand, but in his eagerness he struck the stool and upset it.

Then, as he stood motionless, trembling to find himself caught, clutching the stolen bread tightly in his fingers, all at once the blood surged into his face, and two tears of gratitude towards the girl—who did not even turn her head—rolled down his thin cheeks.

It was a piece of new bread.

—*Translated by Sidney Dixon.*

* * *

## TO SOME BIRDS SINGING ON A MILD MORNING IN MIDWINTER.

O FOOLISH birds, why do ye sing
As tho' 'twere Spring?
Do ye not know 'tis but a dream,
This sudden gleam
Of warmth and light—do ye not know
That very soon may come the northern snow?

O foolish birds, ere half the song,
So glad and long,
Is sung that fain your hearts would sing,
The wind may fling
Its poisoned arrows sharp and chill,
And all your golden throats for ever still!

O foolish birds! . . . Or is it we
May foolish be?—
We who but seldom sing a note
Except by rote,
Who worship not the sun, but reason;
Poor slaves to self-made bonds of time and season?

O small, wise birds, teach us to sing
To greet the Spring!
Tho' gleam it thro' a winter's sky,
Better to die
In greeting it; for doubly dies
The man whose soul is sealed against surprise!

—GILBERT THOMAS.

# CORRESPONDENCE

## "THE CULT OF PLEASURE."

*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

DEAR SIR,—Mr. Macpherson, in an article intended to indicate the ultimate effects of pleasure on civilisation, first exposes the prodigalities of an exclusive set of wealthy Americans, and then performs an exceedingly interesting mental somersault to attack the moral "weaknesses" of the poorer labouring class. As if there were any logical relationship existing between the two instances! The one is a renewed and varied indulgence to escape from the ennui and surfeit which it itself produces; the other is an attempt to escape from the hideous monotony of soul-desolating labour. I quite agree that your contributor's apparent motive in attacking pleasure is an admirable one, but to libel the labouring classes, who cannot fight him equally with his own weapons, does his cause but an ill-service. Your contributor ought to have attacked such an organisation of society as will permit the existence of these ghastly orgies, and at the same time allowing masses of human beings to exist in such conditions of poverty unknown to the old days of slavery.

I have read Mr. Macpherson's article very closely, and I must say I take serious exception to the method by which he introduces to the unsuspecting reader the remark of a Labour leader who argued for the workman's right to get drunk. To have done justice both to reader and Labour leader, Mr. Macpherson ought either to have stated the history of the Labour leader's plea, or have omitted any reference to it.

I see nothing immoral in one man arguing for the right of individual action. It did not follow because a Labour leader supported the right of a workman getting drunk that he personally supported drinking. It does not require any considerable degree of mental perspicacity to see the difference between stating an argument and actually endorsing it. Though I should support neither, I would rather have the company of a drunken miner than the company of an aristocratic sensual gourmand. The former might possibly curse and the latter sneer. The miner possibly would tell a yarn, the aristocrat might possibly make an insinuation. But I know from whose drunkenness would spring the least corruption; I know whose curse and whose sneer would leave the nastiest taste!

The labouring classes are not, as a rule, drunken, neither are they addicted, in proportion to the wealthier classes, to gambling. And I think it a grave tendency when educated men write caricatures of a class which receive little enough support from those who are best able to help. I know very well how the middle-class look upon the working class: with that indifferent feeling which one has for another species. I have had many evidences of this in recent years among those whose means of subsistence largely depends upon the dusty, grimy-faced men who ply at the grimier loom of life!

I have often wished that the commercial classes possessed a wider and truer knowledge of those who are a little more removed from the social comforts which they enjoy as a first consideration of life; then might there exist some hope for an impartial and just judgment being formed, when the horny-handed sons of toil bear witness to their sense of economic justice by risking all in strikes. These men do not strike for fun; they understand very well the deadly earnestness of things. And as for their little bacchanalian


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excursions—what about that? What would Mr. Macpherson have them do during their little intervals from the soul-killing hours of toil, many of them down in the bowels of the earth? Has Mr. Macpherson ever heard of Omar Khayyám?

"Oh, come with old Khyyám,
And leave the wise to talk;
One thing is certain, that Life flies;
One thing is certain, and the Rest is lies—
The Flower that once has blown for ever dies."

This ought to prove a corrective to that kind of mood which provokes in your contributor's mind the question of the right of a workman to get drunk.—I am, sir, etc.,

J. G. SINCLAIR.

Oxford, February 1st, 1913.

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*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

SIR,—One is justified in going to almost any extreme in satirising and denouncing the riotous notions of pleasure possessed by many of the very rich. Their excesses indicate, not only a diseased state of society, but also a deplorable mental degeneracy of certain individual members thereof.

Mr. Hector Macpherson is quite within his rights, also, when he has his fling at drunkenness and gambling among the workers. The fact of their existence is regrettably true, and its manifestation often pitiable. But in bracketing the two classes in one accusation, he omits a consideration of vital importance. There is a difference. The plutocrats squander what is not their own, what they have not earned. They spend what has been made by the workers. The workers spend their own earnings, and they also make what the "Idle Rich" lavish stupidly and often idiotically.

I am not here assuming that a man can do as he likes with his own, but I assert that the moral aspect is not quite the same in the two cases. Nor am I defending gambling or over-drinking on the part of the workers. I feel otherwise. (It was with a somewhat chastened sense of national pride that I listened to the statements made to me by a reverend gentleman and his wife from Copenhagen, regarding their experiences in that connection, while on holiday in Scotland. What they encountered was, seemingly, a revelation to them.) But I am convinced that were pure liquor supplied to working people, instead of the nasty, crazing stuff that unstrings the nerves and so intensifies the desire for stimulants; were their bodies well nourished with sound food; were their social surroundings cheerful and healthy; and were their minds free from the worrying uncertainty and anxiety that dog nearly every man and woman of them, the drink and gambling questions would sink into insignificance.

We must remember, however, that there is a number of *good* people, who never lose sight of human frailties, even when they are unnoticeable by the average man. The mission of such is to remind us of our Original Sin. These, our monitors, believe that drink and gambling, with one or two et ceteras, cause all destitution and unhappiness. Economic environment has no place in their scheme of things. Lock-outs, strikes, casual employment, and no employment are the result of proletarian cussedness; while as for the upper classes—well, God rewards superior merits, and if superior merit invest capital, the law of nature and the Manchester School decree that it must get dividends.

I expect that the prominent Labour leader "who declared emphatically for the right of working men

to get drunk" had got "fed up" with the fussy ministrations of these self-satisfied admonishers.

Probably the Newcastle gentleman who spoke his little piece before the Royal Commission, mentioned by Mr. Macpherson, was one of that class. He had noticed that "the University Extension Movement was dead in many mining districts, and that secondary schools were scouted by most young men."

I would be very much surprised to learn that the University Extension Movement was ever very flourishing among miners, and am not at all surprised that young miners are indifferent to Secondary Education. These are both fine things, and fine it would be if all young and other men and women had desire that way. But what can we expect? Except in the case of a few with a special mental endowment, or an uncommon ambition, or a mind previously stimulated by some degree of culture, men with untutored minds, whose days are given over to hard, grimy, unremunerative toil, amid dingy, uninspiring surroundings, which, so far as they can see, will be their portion to the end, seek variety in excitement. That excitement they find in drinking, gambling, dogs, and coursing; not in books, the understanding of which requires further *toil*, the very thing they seek to escape.

If they think the matter out, gentlemen from Newcastle or anywhere else must admit that their own desire for books and culture is largely due to the fact that they were caught young and had book-learning pumped into them, presumably much against their will.

Mr. Macpherson, referring to Labour *leaders*, says: "While eloquent on the rights of the working man," they "are silent on his duties." And further on he continues: "Labour *leaders* might do well, when advocating higher wages, to impress upon the workers the duty of spending their earnings wisely." He says, again, that "Labour *leaders* would find *ample scope* for their energies in starting a crusade against gambling."

If that last sentence means anything (mark well "ample scope"), it means that all the time of Labour representatives should or might be spent in an anti-gambling crusade. What time, then, is to be devoted to Old Age Pensions, Unemployment, Feeding of Children, Eight Hours Day, Minimum Wage, and other measures for the benefit of their class?

What are the leaders sent to Parliament for? What are Trade Union secretaries elected and paid for? Is it to censor the morals of their employers, the workmen? Is it their duty to lecture the workers on *their* duties, to tell them how to dispose of their wages?

These so-called leaders are not leaders, and should not be leaders. They are the servants of those who elect and pay them. They exist officially to attend to the interests of those who employ them, on the lines laid down by their employers. If, instead of performing their well-defined duties, they were to spend their time as Mr. Macpherson suggests, then—— But tell me, if Mr. Asquith's secretary were foolish enough to take such a view of what constituted his duty, what would Mr. Asquith do?—I am, sir, etc., A. McK.

---

*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

SIR,—It seems a pity that Mr. Macpherson's intense antagonism to gambling should have destroyed much of the value of his contribution. The illustration of the extravagance of the idle rich is passed by without comment, but the extravagance of the poor is animadverted upon in unsparing terms. That the


# Can you answer these questions?

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Perhaps you will say that you have a very little spare time each day, certainly not in long enough periods for it to be worth anything. Well, this little fact will show you what can be done in odd moments. One of the missionaries in India, in the early part of the last century, was a member of a religious community. During the time it took him daily to walk from his room to the dining hall for meals he first of all committed to memory the entire Psalter and the Gospel according to St. John, and then translated them both into Hindi, his translation being to-day the standard version of those portions of the Scriptures. Working about six minutes daily, he completed a task which would satisfy many a scholar's life ambition. He was neither better nor more learned than his fellows, but he had no spare time. Every moment was of value.

"Dost thou love life?" wrote old Ben Franklin in his "Poor Richard." "Then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of."

What do you do with your odd minutes? Do you use them to further your progress in life? Have you reached the highest post you are fit for? Have you exploited every one of your possible talents and made the most of them? If not, you are not getting the full value out of your life.

Can you use your unoccupied moments to rise to greater power and wealth? Certainly you can if you wish to. Naturally there are few callings which can be pursued at odd times without the use of special books, special appliances or suitable surroundings; but pen and pencil and paper are portable. If you find ideas for stories crowd into your head, jot them down, and when you get a little leisure elaborate these notes into short stories. Send one or two to some reliable teacher, and he will tell you if it is worth your while to be trained properly in journalism. Many of our most popular writers have commenced in this way.

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poor should gamble is no doubt a mistake, but that we should blame them for gambling when their very existence is a gamble is another question. We have the two positions—that of the extravagant rich, so secure in their material position that means have to be found to enable them to evade the very responsibilities their position incurs. On the other hand, we have the position of the extravagant poor—so dependent on circumstances from day to day, and so liable to incidents which entirely alter their whole material outlook, that duty, while recognised in the abstract, must perforce give way to the conditions prevailing. That the poor should gamble is not surprising. They only are the true gamblers. That the extravagant rich should gamble seems ridiculous.

Mr. Macpherson duly notes what he considers a weak point in the Labour movement—the failure of the leaders to preach duty while being eloquent on rights. Has it not occurred to him that the highest duty of man is to establish and maintain his rights; that his position, until the accomplishment of such an aim, is that of a serf, and that the incidentals accruing to serfdom, such as gambling and drink, are only the inevitable corollary of a false and intolerable situation? The cult of so-called pleasure is undoubtedly wrong. But let us look to its source. Give to the extravagant rich their rights, but only their rights. Give to the extravagant poor their rights, and all their rights. In each case the perspective will so surely and certainly be altered that pleasure, instead of being a cult, will be the handmaid of the duty imposed on the units composing the only state which can effectively destroy the enervating influences of extravagance and poverty.—I am, sir, etc.,

February 5th, 1913. F. G. M.

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*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN

SIR,—With reference to Mr. Hector Macpherson's commendable article, I venture to ask for an inch of your space.

Though it is well to talk to men in slums about intemperance and gambling, it is more especially the day for talking to the man in Park Lane about the slums. It is not the gambling of those in the slums which is to be branded "demoralising," but their miserable hovels. Gambling and a dozen kindred vices are but the branches from this root. Let the day be born when men shall find it a glorious happiness to give their personal attention to the management of slum estates, and not be content to indolently receive their rents.—I am, sir, etc.,

London, S.W. S. W. COOPER.

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*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

SIR,—In his article on the "Cult of Pleasure" Mr. Macpherson attacks both rich and poor on the score of national degeneracy. Take the matter of drink. If he will consult the statistics, he will find that not only are the British more temperate than they were ten years ago, but offend less in this direction than the people of other great industrial countries. In this direction your contributor's charge of national degeneracy is quite unfounded.

Mr. Macpherson then quotes the figures of a "leading statistician" to the effect that "over £5,000,000 annually goes into the pockets of the bookmakers, a great proportion of which comes from those living on the edge of poverty." Surely we are entitled to ask how this unnamed statistician got his figures, for the unfortunate speculator would refuse to make

known his losses, and the bookmaker would not be likely to publish the amount of his profits?

Some pessimistic gentlemen "who gave evidence before the Royal Commission" asserted that the "University Extension Movement is dead in many mining districts." Again, without contradicting Mr. Macpherson's authority, I ask him if he has consulted the reports issued by the Extension Boards of the various universities, and that of the Workers' Educational Association? The statements made in these are to the effect that there never was such a demand for education amongst the working classes as there is to-day. In the North Staffordshire Coalfield the miners have themselves commenced a Higher Education Movement, which has met with wonderful success.—I am, sir, etc.,

Stoke-on-Trent. J. HENRY CAWLEY.

*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

SIR,—I am quite in agreement with Mr. Macpherson that the cult of pleasure, carried to the extent he has indicated, spells national degeneracy. We are all of us shocked at the lavish expenditure of the rich, but the pity of it is that their pleasure is so necessary to the livelihood of the working classes. If those who amass wealth did not squander it in this fashion, many trades, and hence workers, would suffer thereby. To quote just one example: Many working girls find employment in large dressmaking establishments, where they make luxurious and expensive dresses for society ladies. In the season, when balls and social functions are in full swing, they are kept busy; but out of season, or owing to some other cause, as, for instance, national mourning, when society does not demand its extravagant dresses, their work ceases.

Now, what is the cause of this mad rush after pleasure in rich and poor alike? For an answer we must look to what is considered as its very opposite—work. The idle rich strive continually to surpass each new pleasure. The poor, to whom work means bread, go through their monotonous toil and drudgery, and when that is over try to obtain the full enjoyment out of life.

Work in this industrial age does not afford that healthy and pleasurable sensation which the craftsman enjoys, hence the craving for sensation. Oh that disciples of William Morris would arise, to take their places as true Labour leaders, advocating not only higher wages, but also the expression of those beautiful ideals with which that great Socialist was imbued!

If we do not get pleasure out of our work, if we are not filled with the joy of being alive, then we are on the wrong track. Let us, therefore, look to Work for our salvation from national degeneracy.—I am, sir, etc., NORMAN ELLIS.

## THE SAD LOT OF THE SCHOOLMASTER.

*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

SIR,—I was glad to see "Student's" letter in your issue of January 31st advocating that schoolmasters should be Civil servants.

There are three points which I should like to insist upon in the case of the assistant master:

(1) The schoolmaster, before taking up his work, should be required to pass a professional examination (such as a University diploma in education), as is the case in France and Germany. The public should demand that the very best men only should educate the youth of the country, and a professional qualifica-


# WHEN I AM RUN DOWN.

## Personal Statements of Well-known People.

Disinclination to effort of any kind, depression of spirits, and a "used up" sensation, are part of the lot of those who are run down.

In a large proportion of cases this condition is due to a deficiency in the body's supply of those essential elements which are needed for the repair of nerves and tissues. When these are made good, the objectionable symptoms disappear at once. In spite of this simple method of cure, many people regard their lack of vigour and general run-down condition as natural to themselves, and never take steps to overcome their suffering.

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157.


tion, in addition to academic qualification, ought to ensure this.

(2) The salary of an assistant master should rise automatically with his term of service, and he should receive a pension after, say, thirty years' service. There is a widespread idea that a schoolmaster's life is "all holiday," and that he deserves to be paid accordingly. I have often been told that my work "begins at nine and ends at four." Happy the schoolmaster whose teaching hours occupy more than half the time he devotes to the school! Games, officers' training corps, and the endless correction of books, etc., are not done between nine and four.

(3) Celibacy should not be demanded of the schoolmaster. Under the present system a man is prevented from marrying, not only by poverty, but by the knowledge that his position may be rendered insecure by marriage, and his chance of preferment very considerably lessened. This is almost universally true, especially in the public schools. It is no uncommon thing to find a staff of a dozen men of whom the head master only is married. One head master who interviewed me informed me that he expected me to be a regular attendant at Holy Communion in the school chapel, and that if I married I must expect to be asked to leave. Another offered me a £10 rise on condition I did not marry. A few weeks ago a friend of mine received a letter from the head master of a certain school, asking for particulars about a man who had applied for a vacant post. He desired to know particularly if the applicant had Socialistic views.

These, then, are conditions under which the schoolmaster is supposed to do his work: he must have approved religious and political views, must not marry, or do so with the disapproval of the head master, and he may not receive more than £160 per annum. (This is a high average estimate.)

We are told that the state of English education is deplorable. Of course it is deplorable. Money is spent on building and equipment and in paying large salaries to head masters, while the men who do the educating are not considered; they are willy-nilly philanthropists. The tragedy of the capable man of forty-five, who is too old for a headship, and is earning the same miserable salary as he did twenty years ago, is only too common in our secondary schools. If State control is going to improve the condition of the "worker," Heaven send State control soon!—I am, sir, etc., M. A.

February 3rd, 1913.

## THE FRENCH DOWRY SYSTEM.

*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

SIR,—I have been much interested in the discussion of the French "dowry" system, but I do not remember to have seen any reference to the biological aspect of the question, an aspect, to my mind, which is of considerable importance. It was, I believe, the late Francis Galton who gave a certain amount of prominence, some forty years ago, to the influence exercised by the *dot* system in checking the increase of the population of France.

If, as I suppose, your correspondent, Yvonne M. Salmon, is a Frenchwoman, I think she will bear me out in stating that on the French marriage market—using the expression without offensive meaning—the *fille unique* and, to a lesser extent perhaps, the *fils unique* are regarded as specially desirable, while in a similar way a preference tends to be shown for children of small families as compared with those

where children are numerous, and where the amount available for "dowry" purposes must be spread over a large area.

It is generally admitted that children of large families tend to be more prolific than those of small ones, and where one of the parents is an only child there is a *primâ facie* probability of there being an absence of issue, a probability greatly increased if both parents are only children.

It is not difficult to appreciate how great may be the cumulative effect of this financial selection, continued through many generations, in checking the natural increase of a country's population. If, then, there be any element of truth in Galton's theory, the "dowry "system is one of the last things we should desire to introduce into this country—it is, of course, already found in the wealthier classes—in view of the significant figures which are brought before our notice periodically by the Registrar-General.—I am, sir, etc.,

W. G. BARRETT.

Honor Oak, S.E., February 3rd, 1913.

## THE INTRINSIC VALUE OF THE BIBLE.

*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

SIR,—"Octogenarian" praises the Bible as being the summit of English literature. Surely literature has nothing whatever to do with the intrinsic value of the Bible as the Word of God.

Again, "Octogenarian" claims to speak for the "Church of Christ" when he says that he does not accept "the infallibility of every word in the Book." This is a very dangerous statement without further explanation. Does the writer mean to say that we are free to accept some parts of the Bible and reject others? Surely the point is this. We do not go to the Bible for exact history or to learn geography or any natural science. We go there for a Divine message to the individual. I am a Swedenborgian.—I am, sir, etc.,

RICHARD H. TEED.

Derby.

## THE PARTITION OF POLAND.

*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

SIR,—I beg to thank you for your interesting article on the "Partition of Poland in issue of January 31st. I only regret that you did not refer to the only noble incident in all that sordid and dishonourable act of royal brigandage, viz., Maria Theresa's personal repudiation and noble shame at being forced to be a party thereto. Her indignant words ring true in our ears to this day, and her attitude is the grandest thing any member of the House of Hapsburg ever did. This is her letter to her Minister, Prince Kaunitz:—"Feb. 1772. When my lands were invaded, and when I did not know where to find a place to be brought to bed in, I relied on my good right and the help of God. But in this thing, where not only public law cries to Heaven against us, but also all natural justice and sound reason, I must confess never in my life to have been in such trouble, and am ashamed to shew my face. Let the Prince (Kaunitz) consider what an example we are giving to all the world, if, for a miserable piece of Poland, or of Moldavia, or Wallachia, we throw our reputation to the winds. I well see that I am alone, and no more in vigour; therefore I must, though to my very great sorrow, let things take their course."

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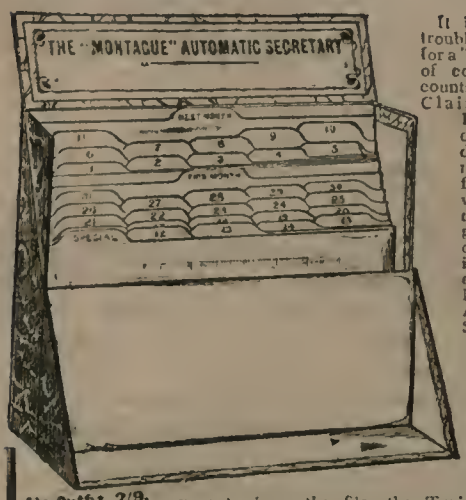


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Austria has had less trouble with her Polish subjects than either of the other Royal robbers of an ancient nation's independence. To Russia and Prussia their stolen goods have proved a veritable *damnosa hereditas* to this very hour! May your good wishes for Polish independence be soon fulfilled, and this blot on the map of Europe be speedily removed.—I am, sir, etc.,

TWEEDIENSIS.

February 1st, 1913.

## CATHOLIC EDUCATION.

*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

DEAR SIR,—I beg that you will allow me to make use of your columns in order to answer the attack made by "F. A." in your issue of January 31st against Catholic methods of education. I began my education in a Catholic elementary school, and finished it at a well-known Catholic college. Moreover, I am now a Catholic priest, so that I also may claim to speak from experience, and my experience obliges me to state, boldly and unhesitatingly, that in both the elementary school and the college in which I was educated the law of God regarding the virtue of purity was taught with as much emphasis and lucidity as could be applied to such a delicate subject. Only a boy who wilfully threw dust into his own eyes and outraged his conscience could, after receiving such teaching, have persuaded himself that indulgence in the vice of impurity was "perfectly natural and harmless."

As a Catholic priest I must confess that the Catholic clergy do regard this subject as a "nightmare," inasmuch as they share with all decent-minded people a proper horror of the sin and its consequences; but that they make no effort to deal with it I most emphatically deny. It may be debated whether or no it is advisable to "enlighten" children on this question. Personally, I admire innocence (which does generally mean ignorance, in spite of all sophisms to the contrary) so much that I should be sorry to destroy it by teaching the wisdom of the serpent a moment before it had to be learned, particularly as the knowledge of sexual matters so often breeds morbid curiosity, and at once opens the way to sin. As a rule, I imagine that both priests and parents prefer that the matter be dealt with in the confessional. There the mischief can best be repaired, except in the case of those who are not candid with their confessors. There is no way of helping these until they choose to accept the truth, which hitherto they have refused to believe.

From "F. A.'s" letter it would appear that the enemies of the Catholic Church are changing their tactics. They were wont to rage because she found a certain beauty in virginity; because she thought, with St. Paul, that there were certain things which ought not so much as to be named among us; because, in a word, she taught morality by the positive method; that is, she taught her children to admire and practise modesty, knowing full well that the best means of escaping from any vice is to aim at the opposite virtue.—I am, sir, etc.,

(Rev.) WILLIAM FOLEY.

The Presbytery, Tottenham Road, Kingsland, N.,
February 2nd, 1913.

[This correspondence is now closed.—ED.]

# THE FEBRUARY MAGAZINES

I.

THE new President of the United States has a combative personality—at least, this is the impression conveyed by his remarkable article in the *Fortnightly Review*, entitled "Freemen Need no Guardians." It is an indictment of the recent Government of the United States characterised by amazing candour, one might almost say indiscretion, for it is surely bad tactics on the part of Dr. Woodrow Wilson to arraign, on the eve of taking office, his two immediate predecessors. Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Taft, we are told, are incapable of looking at the affairs of the country with a view of the new age and of a changed set of circumstances. The flaw in the government of the United States is that it does not rely upon the average integrity and intelligence of the common people, but is controlled by "big bankers, big masters of commerce, the heads of railroad corporations, and of steamship corporations." But Dr. Woodrow Wilson will not live under trustees if he can help it. He intends "to be President of the people of the United States." Of several articles dealing with questions of defence and foreign politics we would specially note "Great Britain and the Next War," wherein Sir A. Conan Doyle records his impressions of General von Bernhardi's "Germany and the Next War." Hitherto, Sir Arthur has never believed in the German menace, but he is now convinced of the possibility of such an attack as the result of reading this book. In the latter part of his article he gives his views on defence, and says the Channel Tunnel is essential to Great Britain's safety. Equally interesting, from the point of view of defence, is Mr. Archibald Hurd's plea for a War-Book of the Empire.

II.

The new number of the *National Review* is rather below the average. There is a lack of important subjects, and those treated are not particularly interesting. Moreover, we very much doubt the wisdom of giving the place of honour to a speech of Mr. Austen Chamberlain which has been fully reported in the daily press. The editor (Mr. L. J. Maxse) modestly puts his own article, "A Radical 'Panama,'" last, but as it is by far the most readable it might well have been given the premier position. Whether one agrees with Mr. Maxse or not, he is always lively and at his best when laying bare what he conceives to be the hopeless incompetency of the Government. "Our Coming Danger-Period" is the title of a somewhat hysterical article by "Navalis," in which he denounces "the passivity of the British Admiralty" in view of the German menace. He considers the situation so grave as to warrant the early return of the *New Zealand*. He also suggests that the fourth battle squadron should be kept in home waters during the autumn, and that the Home Fleet should be as far as possible concentrated and maintained at its maximum strength during the second half of the year.

III.

We congratulate the editor of *The British Review* upon his second number, which is quite up to the level of his first. There is plenty of variety and abundance of good writing, with the result that the dull pages are few and far between. Mr. Hilaire Belloc contributes the first instalment of a suggestive article on "Fiscal Reform," which he regards as "a necessary result of the conditions, external and domestic, under which modern England lies." Mr. Francis McCullagh records his experiences as "A Prisoner of the Bul-


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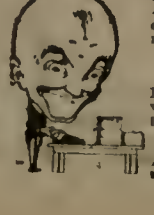

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gars"; Father Joseph Keating writes of "The Ethics of Resistance to Law" according to the teaching of the Church of Rome; and Mr. J. Godfrey Raupert, in an article entitled "Some Light on the Mystery of Evil," gives interesting extracts from the private letters of a Catholic priest who, for many years, was subject to extraordinary psychical experiences. Two papers discuss the Irish question. "A Child of Ulster" drives home "the fact that Ulster means to resist," and Mr. Richard Fitzwalter pleads for a parley.

IV.

In the *Westminster Review* we miss the sprightliness of its younger contemporaries. It has respect for tradition; and as we turn over its pages we have more than a suggestion of that strict sobriety of thought and expression so characteristic of the days when John Stuart Mill and "George Eliot" were among its chief contributors. A little humour and more "humanness" would certainly brighten this magazine. The current number opens with an article on "Goethe and the Prometheus Legend," and closes with one on "Woman Labour and Moral Strength"—two rather unattractive subjects. Then we have Mr. R. H. Bradley discoursing on "Aristotle's Views on Music," and Mr. Elijah Greenleaf raising the question as to whether the Last Supper was a Passover. Coming to mundane topics, Mr. W. Turner writes on "Commerce and Party Politics," Mr. Griffith Jones contributes the last of a series of papers on the Welsh Church Bill, Mr. Ernest F. Allnutt says some sensible things regarding "Private and Public Liberty," and Dr. F. D. W. Bates treats us to somewhat belated views on the Divorce Commission report. An article in the lighter vein is Mr. F. W. Orde Ward's, on "Quotations and Misquotations."

V.

Under its new editor, Mr. Harold Cox, the *Edinburgh Review* seems to be renewing its youth. Not only is Mr. Cox enlisting the services of fresh and talented writers who are intimately in touch with the problems of to-day, but he is drawing upon a wider range of subjects than used to be the case. In the new number two articles only are unsigned. The first, with which the volume opens, comments cautiously on the findings of the Divorce Commission, and suggests that if legislation could be passed incorporating the points of agreement between the Majority and Minority Commissioners, we should make an immense step forward. The other unsigned article deals sagaciously with what should be Britain's attitude towards the rearrangement of European territory and the readjustment of European relationships. "The Englishman's Dilemma" is the title of a weighty criticism by Mr. Cox of the British party system, under which he thinks there is no relation of any kind between the public interest of the nation and the private interest of the politician. Among other articles we would note Mr. Francis Gribble's, on "The Destiny of Switzerland."

VI.

Literature figures prominently in the current number of the *Quarterly Review*. Mr. Henry Cloriston writes on "Some of New Versions of Leopardi," Mr. Stanley Lane-Poole on "Swift's Correspondence," Mr. Francis Bickley on "New Facts About Matthew Prior," and Mr. Algernon Cecil on "Disraeli: The First Two Phases." Religion is represented by a searching review of the life-work of Father Tyrrell, from the pen of the Rev. Alfred Fawkes. The writer thinks that Tyrrell's natural home was in the English Church. Theologically, "he was constructive in aim, and conservative in method."

# BOOKS OF THE WEEK

Mr. Desmond Coke has given us a realistic study of the novelist who can only write "with a lobelia on the table before him," and makes his entire household writhe in misery when he cannot find the exact word! We have met the character before in fiction; but Hubert, in Helena Brett's Career (Chapman and Hall, 6s.), is drawn with a fidelity lacking in his prototypes, and while we despise him wholeheartedly for his miserable selfishness, we sympathise with his childish vanity and good nature. The story opens with an old friend advising him to marry. The occasion of the counsel was a particularly distressing scene that had occurred between the novelist and his sister Ruth. The latter is most admirably drawn, and the quarrel that perpetually recurs is quite one of the best things in the book. "Ruth was always claiming to have sacrificed herself. *She* didn't matter. . . . No one must consider her. She hadn't married, she gave up her life willingly to her dear brother. . . . When all the while she never did a single thing he wanted, but in the most selfish way made everything as hard as it could be for his work, when she herself was doing nothing!"

You feel Ruth is an unspeakable person till, with an adroit touch, Mr. Coke turns the light on to the other side, and you learn that "she always went abruptly, never said good-night. He had told her long ago that those words broke up his evening and made him think of bed instead of work." Hubert takes his friend's advice, marries, and Helena, the lady of his choice, learns "the whole duty of an author's wife," and arranges his writing-table with flowers and candlesticks, tactfully removes unfavorable reviews from his notice, and listens to his grumblings when his story will not move. The author is, we think, a little unfair to the wretched man when he endows Helena, not only with literary genius, but sells thirty thousand of her first book. The account of the boom attendant on Zoe Baskerville's great work—Helena's pseudonym—is immense. The publisher, Mr. Blatchley, who prided himself on not being old-fashioned, worked the Press magnificently. Flaring headlines appear in the evening papers, and a controversy rages as to who wrote "The Confessions of an Author's Wife."

Cleverly written, with an underlying sense of humour, Mr. Coke has achieved a merited success.

❀ ❀ ❀

The Harvest Moon (Ward, Lock and Co., 6s.) is a collection of short stories centring round a pearl, with which tradition associates tragedy. Whoever has possession of the gem, or in any way concerns himself with its discovery, is made the victim of a series of terrible events, culminating in bloodshed, murder, and death. Mr. Justus Miles Forman possesses the art of telling a startling story in an agreeable, almost colloquial style that shades the suggestion of improbability and creates an atmosphere of verisimilitude. A tale told in the chimney corner full of wild adventures, hairbreadth escapes, carries conviction. And the tales of the "Harvest Moon," with their swift touches of drama and sudden gusts of passion, carry the reader on a surge of expectation beyond the standpoint of criticism. The volume opens with "Hayes." The scene is laid in a South Sea island, and the vivid colour, the greens and blue and gold of the Tropics, make an admirable background for the swift-moving drama. Hayes is a derelict Englishman, six foot tall, with a temperament and a past. A schooner, owned by Mr. and Lady Evelyn Rede-Barnes, touches at the island, and Lady Evelyn goes


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for a walk of exploration. She discovers the derelict "on a lonely beach," and the two, mutually attracted, become confidential and exchange reminiscences. He shows her the Harvest Moon, and she falls under its magic spell. There is not lacking a spice of danger to cement the attraction. The natives on the track of the gem attack Hayes, who, with Lady Evelyn's assistance—she carries a revolver—beats them off. He realises she is not happy with Rede-Barnes, and implores her to elope with him. He even goes so far as to pursue her to the schooner. She declines the proposal, in spite of his attraction. Ultimately, Hayes is shot dead in a mêlée with the police. Lady Evelyn shoots herself, and falls dead over his body. The climax is treated in a simple yet forceful style that divests it of improbability. We read the story as we listen to the telling of a tale, full of belief. The other numbers in the volume are well up to the same level. Mr. Forman has given us a delightful book.

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Mrs. Fred Reynolds has written a powerful novel about Cornish folk. THE GRANITE CROSS (Chapman and Hall, 6s.) is remarkable for its strength of characterisation and its simple and convincing style. No one knows how the Granite Cross came to be there, no one knows who erected it, for what purpose or memorial it stood. But the fisher-folk, all unconsciously, regarded it as a symbol, and that it had its influence upon their lives it is the author's purpose to show. Mrs. Reynolds gives us some vivid scene-painting. The soft greens and greys of Cornwall fill the book, serving as an admirable background for the vivid personality of Judith Marston. Restless and ambitious, dissatisfied with society life, yet lacking the depth of character to find a lasting satisfaction in more simple things, she surrenders for a time to the influence of Matthew Treen, an artist. Simple as most painters are, Matthew falls head over ears in love with the brilliant woman; but after a while the very simplicity and strength that first attracted her palls on Judith. She breaks with Matthew, unconscious, almost indifferent that she is twisting his soul, and returns to her brilliant circle in London.

The book sustains the same note of power throughout. Illuminative and compelling. Mrs. Reynolds is to be congratulated on her achievement.

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Mr. Compton-Mackenzie's CARNIVAL (Martin Secker, 6s.) is a wonderful study of the lower middle class. His portrayal of the Islington ménage is inimitable. The forlorn fashion in which Mrs. Raeburn clings to the tattered remnant of gentility bequeathed by her grandfather, the chemist; the manner in which his reputation is thrust forward on every occasion of domestic dispute, makes delicious reading. Mrs. Raeburn did not know why she married, unless it was that she felt a working plumber was a more satisfactory refuge than a home with her austere aunts. The book opens with her thoughts and reflections; one gets a wonderful glimpse of a woman's imagination. Up to the present she feels life has brought her but few compensations. It has lost the faintest flush of roseate romance with which it was clothed in her girlhood's days. Her husband is an unmitigated failure, and addicted in a marked degree to insobriety. Her children, though she loves them dearly, are eminently commonplace, painfully matter of fact. She is about to have a third child, and almost prays that the new baby may possess something of that attraction she has always felt lacking in herself. Jenny more than gratifies her mother's longing. She was born laughing, and smiled and danced her way through life. She is speedily discontented with the Islington ménage, and somewhat alarms her mother by her desire to become a dancer. Jenny has a drastic method of obtaining her own way. When she was refused, she declined to eat, and resolutely starved herself until her parents gave way. In the ultimate she achieves her desire, and then finds that the expectation brought her more keen delight than the realisation. She is inevitably attractive, and dances lightly among her many admirers, playing fast and loose with innumerable hearts, until, her brother warns her, she will one day be shot. The end of "Carnival" is disappointing. There was, we feel, no adequate reason for the tragedy. Jenny, as the author paints her, was not the stuff of which victims were made, and the man whom, in a fit of almost inexplicable depression, she chooses for her husband would, we feel, not have been able to hold her against her will for a day. Maurice Castleton, the man who captured her fancy, if not her love, is a clever study of selfishness and irresponsibility. "Carnival" is finely written, with vivid touches of humour and dramatic power.

❀ ❀ ❀

Miss Constance Smedley has a light, bright touch, is eminently readable, and sometimes distinguished in her style. NEW WINE AND OLD BOTTLES (T. Fisher Unwin, 6s.) is centred round a country town. New End is admirably described: "But little traffic came through New End; a row of empty shops across the way presented mournful testimony of its dullness. Glaringly large and new, their stucco fronts and white-washed windows seemed an excrescence on the dignified little town. Now and again a deluded optimist had filled a window with his wares, but whether these shops were too big for Scroose, too ostentatious, or too generally cavernous and yawning, up to the present trade refused to come." Mr. Griggs, the tailor, brought a new spirit of enterprise into the town. He is an artist in advertisement, and proceeds by slow and careful degrees to revolutionise the shopkeeping element. Griggs dominates the story, seen or unseen, but other characters are ably portrayed. The dissemination of new ideas—Socialism is in the air, and the results on the small shopkeeping elements of its discussion are amusingly related. In an age when authors seem impelled to write long dissertations on problems Miss Constance Smedley is to be congratulated on having given us a bright, refreshing, clever picture of a country town.

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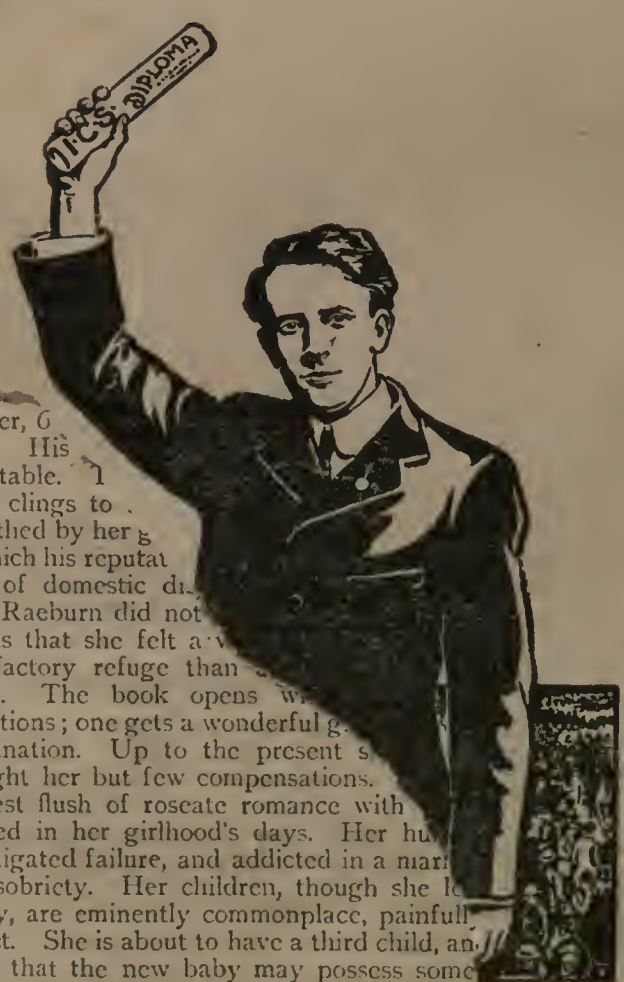


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# EVERYMAN

**His Life, Work, and Books.**

No. 19. Vol. 1. [REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O.] FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1913 One Penny.


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## ARTICLES

BY

EMILE VANDERVELDE

PROF. SAINTSBURY

NORMAN MACLEAN

MARGARET HAMILTON

# HISTORY IN THE MAKING

## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THERE being little authentic news from the Balkans, it is impossible to give even an outline of the progress of events. According to the Turkish official reports, all is going well with the Ottoman arms. On the other hand, unofficial messages sent from Constantinople by an indirect route announce that a portion of Adrianople is in flames and that the Turkish position is almost hopeless. And this would seem to be confirmed by the fact that Turkey has again requested the intervention of the Powers.

France, according to the *Temps*, proposes to spend many millions in increasing her military strength. This step is intended to be a prompt response to Germany's increased armaments. Three important schemes for the augmentation of the Army have recently been under consideration, and details of these will, it is expected, be announced by the Government next week.

An internecine war has broken out in Mexico, President Madero and his Government having become unpopular. The rebel army, headed by General Diaz, nephew of the late President, have had several fierce encounters with the Government troops, and hundreds are reported to have been killed. So far, the insurgents appear to have had most success. On Monday it was announced that a day's armistice had been concluded in order to arrange a neutral zone where foreigners might take refuge. President Madero has been asked to resign in the interests of peace, but this he declines to do.

The Antarctic disaster still continues to overshadow all other matters of public interest. Captain Scott's pathetic appeal on behalf of the wives and children of the dead heroes has not been in vain, for the Government have announced that ample provision will be made, and that a public appeal will not be necessary. A Mansion House Fund has been opened for a national memorial of Captain Scott and the members of the South Polar party.

The Welsh Disestablishment Bill was discussed for three days in the House of Lords, and was rejected by a majority of 201. No new points emerged in the debate, which derived its chief interest from the fact that the Bishops of Hereford and Oxford both supported the Bill. The former regarded it as a measure of justice long delayed, and the latter (Dr. Gore) could not conceive any justification for a religious Establishment which had ceased to commend itself to the majority of the people.

A sensational development in connection with the Select Committee on the Marconi Contract occurred on Wednesday week, when Mr. Maxse, editor of the *National Review*, who was called as a witness, attempted to justify his position in relation to the contract, but refused to disclose the names of persons with whom he had, as an editor, been in confidential communication. The Committee thereupon reported him to the Speaker, but the latter declined to take action except on the responsibility of the House. The matter is now postponed till the beginning of the new Session.

The obituary of the week includes Mr. Robert Cameron, who since 1895 represented in Parliament the Houghton-le-Spring Division of Durham in the Liberal interest; Sir John Worrell Carrington, for six years Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, Hong-Kong; Mr. G. A. Hutchison, the first editor of the successful *Boy's Own Paper;* and Lord Macnaghten, a Lord of Appeal-in-Ordinary and chairman of the Legal Council of Education.

# WOMEN AT WORK By MARGARET HAMILTON

## I.—THE SHOP-GIRL

*The question of women's employment, with its attendant problems of the rate of wages, hours of labour, and the inevitable competition with men workers, is a burning one, affecting as it does the welfare of the entire country. The Editor invites his readers' views on this all-important subject.*

THE contrast between the life of the actress on and off the stage, the laughing lips and the aching heart, has been the subject of considerable fine writing. Light and shade are as conspicuously present in the quieter avenues of women's work, and the difference between the two sides of the counter is every whit as poignant as the gulf that separates the footlights from the stalls.

The employee at the big West End establishment, or at the small draper's in the suburbs, where one goes for a yard of ribbon or a pennyworth of tape; the tall, smart-looking "sales lady" who hypnotises you into buying blouses, or creates a longing for a tubular skirt by the elegance of her proportions; and the little girl in the shabby frock, who, from nine in the morning till nine at night, with short intervals for meals, serves customers with anything and everything, from red flannel to fancy pocket-handkerchiefs—each hides her joys and sorrows, secret hopes and shrinking fears behind the rampart of a smile. And from the other side, who cares to read the story of the girl behind the counter?

The shop-girl—there are some 180,000 of them in London alone—is on duty every day, and all day long, save for the brief respite of the weekly half-holiday vouchsafed by Parliament. Bright and alert, neatly dressed, and watchful-eyed, she must adapt herself to an endless variety of temperaments, gratify the vanity, humour the whims of innumerable people. The old lady who clings to the sartorial fashions of her youth and demands a violent shade of purple ribbon has to be gently led in the direction of a subdued mauve. The would-be fashionable young woman who insists on the latest thing in veils for 4¾d. must be coaxed into paying 6¾d. at the least. Then there is the mother of a family, who takes the shopgirl into her confidence respecting her husband's *peccadilloes*—what he earns, how much he gives her, and why she takes in lodgers or does washing. Fashionable ladies litter the counter with goods spread out for their inspection, careless and indifferent of the assistant's time and trouble as of the fact that if a sale is not effected she is fined.

Shop assistants live under the black shadow of this monstrous imposition. Fines and fines and fines again harry their nerves and deplete their scanty earnings. If a girl is late for breakfast, or in the shop, 6d. is the fine. If the details of her toilet affect the æsthetic taste of the shopwalker, 6d. is the fine. If a hook or eye be fastened out of place, the buckle of her belt ill-adjusted, the design of her gown grate upon his eye, the poor girl has to pay! Sixpence is the amount charged for showing any apparent lack of attention to a customer, or failing to sell the article required.

Have you ever wondered why the girl behind the counter strenuously calls for "Sign" when she cannot produce the goods you ask for? You are quite satisfied that particular shop does not stock what you require, and are anxious to get on to the next. Time presses, and, if possible, you evade the genius in a frock coat bearing down upon you. If you succeed in escaping, and "Sign" does not hear you state that you will *not* accept a blue merino for a green, the girl is judged guilty of neglect, and—"another sixpence, please, miss."

The number and variety of fines vary in each particular establishment. Some shops allow their assistants to use sliding seats, fitted to the back of the counter, when "off duty." Others effectively discourage any desire for rest, and promptly fine a girl who shows the smallest sign of slacking. She must stand upright and ready; the flesh may be very weary, but, whether serving or not serving, she must be erect.

*What happens to these fines, and who benefits by them?*

But life has a worse terror for these victims of an ill-organised routine than petty punishments like these. They live under the ban of a system repellent to Englishwomen—*espionage!* The spies and detectives—exquisitely gowned ladies for the most part—watch not only for the shop-thief, but seek to catch the poor assistant tripping. In a restaurant attached to one establishment up West, where no tipping was the rule, one of the most industrious of these *agents provocateur* offered a tip of twopence six times vainly to a waitress in a dining-room, and then in triumph secured its acceptance and the girl's dismissal.

What do they eat, these slaves of the counter? In the small shops the fare is unsavoury, not to say coarse. Breakfast, at eight, consists usually of tea, bread-and-butter, and an occasional relish; in the larger establishments cold bacon or an egg, with a choice of tea or coffee, is provided. But if the meal is slight, little time is wasted on it. The assistant must be early on guard, uncovering the goods, dusting counters, polishing glass, or arranging finery. The mid-day meal is usually from half-past twelve to two. Cheap meat predominates, sinewy beef, sickly stews, uninviting mutton, though the menu in the more prosperous houses is more varied and ample. Tea starts about half-past four, and in the West is the herald of the coming release.

Sometimes the shop-girl dines in a more alluring fashion. Within the walls of the mammoth shop, day in, day out, she ministers to the whims and fancies of her fellow-women in a deadly and monotonous grind. Outside is the life and colour, the gaiety and laughter of the West. At the closing hour, when the great shops have put up their shutters, fashionable restaurants are crowded with well-gowned women and men about town, irreproachably dressed. Dainty fare, cooked in appetising fashion, is served to the strains of a delectable band—it is a world of softly shaded lights, choice flowers; and to this land of pleasure the shop-girl sometimes comes. The world is not yet grown so grey that youth no longer turns to youth, and of the myriad customers she has to serve some small proportion are young men, who know a pretty face when they see one, and lose no opportunity of improving its acquaintance, like the youth in "The Mikado," "who cast a roving eye, and heaved a non-connubial sigh."

When the shop-girl dines out alone she is more economical—indeed, she must be. One alert restaurateur is alleged to have reaped a fortune by opening excellently managed establishments, not a thousand miles from Oxford Street, where, at astonishingly

cheap rates, one can get admirable food. Shop assistants are the bulk of his customers.

Frequently in the West End the dining-rooms for the staff are commodious and well-arranged. But things are very different in the suburbs. Too often the girls eat in an underground basement, where the gas-jets poison the atmosphere, and their bedrooms, overcrowded and stifling, are the only place where they can sit after the day's work. Often it is nine, half-past nine, aye, sometimes ten strikes before that day is ended. On Saturday night the shutters are not put up till past eleven, and the girls do not get to bed till twelve. The one respite in the weary grind is the half-holiday. In the suburbs the shops close on Wednesdays or Thursdays; in the West End Saturday is early closing day.

And this brings us to a very serious question of the shop-girl's life, especially the assistants in some of the great West End establishments. It has been asserted over and over again that the girls are practically driven away at the week-end, as no adequate arrangements for their comfort are made, and in cases where their homes are at a distance the consequences are obvious and appalling.

Most large establishments close at six, but the assistants have to dismantle the departments after the doors are shut; the goods have to be folded away in drawers, shut up in glass cases, covered with dust-sheets. By the time everything is ready for the night, and the shop is ready for the cleaners, it is close on seven. Assistants are expected to be in by eleven, and failure to comply with this rule has cost many a girl her position. Some houses, to their eternal shame, refuse their women employées admission if they return late; but, for the most part, unpunctuality is visited by dismissal. They realise that the next morning they will be turned off. Even their scanty leisure cannot be enjoyed in peace. The iron hand of the employer grinds down their meagre pleasures, and they must think with envy of their more fortunate fellows, who are permitted to stay in the theatre till they have seen the close of the performance. One is reminded of Dickens' inimitable porter in one of the Christmas numbers of *Household Words;* he was regarded by the assistants in a big business house as "a great man—he had seen the end of a play!"

As we have seen, the food, the hours, the accommodation of the shopgirl vary much; not so the rate of pay. The wage of an assistant living in averages from 4s. to 13s. Those who sleep out earn 8s. to 15s., with their food, while the apprentices get 2s. 6d. Bearing in mind their long, arduous days, their unremitting attention to business, their ubiquity, smartness, and general high level of service—to say nothing of the huge dividends earned by the larger establishments—the conclusion is forced on one that the wages paid are scandalously inadequate; and one notes with sorrow that only five per cent. of the assistants have joined the Union, which, were it more strongly equipped and better supported, would, as in other trades, win better conditions and higher rates for its members.

As a partial set-off to these low wages, it must be remembered that the "first hands" get a small commission on sales; but this leaves the large majority of assistants unincluded. A junior rarely gets a chance of booking orders of any value.

These figures do not take into account the head saleswomen of the department, or of certain branches of business which receive special payment—the "showroom girl," who tries on coats and costumes; the mannequin, who shows off Paris models and deludes you into the belief that you will look like a dream in the confection she wears so well. A clever mannequin receives from a pound a week to twenty-five shillings. She must be tall, slim, and possessed of the indefinable quality of style. She wears, for the present fashion, a sheath-like garment of black satin, fitting like a skin, over which the models are slipped on. A good carriage is a necessity, and she must have acquired the art of walking gracefully in the narrowest of skirts. Her duties are not so arduous as the girl behind the counter, or so strenuous as the "sales lady," who guides your choice in the selection of frocks and furs, etc.; but think of the self-control, the discipline necessary to endure the impertinent stare of a portly matron, opulent in silk and velvet, who orders her to stand "like this," and look "like that," and considers her a very disobliging young person after an hour of posturing and posing!

Women of the moneyed class show little charity to their sisters, whether behind the counter or in the showroom. They complain easily and loudly of a lack of attention when none exists, and will turn over box after box of goods, if it so please them, without spending a penny. If the shopwalker is fair, the girl escapes censure. If, on the other hand, "Sign" is feeling tired, overworked, or over-worried, number so-and-so is fined, severely reprimanded, and threatened with dismissal. And the woman who has caused the trouble drives off contentedly, careless of the suffering she has caused.

For the girl behind the counter must smile and serve, though her head throbs and her back aches, and her legs are swollen from the unnatural strain of long-continued hours of standing. Varicose veins are a common complaint among shop-girls, and a heavy percentage suffer from internal troubles, the direct result of the long days spent upon the feet.

We hear much in praise of the life of a shop assistant. We read of the libraries, the gymnasia, the roof gardens, and of the entertainments provided for them. Somehow I shudder when I hear these mentioned, for they recall to me a certain apartment reserved for lady shop assistants, and much in request at sale times. I was being shown over a famous emporium, where some of these things are greatly in evidence. I had duly admired the pictures, and envied the assistants the grand pianos and canaries in the spacious saloon, when suddenly I caught a glimpse, through a half-opened door, of another room, a room that chilled me. The walls and the floor were "padded." It was "*the rest-room—for the girls when they become hysterical.*"

* * *

## THE HOSPITAL NURSE

SHE must be alert and wise and free from fears,
And very softly must her footfall sound,
And ever at her post she must be found
An angel sentry at the gate of tears.
She must not overweighted be with years,
Nor careless with the flying feet of youth,
But sweetly serious, seeking after truth.
Her brow the dignity of service wears,
Her long hands, sinuous, with nervous skill
Must scatter where she binds the gaping pain,
Returning at the peevish sufferer's will
To minister anew, to soothe again.
And, when the lonesome winepress must be trod,
Her lips, encouraging, shall speak of GOD.

# COUNTRIES OF THE WORLD ⁂ ⁂ ⁂ BY THE EDITOR

## VII.—HOLLAND

I.

The days of Dutch greatness are long past, and the wonder is not that the greatness of Holland should have departed, but that it should have lasted so long—from the time when the Dutch people drove back, almost unaided, the tyranny of Spain, to the time when a Dutch fleet sailed up the Thames and threatened the English people in their capital, down to the beginning of the eighteenth century, when the Dutch Republic held in check the armies of Louis XIV.

A small nation could not thus indefinitely hold her own against the great empires of Europe. Her political greatness almost entirely depended on the mastery of the sea, and that mastery was taken from her by her English rivals.

But although the Dutch have long ceased to be a political power, they continue to be ranked amongst the most prosperous and best governed nations of the Continent. They certainly are not the decadent and uninteresting people which Mr. Lucas represents them to be in his delightful but fanciful book, "A Wanderer in Holland" (Methuen, 6s.). They are bent on something higher than "the profits of the day and the pleasures of next Sunday," and they are not yet to be used, for didactic purposes, as a solemn warning of the decadence that may be in store for this country.

II.

The very existence of Holland is a perpetual miracle. Living in a country part of which lies below the level of the ocean, the Dutch are an amphibious people, and they are only secure from inundation behind the protection of their dykes. Those dykes have to be kept in constant repair. An army of watchmen have to be ever on the alert. Another army of hydraulic windmills, which form one of the features of the Dutch landscape, are perpetually draining the water off the fields and meadows, and a network of canals distribute and regulate it. If the vigilance of the watchmen of the "waterstaat" were to be relaxed for one moment, the sea would at once sweep over the land. And the destructive energies of the ocean act more rapidly than the constructive energies of man. It took the Dutch a whole generation to drain the small Lake of Haarlem, whilst a few minutes submerged and wiped out, in the thirteenth century, the fertile provinces and populous cities which to-day are covered by the Zuider Zee.

III.

As, physically, Holland owes her existence to the eternal struggle with the elemental forces of nature, so the Dutch people owe their political existence and the virtues of the national character to their heroic struggle against Spanish tyranny. No modern nation has a more august origin. The Rise of the Dutch Republic, narrated in Motley's "History," one of the classics of English literature, will be for all times to come one of the most inspiring epics of our race. No modern nation has done more for European liberty and modern democracy. Nor can it be too often and too gratefully remembered that all through the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the Low Countries were the refuge of independent thought as well as a radiating centre of art and science—the country of Spinoza, Swammerdam, as well as the country of Grotius and van Barneveld.

IV.

Economic prosperity does not necessarily, in the twentieth century, follow a successful war, but in the case of Holland, and in the sixteenth century, it certainly did, and I do not think that even Mr. Norman Angell would deny it. For after the war of independence Holland rapidly rose from being one of the poorest to being one of the richest countries of the Continent. In the seventeenth century Holland occupied the position which Great Britain occupies to-day. She became the leading commercial power of Europe, building up both a flourishing oversea trade and a worldwide colonial empire. Of that empire—the creation of the mighty Dutch Company of the Great Indies—the present Dutch Indies still remain. Forty millions of Javanese are still subjects of the Queen of the Netherlands. All the other Dutch colonies, in India and South Africa, have passed under British control. But long before Great Britain took possession of them the art of navigation and the rise of a British merchant navy were gradually destroying Dutch international commerce.

That international commerce has revived in our days, but it has entirely changed its character. It is still concentrated in Amsterdam and Rotterdam, as in the days of Rembrandt and de Witt, but Amsterdam and Rotterdam have ceased to be typical Dutch cities. Both have become more and more outlets for the German transit trade, and the profits of that trade are more and more diverted by Teutonic and Jewish merchants and bankers.

V.

Although still a commercial power, Holland to-day has become mainly an agricultural country—a country of peasants. Four millions out of six live on the land, and the Boers of the Transvaal still testify of what stuff are made the peasants, or "Boeren," of the Netherlands. The land is largely in the possession of those who work it. Even more than France, Holland is a country of small holdings. There is a diminishing number of squires or Jonkheeren: Jonkheer is the same word as Junker; but the Dutch Jonkheer has nothing in common with his German cousin. Those Jonkheers possess moderate estates and a good deal of political and social consequence; but the small farmer dominates, and it is the small farmer who has carried Dutch agriculture and horticulture to the high degree of perfection which it has reached, and which is only surpassed in Denmark. It is the small farmer who, by his unremitting toil, has transformed the Dutch sands into vast fields of tulips, into flourishing market gardens and smiling pastures.

VI.

The economic change has brought about a remarkable political and religious change. An agricultural country is generally a Conservative country, and Holland is no exception to the rule. It has become a Conservative stronghold, and has also become increasingly Catholic. The Catholics are only one-third (about two millions) of the population, concentrated mainly in the south—in Limburg and Brabant; but, as in Germany, they are the ruling power in politics, and they are also growing in numbers. Owing to the stringent Papal decrees on mixed marriages, every union of a Protestant with a Catholic is a gain to Catholicism. The Dutch people

have always been keenly interested in religious controversy, and there are no signs that that interest is on the wane. Although Mr. Lucas tells us that the Dutch are only intent upon material gain, as a matter of fact, politics, which in England centre round Tariff Reform or Home Rule, in Holland almost entirely revolve around religious disputes, as in the good old days of the Arminians and Gomarists. Strange things are happening to-day in the religious sphere which would have caused the indignation of old Dutch Protestants, and which would stagger the Nonconformists of Great Britain. Extreme Calvinists, under the leadership of Dr. Kuyper, have joined hands with the Ultramontanes, under the leadership of Monsignor Schaepman, to drive back the Liberals. And to-day it is this Protestant-Catholic clerical coalition which is ruling the country—a dramatic change in a country which once was the controlling Protestant power in Europe.

VII.

But the triumph of Catholicism does not mean Obscurantism. The Dutch remain a highly educated people. Mr. Lucas informs us that they are not a reading people. It is true that the Dutch peasant is not a bookworm, but then in no country are the peasantry addicted to book-learning. As for the Dutch middle classes, they read at least as much as the British middle classes. In Great Britain educationists are still fighting as to which foreign language boys and girls should learn at school. In Holland every educated man, in addition to his native language, knows three other foreign languages, and the Dutchman is really a "quadrilinguist." Of the three foreign languages whose study forms an integral part of the Dutch curriculum French is the one which is best liked. On the other hand, German is the most useful language, for it is the language of the formidable neighbouring power, which is rapidly absorbing Holland economically, and which may in the near future threaten her political independence.

VIII.

The Dutch people possess some of the characteristics of their landscape. They are restful, like their verdant meadows; they are slow, like their winding rivers; and they seem to be sleepy, like their dormant waters. But behind that slow, quiet, and stolid exterior there is an inexhaustible reserve of vital energy. There is intense earnestness and a keen sense of natural beauty. Although the glories of the golden age of national history have vanished, the moral qualities which made it still subsist. The art of Rembrandt has survived in the modern painters, like Israels, Mauve, and Maris. The spirit of Orange has survived in the modern Dutch statesmen, like Thorbecke, Kuyper, and Schaepman. Should necessity arise, the Dutch people would still be ready to defend against a foreign invader that national inheritance of which they are justly proud, and which their fathers bought so dearly with their blood.

# SHOULD LLOYD GEORGE IMITATE NAPOLEON? By EMILE VANDERVELDE (*Leader of the Belgian Socialist Party*)

SHOULD Lloyd George imitate Napoleon? My friend Charles Sarolea advises it. He believes he has found the way to an immediate settlement of the problem of landed property in England. The English legislator, taking his inspiration from the examples afforded by the French Revolution, is to bring the "Civil Code" across the Channel, to substitute for the antiquated law of entail the system of equal and compulsory division of property between the heirs in the direct line, and in a few years, without upheaval, without violence, and without any overwhelming dispossession of owners, by the automatic working of the laws of inheritance, the land of Great Britain, freed from the parasite growth of feudalism, will become the Promised Land of small holdings, of peasant proprietors.

I must confess that I find it absolutely impossible to agree with Sarolea. I am ready to admit that the distribution of property is not as monstrously unfair in France as in England. I will go so far as to say that if the only possible choice lay between capitalist property and peasant property, I should make up my mind in favour of peasant property. But if the example afforded by England convinces me that the system of landed property in that country must be revolutionised from top to bottom, the example of France and of other countries with a Civil Code convinces me no less firmly that the solution suggested by Sarolea would not be in the least efficacious, even if it were desirable.

To begin with, the question arises whether, from the point of view of the public interest, any advantage would result from replacing thousands of landlords, who would be relatively easy to dispossess, by a host of those peasant proprietors, greedy of gain, fiercely conservative, systematic neo-malthusians, of whom Emile Zola gives so harsh a portrait in "La Terre." Chesterton answers in the affirmative, Shaw in the negative. I myself am inclined to think with Bernard Shaw.

But I realise that these are personal estimates, and there is no doubt that those Conservatives who have been able to appreciate the element of immutability in the conservatism of "radical" French peasants will continue to hope that the land reform will tend to create in England, as in France, a numerous class of small proprietors, with three acres and a cow. But it is not enough merely to entertain this hope: it must also be capable of realisation.

Now, I personally have not the slightest belief that if Lloyd George, breaking with the traditions of centuries past, resolved to bring forward the law of inheritance of the "Napoleonic Code" and succeeded in introducing it into England, his reform would finally result in bringing about the distribution of English land among peasant proprietors enjoying approximate equality.

The example of France and of other countries—notably Belgium—which have adopted the "Napoleonic Code" shows indeed:

1. That in countries where peasant proprietorship is very widespread, the subdivision of land already existed before the law of inheritance of the Civil Code was introduced.

2. That the application of the "Napoleonic Code" has not in any way had the result of bringing about in France the disappearance of really striking inequalities in the distribution of land.

3. That in industrial countries like Belgium the system of the "Napoleonic Code" has not prevented—if, indeed, it has not actually favoured—the almost complete disappearance of peasant proprietors, cultivating for their own profit land which is their own property.

## I.

In the first place, we assert that it is neither the "Napoleonic Code" nor the Revolution which has produced the small agricultural holding in France. Under the old constitution the sub-division of land was already very extensive. It has certainly increased since then with the growth of population; but on the whole, the situation at the end of the eighteenth century was not essentially different from what it is to-day, and we may endorse the following statement of M. Flour de Saint-Genis: "The Revolution only set the peasant free from hypocrisy towards his master and towards the State treasury; it did not promote him to the position of proprietor, for he had already been that for centuries past, but it restored his personal dignity by making him a citizen. The laws of the Constituent Assembly, the Legislative Assembly, and the Convention freed the country and the individual at the same time by decreeing the suppression of feudal serfdom. . . ." *

Obviously no one can fail to recognise the capital importance of such an achievement. We only mean to point out that the subdivision of property in France was the result of economic causes previous and foreign to legislation on the subject of inheritance. The latter may have hastened this subdivision, may have been favourable to the spread of the small holding. But its influence must not be exaggerated, and it would be a monstrous illusion to believe that the "Napoleonisation" of the English law of inheritance would suffice to resuscitate, by a magic wave of the wand, the yeoman, the free peasantry, which the industrial revolution has caused to disappear.

## II.

On the other hand, it must not be supposed that the distribution of landed property in France is as equally proportioned as the admirers of the "Napoleonic Code" are pleased to assert.

In fact, according to a statistical return of assessments on landed property made in 1884 by the "Office of Direct Taxation," French land was then divided as follows—and the state of affairs has changed but little since then—between the *small holding* (of less than 10 hectares, or 25 acres), the *medium-sized property* (of from 10 to 40 hectares, or 25 to 100 acres), and the *large property* (of over 40 hectares, or 100 acres).

| Categories of Assessed Properties. | Number of Assessed Properties. | Size in Hectares. | Proportion per cent. By Number. | Proportion per cent. By Size. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Small Holding ... ... | 13,213,383 | 17,476,445 | 93.92 | 35.36 |
| Medium-sized Property | 698,326 | 12,700,087 | 4.95 | 25.73 |
| Large Property .. .. | 163,092 | 19,211,772 | 1.13 | 38.91 |
| Total .. .. .. | 14,074,801 | 49,388,304 | 100.00 | 100.00 |

Obviously, then, a full third of French land (38.91 per cent.) belongs to an infinitesimal minority of large land-owners (1.13 per cent. of the total number of pro-

* "La Propriété Rurale en France." Flour de Saint-Genis. P. 195. (Paris: Colin. 1902.)

perties), who alone possess more than the 13,000,000 owners of small holdings. And if the reader would form an idea of the real position of the majority of the latter, I would refer him to the chapters I have devoted to the question in my book on Agrarian Socialism.* He will find there suggestive evidence, gathered from political writers who cannot be suspected of subversive tendencies, such as Flour de Saint-Genis, who points out that "if 1790 set the French peasant free from feudal serfdom, in 1900 we see him loaded with mortgages"; and, again, Claudio Jannet, in his book on State Socialism, recognising that "half the landowners of France only have an income of below 82 francs!" and that, on the other hand, "three millions of them are exempted from income-tax as being in a position bordering on indigence."

III.

That the system of landed property in France is not ideal is, I think, sufficiently shown by these references, summary though they be.

But supposing that this is not the case; admitting even that, after all, the average position of the French peasant is better than that of the English agricultural labourer, does it follow that, if Lloyd George imitated Napoleon, peasant-proprietorship would develop to the same extent in England as in France?

We are under the "Napoleonic Code" in Belgium. By virtue of the law of inheritance we follow the system of equal and compulsory division of property. We ought then, if Sarolea's theory were correct, to possess, like France, a large class of peasant-proprietors, cultivating for their immediate profit land which is their own property. But there are few countries in Europe where, in spite of the Civil Code, peasant-proprietorship has maintained less hold than in Belgium.

Indeed, according to our last agricultural returns, out of 100 hectares of land in ordinary cultivation only 31 are worked for immediate profit; 69 are worked by tenant-farmers. And even so, as I have shown in my book, the system of immediate profit has only remained really important in districts where the soil is poor, the land of little value, and "intensive cultivation" not much developed.

On the other hand, wherever the soil is fertile, where the influence of towns and industrial centres favours the progress of "intensive cultivation," and where the land has considerable value, the system of renting land prevails, and while small tenant-farmers are the rule, peasant-proprietors are the exception.

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From all that has been said, the conclusion follows of itself.

Possibly, nay, probably, Sarolea is right in thinking that the introduction into England of a law of inheritance similar to the French one would be a relative progress. But it would most certainly not be a solution of the land problem, the agrarian question. The transformation of feudal property into private property, capitalist property, would still be accomplished. But the agricultural proletariat would remain an agricultural proletariat, and even supposing it were desirable to restore the class of peasant-proprietors, it is not by so-called "Napoleonic Socialism" that its revival would be achieved.

And so some other means must be sought, and this, in our opinion, can only be a movement towards the socialisation of land, by the expropriation of large estates, and the collective appropriation of the unearned increment, of the increased values resulting from the collective efforts of the community.

* "Le Socialisme Agraire ou le Collectivisme et l'Evolution Agricole." Emile Vandervelde. Pp. 35 *et seq.*; 175 *et seq.*; 300 *et seq.* (Paris: Giard et Brien. 1908.)

# SILHOUETTES

*From the gallery of memory, mutascopic and fragmentary, there flashes at times a picture, many-coloured and complete; more often the screen gives back an outline, blurred in parts, yet conveying an impression so vivid and compelling that the mind holds only the salient points, and there emerges of scenes and emotions—a silhouette!*

THE house was very still; only the sound of the sick man's breathing broke the silence. He slept for the first time for many weary days and nights, and the eyes of the woman, watching in the gloaming, filled with tears.

Upon her consciousness, busy with thoughts of him, there broke a faint persistent noise. Memory, quickened by fear, realised its source—it was the sound of a file biting its way through resisting metal, and imagination conjured up the rest. There was a thief in the room below, a thief at work against the safe that held her husband's savings. The money he had hoarded for her sake and her child's, the money he had brought to her on the night that he had fallen ill. Fear clutched at her heart and turned her dizzy. The sick man stirred uneasily, the grating of the file grew louder—it seemed to grind into her brain. Slowly and with infinite caution she stole across the floor, out of the room and down the stairs. A child's hat was hanging in the hall; a broken doll, propped up against a chair, stared at her wooden eyed. . . . Her baby's doll—her little child. The woman's lips twitched. She faltered, shrinking in very terror. Suppose she never saw the chubby face again, suppose the little one were left without a mother? . . . The noise had stopped, the file had done its work, the safe was open. In another minute it would be too late, the money would be stolen, the thief escaped, the bright future Jim had planned for ever over—his golden dreams come toppling to the ground! She fumbled blindly for the handle of the door, and entered velvet footed, reaching to find the pistol that her husband kept in his desk drawer, "for fear of tramps—when he was not at home." She could hear his dear voice say the words, and the memory gave her courage. . . .

The thief found himself covered, and for a moment lost his nerve.

"Go at once and I won't hurt you." She spoke in a strained whisper; her senses, sharpened to the seventh power, felt that the sick man in the room above was troubled.

"Put that money down." He held a bag of notes and gold. "I won't send for the police, and I won't hurt you, if you'll go. . . . My husband's ill; if he wakes——" she broke off, the words wiped from her lips. The thief had seized a ledger from the safe and was holding it above his head.

"Put the pistol on the table," he said hoarsely, "or I throw down the book, and your husband——"

He did not finish. The timid little woman, who fainted at the sight of blood, trembled at the thought of danger, was transformed into an avenging goddess, before whose blazing eyes and upraised pistol the thief fled, jumping through the window.

"She'd have fired, noise or no noise," he remarked to a companion in crime; "a white-faced bit of a thing that I could settle with a flick of my fist."

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"And to think," said the woman, sobbing in the arms of the nurse, who, late returning, found her huddled on the floor, "to think the pistol *wasn't loaded after all!*"

# DOSTOIEFFSKI AND THE RELIGION OF HUMAN SUFFERING

IT is one of the favourite methods of modern criticism which explains a writer's work and personality by his circumstances and surroundings. But there are some literary miracles which refuse to be explained. There are some writers who rise superior to circumstances, and who challenge their surroundings. The subject of the present sketch was pre-eminently such a writer. Dostoieffski seems to have been sent into the world by a special decree of Providence to assert the supremacy of the indomitable human spirit over adverse fate. Small and frail and haggard and miserably poor, he yet accomplished prodigies of labour. Diseased in mind and body, a bundle of twitching nerves, suffering from epilepsy, he yet preserved balance of judgment and sanity of doctrine. Sentenced to death, and the victim of a monstrous miscarriage of justice, he yet bore no ill-will against his judges, and he consistently vindicated the cause of law and order against revolution. Ill-used by his own country, he yet repaid that ill-usage with the most passionate tenderness. A martyr who endured every extremity of human suffering, he yet remained a cheerful and confirmed optimist. Take him all in all, Feodor Michaelovitch Dostoieffski, the gambler, the epileptic, the convict, stands out as the most pathetic and the most Christlike figure in Russian letters.

He was born in a Moscow hospital in 1821—the year of Napoleon's death—the son of a retired army doctor. Belonging to the impoverished nobility from whose ranks the Russian aristocracy are recruited, he was from his childhood inured to privation. He fought his way through the University, and he knew from personal experience the dire straits which he describes in "Crime and Punishment." At twenty-one years of age he emerged as a lieutenant of engineers, but only to resign his commission: he had already discovered his literary vocation. At twenty-three he wrote his first novel, "Poor Folk," which remains one of his best. In 1849, on the morrow of the Social Revolution which shook every throne of Europe, when Russia was in the clutches of the iron despotism of Nicholas I., he joined a debating club of political reformers. His adherence was purely platonic. He never took part in any plot, for there never was a less revolutionary temperament. Yet, through a grim irony of fate, he was implicated with thirty-six of his companions in a charge of conspiracy and sentenced to death. He was taken to the place of execution on a chill December morning. Standing on a raised platform with twenty-one fellow-prisoners, stripped to his shirt, with twenty-one degrees of frost, he had to listen for twenty minutes to the reading of the death sentence, with the soldiers lined in front of him and ready to shoot. At the last moment he was reprieved; but that cruel scene on that chill December morning remained a haunting obsession and coloured his imagination ever after.

The death sentence had been commuted into four years of hard labour in a Siberian convict station (described in the "House of the Dead"). He spent three more years in exile and three years as a private soldier, having married, in the meantime, the widow of one of his fellow-prisoners.

When he returned, in 1859, after ten years, his deliverance was but the beginning of a new life of ceaseless privation and suffering. Unpractical, improvident, generous, ruined by journalistic ventures, in the grip of epilepsy and of the moneylender, not a single day was he free from harassing cares, and twice he had to fly abroad to escape imprisonment for debt. When national recognition came at last, when his later books had made him the cynosure of the younger generation, it was too late. His constitution was irretrievably shattered. He died in 1881, one month before the assassination of the Czar—a turning-point in Russian history. The funeral of Dostoieffski was the occasion of a demonstration unique perhaps in the history of literature. A procession of a hundred thousand mourners and spectators, princes of the Imperial Court, Cabinet Ministers, students, tradesmen, and artisans conducted to his last resting-place the former Siberian convict, the bankrupt journalist, the idol of the Russian people.

It is under such circumstances that Dostoieffski's novels were composed. An existence such as his would have broken the spirit of a Berserker, but Dostoieffski (to use his own expression) had the "vitality of a cat." We admire Charles Lamb, Robert Louis Stevenson, and Sir Walter Scott for their gallant struggle with destiny; but what are the tragic episodes in their life's drama as compared with the lifelong tragedy of the Russian writer?

Yet, through twenty-five years of distress and disease, his literary activity continued unrelaxed. One novel succeeded another, all of them overloaded with human documents, some of them a thousand pages long, a thousand pages to be slowly pondered over during the interminable Russian winter evenings. And all those novels strike the same keynote of human misery. A martyr himself, he is the voice of Russian martyrs. The mere titles of his books—"Poor Folk," "Humiliated and Insulted," "The Idiot," "The Demons"—reveal the dreary monotony of the subject matter!

Yet Dostoieffski had not abandoned hope, for the depths of misery and degradation are illumined by faith in Christ and faith in humanity.

Even as his physical vitality resisted the onslaught of poverty and imprisonment, so did his moral vitality resist the onslaught of scepticism and rebellion. Again and again he repeated that his death sentence was the greatest blessing of his life; that it made him what he was, both as a man and as a writer. Dostoieffski, in the book in which he records his prison experiences, "Memories from the House of the Dead" (Everyman's Library), has no word of bitterness against those who condemned him. It is difficult for an Anglo-Saxon to understand such meekness in the face of such oppression; but Dostoieffski was not an Anglo-Saxon—he was a Russian of the Russians. He did not believe in the West. Whereas Turgeniev and the Liberals held that the only salvation for Russia was by imitation of European ideas, Dostoieffski believed that Russia had a future of her own, and that this future could only be reached by following her own traditions. He was convinced that it was the shipwrecked and the oppressed, it was the convict and the tramp, who alone possessed the secret of Divine wisdom. It was the meek and the humble who were to inherit the earth.

FEODOR DOSTOIEFFSKI, NATUS 1821, OBIIT 1881

# LITERARY NOTES

LITERATURE as well as Science has suffered a heavy loss by Captain R. F. Scott's death. I well remember the chorus of praise with which his "Voyage of the *Discovery*" was greeted on its first appearance. The influential journals without exception reviewed it in the most enthusiastic terms, *Punch's* testimony that no more glowing narrative of adventure was to be met with in the English language being typical of the rest. And the book is all the more amazing when one remembers that Captain Scott had no literary training and was devoid of literary ambition, for, as he tells us in his preface, it was only after the greater part of his story had been enacted that he realised that it would devolve on him to narrate it in book form.

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I observe that Captain Scott's publisher has been confiding to an interviewer that the late explorer "wrote extraordinarily well, his style being most clear, picturesque, and graphic." This, it seems to me, sums up admirably Captain Scott's literary attainments. Every reader of "The Voyage of the *Discovery*" will deeply regret the fact that its author has not been spared to write the full account of his heroic journey to and from the South Pole, but it is gratifying to learn that he has left materials for such a work in a fairly complete state, and that Commander Evans will revise and supplement these. At no distant date, therefore, we may expect to be in possession of perhaps the most thrilling tale in the annals of Polar exploration.

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Prize competitions organised by publishers are becoming fashionable. If I mistake not, Mr. Fisher Unwin was the first to adopt this means with a view to discovering latent talent, and he was quickly followed by Mr. Melrose. Now comes the announcement that Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton have organised an All-British £1,000 Competition. Only Colonial authors (native or resident) are eligible, and four prizes of £250 each will be awarded for the best novel the scene of which is laid in one of the Colonies or Dependencies. Sir Gilbert Parker is to adjudicate for Canada, Mr. Charles Garvice for Australasia, Mr. A. E. W. Mason for India, and Sir H. Rider Haggard for Africa, etc.

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I hope we shall have more of these competitions, for they afford an excellent opportunity to the unknown writer who usually finds it the hardest thing in the world to get a market for his work. There are hundreds of manuscripts of undeniable merit offered to publishers every year, but which are rejected simply because the latter cannot afford to take the financial risk of issuing a work by an obscure writer. The value of the prize competition lies in the fact that merit is the sole condition of success.

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There has been much speculation as to who is to complete the late Mr. Monypenny's biography of Disraeli, of which two volumes have been issued by Mr. John Murray. Uniformity of execution must, as far as possible, be maintained, and it will assuredly be no easy task to follow in the footsteps of Mr. Monypenny. The first name to be mentioned was that of Mr. Sidney Low, who, as the joint author of the Victorian volume in Messrs. Longman's "Political History of England," would have written the political portion of Disraeli's career with insight and learning. But it is now stated that the task has been offered and accepted by Mr. George Earle Buckle, the late editor of the *Times*.

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I was rather surprised that most of the obituaries of the late Lord Crawford contained little or no mention of the renowned Lindsay library at Haigh Hall, which is said to be the richest private collection in the world. The late Lord Acton's library, which has now found a permanent home in Cambridge, was a noble monument to his scholarship and industry; but the library at Haigh Hall surpasses it both in extent and variety. The most interesting features of Lord Crawford's library were described in a brief article in last week's issue of the *Sphere*. As the writer pointed out, it is really an heirloom, and not so much a collection as a collection of collections, comprising books, incunabula, manuscripts, journals, pamphlets, tracts, broadsides, engravings, caricatures, etc. Though the late Earl was not the founder of the library, the enormous dimensions to which it has now grown was largely due to his indefatigable and life-long labours.

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Many readers of EVERYMAN will be interested to learn that a new volume of poems for children by Robert Louis Stevenson has just been privately printed in New York. Why "privately," I am at a loss to know. I should have thought that anything on the subject of childhood by the author of "A Child's Garden of Verse" would on every ground have merited the widest publicity. Admirers of Stevenson on this side of the Atlantic will live in hope that this fresh volume will not continue the monopoly of a select few for long.

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Mr. John M. Robertson, M.P., who has now a fairly long list of notable books to his credit, is finishing a work which is intended to be a systematic study and refutation of the theory that "Shakespeare" must have been written by a lawyer and a classical scholar. It will bear the title "The Baconian Heresy: a Confutation." These problems have already been ably handled by the late Professor Churton Collins in his "Studies in Shakespeare," in which he endeavours to show, among other things, that the dramatist's knowledge of the classics of Greece and Rome was wonderfully extensive. Of course, Professor Churton Collins starts with the assumption that Shakespeare really wrote the plays commonly attributed to him, whereas Mr. Robertson has the Baconian theory in view.

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I still continue to receive letters regarding the Canadian Boat-Song. One correspondent suggests that I should reprint the poem for the benefit of those who have not access to the volumes containing it. Unfortunately, the poem is too long for the space at my disposal. I would point out, however, to those who are curious about this much-discussed poem that Sir Henry Lucy had an interesting article on the subject in the *Cornhill Magazine* for December, 1909, under the title of "A Haunting Verse." He prints the whole poem, and says its resuscitation is due to Mr. Joseph Chamberlain.

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Messrs. Ouseley announce for early publication a "History of Oratory in Parliament, 1213-1913," from the pen of Professor Craig, of Edinburgh. The author has a fascinating subject, of which a great deal might be made. Moreover, it has the charm of novelty, for, so far as I am aware, there is no other book which recounts the story of English oratory.

X. Y. Z.

# MASTERPIECE OF THE WEEK

## Ruskin's "The Crown of Wild Olive." By Prof. Saintsbury

The difference of the sensations experienced on first reading books, and on reading them again after a long interval, may appear a trite enough subject; but, like other trite subjects, it has a capacity of suggestion and variation which entirely "new and original" things somehow seldom possess. There are the books—not, alas! too numerous—between whom and the reader *c'est pour toujours*—not in the ironical sense of the French *saynète*, in which a certain Sidonie and her lover were (on the same stage and at the same moment, but with a screen between their representatives in the two scenes) represented as uttering this satisfactory declaration, and as parting on the other side with execrations of disgust. There are those—perhaps even fewer and perhaps even greater—which do not, or do not wholly, please at first, but which increase and settle their grasp till it becomes more or less absolute. There are those which attract and please at first, but which (one can hardly tell how or why in some cases) lose all, or nearly all, attraction and power of pleasing when tried again. And not lastly (but "to conclude" for this occasion) there are those which, from the first and to the last, one regards with mixed feelings, perhaps becoming a little more clearly and critically separated by time, but not altering much in general effect.

Of these last, to the present writer, Mr. Ruskin's books have always been, especially those of his second period, when, instead of making mere raids and forays from his own special territory of criticism of art and nature, he issued forth to cover the earth with a mixed multitude of forces—æsthetic, literary, ethical, political, economic, and what you please—or, as it was early and sardonically travestied, especially what you *don't* please. "The Crown of Wild Olive" occupies, of course, a place among the earlier utterances of the new mode; it may be almost said to be of the period of transition. For though it is some years younger than the dividing line of "Unto This Last," it, especially at its first appearance in 1866, anticipated the time of the later and more Delphic deliverances, as from perambulating tripods, which Mr. Ruskin took about with him in field and town, in garden and wilderness. Many years, too, have passed since this particular reader read this particular book, and the effect produced may not be utterly valueless if analysed.

Almost any reader will see at once, even if he does not know or remember it as a fact, that the book dates from the time when Ruskin was most strongly under the influence of Carlyle. The style is neither the gorgeous mosaic-lava—with the variety and beauty in form of the one, the glow and flow of the other—that forms the body of the earlier books, nor the occasionally rather disjointed talk of the later. There are here and there solid citations from Carlyle himself: and there is much more Carlylese. It is true that there is one splendidly rhetorical passage—perhaps the finest of the kind in Ruskin, and strikingly different both from Carlyle's and from his own best known manner—in the address to the youthful gunners at Woolwich. It is, in fact, more like nineteenth century Burke than anything else in its cadence, in its great historic sweep, in its brilliant imagery ["The Wars of the Roses, which are as a fearful crimson shadow on our land, represent the normal condition of other nations"], is its passionate sentiment. But most of the rest is so admittedly "after" Carlyle that there the author to be added a long appendix of boiled-down *Friedrich*.

The temper, however, is not really Carlylian; and it need hardly be said that it is, except in the point of sentiment, still less like Burke. Written mostly in the later sixties, and completed and touched up even after the *Année Terrible*, it comes nearer to Mr. Arnold than to either in its peculiar dissatisfaction with the condition of England, though, of course, the symptoms selected, and the cure suggested, are very different things from "more secondary schools" in the concrete, and an atmosphere of culture in the abstract.

Of the matter which this style enshrines and this temper animates, there is certainly no out-of-dateness in speaking to-day. It has long been recognised by persons of some acuteness and some political knowledge that Mr. Ruskin's influence on the social side of modern politics is a thing that has got to be reckoned with very seriously indeed. When it began to be exercised a very common mistake was once more made—the mistake of simply pooh-poohing it. The fallacies and fantasticalities of the Ruskinian sociology were, of course, at once perceptible to those who had eyes to see, and lay open to endless satirising by those who had pens to write. But it was forgotten that they were addressed to an increasing number of persons who had neither. There is in the later editions of this very book an exquisitely characteristic note in which Mr. Ruskin ingenuously admits, "I have not yet properly stated *the other side of the question*." Unfortunately that was what he generally "did not yet do," and too often never did at any future time. Now, an extremely persuasive speaker who puts before somewhat raw judgments things mostly attractive to their wishes, and "does not yet properly state" the opposite side of the question, is a dangerous person.

And, as one looks back, how cutting is the irony! A finer passage than that in the section on "Work" there is hardly of its kind to be found anywhere, with its doctrine, rightly selected and nobly phrased—that "the work is always to be first, the fee second." Is this exactly the principle upon which those classes whom Mr. Ruskin was more specially addressing, and of whose benefit, when not addressing them, he was thinking mainly throughout the book—the so-called working classes—is this the principle they go on now? Do they not go on exactly the contrary principle of "fee first and work second"? of constantly more fee and less work? even sometimes definitely and principally of scamped work, or no work, that more fee may be obtained? Or again, "Some day we shall pay people not quite so much for talking in Parliament and doing nothing." "Some day" is a long day, but somehow fifty years is not a short one—and this sees us paying people more than ever (indeed, mostly for the first time) for holding their tongues in Parliament, and doing nothing, in or out of it, but vote. Enough of this perhaps: but if anybody wants more he will find it in plenty, very particularly in the lecture on "Traffic," and in a large part of that on "The Future of England," where certain qualms seem, even at the distance of this half-

century, to have entered the lecturer's mind—"undoubting," usually as that which Collins assigned to Fairfax.

How much of the charm as well as how much of the provokingness of that mind was due to this absence of doubt it can hardly be necessary to urge. Mr. Ruskin will, for what reason Heaven only knows, spell what everybody else spells "Whernside" "Wharnside," possibly out of a muddle with "Wharncliffe," and in the same context indignantly assert it as a generally known thing that the churches of the Church of England are not "temples," though he knows perfectly well that the formularies of that Church implicitly, and its greatest authorities explicitly, affirm them to be so. But if we got rid of these things we should get rid of our Ruskin with them. He might have addressed his pensive public thus—

"I could not give thee, dear, so much,
Gave I not Crotchet more."

It is the heating and driving power of his eloquence—the seed and the manuring of his splendid flowers of speech and thought—this intellectual and emotional waywardness which distinguishes him, in a way perhaps feminine rather than masculine, charming rather than convincing, but indispensable for all that. Take Ruskin for your guide, and unless you have yourself a double portion of that critical power which he almost wholly lacked, you will go into the ditch. Use some critical power of your own to tame and guide his waywardness, as Gautier's poet did that of his "young Chimaera," and he will take you into all sorts of delightful places, and into some that are no less profitable than they are pleasant.

## UNSEEN LITERARY FRIENDS

THE "Unseen Friends" (Longmans, 6s. 6d. net), to whom the reader of Mrs. William O'Brien's delightful book is introduced, are all women. Moreover, they are mostly literary friends in whose writings Mrs. O'Brien has found both pleasure and inspiration. Catholic readers, however, will be grateful that she has supplemented these by vivid word-portraits of several notable Irish, French, and Belgian nuns.

What has impressed us most in reading these essays is the range and the warmth of Mrs. O'Brien's literary sympathies. Her judgments are always strong and masculine, but they exhibit an innate kindliness and charity, the absence of which mars some of the best literary criticism of to-day. Catholic in her religious standpoint, she is also markedly catholic in her choice of friends in the republic of letters. A devout member of the Roman communion, she has a warm place in her affections for fervid Protestants like Christina Rossetti and that "retiring poetess and gentle writer" Jean Ingelow, who abhorred the Roman Catholic Church as she abhorred the devil. The tone of the whole book may be judged by this confession:

"I have a regretful anguish in my heart when reading some of Christina Rossetti's poems, that, exquisitely as she wrote, more exquisite still was the mind of the writer. An hour with Christina Rossetti in a quiet garden, an hour with Eugénie de Guérin in her chambrette, an hour with Charlotte Brontë pacing up and down the lonely room, where her dear ones used to plan with her, what years of life would one not give for such an hour and such a talk!"

Charlotte Brontë is a special favourite of Mrs. O'Brien, and, in her longest and best essay, she presents a finished picture of the home life of the author of "Jane Eyre." "It is to Charlotte," writes our authoress, "I owe my deep resentment of any unfair treatment of women by other women." It may surprise some readers to find that "George Eliot" is not included in this gallery of literary portraits. But Mrs. O'Brien has her reasons. She admires "George Eliot's" books, but finds her personality somewhat forbidding.

"I have never felt a pang at not having met George Eliot. . . . Her individual self, as pictured in her life and in her letters, proves her to have been, as one of her contemporaries said, 'a dull woman, with a great genius, distinct from herself.'"

Mrs. Browning is also excluded for pretty much the same reason. "Somehow," Mrs. O'Brien writes, "I feel I would rather read over the Portuguese Sonnets than have met the writer of them." It would appear, therefore, that Mrs. O'Brien's literary preferences are dominated by the sound principle that literature shall not be divorced from life. In other words, the women writers who would obtain a passport to her friendship must not only be attractive in their books, but in their lives.

Mrs. O'Brien gives us light, gossipy sketches of a number of notable women—Mrs. Oliphant, Charlotte Brontë, Jean Ingelow, Christina Rossetti, and others—who, while they differed much in their outlook upon literature and upon life, had one thing in common—a personality that was eminently lovable. We are inclined, however, to demur to the inclusion of Mrs. Oliphant. Our authoress has been captivated by the Scottish novelist's "Autobiography and Letters," which she has found more entrancing than any novel. No doubt that work reveals much that was heroic in Mrs. Oliphant's character, but in real life she did not appear in the attractive light in which Mrs. O'Brien represents her. True, her trials were neither few nor light, but she did not bear them altogether uncomplainingly. It would be truer to say that Mrs. Oliphant is admired rather than loved.

We are grateful to Mrs. O'Brien for the interesting sketch of Felicia Skene, whose philanthropic and religious labours deserve to be more widely known. Miss Skene, who was the daughter of John Skene, of Rubislaw, the friend to whom Sir Walter Scott touchingly alludes in "Marmion," was the first lady in England to receive official permission from the Government to become a regular visitor in one of the public prisons.

## IN ARCADY

IN Arcady the daffodils are blowing,
Though gloomy Winter holds us in his sway;
To Arcady—O thither I'd be going—
To change my drear December into May.

In Arcady the birds are always singing,
The breeze is gentle and the sky's all blue;
To Arcady come perfect lovers, bringing
Their dreams, and every dream is true.

O ye who wander in Arcady, dreaming,
Spare but one dream for us who are outside;
For weary are our hearts, and tears are streaming
Down cheeks grown pale and wan with hope denied.

ERIC LYALL

# THE HOUSE INVISIBLE ⁂ ⁂ ⁂ BY ALAN SULLIVAN

THE great plain stretched before me, vast and untenanted, splashed with odorous flower spaces, wrinkled and alive with the lift of morning winds. To all these I had escaped at the bidding of a new strange instinct, suggestive perhaps rather than dominant, but impellent enough to thrust its delicate pressure through the hardening crust of my own self-approving personality. It was not beauty that had brought me there. I sought nothing that dwelt on the gemmed sod or in the hollow caverns of the wind, nor was I conscious that I evaded anything. A sudden spiritual wander-lust was over me.

Nor had forgetfulness aught to offer. I had borne my years bravely, and the world knew with what measure of success; something of honour had been earned, and riches came with it. I had not stooped to the unclean thing. I loved, and was beloved. But, for all of this, I had become, in a flash, conscious that there was that I knew not of, a deeper insight which I had never attained, but which might perchance stoop to me, and so I walked abroad in solitude, with every barrier of time and circumstance dismantled.

I knew the plain, for it was my own. From the mansion windows its spherical undulations rippled out and lost themselves in the wideness of that world against which it was a fragrant barricade. In the midst of it the house reposed, and, whatever winds blew, only the breath of wild thyme and clover, of gorse and honeysuckle, traversed the sentinel ranks of my memorial trees. Southward lay the sea, to which the sweet land leaned, and that way I walked.

But half-way between the mansion and the shore I stopped on the brink of a cleft ravine that stretched at my feet, and, most strangely, however well I knew my land, I knew not this ravine. Just as the mind stops, startled at undreamed depths of thought suddenly discovered, so I halted at this rift that dipped sharply seaward. It was, perhaps, half a mile wide and a mile long. At the bottom was a tarn of still black water, ringed with a fringe of sand, and to this the hillsides descended smoothly with green encircling slopes. Opposite, within grey stone boundaries, an old house faced the lake, and at the sight I stared round-eyed and turned till I caught, in the blue distance, the comforting mound of trees around my own mansion. For this old, and yet new, house was indeed the brother of my own in shape and size and proportion, and it looked also as my own would look should a hundred years of forgetfulness enshroud it. Stone for stone, window for window, walk for walk, but devoid of sound and life and any breath of humanity, this strange place lay beneath me, and, gazing, I heard its call.

Approaching the great iron gates, again the replica of my own, I searched in vain for any late intimate or humanising touch; and, forcing them, the rusty hinges creaked stiffly in the motionless air. At once I knew, in some subjective fashion, that I was no stranger here. Across the long, straight garden walk tangled rose bushes enmeshed themselves into an interlacing network, and there was that in the rose bushes, in the long walk, in the great gates, and, lastly, in the dead walls facing me, that was eloquent of myself alone. There was, there could be, no asking of where or when. These things were endowed with their own dominant entity—a peculiar individuality which silenced the question before it found expression. The visual confounded the intellectual. I was not breathless or fearful, I seemed only to have turned into a remote by-way that spoke with almost audible emphasis to some long dormant brain-cell just awakened to revive its ancient memories. And, realising this, there was nothing but to go on and break the silence of this mysterious estate.

Ere I gained the door and reached for the corroded knocker I became conscious that my mind was operating with an extraordinarily rapid introspection. This that I was about to discover seemed more nearly, more purely personal, with all its uncertainty, than every intimate and personal relationship I had ever formed. So now, with an absolute abandonment to all that the time and place might yield, I knocked thrice.

The dull clangour filled the house. I could hear it booming through the halls till its reverberations smoothed out into the hollow silences that brooded everywhere. Then, with an insistence that defied the unreality of its own conception, I knocked again and waited, my eyes fixed on that door I knew must open.

There came presently a sound from within. I remember it as being not so much sound itself as a promise of sound, whispering from distances infinitely more remote than those compassed by the house walls. It was as if something were getting ready to begin to move, something that stretched and stirred in doubt ere its aged sinews were trusted to perform their office.

Again, as the door yielded, I felt no fear. I was staring at a man old beyond understanding, so old that the whiteness of his brows curved down over the brilliancy of eyes that mocked at his own antiquity. His dress was a long tunic, half hidden by the winter of his beard; his shoulders were bent as from the weight of immemorial time, and the hand that trembled on the latch was waxen and shrivelled. He seemed, indeed, the epitome of a senescent humanity, the cycle of whose years rivalled that of the stars in their courses.

The bent figure inclined still further. "You are expected," he said; and, at the words, I could almost hear centuries slipping into indistinction.

He turned into the long hall, and I followed. On the floor I could see his footmarks in the dust. To right and left stood armour, even as other armour I knew; but this was covered with dust: gorget, brassart, pauldron, and greave; defiled, neglected, and forgotten. Above there were pictures, once more the parallel; but these were lost in the film that had settled on them from the breathless atmosphere. I had been sleeping, sleeping for years, and now returned to my own, to find it mute and wellnigh obliterated, and barren of all attributes save only memories.

Behind the shuffling feet I mounted the great stairway—till the ancient servitor pointed to a closed door, and there he left me. I was conscious, for a moment, of his uncertain footsteps, and when they ceased he had vanished into the void of that Nirvana from which he came.

Then, from the invisible room, a woman's voice called, a voice unclouded by threat, unsoftened by supplication; and, at the sound of it, the latch yielded and I entered.

There stood the Presence, and instantly my eyes

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were unsealed. She was not a Deity, but an embodiment of whatever of the Divine was harboured in myself. Each year of my life yielded its memories toward this recognition, and my understanding slowly built itself up to speak.

No man shall describe the Presence. In dreams we may glimpse her. Sometimes when we sound the depths or scale the heights the momentary gleam of her robe appears to the vision that has been cleansed by suffering or joy. But always the vision is measured by our weakness.

This knowledge came to me at that instant. "Your name?" I said with reverence.

"I am nameless until I join that other self, whom I know not," came the reply.

"And this house?" I ventured, breathless with mystery.

"Is the house that he has builded for me."

My mind flashed back to the mansion on the scented plain.

"This dust?" I said, wonderingly.

"Listen," she answered; and my consciousness went out to meet her beneath the lifting veil. "All the world over men build houses for the body and the mind, but what man has guessed that then also is builded the house of the Spirit? Stone for stone, window for window, the one rises with the other. And when all is done and the hearth fire gleams, then the Spirit takes her habitation."

Her voice ceased. The blank deserted silence of the ghostly place closed in, till, through it, I heard my own utterance—small, thin, and seeming infinitely remote. "There is death here."

"The house of the body speaks of that which is gained," replied the Presence, "but the home of the Spirit of that which is lost."

Vainly I fought for words. Dust, dust! I could think of nothing but dust.

"The armour is stained," went on the gentle voice, "and the roses have closed the paths where I would walk. My house is cold and desolate, and there is only one room left."

"And that room?" I said fearfully.

"*Is the time that is left,*" she whispered.

My soul turned to assail me. Blindly I groped for one ray of light in this darkness of my own creation, in this gloom in which my own impotent Spirit was enshrouded. It was only a little room that remained for her to inhabit. It was my own study. A few intimate things were there. I remembered choosing them because they were fraught with attributes of which I could never tire.

"You know not this man?" I said, marvelling.

"Only when my house is pure and fragrant shall I know him." She turned to the window: "Look!"

Beneath it smiled my gardener's cottage, just as I had left it, on the edge of the moorland. It was alive with light, beautiful with love and care, bedded in roses and the songs of birds. As I looked it seemed that the old man himself passed down the trim walks, and the flowers nodded after him.

"He builded better than he knew," I whispered. "Men call him a simpleton."

"What man shall judge another? I would that his house were mine. His Spirit has never wandered from home, and dwells not in one room." Mystical and transcendant sounded the voice of the Presence. "Man has many habitations, but only one house invisible. Its dust is man's pride, its solitude is man's selfishness, and that which he sometimes counts as lost is its beauty. As he gives, so it is glorified; and when he is humble the house is filled with music."

I gazed at the vision of the gardener, framed into the riot of his lovely blooms. Softly came the answer to the question that trembled on my lips.

"The great ones of the earth can build spiritual hovels, but the labourer can rear a palace for his soul."

The film that all my life had obscured my sight suddenly rolled back. All those garments of satisfaction and self-esteem that had for years enveloped me were clean stripped away. In one terrible instant I saw myself naked and utterly revealed. What man, seeing this, shall not tremble?

I knelt, abased in supplication. I gazed, but my eyes faltered before the essence suddenly radiating from the transfigured Presence. The mortal in me recoiled from this embodiment of immortality. The glory and the dream had visited me.

Thus, for a long time, sightless and silent, till a breath of fragrance reached me and a delicate wind kissed my trembling lids.

In fear and wonderment I looked again and saw—the soft undulations of the flower-strewn plain, stretching to the sea. The long rift, the black tarn, that ancient house, the dust and desolation—all had vanished.

Slowly, almost unconsciously, my steps were retraced, like those of a man "moving about in worlds half realised." I was still suspended somewhere between this solid infrangible earth and one more tenuous, more elusive, and yet not less real; and it was the gardener who greeted me as he leaned lovingly over his roses.

"They're wunnerful, maister, they're wunnerful," he said, with a pink bud lying like a fairy shell in the cup of his wrinkled hand. "An', ye know, maister, summat tells me they're even more than that."

I caught the quiet sunshine of his mild blue eye, the eye of a Spirit that had never wandered far from home. "Yes," I muttered, staring at him with a sudden, strange, breathless interest, "I think they're more than that."

* * *

## THE BEAUTY OF LIFE

MR. BENSON'S work (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.) lends itself to the processes of selection. It must have been a more interesting than onerous task to find a suitable page in his writings for every day of the year. We do not suppose that many readers will take this book of Elegant Extracts at the strict page a day, with a supplementary reading thrown in on February 29th, 1916; that seems indicated, but there is a certain attraction in a volume that is not destined for summary consumption. And if this is not a continuous book, it at all events serves to conduct the outpourings of a consistent philosophy. It is, we think, a somewhat unsatisfying philosophy, depending apparently on the absence of shocks, save those of a Providential order; but it is most certainly consistent. Beauty is to be sought in everything, and, if sought patiently and earnestly, will be found. After all, Browning and Keats, to name but two of the poets who have been especially articulate on the subject, have cherished a very similar philosophy. But we cannot avoid the feeling that, in Mr. Benson's case, cathedrals, cloisters, and colleges, beautiful books, and an infinite variety of country walks are indispensable daily ingredients in his ideal; if these were inaccessible, the whole theory of life would have to be reshaped. But, if we simply accept Mr. Benson at the estimate he gives of himself in his own preface, we can give ourselves over to the enjoyment of a number of beautiful pages on many delightful themes.


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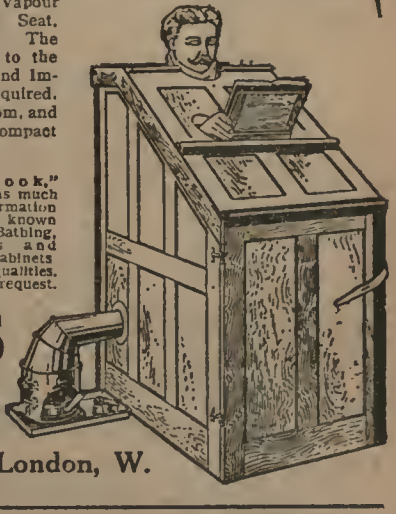

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# MAIN CURRENTS OF MODERN THOUGHT* BY RUDOLF EUCKEN

### THE ETERNAL ELEMENT IN HUMAN PROGRESS.

DOWN to its most elementary basic forms spiritual life demands and exhibits a permanent character, a permanence not within time, but in opposition to it. A truth valid only for to-day or to-morrow is an absurdity. What is true at all is true for all time—or, better still, it is true irrespective of time. Although the statement, under particular circumstances, may be for a period of time only, the manner in which it is expressed is always timeless. As spiritual experience, all truth involves a liberation from all time. Moreover, that which we value and recognise as good derives its value, not from the point of view of a particular epoch, but independently of all time. It derives it from a timeless order of things. Certain as it is that the concepts of good obtaining in various ages alter with the age in question, it is none the less certain that whatever any given epoch apprehends as good is taken to be absolutely and permanently valid. No alteration of human circumstance is able to destroy this inner superiority of spiritual life to time. Further, concepts like personality, character, spiritual individuality, also proclaim this supra-temporal quality of spiritual life, for they demand the formation of a permanent type and its consistent retention in the face of all movement. Conduct in all its various phases aims at bringing this type to expression and at promoting its welfare. Thus, to convert spiritual life entirely into movement is to destroy its very foundations.

Nay, movement itself, regarded inwardly, bears witness to the indispensability of permanence. It cannot be reviewed, gathered together into a whole, or experienced as a whole in the absence of a standpoint superior to itself and a synthesis effected from thence. Otherwise it becomes split up into numerous separate states, which may, indeed, occupy and entertain the soul with kaleidoscopical changing impressions, but cannot provide it with a whole and a content. Therefore, the more a force superior to movement disappears, the more does life tend to become superficial and to lose all spiritual freedom.

This quality of spiritual life, by which it is raised above time, is peculiarly well illustrated by the construction of a history, in so far as it is a characteristically human and spiritual history. For history, in the human sense, is by no means a mere succession of events, a mere floating of humanity down the stream of time; that would never lead beyond an accumulation of outward effects, such as nature shows us in the formation of the earth's crust. All *human* history is far rather a resistance to the mere flux of phenomena, some kind of an attempt to bring the current to a standstill, a struggle against mere time. Even the most primitive attempt to preserve customs, deeds, etc., in the memory of succeeding generations, and thus retain them in the consciousness of humanity, shows such a resistance to time. The more, however, history is to mean for man, the more it is to bring him, not merely an enlargement of knowledge, but an elevation of life, the more self-activity must he put forth. This demands, of necessity, a standpoint superior to time. To experience the past inwardly we must liberate ourselves from the accidental character of the present, or at the least strive towards such a liberation. Otherwise, in everything earlier we should see solely a projection of the present type, and in the midst of all outward enlargement remain, inwardly, just as we are. An understanding of other epochs according to their own distinctive relationships would be totally denied to us. To gain such insight we should not merely know the past, but relate it to our own life, convert its wealth into our own property, raise ourselves to the level of what is great in it. With this object it becomes necessary, not only to acquire an understanding of previous ages, but without transferring the sphere of activity to a timeless standpoint. Finally, history is valuable to us only in so far as we are able to convert it into a timeless present. Its main function is to lead us out of the narrowness of poverty of the merely momentary present into a wider present, superior to, and encompassing, time. There is no more dangerous enemy of a real present than devotion to the mere moment.

### RELIGION.

In the midst of all the passionate attacks upon religion the religious problem is again coming to the front. The denial of religion is becoming more and more popular among the masses, but that does not prevent religion arousing a greatly increased amount of thought and passion on the highest level of spiritual and intellectual life. It is a fact that, at a given period, different movements may cut across or oppose one another, and the tendency of the surface-movement may be directly contrary to that of the undercurrent. In order to assure ourselves of the re-ascent of religion we need only compare our age with the German Classical Period. Religion was then no more than an agreeable adjunct to life; to-day it stands in the very centre of life, produces differences of opinion to the point of the bitterest conflict, makes its voice heard in the treatment of every circumstance, and exerts an immense power alike in affirmation and negation. For the modern denial is not of the kind which calmly shelves religion as something decayed and obsolete; on the contrary, the violently passionate nature of the attack shows clearly enough that religion is still something very real, powerful, and effective. Perhaps even the denial itself frequently signifies not so much a complete rejection of religion as a desire for another and simpler type of religion, more adapted to the needs of the day. At any rate, religion cannot be regarded as a slowly dying light.

To what are we to attribute this sudden change? It can hardly be the fruit of apologetic work, for this is usually preaching to the converted. It may confirm and consolidate, but it is not in its nature to press forward. In reality, the movement is rooted in a *reaction on the part of modern life itself*. Just because this life, with its delight in the world, has been able to develop itself freely and put forth all its capacity, its limitations—nay, its helplessness—with regard to ultimate questions has become clear. It is another case of that indirect method of proof of which the history of humanity provides us with so many examples, a method according to which the indispensability of an assertion is convincingly demonstrated as the result of a negation, of the unrestricted expansion of the opposite assertion. The direction of life to-

* These extracts, kindly chosen by Professor Eucken from his "Main Currents of Modern Thought" (Unwin, 12s. 6d. net), embody the essence of his philosophy.

wards immediate existence has dispelled much illusion and superstition, awakened much otherwise latent forces, and advanced and developed this existence in the most manifold fashion. But that which has been accomplished in this direction is predominantly of a peripheral nature. It has improved the conditions of our life, but has not deepened life itself. An inward emptiness is thus the final result of all this immeasurable work and we cannot but look upon all the labour and endeavour as inadequate. The rejection of each and every invisible relationship reduced culture more and more to a merely human culture. This was able to avoid objection so long as a high ideal value was attached to the concept of human being itself, and the latter was viewed in a transfigured form.* This, however, took place under the influence of that very mode of thought which is now rejected as a falsification of reality. With its disappearance the transfiguration must also cease. Man must appear in his natural condition without wrapping or adornment and become the sole standard of all truth and goodness. Now, modern life in particular, with its liberation of every force, has brought to the surface so much that is impure, unedifying, and unworthy, and has placed so clearly before our eyes the pettiness and unreality of a merely human culture, that it becomes continually more and more hopeless to obtain a satisfying type of life upon this basis, and to provide human existence with a meaning and a value. It is being increasingly felt that there is something in man which this immanent type of life does not bring out, and that this undeveloped element is something indispensable, perhaps the best of all!

Thus there grows up a desire for an inner transformation of man for a liberation from the pettiness which fetters and oppresses him. A new age is at hand. The trend is again from a merely humanistic culture to a *transforming spiritual culture*, elevating man's essential being. This necessarily leads to the demand for a new reality, and hence towards religion.

* Herder, for example, made of "humanity" an all-embracing, lofty ideal: "Man has no nobler word for his destiny than that which describes himself."

# A GREAT ECCLESIASTIC AND A GREAT PREACHER†

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I.

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To the historian Mr. Gordon's book will be a rich storehouse. Dr. Charteris was an ecclesiastical statesman. He had a part in all the movements which transformed the Church of Scotland. Chief among these was the abolition of patronage. Base motives have been imputed to the men who wrought that deliverance. Dr. Carnegie Simpson, in his "Life of Principal Rainy," shows that their one aim was to triumph over the Free Churches. Mr. Gordon proves from the written word that these men were patriots, whose one desire was the re-uniting of the Scottish Presbyterians and the welfare of the nation. Dr. Charteris' letter to Taylor Innes is as a cry out of the depths: "My heart is nearly broken by the style in which the Free Church is again treating the subject. What do you propose? What do you want?" That is the terrible fruit of Church divisions—it makes it so difficult for the one Church to believe in the sincerity and the truth of the Church on the other side of the wall. To-day, as a result of the labours of these men, the Presbyterian churches are on the eve of levelling the dividing wall. It is for that consummation Dr. Charteris laboured. Mr. Gordon's biography is a sincere record of a sincere soul.

III.

Dr. MacGregor, of St. Cuthbert's, belonged to another category. He was no lover of Church Courts. Regarding them he declared that he entered a Presbytery meeting a humble and loving Christian, and left it possessed with seven devils! The power of the man was mesmeric. He had only to open his lips and men could not but listen. To A. K. H. B. we owe the anecdote of how Stanley went round Westminster Abbey with Dr. MacGregor and Dean Edwards. Edwards was disappointed in MacGregor's appearance. Whereupon Stanley said to Edwards: "He is a great orator. You can no more judge what he is in the pulpit from seeing him waddling about Westminster Abbey than you can judge of St. Paul from his Epistles." And yet it was not what he said that made MacGregor the greatest preacher of his day. Others could speak with greater knowledge and sound greater depths. It was the indefinable something behind the spoken word—the something which cannot be accounted for by earthly categories. It was the living personality tingling with dynamic force, all aglow with the radiance which can only be described as divine. There is one illustration of the power of the man. In a crowded church MacGregor

† "Life of Professor Charteris." By Rev. and Hon. Arthur Gordon. 10s. 6d. "Life of Dr. MacGregor." By Lady Frances Balfour. 12s. 6d. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

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referred with intense feeling to the letter of Emperor William to President Kruger. "That unworthy letter of the German Emperor to President Kruger" were, the words. But all through the pews of the crowded church there was a movement, a stirring of feet, a low, hoarse murmur from the awakened passions of men.

That shows the power of the man. A million men could have spoken these words and they would be as the wind only. MacGregor spoke them, and a mighty multitude were filled with the passion of battle. The great preacher is not man-made; he is God-made. I remember hearing Dr. MacGregor preach on a dull winter afternoon long ago, and his subject was Judgment. The vividness of the imagery and the power of the personality were such that when I came out the city lying round about seemed unreal. The subject did not matter much. Often his subjects were strange. He had a course of sermons on the "Trees of the Lord," and Sir William Muir, coming to the church at that time, asked if Dr. MacGregor was out of the wood yet!

IV.

There is no book so good as a good biography. In reading such we are "eavesdropping at the door of the heart." And these biographies are good. We hear the voices of a vanished day, the strivings of noble men for noble ends. And if the future has great things in store for the churches in Scotland, it is because men such as these laid the foundations. Because of them an atmosphere of Christian love and hope has displaced the atmosphere of hate and suspicion.

* * *

# CORRESPONDENCE

## MINERS AND EDUCATION.

*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

SIR,—I have read Mr. Macpherson's article on "The Cult of Pleasure" in your issue of January 31st, and wish to take exception to the impression he gives of the moral and intellectual condition of the Northumberland and Durham mining population. As an Extension lecturer and a tutor of the Workers' Educational Association, working entirely in the North, I have peculiar opportunities of seeing and hearing the best and the worst of the miners' characteristics.

Let me admit at once that the miners are extravagant, and much given to gambling and drinking, and that their wives are not immaculate. It is patent, too, that they have not failed to share with their richer brethren the prevailing lust for pleasure, most forms of which can now be purchased in some degree for a few pence. But your contributor and the authorities he quotes are sadly misleading in inferring that all educational activity and intellectual life are at a low ebb in mining centres; and to say that secondary schools are scouted by most young men is false. It will be readily admitted that, ever since the introduction of compulsory education, the miners have suffered peculiar disadvantages in the acquisition of knowledge, yet to-day there is no more intelligent, hard-thinking and industrious class in the community. Till recently, the isolation of mining villages has had two main effects—one bad, one good; first, the other absence of amusement and relief to their lives of hard toil has made drinking and low forms of sport rife amongst them; secondly, as soon as the tide turned in their favour and brought them the higher pleasures of University lectures, reading-rooms, and so on, they

have in most cases seized on these with avidity and intelligence. Those who point to drunkenness and betting as the cause of declining demand for Extension lectures offer a particular explanation of a general phenomenon.

The Extension movement has inevitably suffered from the immense increase in facilities for higher education and alternative leisure occupations of recent years. Secondary and elementary education, cheap classics and technical works, libraries, popular educators and encyclopædias have for years past been furnishing the workers with what before was the exclusive possession of the University man. The Extension movement is, therefore, and rightly, modifying its methods and supplying fresh spheres of usefulness. Not that it is not lamentable that miners do not now greatly demand such lectures; but there are other explanations than the very partial one offered by your contributor.

Further developments have put within the miner's reach the wonderful cinematograph, the great football match, hitherto beyond his reach, and a thousand and one luxurious amusements of our century. While all this has deplorable effects, is it to be wondered at that he flees his dull village, with its shameful back-to-back houses, its ill-lighted streets and stinking alleys, and seeks the gaudy pleasures of the city and the picture-hall?

Yet, amid all these distractions, the miner preserves his belief in education, and shows it in many ways. Miners are notoriously fond of and ambitious for their children. I could tell dozens of stories of the painful anxiety of uneducated miners to gain for their children the benefits of secondary education. Moreover, most southerners would be astounded to find in a great number of miners' homes libraries of sociology, ethics, philosophy, and economics that would put many an undergraduate to shame.

I would gladly take on a tour of inspection any who earnestly desire to know the truth about these men. It is proved beyond doubt that when the right sort of educational appeal is made to them the miners eagerly respond. Their co-operative societies and workmen's clubs arrange scores of lectures, by the best men, every winter. Though these courses have certainly suffered from the picture-hall craze, the fact that they go on in spite of it is a great tribute to the miner's intelligence.

Last, but not least, must be mentioned the success of the Workers' Educational Association in arranging University courses of study, up to a high honours standard, as well as courses of public lectures, in mining centres. It is a privilege to deliver these courses, as I am continually doing, and be met with the keenest and most critical interrogatories that can be made by any students. It is easy for Mr. Macpherson to quote statements such as those contained in his article, but he would receive a most salutary shock if he could realise the comparatively large number of miners who are capable of taking high honours at Oxford or Cambridge, and can discuss with acumen the problems of Greek philosophy or modern economics. I could give the names of a dozen University professors who have lectured to the miners in the last three years, and their tributes to the intelligence and wide reading exhibited.—I am, sir, etc.,

"UNIVERSITAS."

## THE SAD LOT OF THE SCHOOLMASTER.

*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

SIR,—I am extremely glad to see your columns opened to the question of National Education. The


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writer of your article considers that the poor social status of the elementary school teacher deters many good men from entering the profession. I agree with him; but would point out that the social standing of a fairly educated man depends upon his income. Examine the advertisement columns of the *Schoolmaster* week by week, and you will find that most of the advertisements ask for unqualified (uncertificated) teachers, at "salaries" of £1 or so a week. I see this week that the Somersetshire Education Committee recommends a salary of 25s. a week for certificated assistant masters!

The London service is the best-paid in the country. After fourteen years' service, a master may get a maximum of £200 a year. This is a small income in London, and, in the majority of cases, has to be supplemented by arduous and ill-paid evening school work.

Now, sir, the teaching of our youth is splendid and inspiring work. It demands every ounce of energy that a man can put forth. Optimism, buoyancy, and, therefore, freedom from care are essential to success. But who is optimistic on an inadequate salary? Thanks to good chance, I have reached a more comfortable income than many teachers; but, in common with every schoolmaster that I know, I would not dream of putting my own son into the profession. I have lived a strenuous, laborious life, absorbed in my work, just as most other teachers. But there is no fair reward. I cannot keep in touch with modern thought, for I cannot buy books; my studies are hampered for the want of pence for apparatus, etc.; social intercourse I must keep at a minimum; and so on and so on. I am convinced that the key to our educational problem lies in the remuneration of the teacher. Schools may be secularised; homilies, memoranda, and codes written by the gross; but no advance will be made till the workmen are in better circumstances.—I am, sir, etc.,

T. B.

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*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

SIR,—All teachers in the nation's schools will agree with the remarks of your contributor on "Caste" in Education; but he has not touched—nay, rather has denied the greater evil—i.e., the full and adequate recompense of the teacher for work which, too often, leaves him or her a nervous wreck at a comparatively early age, yet forces him or her to struggle on till the age of sixty or sixty-five.

"The problem of securing the best teachers is mainly a financial problem, not a moral one." Surely your correspondent knows that the Education Department can, and has in the past varied its standard of examination for the teachers' certificate some 45 per cent.—i.e., allowed, roughly, double the number of teachers to qualify, so as to obtain an ample supply of *cheap* teachers.

Matters are better now. The Education Department has, in the past three years, realised that cheap certified teachers, at a commencing salary of £40 per annum, soon realise that they are too cheap, and migrate to other and better-paid callings.

Can it be possible that the writer does not know that there are 61,000 uncertificated teachers, with an average salary well below £1 per week; that 18,000 supplementary teachers, persons whose qualification is that they are over eighteen years of age and vaccinated, are working in the poorer schools? Sir John Gorst called them "animated broomsticks"; yet the provincial education committees are advertising for them in hundreds, simply because they are cheap. Yet we are told this is a moral question, not financial.

Again, the question of numbers taught is entirely overlooked. Does not the fact that classes of sixty children in our elementary schools explain the dissatisfaction with the results of our education system? Is there likely to be even an approach to true education with such numbers? Place even a heaven-born teacher in a poor, badly lighted building, children badly fed and clothed, and little progress will be made; but if the teacher is only half-educated, and weighed down with the worry of making both ends meet, "anarchy" must eventuate.—I am, sir, etc.,

F. H. W.

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## THE DOWRY QUESTION

*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

SIR,—Will you allow a dowerless young French girl who has for some years lived, and is still living, a part of the year in England and the other in France, and who, owing to the situation her father occupies, is able to see and appreciate much of all classes of society in both countries, and who, finally, is a great lover of England, to say a few words in answer to Mme. Geoffrey's letter?

If it is true that many young men, for reasons too long to consider here, but not always blameworthy, wish to marry a girl with a dowry, it is *quite as true*, on the other hand, that in all families the former life of a suitor is carefully inquired into before the parents of the girl allow the match; and, with a few exceptions, which go to prove the rule, parents do not let their daughter marry a man who has no employment or occupation. Few French girls indeed would accept such a man as a husband!

The young men "who have learned to rely upon a good match to get a living," and "marry for life," are met with only in a certain class of society, that of the wealthy and leisurely, and even there *as an exception*. In this respect, everyone will recognise that England is not more favoured than France. I cannot refrain from adding that in my own family and among my friends there are several instances of dowerless girls who are not *engaged* but *married* to "nice men who are working hard," not *to get a position*, but to *keep up their family*, while I know girls with a dowry of £4,000 to £12,000 who cannot find a husband.

I would not trouble you with this matter if your paper was not an English one, and widely circulated, but it seems to me a great shame that a letter so deliberately showing one side of the question, and *the exceptional one*, should remain unanswered by a person very interested in the marriage question in both countries, and one whose lack of dowry renders unsuspicious of *esprit de parti*.—I am, sir, etc.,

A FRENCH GIRL.

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*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

SIR,—In his letter appearing in EVERYMAN of January 31st Mr. Salmon states that the question of the French dowry is nearly always misinterpreted in England, and I think his remarks are convincing evidence of the fact. I trust that he, and, in fact, all you readers, will peruse Mrs. Geofroy's letter of this week, which is a clear statement of the facts.

Mr. Salmon implies that the French girl of whom a "dot" would be expected corresponds to the English girl who stipulates that her husband should have an income of £350 to £400. May I point out that a Frenchman earning from 30s. to £2 per week marries

*(Continued on page 602.)*

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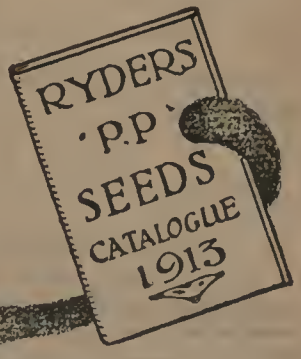


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the girl with a dowry. If he agrees to forgo the "dot" it is on the understanding that the girl continue to earn her living after marriage.

Your contributor adds that "it is quite certain that a girl without money has just as many chances of marrying in France as in England." Without a dot the French girl has very little prospects of marriage, and that is the *raison d'être* of the French dowry system.—I am, sir, etc., W. H. WILLIAMS.

Paris, February.

## THE MORAL PROGRESS OF THE SWISS.

*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

SIR,—After a stay of two years in Lausanne, I am quite convinced that the moral progress of the Swiss people has not kept pace with its intellectual progress.

This I put down to two causes: firstly, the influences of a cosmopolitan crowd, which is always to be found in Switzerland; and, secondly, to the fact that, generally speaking, the education given in the State schools is strictly utilitarian.

I am aware that there is a Collège Classique in Lausanne, but the number of pupils attending the Collège Scientifique there is four times that of the other.

There is, too, a very popular Ecole de Commerce.

I have no doubt that this is the case in every fair-sized town in Switzerland.

The Swiss have realised that their chief business is, and must be, to prey on the foreigner who visits their country.

A very large proportion of these foreigners is composed of South Americans.

They have plenty of money, and therefore pay any price demanded.

Their morals, too, are—well, South American!

If I had not had the good fortune to meet with one or two Swiss of the older type I should have left the country with an impression of its inhabitants much more unpleasant than I now have.

The country appears, too, to have been taken in hand by foreign business men, chiefly Germans and Italians from the North of Italy.

The old spirit and the old ideas are rapidly dying out under the influence of these "entrepreneurs" and the South American "rastaquonaire."—I am, sir, etc.,

ENGLISHMAN.

## THE PRACTICAL TEACHING OF LITERATURE.

*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

SIR,—Referring to the review of Motley's "Dutch Republic," "Sigma" suggests, as a subject for discussion, the impartiality or otherwise of the author. The review itself provokes a wider question: *Are* there "cases where impartiality is both impossible and undesirable"? The reviewer indicates clearly that Motley, being "on the side of the angels," is praiseworthy rather than otherwise, for that "he is not fair to Charles V. He does not do justice to Balthasar Gerard." Apart from ethics, why thus weaken an overwhelming case? Surely the most effective devil's advocate is he who does not give that personage his due.—I am, sir, etc., J. W. EMPTY.

## WHY GOVERNMENT SCHOOLS ARE UNPOPULAR.

*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

SIR,—An article on the Nationalisation of Education in your issue of February 7th ends with these

words: "Schools will only cease to be run on class lines when a truly democratic spirit will have taken the place of the snobbism and flunkeyism which is so characteristic of the middle classes of Great Britain."

Now, sir, these words are not written by an irresponsible correspondent, but occur in an article in your paper, and it does not seem worthy of EVERYMAN to fall into the trick—too common among a certain sort of politician—of imputing vile motives to all who do not agree with the views expressed. Middle-class people dislike Government schools for their children, in spite of the money which is lavished upon them, and prefer to send their children to less efficiently equipped private institutions, at great personal sacrifice, because they believe sincerely that it will be better for their children.

Parents know that the instruction which can be given in great classes of sixty or eighty is valueless. Parents realise the grave exposure to infectious diseases and also to contamination with dirty children that attendance at a Government school exposes their children to of necessity. Parents also dread—rightly or wrongly—moral contamination for their children in these schools, where they must perforce associate with the children of the roughest and most degraded of the community. This feeling may perhaps be called "caste," but not, I think, "snobbism."

Finally, some parents feel that at a private institution they still retain control of their children; while once the children are swallowed up in a Government school they cannot be taken away or their curriculum altered: they become mere pawns and "grant-earners" in the hands of an Education Committee.

Also there are parents who are religious people, who wish their children educated in their own religion, which may not be the official thing known as "undenominationalism," and who do not wish their children, especially as they get older, to be imbued with the Socialistic views which seem to exude from the larger number of Government schoolmasters.

The same article also states that the Government schoolmaster is held as an inferior being beside the private schoolmaster. If this is true, it is not from "snobbism," but because the Government man has parted with his birthright as a teacher for a mess (a very great mess) of Board of Education pottage. He is to teach impossible things under impossible conditions, and his efforts end in being "bright" and trying to enforce some sort of "discipline."

These are the reasons why Government schools are unpopular, and in these directions reform must be sought if they are to be made popular.—I am, sir, etc.,

E. C. FREEMAN.

## MR. WELLS AND THE LABOUR REVOLT.

*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

SIR,—In his article on the "Labour Revolt" Mr. Wells looks forward to a time "when the work of a few years will purchase the independence of the rest of a lifetime."

It is perhaps natural for a man like Mr. Wells, whose life has been spent in the drudgery of reading, talking, and thinking, and in racking his brains to put into saleable print the ideas so acquired, to think of leisure as the millennium.

But leisure and idleness are not happiness. The secret of happiness and contentment is continual occupation in congenial work. I look forward to the time when every man will enjoy his work and will be miserable when he is not employed.—I am, sir, etc.,

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SIR,—With reference to Mr. Wells's article on the "Labour Revolt," I believe there is nothing incompatible in the high ideal of Socialism which that writer holds with that lofty conception of individualism which is only to be found in the opportunity to every man to fulfil himself. Such danger as is to be apprehended from the present trend of the Labour movement will disappear with the wider recognition that in unselfishness is to be found the salvation of society. When the strong stand together, shoulder to shoulder, to protect the weak, and each man's interests are those of his fellow-man, then shall we have the self-governing State and the dream of real Socialism be fulfilled.—I am, sir, etc.,

Liscard, Cheshire. A. C. TENNANT.

## IN DEFENCE OF THE BOARD OF EDUCATION.

*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

SIR,—While agreeing in the main with the views expressed in your article on "The Nationalisation of Education," I should like to say a word on behalf of that much maligned body, the Board of Education. I think most assistant masters in secondary schools will agree with me that in the last few years, under Board of Education supervision and inspection, the grammar schools of the country have improved almost out of recognition. I have never known inspectors to interfere with a teacher's freedom, and for myself I must say that I have never received anything from them but sympathy and encouragement. Again, the Board of Education's circulars convey not definite instruction, but only hints and suggestions, and they are admittedly quite abreast of current educational thought.

What's wrong with secondary education is national apathy. The Government grant for this purpose is the pittance of some £800,000 a year—about half the price of a Dreadnought. And there is no popular outcry for a two-power standard in education!—I am, sir, etc., R. C. W.

## LAMB AND BURNS.

*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

SIR,—Charles Lamb's admiration for Burns is well known to students of the former. In a letter to Coleridge, dated December 10th, 1791, Lamb writes: "Burns was the god of my idolatry as Bowles of yours. I am jealous of your fraternising with Bowles when I think you relish him more than Burns or my old favourite Cowper."

The writer of the article on Burns referred to by Mr. H. M. Charteris Macpherson is, however, at fault in his statement that "Lamb would kiss his copy of Burns as he put it back on the shelf." It was Chapman's Homer which was so treated, and the incident is related by Leigh Hunt, who "thought how natural it was in C. L. to give a kiss to an old folio, as I once saw him do to Chapman's Homer." Mr. Lucas refers to it in his two-volume edition of the "Life of Charles Lamb" (vol. ii., p. 312). I expect Mr. Macpherson must have looked up the index of the one-volume edition of the work, which does not contain the four appendixes of the former, in one of which the transcript is printed from Leigh Hunt's article, "My Books," in the first number of the *Literary Examiner* (July 5th, 1823).—I am, sir, etc.,

S. BUTTERWORTH, MAJOR.
(Late R.A.M.C.).

Carlisle.

## THE DAY'S BURDEN*

PROFESSOR KETTLE says of himself that "originality is a toy that no goddess left in my cradle." That may be so; but his presentation of old problems in "The Day's Burden" is so fresh and so vital, so entirely his own, that we are inclined to doubt the author's view of the case. The book is a collection of essays on subjects as varying as "Anatole France," "Reason in Rhyme," "Young Egypt," and "On Misunderstanding Hamlet." Throughout the book a humour wholly delightful and wholly satisfying makes the reader pause and re-read the passage.

It is in the chapter headed "The Crossing of the Irish Sea" that we find the following:—

"Ireland is a small but insuppressible island, half an hour nearer the sunset than Great Britain. From Great Britain it is separated by the Irish Sea, the Act of Union, and the perorations of the Tory party." Or, again: "Ireland is admitted to be unprogressive, as witness, when it is half-past twelve in London, it is only five minutes past twelve in Dublin."

Some kindly goddess left in Professor Kettle's cradle the supreme gift of humour, and with it the sister gift of insight. Whether he is speaking of the Philosophy of Politics, or of the Socialism of Otto Effertz, or of the writings of Francis Thompson, he is always at the heart of his subject. He says of "Health and Holiness" that "it shows us the supreme reasonableness, the gross common-sense of mysticism." There is food for thought in the phrase. He calls Dicey's "Law of the Constitution" "a masterpiece of romance," and somehow the appellation sticks. In describing the orthodox view of Hamlet he says, "The removal of an uncle without due process of law, and on the unsupported statement of an unsubpœnable ghost, the widowing of a mother, and her casting off as unspeakably vile, are treated as enterprises about which a man has no right to hesitate or even to feel unhappy." Again we are arrested, and fumble in our minds for the usual platitudes about Hamlet, only to find them strangely unsatisfying. But get the book and judge it on its own merits.

* * *

## BOOKS OF THE WEEK

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS, by Hilda Skae (5s.), has been added to Messrs. T. N. Foulis' delightful series, Romantic Lives. On the whole, however, we feel the publication of a Life of Mary Queen of Scots in such a series is a mistake. The facts of her career, her childhood in France, her alliance with the Dauphin, her rule in Scotland, and, finally, her captivity under Elizabeth, are too well known to require repetition, and within the limits of Messrs. Foulis' series there is room for little else. The great and standard Life of Mary has still to be written, and, till it appears, we are inclined to cry "Enough!" to the somewhat unconvincing monographs to be found on every bookstall.

* * *

NERVATION OF PLANTS, by Francis George Heath (Williams, 3s. 6d. net), fills a gap in botanical literature. It is a little curious that a subject of such deep and absorbing interest to all nature lovers should not ere now have received full and adequate treatment. It is true, as Mr. Heath points out, that something about the nervation of plants is to be found in most botanical works, "but its discussion is seldom, if ever, dis-

*(Continued on page 606.)*

* "The Day's Burden." By Prof. Kettle. (Maunsel.)

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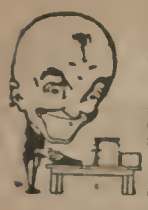

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entangled from the usual too commonly puzzling, if not incomprehensible, mass of scientific terminology." Mr. Heath's book does not pretend to be an exhaustive treatise, but it aims at being a useful introductory manual of a most fascinating study. Whilst written more from the nature than from the scientific standpoint, it should interest a wide circle of readers, including those who have received a strictly scientific training. The book is copiously illustrated, and there is an excellent index.

❀ ❀ ❀

A recently published book, which we have read with great interest, is Mr. Gouldsbury's LIFE IN THE INDIAN POLICE (Chapman and Hall). The title is perhaps slightly misleading, for we hear more of tigers than of "dacoits," more of tracking elephants than of tracking crime. But the book is so full of thrilling adventures, and so delightfully told, that we cannot quibble at a title. The author has felt the call of the wild, the joy that nature only gives to those who meet her face to face, and in his latest publication he brings vividly before the reader's mind the fascination of the jungle, the delight of the chase, and the sadness of encroaching civilisation.

❀ ❀ ❀

So many admirable expositions of the "Pilgrim's Progress" exist that he who essays the task of adding to their number would do well to make perfectly sure that he has something fresh to say, and that he is able to say it impressively. In THE ROAD: A STUDY OF JOHN BUNYAN'S "PILGRIM'S PROGRESS," by John Kelman (Vols. I. and II., Oliphant, 3s. 6d. net each), both those claims are established. The author is one of the foremost of the younger generation of Scottish preachers whose influence rests largely on his clear, vigorous, and original thought. The series of studies contained in this work, we learn, is based on notes given to Bible classes and subsequently printed in shorter form in a theological magazine. The volumes now before us are intended as a commentary or text-book upon the "Pilgrim's Progress," to be read point by point along with the original. They are composed of notes derived from existing commentaries, and "references to cognate thoughts and passages in other literature," the whole being woven into a continuous narrative, in which Dr. Kelman's personal standpoint finds full and free expression. Deep spiritual insight, sound judgment, and epigrammatic terseness are the distinctive features of these studies, and we promise those who turn to them for religious guidance a feast of good things. This notable addition to the literature dealing with Bunyan's immortal allegory is admirably illustrated from photographs taken by the author while sojourning in the Bunyan country. We may add that a third and concluding volume, now in course of preparation, will consist of essays on various biographical and literary subjects connected with the author of "The Pilgrim's Progress" and his work.

❀ ❀ ❀

A stirring novel, dealing with the fortunes of a German soldier who betakes himself to England and fights on the Parliamentary side in the Civil War, is to be found in THE FIGHTING BLADE, by Beulah Marie Dix (Henry Holt, 6s.). The hero's fortunes in love are told with a vigour and a human interest far removed from the archaic methods of many historical novelists. "The Fighting Blade" would lend itself admirably to dramatisation. We are glad to notice that no English publisher is responsible for the printing of the book. The misprints that occur on every page are extraordinarily irritating, and might have ruined a less attractive book.

There is nothing convincingly "Yorkshire" about THE ROSE OF NIDDERDALE (Chorley and Pickersgill, Leeds, 1s.). The stories might equally well have been placed in the rural parts of Middlesex. The characterisation is not distinctive, nor has the dialogue a touch of that raciness which we associate with the West Riding. For the rest, the tales are simple, and, to a certain type of reader, not unpleasing. Mr. Firth Crossley has given us a description of the valley of Nidderdale that is in parts effective, though somewhat stereotyped.

❀ ❀ ❀

For those who wish a readable novel, we can heartily recommend THE SPORTING INSTINCT, by Martin Swayne (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.). The story deals with a woman who, through sheer force of will, changes herself from a social failure ("I used to pray before I went out to a dinner party, Jack," she says) into a brilliant success. "A woman can *think* herself into another character. . . . I created a character, and without character one is as useless as a railway without rails." Just when the heroine is at the height of her self-won distinction, when she has altered the world's view of herself, and her own view of the world, her husband loses his money through speculation, and thereon hangs the tale.

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A PRINCE OF ROMANCE (Grant Richards, 6s.) goes with a swing from start to finish. The action takes place in a small Scottish village a hundred years ago, and the plot is ingenious and well carried out. A Jacobite spirit still lingered in the place, carefully nurtured by James Dagleish, the schoolmaster. The Old Pretender had paid a visit at the house where the schoolmaster lived, and the glory of the legend still glowed in the Dominie. To this hot-bed of Jacobite tradition there comes a young man, cast up on the shore from a wreck, the living image of the Pretender's portrait that hung in the schoolmaster's study. The old prophecy seemed to have come true:

"Charlie will come again some day
Over the sea to Skye,"

and when, on recovering consciousness, he murmurs that his name is Charles Edward, conviction crashes home that he must be in very deed a lineal descendant of the Stuarts. Who and what he is it would not be fair to say. The tale is cleverly told, with a genuine sense of adventure; Margaret, the girl that "Charlie" loves, is well sketched, and the schoolmaster is a clever study. Mr. Stephen Chalmers is to be congratulated on a stirring and picturesque story.

❀ ❀ ❀

Mr. Robert W. Service has been called the Kipling of Canada. His poems deal with the scenes and the problems confronting the pioneer settler in a new country. His verses, rugged in parts, succeed at times in conveying the spirit of "Our Lady of the Snows." Characterised by a certain vigour and power, they present to us difficulties and dangers encountered by the settler, and place on record the invincible determination by which these perils are overcome. RHYMES OF A ROLLING STONE (Fisher Unwin, 3s. 6d.) are well worth reading.

❀ ❀ ❀

The marvellous adventures of the soul of a company promoter after the death of the notorious Alvo Whetstone is set forth in terrifying and somewhat humorous fashion in POSSESSED (William Rider and Son, 2s. net). The soul, for reasons best known to itself, selects the meagre body of Charles Mordant for its next tenement. "He was a pale, thin, red-haired


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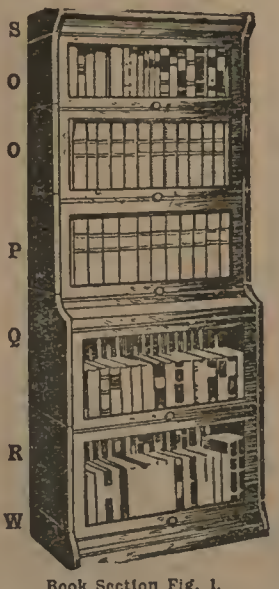


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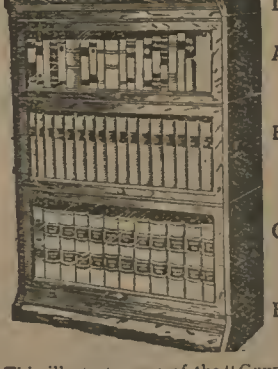


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youth, with weak, formless lips and receding chin. Dominated by this masterful spirit, the office boy, in magical fashion, sweeps every obstacle from his path, and marches on to the position vacated by the deceased company promoter—that of chairman of the Fortunatus Assurance Company. In a truly immense scene the soul is wrested from the body of Charles Mordant. "The servant left the room, but scarcely was the door closed when it was flung open and a loud voice roared, 'Beasts of Belial, I command you, come out of him!'" The Beasts of Belial finally obey, and the body of Mordant, though rent and racked, is conserved in its entirety. The spirit of the deceased company promoter departs to realms unknown, and everybody concerned in Mr. Firth Scott's story settles down into a comfortable routine.

❀ ❀ ❀

Messrs. Frowde have issued the poems of James Russell Lowell at the moderate price of 2s. They are to be congratulated on this edition, including, as it does, the Biglow Papers. Most inimitable of satires, we cannot resist quoting the first verse of what Mr. Robinson thinks:—

Guvener B. is a sensible man;
He stays to his home an' looks arter his folks;
He draws his furrer ez straight ez he can,
An' into nobody's tater-patch pokes;
But John P.
Robinson he
Sez he wunt vote fer Guvener B.

And the final stanza:—

Wal, it's a marcy we've got folks to tell us
The rights and the wrongs o' these matters, I vow.
God sends country lawyers, an' other wise fellers
To start the world's team wen it gits in a slough;
Fer John P.
Robinson he
Sez the world'll go right, ef he hollers out Gee!

❀ ❀ ❀

The Road to Freedom, by Josiah and Ethel Wedgwood, is a thoughtful and valuable contribution to the question of social reformation. Pre-eminently an attack upon the evils of the land monopoly, it demonstrates how closely it is connected with the evil problems of modern civilisation. The authors contend that the structure of present-day society is founded on slave labour, and that this rests on the individual ownership of land; they reason that in trying to mitigate the crying evils of this slavery, reformers are making for a slave state. The book aims at convincing students of social economics that though a new and free society might be quite unlike the one we are accustomed to, it would inevitably be a better one. The necessary condition for a perfectly free society, according to the authors, is free land. The case for the single tax is admirably stated, with a wealth of detail and lucidity of argument incomparable in its force and logic. Mr. Wedgwood, member for Newcastle-under-Lyme, is remarkable for his championship of the cause of the workers, and is well qualified to speak on all matters connected with the betterment of their condition. We commend this book (C. W. Daniel, 1s.) to all those concerned in the complex problem of the land monopoly.

❀ ❀ ❀

Messrs. Jarrold have issued a second edition of that illuminative book, Sun Yat Sen and the Awakening of China (6s. net). Interest is attached to this edition by reason of the special preface by Dr. James Cantlie, who, with Mr. C. Sheridan Jones, is joint author of the book. Dr. Cantlie says: "The prophesies of disaster, which amounted, and still amount in some quarters, to almost a fetish, have proved false; nothing the would-be 'authorities' can say or do will serve to put back the clock in China." Dr. Cantlie points out that Sun is still the *bête-noir* to many who knew China in the old days, who regard him as an idealist, and therefore to be considered as a man of no consequence; but with eloquence and insistence shows us that by the populace in China, Sun is regarded as a deliverer. "His head is impressed on the coinage of the country and on the commemoration stamps of the foundation of the Republic." Sun pays an eloquent tribute to the loyalty and devotion of his English friends, first and foremost among whom is the writer of the preface. The coinage of the Republic of China, showing the embossed head of Sun Yat Sen, bears on the reverse the inscription in English—the first language in which he heard the accents of liberty. The book, which has achieved a marked success, contains an eloquent plea for the Republic by the great Powers. Mr. Sheridan Jones's resumé of the causes that led to the upheaval of the Manchu Dynasty is beyond all praise. Written in incisive, trenchant English, he carries conviction in every phrase. Dr. Cantlie's reminiscences of Sun, the great reformer, and his accounts of the hairbreadth escapes suffered by that ardent and devoted spirit make extraordinary good reading, while the chapters devoted to the future of China deserve the attention of all concerned with the problem of the East. Mr. Sheridan Jones shows that, the Manchu despotism once abolished, there are men ready "for all the positions of trust and danger on whose fitness the State must depend." China, when weak and decadent, accepted abuses only under pressure. "China, conscious of her own immense reserves of strength, is not in the least likely to suffer them a day longer than she can help." Now that the way is open for the industrial development of the great empire of the East there is no limit to the influence China will exert in the destiny of the proletarian population. "Think of the influence, not only upon the Chinese, but the whole world, when railways not only carry the corn of Hunan to the famine sufferers in Shantung, but when they bring coal, iron, and other products of Chinese soil and industry within reach of steamship lines running to Europe and America."

With this forceful and convincing picture the book closes, and to those who read "Sun Yat Sen" with the interest and attention it commands the prophecy will carry conviction.

❀ ❀ ❀

The Gate of To-morrow (Cassell and Co. 6s.) is a powerful story, written with a simplicity of style that is effective and at times dramatic. The story opens in an Australian mining camp, and Mr. Norman McKeown paints for us the picture in vivid fashion. "It is noonday, and on the plains, where the sun blazes in a brazen sky, even the trees, with listless leaves, appear to sleep, and every moving thing that breathes has gone to rest. In the hills a restless iguana may be still abroad, or currecquinquin, suddenly startled, may scold noisily, jumping with ruffled plumes from branch to branch; but, for the most part, even here is found the hush of deep repose." It may be as well to inform the reader that currecquinquin is the native name for the soldier-bird. "In the hill, on the farther side of the creek, some two hundred yards from the tents, is an ugly wedge of raw new earth, pierced in three separate places. Below, the stream has been dammed to form a wide pool, and from the three tunnels . . . there comes very faintly the sound of tapping." To the mining camp, formed

*(Continued on page 610.)*

# THE CURE OF CANCER

**The only Hope** the Orthodox Medical Practitioner has for the cure of Cancer is the manipulation of the cruel knife. *Your Doctor cannot deny this.* The Doctors had hope that X Rays and Radium would work wonders, but these have absolutely failed. The first will give the disease they hoped to cure, while the latter, with the exception of affecting very mild surface cases, is simply worthless.

**After years of research,** involving the torture of myriads of animals, and years of experimental practice upon a vast army, consisting of Millions of Sufferers from this **Awful Disease,** who, with their relatives, involving millions more, have lived under the dread of the descent of the horrid knife, we now stand upon the threshold of the future with no *established* remedy upon which to rest.

**It is terrible** to think about, but it **must** be faced and something **must** be done, and that right quickly, to save mankind from this **Overwhelming Scourge.** Thirty thousand people, in England and Wales alone, die every year of Cancer, and over 40 years of age one in twelve may expect to be smitten with it. **The Night is very dark indeed,** but it may be that darkness which ushers in the radiant dawn, for even now two Eminent Doctors, namely—**Dr. Robert Bell,** the Successful Plaintiff in the Famous Libel Case, and **Dr. Forbes Ross,** are inspiring hope that they have discovered the cause of this dire disease, and that soon we shall know how to deal with it and destroy it.

These men, as far as we can ascertain in no way associated, have arrived, through independent study and research, to very much the same conclusion—that the chief cause of Cancer is owing to errors in diet.

**Dr. Forbes Ross,** in his recently published book, entitled: "*Cancer, The Problem of its Genesis and Treatment,*" maintains and produces evidence that appears to be indisputable, that the cause at the root of the whole matter is owing to a **DEFICIENCY OF POTASSIUM** in the system. Potassium being one of the most important Salts of which our bodies are composed. This Doctor, however, while he laments the madness of people eating Vegetables, &c., from which the Salts have been extracted by boiling or otherwise, **Violates the Laws of Nature** by going direct to the Mineral Kingdom to obtain the Potassium which he regards so valuable. God never intended that we should derive benefit thus, for He has ordained that nature shall chemically prepare these Salts in her Wondrous Laboratory, so that they shall be easily digested and assimilated by Mankind. Besides this, in Vegetables, &c., one Salt is so harmonized with other Salts, that it is imperative that we should partake of them thus, or else a Violation of the Laws of Nature in this respect may involve a terrible penalty, for what God has joined together, man cannot with impunity rend asunder.

**Bear in mind** that Vegetables and other articles of diet are rich in Valuable Organic Salts, **more especially the Vegetables.** These Salts, consisting of Potassium, Sodium, Calcium, Magnesium, Iron, Phosphorus, Sulphur, Silicon and Chlorine, are wondrously blended together, so that they shall ensure a perfect balance, and supply fresh Life and Energy to Body, Blood and Brain.

**Men and Women must be under some Diabolical Delusion when they wilfully persist** in wickedly washing out and wasting these precious elements of the food we eat. When they realize that it is the cause of the wholesale slaying of thousands and that **their turn may come next,** we sincerely hope that it will check them in this Mad Career of Monstrous Folly.

**From the Conclusions** arrived at by the above Doctors and others, also from our own observations, experiments and experience, **we are convinced** that if Men and Women will eat such foods that are rich in these valuable Salts, and will be determined that henceforth they will cook all Vegetables so that these Salts shall be **fully conserved,** then, and not till then this dread disease, like Small-pox and Cholera, will vanish like some Foul Fiend into the Dim Shadows of the Past.

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by four comrades, there comes a woman. She is discovered by Hoppy lying unconscious by the wayside. So wizened is she, so dried-up from exposure to the sun, that she is taken for an old man. Care and nursing restore her to womanly charm; and the trouble begins. Peter, the cleverest and best-looking of the four miners, falls desperately in love with her, and she tells him her story. She was decoyed from her father's home by a man named Lee, who induced her to come to Australia on a promise of marriage. That marriage never took place, and finally, outraged by the suggestion that she should discharge a debt of Lee's by transferring herself and her affection to his creditor, she shoots him, wounding him in the arm. Close on the story Lee himself arrives at the camp, and Peter announces his intention of killing him. The dramatic dénouement of the story lies in the ultimate confession of Margot. She makes the astonishing statement that her story is a lie, that from the first she has led a loose life, and that Lee is but one of many others. The situation is handled with consummate skill, and Margot convinces one of her reality. The men are not so well portrayed. They are, in fact, with the exception of Peter, almost too good and too forgiving. The book is remarkable for its fearlessness and the cleanness with which the theme is handled. Mr. McKeown has achieved a triumph in his remarkable book.

❀ ❀ ❀

Mr. Halliwell Sutcliffe has written many romances. For the most part his stories amble along the high road of commonplace, undistinguished by characterisation or style. In A MAN OF THE MOORS (T. Fisher Unwin, 3s. 6d.) he has made a notable departure, and in place of the easy stream of platitudes, conventional hero and the amiable heroine, he has drawn a strong man and a woman of flesh and blood, quick to feel and to endure. Against the background of the moors, potent with the suggestion of tragedy, a curious fatalism that leaves its mark upon the people of the country, the author shows us the workings of a drama, complete and inevitable as a Greek play. Mrs. Lomax, the Lady Bountiful of Marshcoates, is inimitably portrayed. Over sixty years of age and infirm of body, she rules the village by sheer force of character. Large hearted and benevolent, she possesses the saving grace of humour, and keeps Joe Strangeways, the drunkard of the parish, in order with the lash of her tongue. Kate Strangeways, the handsome wife of Joe, is a great favourite with the old lady, who takes an ardent interest in her protégee. Throughout the countryside Mrs. Lomax is regarded with superstitious awe. All the legends of the moorland centre round her frail, slight figure, and popular report invests her with almost supernatural powers. How her son, Griff, comes home from London, where he has been studying art and, incidentally, prosecuting a flirtation with a married woman, is told forcefully and with realistic touches. Hungry for the moors, he falls readily under the spell of the vast expanse of heather-covered hills and dales. "And all the while the woman across the moor grew dearer to him; she was part and parcel of the heath he loved, the sunsets that fired him to endeavour, the wind that made him drunker than wine could ever do." And the woman—one foretells the tragic note is Kate Strangeways. The tragedy sweeps on in its appointed course, but what befalls Griff and the woman he so passionately loves the reader must learn from the pages of Mr. Sutcliffe's vividly arresting book, one of the most dramatic and powerful narratives we have read for some considerable time.

## LIST OF BOOKS RECEIVED

Ashmead-Bartlett, E. "With the Turks in Thrace." (Heinemann, 10s.)
Anderson. Later Poems of Alex. Anderson ("Surfaceman"). Edited by Alexander Brown. (Fraser, Asher and Co., 10s.)
Berger, Francesco. "Reminiscences, Impressions, and Anecdotes." (Sampson, Low, 10s. 6d.)
Bunston, Anna (Mrs de Bary). "Soogs of God and Man." (Herbert and Daniel, 3s. 6d.)
Bailey, John. "Dr. Johnson and his Circle." (Williams and Norgate, 1s.)
Bryce, James. "South America." (Macmillan, 8s. 6d.)
Balfour, Lady Frances. "Life and Letters of Rev. James MacGregor." (Hodder and Stoughton, 12s.)
Crossley, Firth. "The Rose of Nidderdale." (The Electric Press, Leeds, 1s.)
Crotch, W. W. "Charles Dickens, Social Reformer." (Chapman and Hall, 7s. 6d.)
Chalmers, Stephen. "A Prince of Romance." (Grant Richards, 6s.)
Clark, W. F. "Shetland Nights." (Oliver and Boyd, 2s.)
Cripps, A. S. "Pilgrimage of Grace." (Blackwell.)
"Concerning Religious Education." (Headley, 1s.)
Chesterton, G. K. "The Victorian Age in Literature." (Williams and Norgate, 1s.)
Carpenter, Prof. J. Estlin. "Comparative Religion." (Williams and Norgate, 1s.)
Cullum, Ridgwell. "The Golden Woman." (Chapman and Hall, 6s.)
Cornford, Frances. "Death and the Princess: A Morality." (Bowes and Bowes, 2s.)
Dearmer, Percy. "The Dragon of Wessex." (Mowbray, 3s. 6d.)
Daniel, Charles. "Instead of Socialism." (Daniel, 1s.)
Fletcher, R. A. "Steamships and their Story." (Sidgwick and Jackson, 16s.)
Field, Mildred F. "Method and Religious Education." (Headley, 1s.)
France, Anatole. "My Friend's Book." (Lane.)
Graham, R. B. Cunningham. "Faith." (Duckworth, 2s. 6d.)
George, W. L. "Israel Palisch." (Constable.)
Garcia-Calderon, F. "Latin America." (Fisher Unwin, 10s. 6d.)
Gordon, Rev. the Hon. Arthur. "The Life of Archibald Hamilton Charteris." (Hodder and Stoughton, 10s. 6d.)
Gaskell, Mrs. "Lizzie Leigh, the Grey Woman, and Other Stories. (Oxford University Press, 1s.)
Haggard, H. Rider. "Child of Storm." (Cassell, 6s.)
Harrison, Chas., M.A. "Legal Levities and Brevities." (Hueffer, 3s. 6d.)
Hooper, W. G. "The Universe of Ether and Spirit." (Theosophical Publishing Society.)
Hannay, David. "The Navy and Sea Power." (Williams and Norgate, 1s.)
Hauptmann, Gerhardt. "The Fool in Christ." (Methuen, 6s.)
Hudson, W. H. "A Crystal Age." (Duckworth, 2s. 6d.)
Johnston, Sir Harry. "Common Sense in Foreign Policy." (Smith, Elder.)
Kropotkin, P. "Modern Science and Anarchism." (Freedom Press, 1s. 6d.)
Legouis, Emile. "Geoffrey Chaucer." (Dent, 5s.)
McKeown, Norman. "The Gate of To-morrow." (Cassell, 6s.)
Mannis, J. Bernard. "Mines and their Story." (Sidgwick and Jackson, 16s.)
Macgill, Patrick. "Songs of the Dead End." (The Year-Book Press, 3s. 6d.)

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### ARTICLES

BY

DR. PERCY DEARMER

ERNEST RHYS

PROF. JOHN ADAMS

MARGARET HAMILTON

# HISTORY IN THE MAKING

## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THE fortunes of the war in the Balkans are pretty much what they were on the resumption of hostilities fully three weeks ago. The fact is, the winter is militating against operations to an extent that was not anticipated. Diplomatically, the situation has changed somewhat. Bulgaria demands the payment of an indemnity by Turkey as an essential condition of peace. On the other hand, Bulgaria and Roumania have agreed to their dispute being submitted to the mediation of the Powers.

M. Poincaré's first presidential message was read on Thursday week in the French Senate and the Chamber of Deputies. The message was an eloquent appeal to patriotism. While "Peace" was its keynote, it laid stress upon the fact that "it is only possible for a nation to be effectively pacific if it is always prepared for war." Every effort would therefore be made to consolidate and strengthen the Army and Navy. The message also outlined an attractive programme of reforms, including the more equitable allocation of taxation and the perfecting of the electoral system.

The interesting announcement was also made that M. Delcassé had been appointed French Ambassador to St. Petersburg. In Russia M. Delcassé is generally popular, and it is understood that the Czar warmly approves of the appointment. With the exception of the Socialists, the choice is also cordially approved in France. It is felt that an important step has been taken towards strengthening the bonds which unite the two countries.

A situation full of tragical significance has arisen in Mexico. When we wrote last week President Madero had been asked to resign in the interests of peace, but had declined to do so. Thereupon he was arrested and deposed by the revolutionaries. Swift and dramatic changes ensued. On Saturday the ex-President and Señor Suarez, former Vice-President, were shot dead in Mexico City while being removed from the National Palace to the penitentiary. The ascendancy of General Huerta is now complete. He has been acclaimed as a hero by the populace, it being understood that he desires to end the rebellion, and to bring about a speedy resumption of business.

While members of the House of Commons have been enjoying a brief respite from their arduous labours, the Peers have been busy. The Trade Unions Bill was passed through its Committee stage. On Wednesday week the alleged atrocities by the Balkan Allies were made the subject of an interesting debate, in the course of which Lord Cromer paid a glowing tribute to the late Nazim Pasha. He spoke of the dead chief of the Turkish Army as an earnest and sincere Liberal, and maintained that by his death Turkey had lost one of its most valuable assets.

On Wednesday week consternation was caused throughout the country by the blowing up of Mr. Lloyd George's house at Walton-on-the-Hill. The outrage was thought to be the work of militant suffragettes, and suspicions were fully confirmed later. On Monday afternoon Mrs. Pankhurst was arrested in London in connection with the outrage.

The obituary of the week includes Sir William Arrol, the world's greatest bridge-builder; the Dowager-Empress of China; Admiral F. S. Vander-Meulen, who witnessed the disaster to the battleship *Victoria* in June, 1893; Mr. E. A. W. Clarke, British Diplomatic Agent and Consul-General at Zanzibar; and Mr. Louis Becke, F.R.G.S., a well-known Australian author.

# THE CHURCH AND SOCIAL PROBLEMS

"EVERY political question," remarked Mazzini, "is rapidly becoming a social question, and every social question a religious question." In Mazzini's day the truth of this remark was not so obvious as it is in our time. Then, the Church, if not indifferent to social questions, was at least suspected of being opposed to the party of reform. The revolutionary parties, particularly in Germany and Italy, looked upon the Church as an obstacle to progress—a fact which explains the close connection early in the nineteenth century between the Socialistic and the Atheistic movements. The somewhat frigid attitude of the Church was due, not so much to indifference as to a narrow conception of its mission. Man's chief concern was to flee from the City of Destruction and start on a pilgrimage to the Celestial City. The world was conceived, after the manner of Bunyan, as a kind of Vanity Fair, and the chief duty of the Church was to warn the pilgrim against the entanglements of Satanic allurements. Other-worldliness, to quote George Eliot's phrase, was the dominant note in the teaching of the Church, with the result that, compared with the salvation of the individual, social reform sank into insignificance. In all the Churches were to be found men of wider outlook and great influence, who brought religion into the political and social arena when great issues were at stake, such as the abolition of slavery and the like. In the main, however, the evangelical theory of man and his destiny left little or no room for a scientific conception of society. Theology and Sociology had nothing in common. In Scotland Dr. Chalmers laboured hard to bring the two into harmony. In his view Christianity was a message of salvation to Society as well as to the individual; and to this end were his writings on Political Economy and his well-known experiment in Glasgow to solve the problem of pauperism on religious lines. His great work was abruptly stopped by the Disruption, which diverted his energies into the politico-ecclesiastical sphere. For years the public mind of Scotland was absorbed in the problem of the relations between Church and State, to the neglect of the pressing problem of the relations between Church and Society.

I.

Meanwhile the extension of the franchise and the formation of a Labour party turned public attention to social and economic questions, which are now engaging the anxious attention of all the Churches. Anglicans, Congregationalists, Methodists, Presbyterians, are energetically striving to apply Christianity to social problems. How great is the advance in this direction is seen in the remarks of Bishop Gore that he "sat down bewildered before the blank and stupid refusal of the mass of Church people to recognise their social duties." The progressive movement within the Churches has been aided by a wider interpretation of the Christian doctrine of salvation. Salvation is no longer viewed as a mystical something which could be possessed by the individual apart from social institutions and social influences. The individual is no longer viewed as a self-centred unit whose chief business is to "flee from the wrath to come." As Professor Adams Bruce, in his "Christian Theology in Outline," puts it, "The true end is neither the individual alone nor Society alone, but the full development and realisation of the individual in Society. . . That which gives worth to Society is that it is the training school of individual character." In this way the old, hard antithesis between Individualism and Collectivism disappears. An improved social environment is necessary for individual improvement, which, in its turn, reacts beneficially on the social environment. Thus it comes about that the Church, in the interest of the individual, is compelled to admit the gravity of the social problem.

II.

But we are faced with the question, What can the Church do? What is its sociological mission? Labour leaders speak as if it were the duty of the Church to take its stand upon the Labour programme, even to the adoption of the creed of Socialism. The Founder of Christianity is claimed as a Socialist, and the clergy are told that, to be true to the example of the Master, they must side with the poor against the rich. Professor Harnack warns us against transferring our modern categories, "rich" and "poor," unreservedly to the time of Christ; and if looked into it will be found that Christ was more concerned with men's duties than their rights. Along this line lies the social mission of the Church. It would be an evil day for the Church when it entangled itself in political, social, and economic controversies. Its place to-day is that occupied by the Hebrew prophets. We do not find them taking sides with the poor in the assertion of their rights; what we find is the setting up of the moral law as the standard of national life. Elijah dealt pretty effectively with Ahab in the matter of Naboth's vineyard on the basis of ethics, without initiating a class war on the basis of the socialisation of property. Isaiah, Amos, and their brethren were loud in their denunciation of injustice. They emphasised the national importance of duty. They were on the side of the poor because they were the victims of injustice, not because they believed that better results would flow from a community of property. In this, as in other matters, there must be division of functions. It is the mission of the Church to hold before the public mind the ideal of the Kingdom of God upon earth, and so to impregnate the public conscience with ethical impulses that, as the outcome of an enlightened and sensitive public opinion, moral forces will get incarnated in legislative statutes. To foment class hatred is no part of the Church's mission.

The cause of social reform is not helped by indiscriminate denunciation of the rich or indiscriminate adulation of the poor. It may be easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the Kingdom of Heaven, but we need not thereby infer that, on the plea of poverty, the poor will crowd into the Celestial City. In his "Christianity and the Social Crisis," Professor Rauschenbusch has some wise words on this subject which church leaders would do well to ponder. He says: "The force of religion can best be applied to social renewal by sending its spiritual power along the existing and natural relations of men, to direct them to truer ends and govern them by higher motives. . . . The ministry in particular must apply the teaching functions of the pulpit to the pressing questions of public morality. It must collectively learn not to speak without adequate information; not to charge individuals with guilt which all society shares; not to be partial, and yet to hear the side of the lost; not to yield to political partisanship, but to deal with moral questions before they become political issues, and with those questions of public welfare which never do become political issues. They must lift the social questions to a religious level by faith and spiritual insight."

HECTOR MACPHERSON.

# OUT OF WORK

## By Dr. Percy Dearmer

The evil of unemployment is chronic; we hear of it most in the winter, but it continues through the summer. The extent of unemployment is enormous; it fluctuates with the fat and lean years, but its victims do not average less than about a million persons. It brings no compensating good in its train, as do some bad things, but is the fertile parent of evil children—of disease and degradation, of incapacity and further unemployment.

Now there are some common remarks upon the subject which are not true. It is not true that there is not enough money. There is plenty of money, and many millions of pounds are wasted in demoralising luxuries every year, as EVERYMAN reminded us the other day. Moreover, of all "luxuries," unemployment is the most costly; millions of days' work are annually lost and millions of pounds of capital are thrown into idleness. Suppose, for instance, that the million unemployed could be set to work at land reclamation, and that they earned each a pound a week: in one year the money spent in their wages would have gained for the nation fifty-three million pounds' worth of productive land, the vast waste of physical degradation would have been saved, and a great reduction effected in Poor Law and Prison expenditure, and in charitable agencies. Of course, the whole problem cannot be dealt with in this way, and therefore this is only a rough illustration to show that unemployment is a form of national wastefulness; though indeed both land reclamation and afforestation are among the remedies for unemployment.

It is not true, then, that there is not enough money. Nor is it true that there are too many men. On the contrary, there is grave danger in England, as in some other white countries, of there being too few. The population of the United Kingdom is, in fact, coming to a standstill, and we may soon have to face the problem of a decline. Yet the need of white men was never so great as at the present time, and there was never so much work for Britons to do; the whole Empire is crying out for more of us. In the British Empire there are only sixty million white men, as against 354½ millions of other races, and of these white men not all are British subjects. There are not too many men *of the right sort.*

And this brings us to a third statement. It is not true that the unemployment of so many men is "their own fault." We cannot shift the responsibility off our own shoulders in that way. There are many kinds of unemployed: many are among the best, thrown out through sickness or infirmity or some dislocation of trade; many are drunkards and ne'er-do-weels, whose own fault it is that they are out of work; many are more or less unemployable—men physically and mentally inadequate, whose day's work is not worth a day's wages.

We will consider what is more important than remedies—*preventatives.* These physically unfit, these puny-bodied, slow-witted creatures, whose enormous numbers came as a shock to the British public at the time of the Boer War—even these drunken, semi-criminal people, and the men who will do anything rather than work—how about them? How came they into existence? How is it that human beings have such a large proportion of degenerates, when brute beasts enjoy an almost perfect standard of health and efficiency?

They are caused by evil conditions of society; unemployment creates unfitness for employment, disease spreads disease, crime begets crime, and deterioration multiplies deterioration. And certain conditions of modern society create the unemployment which is the parent and grandparent of so many more evils. These conditions are actually increasing at the present day. To stem the increase is the first step in preventing unemployment and the evils that make men unemployable.

Three modern conditions in especial are creating unemployment:

1. *The "Blind Alley" Occupations for Boys.*—Boys are in great demand; they find work at once, and get what are for them good wages. Employers find it cheaper to use a boy at six or seven shillings a week than a man; and many mechanical improvements make it possible for boys to do what men formerly did. So the boys prosper, and their parents are glad. But when they cease to be boys, they have to make way for others; they are thrown on the world, knowing no trade; they find it no longer easy to get work, and great numbers pass the rest of their lives as casuals.

This displacement of men by boys is increasing every year. How can it be prevented? There seems to be only one way. The raising of the school age to sixteen (at first to fifteen); the establishment for boys and girls after that age of a two or three years' half-time system. While they were half-timers they would not be allowed to work more than thirty hours a week at a trade, the other thirty hours being devoted to technical and other education. The principal effect of this would be that no normal children would grow up unemployable.

2. *The Employment of Mothers.*—A large number of women with young children go out to work, with the result that their children are not properly tended, trained, or nourished, and do not start as normal children at all. All these evils work in a vicious circle: a man is out of work or under-employed because he has not been properly brought up; because he is out of work, his wife has to earn a miserable living at some trade; and because his wife is away at work, their children are not properly trained, and grow up unemployable. Society will have in the future to succour the mother in its own interest, if not in hers.

3. *Overwork.*—The vicious circle works in other ways also. Because the mother goes out to work, she displaces childless women, who thus become unemployed; and she displaces men too. If mothers could mind their children, if young people did not go to full work till they were eighteen, then a great number of men who have been squeezed out by their cheaper labour would find work again.

And the same applies to the reduction of the actual hours of work in time-work occupations—not in all trades, for it has been shown that men do as much work in an eight-hour day as in a day of ten hours. But in such occupations as those of railway men, and tramway men, and policemen, the establishment of decent human conditions would at once absorb many thousands of men. Railway men very largely work twelve hours a day, and seventy or eighty hours a week; omnibus men eighty and as much as ninety hours a week; and the picked men of the police force are not allowed to obey the Fourth Commandment. Thus it is that many are grossly overworked, in order that others may be unemployed. Justice to the one class would be mercy to the other.

# WOMEN AT WORK By MARGARET HAMILTON

## II.—THE GIRL BEHIND THE BAR

*The question of women's employment, with its attendant problems of the rate of wages, hours of labour, and the inevitable competition with men workers, is a burning one, affecting as it does the welfare of the entire community. The Editor invites his readers' views on this all-important subject.*

As we see them, they are tall, stately, self-possessed, good-looking and efficient, smartly gowned, well groomed, with an enviable air of detachment.

As they see us, we are too often a clamorous, insistent, hurried mass of humanity, many of whom have rushed in and, eager to be off, demand instant attention. Neat-handed and deft, the "girl behind the bar" serves ten customers at once, talks to as many and smiles at all. One envies her dexterity, the quiet manner, without a trace of fluster, a suggestion of worry. She remembers her customers' names, their idiosyncrasies and calling, to say nothing of their favourite refreshment, and has a pleasant word for each.

No woman worker sees a greater variety of men, and none know better how to handle them. A girl employed in a riverside hotel will learn to interest herself in rowing gossip, and to discuss the "form" of rival eights. Take her to a Fleet Street hostelry and she will display the same quickness, and listen to the poem of a minor poet or the account of a wrestling match by a sporting expert with equal sympathy.

Where do they come from, these women for whom every man has a kindly feeling? Some are connected by family ties with the trade, others force their way from the country. The daughters of small farmers, market gardeners, and small shopkeepers. Employed first of all at the local inn or railway station, they migrate by easy stages to the great city that to the village damsel is still paved with shining gold. Others start from the very bottom of the ladder and take a "learner's" place, until such time as they are initiated into the mysteries of the glass bottles that are kept so sparkling and bright.

More than once the "girl behind the bar" has been faced with the possibility of painless extinction by the law. The unco' guid have frowned on her devoted head with its auburn tresses and amber comb. But the threatened barmaid has lived long. The clause in the last Licensing Bill, putting a time limit on her existence, was withdrawn amid a storm of criticism and protest. On the whole, one is not surprised. There are few places where a woman's presence does not refine even the very coarsest and most depraved of men, and those who use bars are not exactly that. In Glasgow, where the barmaids are abolished, drunkenness has not diminished, and in those establishments in London where one is served by men only, the language of the customers is, to put it mildly, by no means so restrained. The idea that barmaids are women who may be insulted with impunity has long passed away, and though "cads will be cads" anyhow, yet the level of conduct in the ordinary saloon is all the better because a woman is present. One recalls the immortal barmaid, Abbey Potterson—one of the greatest of Dickens' creations—who rules the bar of the "Six Jolly Fellowship Porters" with an iron hand, sternly exacting good conduct from the rough characters of the waterside. Miss Potterson, in fact, partook of the character of a Begum. "Being known, on her own authority, as Miss Abbey Potterson, some waterside heads, which (like the water) were none of the clearest, harboured bemuddled notions that, because of her dignity and firmness, she was named after, or in some sort related to, the Abbey at Westminster. But Abbey was only short for Abigail, by which name Miss Potterson had been christened at Limehouse Church, some sixty and odd years before."

One feels that if women had been driven out of the bar in those days the "Six Jolly Fellowship Porters" would have been no jollier, and probably far worse conducted, and to-day, without going to Limehouse, not a few establishments have gained in good management and efficiency because the presiding genius is of the fair sex.

The best of good comrades, she has lent a helping hand to many a man down on his luck. The depository of innumerable confidences, the keeper of strange secrets, if her lips were but unlocked she could tell you curious stories of the customers she knows and serves. But her loyalty, for the most part, is stable, and she does not give her friends away. This reticence, a noticeable feature among women of her calling, in some part accounts for the mystery surrounding the death of poor Miss Camp, who, it will be remembered, was discovered murdered in the train between Vauxhall and Waterloo. Whether or no her associates had knowledge of the man with whom she was going out will never be known. In any case, no word of her confidences passed their lips.

There is a tale on record of a young City clerk, in fierce rebellion against the social system, who, overworked and underpaid, robbed his employer. One evening he came in swaggering with a bunch of roses for the "girl behind the bar." It was mid-winter, and she suspected his ability to pay for them. With a woman's tact and cleverness, she won the truth from him, borrowed such part of the money as he had already spent from a rich customer, insisted on his replacing the whole amount, and finally convinced him of the error of his ways. This is only one of many stories in which a barmaid has played Providence.

Not infrequently she is entrusted not only with the confidences of her customers, but with their belongings also. A man will hand his purse, or a roll of bank-notes, or even gold, to the "girl behind the bar." He thinks his wealth is safer in her keeping than his own. Rarely, if ever, is he disappointed.

The barmaids' hours are long. They vary to some extent with the class and kind of establishment they serve. But, as a rule, the following is fairly typical of the day's work. They are down in the bar at 8.30 or 9 o'clock. At eleven they are allowed half an hour to three-quarters to dress. They are on again till lunch-time, for which they take an hour—unless a rush is on. Later in the afternoon they get a blessed rest of some two hours, and then, with a short interval for supper, they go right on till half-past twelve o'clock. One Sunday in four they are allowed out till eight, and as a rule they get also one evening a week. In the City, of course, which is the Mecca of barmaids, Sunday is a day of rest, and the evening is theirs also. If the house does a quick luncheon trade, served on the counter, the tips go to swell their pay, which, little enough, ranges from 10s. to 14s. a week when they live in, to £1 when they sleep out. It is difficult to appraise the cash value of this living in Both the food and the sleeping accommodation vary enormously. In the smaller suburban houses the food is

generally good and the sleeping accommodation excellent. The proprietor and his wife share their meals with the staff, and where there are only two barmaids there is food enough and to spare, and no lack of suitable sleeping accommodation. But in the big or middle-sized hotel, with a manager watching costs and with little space available, things are apt to be different.

It has been said that one never sees a grey-haired barmaid. The reason is not far to seek. They marry young, and marry well. They have a varied knowledge of masculine foibles and a kindly toleration for them. Self-respecting, with a knowledge of good and evil denied to many of their sister workers, it is to the credit of these hard-working women that their general average of conduct is of a high level, and that no man dares to treat them twice with disrespect.

The barmaid sees life at many angles. In some houses she meets prosperous, well-fed customers; in others the flotsam and jetsam of the great city drifts to her bar. In the East End she comes to close grips with destitution, and learns some of the tragedies of the poor; and the knowledge thus gained is not unused. At this moment a barmaid employed at a hotel in the Borough serves on the committee of a notable social experiment initiated by a well-known novelist for helping working mothers, and she is not a single example. The generosity of the barmaid is spontaneous and ungrudging. In more than one instance the female staff have subscribed among themselves to assist a fellow-worker laid up with illness; and at one particular hotel, for a period extending over some months, the barmaids, three in number, sent three shillings a week each from their small salary to the wife of the porter employed at the establishment, suffering from rheumatic fever.

It is a striking and significant fact that whereas, as we have seen, the abolition of the barmaid has been frequently and insistently demanded by social reformers, no one has urged a like step in relation to the waitress, though she is infinitely worse paid, harder worked, with longer hours, and is more subjected to temptation. The majority of girls in tea-shops work from eight in the morning till eight at night. They must leave their homes a little after seven, with only a hurried breakfast to sustain them for the arduous labours of the day—labours which include an itinerary of many miles to and from the counter, a trial from which the barmaid, be it noted, is exempt. She has to prepare the service for her tables—filling cruets, sugar basins, etc., cleaning silver and polishing trays, so as to be ready for the midday rush.

Lunch commences at twelve, and it is safe to say that the strain on the girl's energies, on her memory, as well as on her physical resources is severe in the extreme. She takes no notes of her orders, and must remember and reproduce without hesitation and in absolute accuracy the most multifarious demands. "Steak and chips—rhubarb tart and small coffee—beef, well done, and two veg.—eggs on toast—chicken croquette and large chocolate" form but a small portion of the customers' requirements. She must remember for whom and by whom these delectable viands have been ordered—no small tax on a mind that has received but rudimentary training. Then, again, she has another series of facts to memorise: the price of every article must be entered on the check at the precise moment or she gets severely reprimanded. After lunch the rush slackens, and the girls get something to eat for themselves. The *menu* is not generous, a portion only of the cost being defrayed by the management. Tea finds the girls almost as busy as during the luncheon rush, and when eight strikes the hour of release it may be questioned if they are not far more outworn in mind and body than their sisters behind the bar.

And in relation to this, it should be noted that the waitress stands between two fires. On the one hand, the irritation of the customer at being kept waiting; on the other hand, the complaints of the kitchen staff if she unduly hurries any order.

In regard to diet the contrast is again in favour of the barmaid, who receives as a rule good food and a sufficiency, while the waitress is restricted to two meals, made up of the leavings of the dishes on the *carte*.

The waitress receives on an average some ten shillings weekly, including, as we have shown, two meals. In the majority of cases she sleeps out, and railway fares must be deducted from this scanty sum. In places where a dinner trade exists her wages are higher, ranging from ten to fifteen shillings weekly. It is only in the coffee shops, as a rule, that the waitress sleeps in; these establishments cater chiefly for the working classes, and the conditions are more tolerable than those appertaining to tea-shops. The diet is more generous, though the *clientèle* is less select. The balance of wages, on the average, is heavily on the side of the barmaid.

It may be urged that the waitress gets her tips, but against this it must be remembered that she has to pay for breakages—customers' as well as her own—and that at most of the depôts of large catering companies the tips are purely nominal. Personal tipping is forbidden, and the share per head of money deposited in the employee's box upon the counter is very small. If we carry the contrast further we find that the brewery companies, who are ultimately the employers of the barmaid, have a struggle to pay five and four per cent. on their debentures, *while tea-shops earn dividends on their shares of seventy per cent.!*

And, in addition to these facts, we should remember that these giant concerns not only overwork and underpay their girls, but exercise an impertinent and restrictive prohibition on their dress, many insisting on flat heels, flat hair, and tight waistbands!

The life of the waitress in the country, at the small inns and pleasure gardens, at places of popular resort, is that of a slave. As a rule she sleeps upon the premises, and her day's work is arduous in the extreme. She rises at five, and it is often past midnight when she crawls up to bed.

But not thus is the lot of every waitress. There are delectable tea-rooms in the West where the labour is light, the hours easy, and the opportunity for social amenity great. Soho also offers, in some restaurants, at least happier prospects for the girl with the tray. A certain establishment, notable alike for the excellence of its cooking and the perfection of its service, boasts a charming retinue. Built on the lines of an old farmhouse kitchen, French girls in picturesque costumes flit about with cups of coffee and liqueurs. In their hair are silver pins and jewelled combs; they laugh and talk without restraint, with that wealth of gesture and expression that belongs to France, and pick up the ample *douceurs* left by admiring customers upon the table with deft and twinkling fingers.

It is the fashion for certain unthinking and inconsiderate members of our society to jeer at the "girl behind the bar," to level a sneer against the waitress. I would remind all those who hold lightly the duties of these hard-working women that the importance of their function is expressed in one of the oldest and most honoured mottoes in the world: *Ich dien*—I serve.

# COUNTRIES OF THE WORLD BY THE EDITOR

## VIII.—CHINA

I.

THE Chinese Revolution, which in a few months swept away an ancient monarchy which had existed for thousands of years, took the Western World by surprise. Although we had been prepared for a change by the universal unrest and fermentation in the East, and by the rise of Young Turkey and of Young Persia, we certainly were not prepared for so dramatic a catastrophe. Hitherto China had seemed impervious to modern ideas. Generations of missionary enterprise had made no impression, and the revolt of the Boxers had been directed, not against the old régime, but against the new régime, which allowed itself to be controlled by the "foreign devils."

But the far-reaching revolution, which Christianity and diplomacy had been powerless to achieve, was precipitated by the crushing defeat of the Russians. Port Arthur, Tsusima, and Mukden were object-lessons which at last opened the eyes even of the Chinese Conservatives. Those disasters revealed that the only way to obtain victory over the "foreign devils" was to adopt their material civilisation, their railways, their armies, and, having got hold of those weapons, to turn them against Europe. From the day of Mukden the triumph of the reformers was a foregone conclusion, and China resolutely started to reconstruct her venerable and crumbling house on Western plans and models.

II.

We still speak of China as the "Far East." We fail to realise that the Trans-Siberian and Manchurian Railways have brought Pekin to within a fortnight's journey of London. Two weeks of comfortable, if monotonous, travelling land us in the capital of the Chinese Empire, and European residents in China are already beginning to arrange to spend their summer holidays in the Mother-country.

But although material distances seem to have been abolished, morally, China is as remote as ever. We are as bewildered as ever by the sight of Chinese civilisation, and by the contradictory accounts which we hear about it. On the one hand we have the evidence of European residents like the eminent French diplomat, Eugene Simon, summing up in his striking book, "Ten Years of Travel and Observation," and glorifying the Chinese people as, politically and morally, superior in culture to ourselves. On the other hand we have Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb expressing nothing but contempt for a people who are living under a régime of State socialism, and who, therefore, ought to commend themselves to Fabian leaders.

When we are face to face with such glaring contradictions we naturally assume that those judgments must apply to two entirely different countries. Is it not that what some travellers are describing is Inland China, which only reveals itself after a protracted residence, and that, on the contrary, what the majority of tourists are describing is the China of the Treaty Ports, Canton and Hong-Kong, Shanghai and Tientsin, which seem to harbour the scum of the Far Eastern Republic, and where the Chinese seem to have lost all their national virtues, and to have assumed all the vices of the West? And is it not unfair to China to describe those Treaty Ports as typically Chinese, considering that they are entirely the outcome of modern conditions and of demoralising intercourse with the West?

III.

But, apart from that fundamental distinction, it must be obvious *à priori* that no sweeping judgment can be passed on a population of 450,000,000 human beings. What we said about Russia is equally true about China. She is not one homogeneous country, but a heterogeneous continent, extending from the Pacific Ocean to the eternal solitudes of Tibet, from ice-bound Siberia to tropical Cochin-China. And in that Chinese continent everything is on a colossal scale. Time is measured, not by centuries, but by millenniums. Space is measured, not by hundreds, but by thousands of miles. We hear of a particular structure, the Great Wall, erected by human hands, and of a particular canal, the Imperial Canal, dug by human labour, extending for a thousand miles. We hear of plagues destroying millions of human lives. We hear of a wondrous, fertile, yellow earth going down to a depth of two thousand feet. We hear of coal deposits sufficient to supply the whole of the world for a generation to come.

IV.

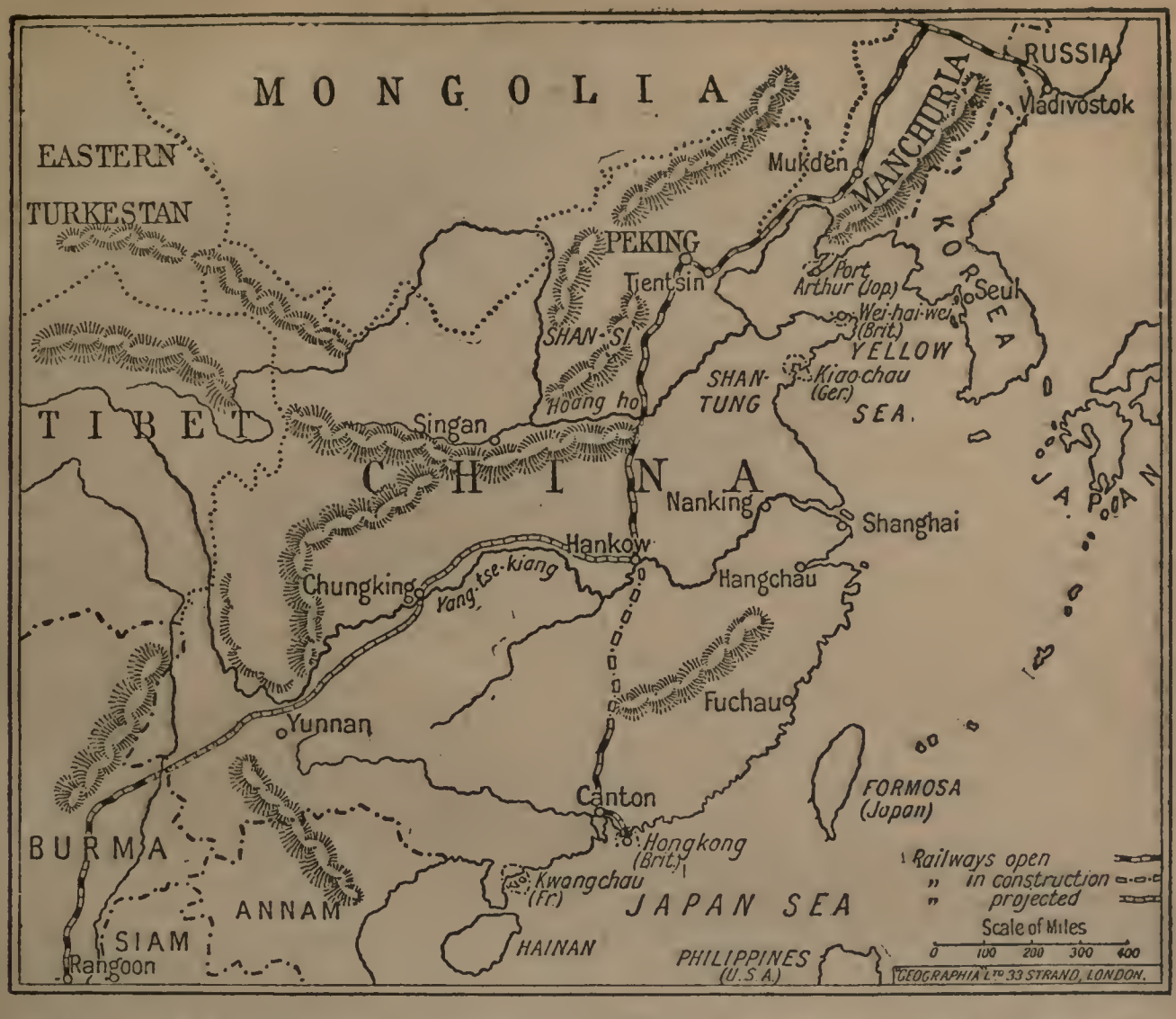
China may be best described as the alluvial plain of two mighty rivers—the "Yellow" River in the north and the "Blue" River in the centre—the Hoang-ho and the Yang-tse-kiang. Those two rivers have made China in the same sense in which the Nile has made Egypt. But, unlike the Nile, the "Yellow" River is destructive as well as creative. Whereas the inundation of the Nile is gradual and periodical, and proves an unmixed blessing, the inundation of the Chinese rivers, and especially of the "Yellow" River, is sudden and catastrophic, the water rising by two to three hundred feet in a few weeks, and the result is the destruction of thousands of villages and of millions of villagers. Well may the Hoang-ho be described as the incorrigible river, as "China's Sorrow," as the scourge of the children of Ham.

But if the sudden rise of the Hoang-ho nearly always means calamity, the yellow sand, or "loess," which it deposits, and which colours the whole landscape of Northern China, also brings prodigious fertility. And the Chinese have made the most of the fertility of the soil. They are born agriculturalists and market gardeners. China is one huge rice field and tea plantation. There are no forests or pastures. Every square inch seems to be cultivated. Even the boats on the rivers are made into little roof gardens. And as the result of such intensive agriculture, China is able to feed a population of 450,000,000.

Hitherto an agricultural country, China is likely in the near future also to become a mighty industrial power. With the inexhaustible mineral deposits, described by Richthofen, and with an unlimited supply of human labour, all that is wanted is improved means of communication. Hitherto China has been entirely dependent on her waterways. Two gigantic lines of railways are being built, which will traverse the Republic from North to South and from East to West, from Canton to Pekin, and from the east coast to Sze-chuan.

V.

In one sense China is admirably governed. Her statesmen have at least achieved what the statesmen of India never succeeded in accomplishing. They have insured law and order over a huge territory. Chinese government may be misgovernment, but at least it is not Indian anarchy.




In theory—and the Chinese are great theorists—China is one huge family living under the rule of Confucius. Almost alone amongst religious founders, Confucius is exclusively concerned with the affairs of this world. He is a positivist, and his teaching is purely ethical. But if we can trust the majority of missionaries and travellers, it cannot be said that his ethical religion has been more successful than the transcendent morality of other religions. For in practice the Confucian family is described as a tyrannical and corrupt bureaucracy, where ninety-nine per cent. live in a state of practical slavery.

VI.

The national characteristics of the Chinese are a strange mixture of vices and virtues. The Chinaman in the Treaty Ports is certainly not clean, and a Chinese street is a perpetual and nauseating offence to the olfactive nerves. He is said to be cruel, and to have made infanticide into a custom and torture into a science. He is corrupt, and amenable to bribery. Some witnesses say he is dishonest, although others say that, compared with the Japanese, he is a paragon of integrity. On the other hand, he is credited with some of the virtues of a gentleman, and with all the virtues of a perfect slave. He is courteous, and no one can be more blandly mannered than a Chinese mandarin in his blue silk robes. John Chinaman is a pacificist, and his master Confucius is as severe as Mr. Norman Angell in condemnation of war. He is obedient and law-abiding, and he is incredibly industrious. He has infinite capacity for taking pains. Whether the Chinaman migrates to Bangkok or to San Francisco, to the Philippines or to South Africa, he is universally dreaded, not because he is a failure, but because he is more efficient than others, because he can feed on rats and cats and carrion, because he can thrive on a penny a day, and work for sixteen hours out of twenty-four.

VII.

What will be the future of China? The recent history of Japan has shown how dangerous it is to prophesy, and how little even immediate observers know of the inner conditions of the Far East. When we see Great Britain claiming the right to poison the Chinese people and to force opium upon them, when we find all the Western Powers vieing with each other in their endeavour to reduce China to industrial subjection, when we find Russia determined on the political annexation of Manchuria, we cannot but look at the near future with serious misgivings. The conquest of Manchuria and the Protectorate over Northern China will make Russia more than ever into an Asiatic power, will confirm her in her Asiatic methods of government, and may indefinitely postpone the emancipation of the Russian people. On the other hand, the industrial exploitation of China may precipitate the "Yellow Peril." It will certainly flood Asia and it may flood Europe with the produce of sweated Chinese labour, and it may thus prevent that economic enfranchisement of the European workers on which the future of civilisation depends.

# HENRIK IBSEN

I.

THE growth and blossoming of dramatic literature is generally associated in our minds with wealth and leisure, with the patronage of a Court or a class or a caste, with intellectual freedom, with the stimulus of a capital, or with the inspiration of a great national movement, in short, with all the conditions of a refined and artificial state of society. Such has been the development of the drama in Spain and France, in Elizabethan England and in modern Germany. But very different have been the conditions under which the contemporary Scandinavian drama has evolved. Here we have no aristocracy, but only a petty democracy of shopkeepers and churchmen; here we have no wealthy or leisured class, but only a community engaged in a hard struggle for existence; here we have no intellectual liberty, but only an atmosphere of ignorance and prejudice. And certainly nothing could well be more uninteresting and more depressing than the life-story of the great writer who made that Scandinavian drama into a world force. A miserable and cramped adolescence spent in little Norwegian highland parishes; a long-drawn battle with parsons and prejudices, with shopkeepers and poverty; a chequered career as a chemist's assistant, as a penny-a-line journalist, as theatrical manager; repeated failure, followed by a long exile and a wandering and solitary existence in Germany and Italy; and at last success and recognition, culminating in national hero-worship and universal fame: such, in brief, is the biography of Henrik Ibsen.

II.

The hard and bitter fight which Ibsen had to wage against Norwegian obscurantism might have crushed a weaker personality. It only hardened his temper and added strength and discipline to his genius. It had exactly the same effect on him which it had on a great Scotsman, a kindred genius, nurtured under similar conditions, and who, about the same time, was eating out his own heart in the solitude of Ecclefechan. Without an intimate knowledge of those early struggles, it would certainly be impossible to understand the literary personality of Ibsen and his most striking features: his dourness, his grim satire, his rebellion against social conventions, his hatred of democracy, his fierce individualism, which is the inspiration of "The Enemy of the People" and of "Brand," and, above all, his love of liberty.

There is a striking passage in a letter quoted by Brandes, which throws a vivid light on his character: "What a splendid country Russia is! What a magnificent despotism. Just think of it—what immense love of liberty it must generate! Russia is one of the rare countries on earth where men still love liberty and are ready to sacrifice everything to it. That is why that nation is so great both in Poetry and in Art."

What Russian despotism did for Russian Liberals, the petty persecution of parochial Scandinavian tyrants did for Ibsen. It made him into an uncompromising individualist, into a Nietzschean aristocrat, into a herald of revolt.

III.

But Ibsen owed something more to his native country than the stern discipline of poverty and the indignant protest of an independent mind. There is another Norway very different from the petty Republic in which he spent an unhappy youth. There is the Norway of the Fjords, of the Midnight Sun, the Norway of bold mariners, which even to-day has produced the conquerors of the Pole, a Nansen and an Amundsen. And there is the Norway which in the past has bred a race of vikings and berserkirs. It is this Norway of sublime landscapes and heroic traditions which quickened Ibsen's imagination. It was her sagas which he learned by heart in the long winter nights. It is this land of dreams and cloud-capped mountains which inspired his poetry, and which explains his symbolism and mysticism. It is the spirit of mediæval Norway, it is her ideals, which are revealed in his two great dramatic poems, in "Brand" and "Peer Gynt," so radically different from the realism of the later comedies.

IV.

Those two great dramatic poems, the high-water mark of Scandinavian poetry, are entirely concerned with individual conflicts. "Brand" is the martyr of duty, of the human conscience, of the categorical imperative. "Peer Gynt" is the victim of the artistic impulse, and of the vagaries of a boundless imagination. On the contrary, in the later comedies the inner conflicts of the individual soul become the external conflicts of society. After the publication of the "League of Youth," every one of Ibsen's plays becomes a social "problem play." "The Pillars of Society" exposes the hypocritical exploitation of the parochial politician. "A Doll's House" raises the whole problem of the position of women in modern society. "Ghosts" and "Rosmersholm" are the tragedy of heredity. "The Enemy of the People" shatters the ideals of modern democracy and rails at the tyranny of the majority.

V.

It is probably because every one of Ibsen's comedies is a problem play, and because the solution of every problem is invariably rebellion against authority and tradition, that even the most superficial student is forced into a comparison with the drama of Mr. Bernard Shaw. And no doubt the influence of Ibsen on Bernard Shaw has been profound and lasting. The resemblances between the Norwegian and the Irishman are unmistakable and far-reaching. Both are uncompromisingly sincere. Both are modern with a vengeance: in one sense they are both Puritans, and in another sense they are Pagans and Nietzscheans extolling the joy of life.

But the comparison between Ibsen and Shaw has often been unduly laboured, and has caused us to underrate and to overlook the radical differences which separate them, and the profound originality of both. Shaw is ever and everywhere a realist. Ibsen, even in his social comedies, remains the poet of "Brand" and "Peer Gynt," the mystic and the symbolist. We cannot conceive of Mr. Bernard Shaw writing "The Lady of the Lake," "The Wild Duck," "The Master Builder," or "John Gabriel Borkman."

But the most marked difference between Ibsen and Shaw is in their political and social doctrine. Shaw is at least in theory a systematic Socialist. It may be difficult to reconcile his Fabianism and his State Socialism with his conception of the Superman, but still he claims to be a consistent democrat. On the contrary, Ibsen has a horror of democracy as he has a horror of the State. From his first juvenile attempt in "Catiline" he appears as the aristocrat and the individualist, and the first and last word of his political philosophy is that "the only strong man is the man who stands alone."

HENRIK IBSEN, NATUS 1828, OBIIT 1906

# LITERARY NOTES

THE hope I expressed last week that we might soon have a full record of the splendid heroism of Captain Scott and his companions is likely to be amply fulfilled. The proprietors of the *Strand Magazine*, who have the sole magazine rights in this country of Captain Scott's personal description and photographs of his expedition, have received a cable from Commander Evans to the effect that the former left his diaries in complete form, and that his photographic films turned out excellent. The story in its entirety promises to be a feature unique in its thrilling interest in the magazine literature of the world.

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I have been much interested in the recent correspondence in the *Athenæum* with reference to anonymous criticism. It seems to me that cogent reasons may be adduced both for and against unsigned articles or reviews. The anonymous critic is often taunted with cowardice when in reality he is acting from the best of motives—the exercising of the critical function worthily. I can conceive of many circumstances in which a writer would be justified on the most honourable grounds in refraining from putting his name to an article or a review. Furthermore, I believe that unsigned reviews in many cases acquire a special interest and value simply because they are unsigned. I am not quite sure that I should read the *Times* Literary Supplement or the *Athenæum* with the same relish if I knew who wrote this review and who wrote that.

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But while admitting that there is much to be said for anonymous criticism, I do not forget that it affords a splendid opportunity for the literary log-roller who, unfortunately, flourishes like a green bay tree. Take the case of the hack reviewer who writes anonymously in different papers about the same book. What happens? The reading public are deluded into thinking that there is a unanimous verdict in favour of or in condemnation of a particular book. No doubt, as has been pointed out, responsible reviewers usually decline to criticise a book for more than one journal, but, alas! they are numerically small compared with the hodmen who make a living by writing cheap reviews about the same book for various papers.

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This is the most formidable argument against anonymous reviewing, but how is it to be overcome? I observe that one correspondent suggests that the leading journals should stipulate that any reviewer who writes in more than one paper about the same book should sign each of his reviews of it. Theoretically, the idea is excellent, but in practice it would miserably fail. Such a proposition involves financial considerations, and when these are raised it requires two to settle them. The more one thinks of this problem the more one is impressed by its complexity. But its importance cannot be doubted, and I shall welcome any opinions from readers of EVERYMAN that are likely to help in its solution.

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"Half Lengths" is a somewhat enigmatical title for a book, but it is to adorn the title-page of a new volume which Mr. G. W. E. Russell is publishing shortly through Messrs. Grant Richards. Mr. Russell has written a few books in his time, all of them most readable, but I always associate him with those delightful essayettes which were written at the suggestion of James Payn, and published rather more than a dozen years ago, under the title "Collections and Recollections." I am glad, therefore, to learn that his new volume is to be on the same lines. It will deal with many interesting personalities of recent years, and there will also be essays on Oxford, Cambridge, and "John Inglesant."

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Ibsen literature grows apace. Few "foreign" authors of so recent a date have had so much attention bestowed upon them by English critics. Mr. Bernard Shaw's "Quintessence of Ibsenism" is a brilliant study, and I wish it could be reprinted. Then there is Mr. Haldane Macfall's "Ibsen the Man: His Art and His Significance," which affords a good epitome of the dramatist's life and work. Last year Mr. R. E. Roberts brought out a critical study, which the *Times* described as "just, lofty, and penetrating." The latest book appears in Mr. Fifield's spring announcements. The author is Mr. Henry Rose, who discusses the symbolical and mystical features of each of Ibsen's social and psychological plays, and shows the growth and consistency of the dramatist's thought.

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Captain Granville Baker's new book, "The Passing of the Turkish Empire in Europe," comes most opportunely at an hour when the Balkan question is uppermost in our political thoughts. The author has just returned from Turkey, where he had exceptional opportunities of getting behind the diplomatic scenes. He describes how the power of the Turk waxed and grew great so as to prove a menace to Europe, and how all the neighbouring States were absorbed and became integral portions of the Ottoman Empire. The origin, growth, and racial characteristics of the Balkan States are described. Captain Baker has also enlivened his pages by a number of spirited sketches. The book is published by Messrs. Seeley.

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Messrs. Chapman and Hall are publishing this week the second and completing volume of the Rev. Henry W. Clark's "History of English Nonconformity," carrying the narrative from the Restoration to the close of the nineteenth century. Mr. Clark's first volume, though it naturally cannot claim to be strictly impartial, is an able vindication of the successive Nonconformist movements within the Church of England and outside it. The author is a Congregational minister who has of late years acquired considerable reputation as a theological writer. He is now editing Messrs. Chapman and Hall's new series of volumes, entitled "The Great Christian Theologics."

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Professor Bury's scholarly edition of Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," upon which he has been working for several years, is now complete. The seventh and concluding volume will be published by Messrs. Methuen next week. There is no edition of Gibbon to compare with Professor Bury's in point of insight and learning, and I hope the publishers may see their way in due time to bring out a cheap edition. At present the work costs half a guinea a volume, a prohibitive price for the average reader.

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Several interesting psychological problems are raised by Mrs. Humphry Ward's new novel, entitled "The Mating of Lydia," which Messrs. Smith, Elder are to publish in a few days. X. Y. Z.

# MASTERPIECE OF THE WEEK

## Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass" ⁂ By Ernest Rhys

I.

Some drawings made by an Edinburgh artist, Miss Cook, to illustrate Walt Whitman, were seen in London lately, and they served to call up afresh the hardly explainable power of his writing. Wrought in translucent colours, and nobly designed, they left one reflecting on the old complaint over his want of grace, and trying to estimate afresh where his real strength lay. In the winter of 1888-89 it was my good fortune to visit America and to pay him sundry visits; and as the man in the book, and the book in the man, counted indispensably in his estimate, it may be well to begin there, and call him up as he was in his later days—a prisoner to paralysis in his own walls.

It was after dark one December evening when I crossed from Philadelphia by ferry to Camden by one of those unwieldy paddle-boats in which he took to the last a boyish delight. Snow was in the air and on the ground, and in the dark street where he lived the small wooden-framed houses looked to a stranger cold and inhospitable. The fates were surely not propitious, and a first knock on the door of his house brought no reply. However, it opened at length, and a friendly housekeeper appeared, and a blaze of lamplight broke the evil spell. Within a room of no great size, before a closed American stove —how unlike our English open fires!—the old man sat, great of form, in his great chair; grave, self-absorbed, motionless as an Indian *rishi;* and slowly roused himself to welcome his visitor.

If the surroundings were not of a build to express the individuality of a poet of the open air and all the Americas, his massive frame, erect head, and large and unusual proportions soon made one forget them. He gave one the impression of some wise, mighty old peasant, akin to Ivan Tourgueniev's "King Lear of the Steppes," withdrawn from the fields he had tilled; sitting solitary in a mountain hut and turning over in his mind the kindred elements, the stars, winds and waters, men and beasts, he had known.

II.

At that time Walt Whitman was sixty-seven or sixty-eight years old, and a whole generation has gone by since he began to write "Leaves of Grass." He looked much older than his years, for the experiences he had gone through in the Civil War, reflected in the series of war poems he called "Drum Taps," had proved a heavy drain upon his robust constitution. The illness that followed affected his limbs—a hard visitation for a man of his build and temper, who loved to be in the open and follow a wandering life when the whim seized him. His consolation was, I gathered, to summon up the events and the stirring days that had been his when he was in his prime. He told me once he wished he had learnt in his younger days to smoke a pipe, because it would have helped him to pass the time and induce the flow of congenial excogitation. But he had always had a dread of anything that could in any degree, by either its narcotic or nervous effect, destroy the normal state of a man. One of his resources was to watch (as if he were in some degree still the world's imaginative historiographer) the course of human affairs in the newspapers on both sides the Atlantic. At times, indeed, he appeared to be sitting almost knee-deep in a litter of papers, periodicals, and books. Out of this sea it was that he fished up the copy of his works in two volumes, that now lies on the table here—a copy that he had used himself from time to time, and made thereby the more precious; whose pages still seem to breathe an air of his immediate presence, grave and kind, stately and retrospective.

III.

This is the "author's edition," that he published himself at Camden in 1876, with portraits from the life, and many fond personal touches to give it actuality. The title-page of the first volume itself bears a remarkable inscription, followed by his autograph, which commits him, as it were, to be the attendant spirit or *genii* of his book. A set of inscriptions follows, and the first of them contains in its three last lines the key to the special message of "Leaves of Grass":—

"Of life immense in passion, pulse, and power,
Cheerful—for freest action form'd, under the laws divine,
The modern man I sing!"

To a visitor from the Old World, anxious to believe that it, too, was potential, the old poet was, in expounding the idea laid down in this and other "Inscriptions," less uncompromising than might have been expected. Originally he had felt, no doubt, that America, to attain its spiritual freedom, and to find its own mark in poetry, would have to make a complete break with the past. These convictions came to be tempered afterwards, as he said, though he thought that they might be the "results of advancing age" or the reflections of an invalided soldier. "I see that this world of the West, as part of all, fuses inseparably with the East, and with all that went before, just as time does, and the ever-new and ever-old human race." But no doubt it was well for his work and for the expression of what he saw in American life with his own eyes, uttered in an idiom that was strenuously and even crudely his own, that he had not learnt to defer to other and foreign modes when he first set out to deliver his original message:—

"I am the poet of the Body;
And I am the poet of the Soul."

"The pleasures of heaven are with me, and the pains of hell are with me;
The first I graft and increase upon myself—the latter I translate into a new tongue."

"I am the poet of the woman the same as the man,
And I say it is as great to be a woman as to be a man,
And I say there is nothing greater than the mother of men. . . ."

This occurs in the poem which he calls Walt Whitman, which is the most daring testament of a man's personality, his passions, appetites, hopes, desires, and physical conditions ever set down in a book. No one but he who made it could explain the way in which it was made. But the cumulative power of its fifty-two cantos is great and undeniable. It is a document from a life in which the civil refinements, the niceties and beauties of language, are flagrantly and almost brutally ignored. To revert to the idea of the inspired son of earth, one pictures him as one who has his feet on the earth, and who is not ashamed of the things of the earth; one who is going to use his animal instincts and his crudest powers to enable him to seize upon reality and to make that reality the door of his approach to the house of the spirit and to the Mount of Vision.

# "THE PRETENDERS," BY HENRIK IBSEN,

## AT THE HAYMARKET THEATRE

IT was a bold and worthy thing on the part of Mr. Frederick Harrison to give us "The Pretenders" at his theatre. Bold, because the drama is on so great a scale that its production was a tremendous undertaking; worthy, because the work is so great an achievement of so great a man that, as Mr. William Archer says in his note in the programme, its production relieves "the English stage of a long-standing reproach." Every lover of noble art will be glad that, at last, someone has had the courage to attempt it, for in its profound searching of the human soul, in its wide emotional range, in depth of passion as well as in mere craftsmanship, it is one of the masterpieces of the last century. It was written in 1863, when Ibsen was still a young man, when he was suffering poverty, disappointment, and every extreme hardship, and when the lyrical poet that he was by gift of nature was being destroyed within him, or, if not destroyed, yet embittered and turned out of the proper course. If this play be, as some say, the outcome of his own sad experiences at the time, it is none the worse for that. It may be that in the Earl Skule we can see Ibsen himself, conscious of his great gifts, yet consumed with doubts and hesitations as to his own calling, and jealous of the amazing success of his friend and rival Bjornsen. It may be; but the play is great not because of what we can read into it, but because it has a great subject.

The action of the play is set in Norway of the thirteenth century, in a heroic age, in which the primitive and essential qualities of the soul are more easily discerned than they are amid the complexities of modern life. The chief characters are men, and two of them are among the supreme creations of the human mind. The women are of minor importance, though not devoid of interest, and have little in common with the characters in his later plays that have made Ibsen a questionable name in the suburbs.

The study of Earl Skule is that of a man with "wisdom and courage and all noble gifts of the mind," whose life was laid waste by doubt. He was the unsuccessful Pretender; but could he have believed in himself with that "firm and unswerving faith in himself" that he admired so much in the successful Hakon, he might still have been a king; or could he have believed in the undoubted "right" of this rival to the kingship, his restless soul would have been quiet, he would have bowed his head and served him, "In God's name—king he should remain." The self-torturing of the man and the manner in which he endeavours to overcome his evil doubts make a character study of the highest quality. He is urged by the Bishop to act as though he had faith in himself: "Speak as though you had it, swear great oaths that you have it." But no! it is useless, he must convince himself first. He sees how it is with the fortunate man, his rival: "Ay, does not everything thrive with him? Does not everything shape itself for the best when he is concerned? Even the peasants note it; they say the trees bear fruit twice, and the fowls hatch out two broods every summer, whilst Hakon is king." This Hakon is, indeed, doing good service for Norway; the land, harried by rebellious factions, is being restored to peace. The realm is becoming united. But he has greater ideas. Norway is like a church that stands as yet unconsecrate. He will consecrate it. "Norway has been a *kingdom*, it shall become a *people*. . . . That is the task which God has laid on my shoulders; that is the work which now lies before the King of Norway." Skule, when he hears that, is overwhelmed by the idea.

SKULE: To unite . . . all Norway? 'Tis impossible! Norway's saga tells of no such thing!

HAKON: For you 'tis impossible, for you can but work out the old saga afresh; for me 'tis as easy as for the falcon to cleave the clouds.

SKULE (in uneasy agitation): To unite the whole people—to awaken it so that it shall know itself *one!* Whence got you so strange a thought? It runs through me like ice and fire.

Then a mad idea comes to the Earl: can he steal the king's thought? can that thought become his own? will a thought like that make men believe in him and make him believe in himself? "Can one man take God's calling from another, as he takes weapons and gold from his fallen foe? Can a Pretender clothe himself in a king's life-task, as he can put on the kingly mantle?" A barren woman, he has heard, may adopt a child, and love it until it becomes as her very own. "*I* am as a barren woman. Therefore I love Hakon's kingly thought-child, love it with the warmest passion of my soul. Oh, that I could but adopt it!" He wrecks his life over this idea, and discovers in the end the truth of what a poet told him at the beginning: "A man can die for another's life-work; but if he go on living, he must live for his own." And at last, when, defeated and alone, he seeks sanctuary at Elgesœter Convent from the swords of his enemies, he sees the path clear; at last all doubts vanish from him, and he goes out with a quiet heart, though with a broken spirit, to meet his death: "Not in the sanctuary of Elgesœter will I cast me down and beg for grace of an earthly king. I must into the mighty church roofed with the vault of stars, and 'tis the King of kings I must implore for grace and mercy over all my life-work." Mr. Laurence Irving played the part with rare ability. He has a genius for characters in which the soul is at war with itself, and his face, so much like a mask, can express every fine shade of the subtle workings of the mind. He upheld the nobility of the character even in its deepest anguish, so that it never once became mean. It was an admirable piece of work in every respect.

If Skule is far and away the character of chief interest in the play, Bishop Nicholas is created with an equal perfection of art. He is a consummate scoundrel, whose scoundrelism is as deep as his nature. A soldier who could not fight because he lacked courage, a sensual man without physical powers, he became a priest, for "king or priest must that man be who would have all might in his hands." He has no capacity but for wickedness, and his life was spent in plotting in the State and in ministering to the evil spirit of man. There shall be no fine men, "here shall no giant be; for I was never a giant!"

I have said little about the Haymarket production, because, although it has more than a little merit, it is not so much to my mind that I can praise it without qualification. But for all that, after all only a matter of mere personal taste, I would urge all who have any care for the literary quality of the theatre to give this play their support. They will surely not regret it. To come into contact with so rare a work is to experience an enlargement of the spirit.

C. B. PURDOM.

# EDUCATIONAL REFORM BY PROF. JOHN ADAMS

Huxley's figure of the educational ladder, with one end in the university and the other in the gutter, has gripped the imagination of the English people, and has very definitely influenced Lord Haldane in his recent speech at Manchester. He desires to organise our education so that it may form a whole, and not, as at present, a group of more or less independent systems. He believes that our university centres are in a sufficiently healthy state to enable us to work from them downwards in our efforts to unify our system. But there are those who think that, so far as efficiency is concerned, the movement should rather come from below upwards. Amid the general gloom about our education it is pleasant to read the handsome certificate of an American writer (Dr. A. C. Perry), who, in his "Outlines of School Administration," published last year, tells us "England is the foremost nation in the world in its provision of educational facilities of preliminary grade." Our elementary schools are, perhaps, not so good as they will be when they have quite recovered from the paralysis caused by the old system of payment by the results of individual examination, but they can at least stand comparison with those of any of the other great countries.

If, then, we are sound at the top and at the bottom, the trouble must be sought in the intermediate stages. But here, again, curiously enough, we find that foreigners are not quite sure that our secondary schools, though sadly lacking in the symmetrical organisation that marks the Continental systems, may not be, after all, in at least some respects, superior to anything to be found elsewhere. The healthy, open-air element in our scheme certainly appeals to those who see the evils of a too exclusively academic system; and in France, at any rate, we have our imitators, while the Germans undoubtedly have a certain envy of our more elastic arrangements. What is wanted with us is not so much the introduction of a system that will reduce all our schools to the same type as the establishment of such a form of organisation as shall preserve the present variety of schools and yet give every child in the country the opportunity of obtaining the best education he is able to receive.

I.

To begin with, we cannot be content with one educational ladder; we want several. It should not be necessary to proceed to the university by way of the gutter. Again, the great mass of the pupils in our elementary schools have neither the ability nor the desire to go on to a higher academic course. For them the elementary school should provide a training complete in itself, and having no necessary reference to secondary or university work. Somewhat the same thing may be said about the great majority of those who attend secondary schools. Hitherto the needs of the pupils who were to proceed to the university have in too many cases determined the course of those (the vast majority) who had no thought of a university career. In America it is said that every boy has to be educated as a potential President of the United States, and in England it might almost as truly be said that every boy at a secondary school must be educated as a potential college don. Arrangements must be made to keep open the passage to the White House and the university, but these little side ladders must not monopolise the space that ought to be filled with ladders leading direct to various other departments of social activity. This contention does not necessarily lead to vocational education. The work in schools may be of a purely general character, and yet have a certain bearing on the kind of life the pupil is likely to lead afterwards.

II.

From the teacher's point of view there is here a great difficulty. Many maintain that, if a pupil is to enter upon a secondary course, the sooner he starts upon it the better. If they are to have them at all, secondary schoolmasters are always keen to get recruits from the elementary schools at the earliest possible age. Probably the need for this early transfer from elementary to secondary schools will be less urgent as the elementary curriculum is improved. There is a very general belief now, among those who have studied the subject with some care, that a great deal too much time has hitherto been spent on the mere instrumental subjects, the so-called three R.'s, and that these would be all the better taught if they were treated more as the instrumental subjects they really are. If this view gains ground, there is nothing to hinder the elementary stages at a primary school closely resembling those at a secondary school, so that pupils might pass easily from the one to the other. In certain parts of Germany at the present moment there is an outcry for what is called the *Einheitsschule*, that is, a school that is common to all, and is suitable for the preliminary training of all the pupils of a country, whatever their later and higher education may be. The Americans actually have the *Einheitsschule* as an integral part of their system, and of late it almost appears as if they are not quite sure that they altogether like it. In any case, however, the elementary schools of this country ought certainly to be worked on the principle of the *Einheitsschule*. After completing the course there, the pupils ought to be qualified by their training to proceed to any higher course for which they are fitted.

III.

But the social question has also to be faced. After a democratic Government has done everything to secure equal opportunities for acquiring intellectual training, there will remain the social disqualifications of accent, manner, and other less patent results of a narrow home-life. Only the very best pupils will be able to rise above these disadvantages, and many will be content that this should be so. Removal from the family circle may seem too high a price to pay for a somewhat ill-defined advantage. The civic universities will, no doubt, do their share on the social side, though they will necessarily come short of the possibilities of the older universities. But, after all, the relative lack of polish in the produce of the Scottish universities and their younger English equivalents is compensated by a certain rugged strength that very usually accompanies it.

By the way, Lord Haldane is to be thanked for the name he has applied to our newer universities. These object strongly to the term "provincial," while "municipal" smacks too much of a Town Council institution. "Modern" is too vague, but now "civic" fills the gap. It suggests Rome and Venice at their best, so Lord Haldane has deserved well of the uni-

versities of this type. His plan of increasing the number of these universities and of making them the centres of educational organisation throughout the country, somewhat after the French pattern, without its centralisation, should prove very satisfactory. It has been tried in Scotland in the somewhat limited field of the training of teachers, and is still on its trial there. In its wider application it must be worked on generous lines. The universities must guide, but they must not dominate. The teachers and the educated public must have their share in the control. At the present moment there is in existence a newly constituted body, called the Teachers' Registration Council, which is made up of forty-four representative persons. The main function of this body is to draw up and maintain a register of teachers. But, in the official order which called it into being, there is at least a suggestion that it may proceed to exercise wider functions, and become, in fact, the body representing all the teaching interests of the country. It has eleven representatives from the universities, eleven from the secondary schools, and eleven from the primary. The remaining eleven represent all the more or less technical kinds of teaching, such as art, music, manual work. This body would very naturally find its place as a unifying element in the proposed organisation. The elements of a successful scheme are all there. Lord Haldane has the necessary organising skill and experience; the one thing now needful is money. Many millions must be spent, and there will be a temptation to spend them in the way that will produce the most dramatic effects. Fine buildings are the most fatal lure; they always appear to show value for the money. But certain vital improvements can be procured only at a great outlay, with no compensating display. For example, the most urgent need of popular education at present is the reduction in the size of classes in the elementary schools. For the democracy nothing in educational organisation is so important as this. The change will swallow up millions, and will have no dramatic effect. But if the people are wise they will see to it that this reform has at least its fair share of the millions Lord Haldane hopes to handle.

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## FANTASY

(From the French of Gerard de Nerval.)

IT is an air for which I'd give unsought,
The best that Mozart or Rossini wrote,
An old-time melody, whose sweet, sad note
Comes to my heart with subtle meanings fraught.

So, ofttimes when I hear its tender strain,
I seem to live two hundred years ago,
When Louis treize was king . . . I see again,
Behind a verdant slope, the sun sink low.

And then, within a park whose silver stream
Wanders among the flowers that thread its brink,
Is builded from the substance of my dream,
A house with casements glowing softly pink.

And, at her window high a lady leans,
A lady fair, in gown of long ago,
Whom, in some other life, amid such scenes,
I loved, maybe—a lady whom I know!

N. S. M.

## NEW LIGHT ON EARLY ENGLISH HISTORY*

THIS is a book which would have gladdened the heart of Stubbs. It is an eloquent protest against the perfunctory and slip-shod manner in which many historians have treated the early history of our islands no less than a rousing appeal for a more thoroughgoing study of contemporary sources. The writer, a laborious student with critical insight, spacious knowledge, and a close acquaintance with scientific methods of research, says quite bluntly that the first twelve centuries of British history have, "through the neglect of authorities, become such a muddle that all historians, hopeless of making any sense of it, skip over it as quickly as possible."

When we came across this statement in the introductory chapter we were inclined to regard it as very wide of the mark, but as we read on we found there was more truth in it than we had supposed. Mr. Jeudwine brings forward convincing proof to show that there can be no adequate appreciation of early British history without treating the islands as a whole in the light of an enormous number of original authorities, of which the average British reader knows little or nothing.

In confining their attention for the most part to the monastic records of England, writers on this period have, our author maintains, neglected two-thirds of the materials available. He is of opinion that the monastic writings, taken by themselves, give a very one-sided view of the beginnings of British history, whereas when supplemented by the Scandinavian Sagas, the Irish Annals, and the records of other parts, they form a fairly complete story. Most historians, we are also asked to believe, have committed the unpardonable sin in neglecting the Scandinavian Sagas, records founded on oral tradition, and the Irish Annals, "compiled from undoubtedly ancient sources no longer existing."

"Without the light thrown on the subject in records from without England, the story of the Scandinavian invasion of the ninth to the eleventh centuries, which affected every part of all the islands, becomes a dry and misleading tale of isolated encounters and treacheries."

Mr. Jeudwine's book, then, is nothing short of an attempt to rewrite the story of the British islands as a whole down to the accession of Henry II. in 1154, the facts being drawn largely from a mass of contemporary evidence which previous historians have not sifted. We cannot here follow Mr. Jeudwine in his sketch and criticism of the social and political conditions of this complicated and difficult period. Suffice it to say that he has made a contribution to historical scholarship which no future historian of the first twelve centuries of our story can ignore. The introductory chapter takes the form of a bibliography.

But while praising Mr. Jeudwine's diligence in research, we cannot say that his narrative is particularly readable. He has not the talent for picturesque writing of a Green, and he does not marshal his facts in the most effective manner. The result is that there are occasional lapses into dullness, while obscure passages are not infrequent. In the main details he is usually accurate. His knowledge of Scotland, however, is capable of improvement. At page 301 we are informed that St. Margaret established a ferry to take pilgrims across the Forth to the abbey of St. Andrews. It ought, of course, to be the abbey of Dunfermline. Again, Iona is described (page 45) as a "now barren little island."

* "The First Twelve Centuries of British Story." By J. W. Jeudwine. 12s. 6d. net. (Longmans.)

# LONDON'S SATURDAY NIGHT

THE mammoth crowds have come home, hoarse but happy, from the great football matches at Tottenham, the Palace, or Stamford Bridge—have come home, and gone out again—and the streets are thronged now with a mighty concourse that streams into picture palaces, restaurants, bars, and music-halls. In a hundred small houses, in as many mean streets, a tired mother has laboriously heated water and bathed her numerous and begrimed offspring, and now puts on her bonnet and shawl and takes her basket to do the Saturday night's shopping in one of London's many street-markets. Here all is light and cheer. The stalls, brilliant with gas-flares, illuminate the sky, and everything, from a bunch of violets to a stewed eel, can be purchased for a modest sum. "Hall fresh from our own farm ter day, me dears," shouts a burly greengrocer; "Hall alive and caught this morning," yells the fishmonger. "Hullo, ole dear," says a robust matron to a little pale-faced woman, "'ow goes it? Bad? Never mind, ole pet, things is dear, but *we're* still alive an' kicking." The London street stalls are a wonderful sight. The poor shop at them for their Sunday dinner and buy their vegetables for the week. Good temper reigns supreme. Now and again the stall-keeper waxes sarcastic at the expense of a too particular customer. "Wants 'em all picked art and tested fer nix a pouns, she do," or "Ho, never mind me, I ain't serposed ter be on the earf, I ain't. I gives 'em away wif overweight, I do, and lives on hair, I don't fink." A little rough, a trifle sordid, perhaps, but the lights and shouting, the good humour and the keen bargaining, make the street-markets withal one of the most fascinating scenes in the life of the most fascinating and delightful city that this tired old world knows.

* * *

In the workmen's clubs, the entertainment halls are densely packed with a perspiring audience, who listen intently to a variety entertainment or watch delightedly a company of amateurs wrestling with a Pinero play or a comedy of manners. These "side-shows"—unsuspected of the ordinary man—account for many thousands of pleasure-seekers, but they are as but a drop in the ocean to the myriads who throng the halls—the gorgeous suburban "Empires" that have sprung up like mushrooms in the last ten years—and who sit drinking in greedily every word of the entertainment, straining their ears so that they do not miss a note of the music. There is something almost feverish in the intensity with which they watch the show—the one little patch of colour and movement in the whole of their parched, drab lives. They take their pleasure fiercely, as though each moment might be their last, in strange contrast, indeed, to the painfully bored youths, immaculately flannelled, whom summer and Saturday find with a perfectly gowned damsel in a smart punt up the river—often, alas! to get entangled with pleasure steamers and to be ordered to go home "to mother."

* * *

All sorts of strange old-world survivals are to be found on Saturday in London if you only know where to look for them. For instance, in one of those quaint courts that are to be found to right and left of Fleet Street, there meet in a hall at the back of a Bohemian tavern the "Ancient and Honourable Society of Cogers." There is a delightful informality about the proceedings, for the society is one of the few, the very few, old-fashioned debating clubs left in our midst, where for a modest sum a man may obtain entrance and something to drink. Charles, the waiter, who has been here one does not know how many years, can remember all sorts of distinguished men coming down to the "Barley Mow" to practise speaking and to perfect impromptus. The tall, saturnine form of Parnell has, it is said, stalked up the hall, where the members still sit smoking the old churchwardens of a former generation, interrupting and dissenting freely, or rising to imaginary points of order, what time the Opener deals with the one and only subject permitted, "The Events of the Week," in which he surveys mankind from China to Peru—to be followed by a host of ruthless critics, who riddle his arguments from every standpoint, till at last Charles and the Licensing Act cry halt!

* * *

But the Cogers would seem quite a dreary place to the hundreds and thousands of men and women, boys and girls, who, cooped up in the City all the week, hear the country calling on Saturday, and turn with devout thankfulness to the blessed relief which it gives them from the roar and fret and bustle of the town. The typist loses the strained, hard expression she wears as a rule, and her eyes become soft and limpid, her lips tremulous and womanly. She dons her freshest blouse and shadiest hat, and with her girl friend tubes it to Hampstead or trams it to Kew, there to forget for a while the carking cares of business; to take tea, perhaps, in the gardens—and to feel young again. Her father, one is pretty certain, is at work in a garden of his own, if he has one—for, from the bank manager at Muswell Hill to the workman at Stepney, Saturday means a long afternoon in the garden—and pathetic indeed it is to see the man who, really loving flowers and to rear them, tends with gentle care the few sickly shoots that have forced their way through the black soil.

* * *

The restaurants are crowded up West on Saturday night. From Mayfair comes a stream of cabs, motors, taxis, with beautifully gowned women and well-groomed men. Shoals of young Jewish tailors and tailoresses stream in from the East and fill the Italian *cafés*. The band at the Trocadero are surrounded, and urged not to stop playing. At the Corner House there is standing room only, and Gambrinis is full up. Outside, the streets are thronged with pleasure-seekers, who watch the exteriors of the great theatres, fascinated with their light and colour. But these fade away, the restaurants empty, and the little groups, who return from watching the star actor or actress leave the stage door, find the multitude on the main street hurrying home.

* * *

Gradually quietude steals over the city. The roar of the traffic ceases to reverberate. Down the dark river the tugs slacken and heave to. A hush has settled on the park, where the orators have thundered all day. The wearied commercial, home from the North after a hard week, falls asleep in the last Tube to the Bush, and the policeman patrolling the silent corridor of the empty Law Courts wonders if anywhere in the world a deeper peace can be found than that which has descended on the temple of confusion. The last 'buses have ceased speeding through the streets at breakneck pace. At the clubs Jeames is putting out the lights. A calm has fallen on the city and enveloped it like a mantle; for London is asleep.

# QUEEN HORTENSE

## By Guy de Maupassant

SHE was known as Queen Hortense to the people of Argenteuil. No one knew why. Perhaps it was because she spoke in the peremptory tones of a drill-sergeant; perhaps because in appearance she was an aggressive, hard-featured, dictatorial woman; perhaps because she ruled a veritable kingdom of domestic pets, dogs, cats and poultry, parrots and canaries, and all such animals as are dear to an old maid's heart. However, she lavished no foolish fondness on her pets, no endearing names, no loving kisses, such as one sometimes sees a woman press to the velvet coat of a purring pussy. Rather she ruled her pets with a rod of iron; she was, indeed, their sovereign lord and master. When any of them met with an accidental death or died of old age she would replace them at once without a tear or a sigh of regret, and would bury the departed pet in one of her flower-beds. She would dig the grave herself, and heap the earth above it with a contemptuous thrust of her foot.

For thirty years she had occupied the same tiny house, with its narrow strip of garden stretching to the street in front. During that space of time she had never once altered her habits or mode of life. The only change observable was in the matter of her maids, who, one and all, she ruthlessly discharged when they had attained their twenty-first year. She would spend whole days doing a man's work, either at gardening, carpentering, sawing or chopping wood. She would even plaster her somewhat dilapidated dwelling when it got out of repair.

She possessed a few acquaintances in Argenteuil, civil service clerks' wives, mostly, whose husbands used to go up to Paris every day. Occasionally she was invited out to their parties; but invariably fell asleep at these functions, and had to be forcibly awakened when it was time to go home. She would never consent to an escort, either, for she feared nothing in this world.

She was a typical old maid, in fact, with her abrupt manner and ugly, grating voice. Her very soul seemed withered. Curt and decisive in speech, she never showed hesitation or indifference, listlessness or fatigue. She had never been heard to complain or rail against the decrees of fate, and often declared in the most fatalistic manner that each one of us fills his own particular place in the world. She never went inside a church, and had no love for the priesthood. In fact, she scarcely believed in the existence of a God, and religious objects were her pet abhorrence. She never appeared to have any especial fondness for children, either.

She had two sisters, who came to see her twice a year, Mme. Cimme and Mme. Colombel. The former was married to a teacher of botany; the latter to a man of small, independent means. The Cimmes had no children; the Colombels had three, Henry, Pauline, and Joseph. Henry was twenty years of age, Pauline was eighteen, and Joseph only three. The old maid, however, showed no fondness for her relatives.

In the spring of 1882 Queen Hortense suddenly fell ill. The neighbours hurriedly sent for a doctor, whom she promptly sent about his business. A priest, who hastily arrived on the scene, was accorded a similar welcome. Her little maid-of-all-work, driven to distraction, kept bringing her hot drinks. After three days the case became so serious that a working man in the neighbourhood, acting on the doctor's instructions—the latter had forcibly installed himself—hastened to bring the news to her relatives. About ten o'clock the following morning her two sisters arrived by the same train. The Colombels brought with them their baby son, Joseph.

When they reached the garden gate the first thing they saw was the maid weeping copiously. A dog was sleeping on the hall mat. Two cats dozed on the window-sill, tails and paws extended. A fat, clucking hen was conducting her fluffy, yellow brood through the garden, and an immense cage, adorned with chickweed, was nailed to the wall, and contained a regular colony of birds, that were screaming themselves hoarse in the dazzling sunlight of a spring morning. In an adjacent cage, built in the form of a châlet, a pair of gentle lovebirds seemed glued to their perch, so motionless were they.

M. Cimme, a stout, blustering fellow, who invariably pushed himself forward wherever he went, exclaimed at sight of the maid:

"Come, come, Celeste, this will never do!"

The little handmaiden groaned through her tears:

"She no longer recognises me! The doctor says it is the end."

The relatives glanced at each other on hearing this. Mmes. Cimme and Colombel silently embraced. These two sisters were very much alike in appearance. They had always cultivated straight fringes, and had a decided fondness for bright red cashmere shawls of a most vivid hue. Cimme turned to his brother-in-law—a lean, pallid individual, dyspeptic and a cripple—and said, in a decided tone of voice:

"My word! It was high time!"

None of them had the courage to enter the sick room. Even Cimme held back, and it was Colombel who eventually decided to do so. Leaning heavily on his stick, he hobbled across the hall to the bedroom on the ground floor. The ladies then followed, and Cimme brought up the rear. The youngster, Joseph, fascinated by the sight of the dog, remained outside.

Within, the sun shone full on the bed, and lit upon the nervous, restless hands, whose twitching seemed to speak of an uneasy mind within, a fevered, troubled spirit. The angular lines of her figure showed beneath the coverlet, quite still and motionless. Her eyes remained fast closed.

The visitors gathered round the bed in silence, and prepared to spend some time waiting. The little servant stood in the background, still weeping copiously. Cimme asked her what verdict precisely the doctor had given. Falteringly she replied that he had given strict orders that the patient was to be kept perfectly quiet, as nothing more could be done.

Soon the old maid's lips were seen to move. She appeared to be voicelessly forming certain words and disconnected phrases. Her hands began to twitch even more excitedly. At length, in a thin, quavering voice, she spoke, a voice they scarcely recognised as hers, a voice that seemed to come from afar—from the depths of a long pent-up heart, perchance. . . .

Cimme hastily tiptoed out of the room. The situation was becoming too painful for him. Colombel, whose lameness had wearied him out, took a seat. The two ladies remained standing.

Meanwhile Queen Hortense still prattled on rapidly and unintelligibly. She uttered some names, a great many names, and lovingly spoke to several imaginary people. . . . "Come here, little Philip! Give mother a kiss! You're fond of mammy, aren't you? And Rose! Be sure and look after your little sister when I'm out. Don't leave her alone, you understand? Remember, too, you're not to touch the matches." . . . . She became silent again for a while, and then

in louder tones called "Henriette!" She waited a little before resuming. . . . "Tell your father to come to me before he goes to the office." . . . Then, "I am feeling ill to-day, dear; don't be late coming home. Tell the chief I'm ill. You know it's not safe to leave the children by themselves when I'm not about. I will make a rice pudding for dinner. The children love it. Won't Claire be delighted!" . . . She began to laugh, a gay, infectious laugh, a laugh she had never known in her life. . . . "Do look at Jean! How funny he looks with his face all jammy, the grubby little atom! Look, dear, how quaint he is!" . . .

Colombel, who kept shifting uneasily in his chair, for his lame leg had grown stiff after the journey, whispered:

"She fancies she has children and a husband. The end is near at hand now!"

Her two sisters, paralysed with astonishment, did not stir from their places at the bedside. The servant murmured timidly:

"Won't you take off your bonnets and shawls and come into the parlour?"

They nodded assent, and left the room silently. Colombel followed, and once more the sick woman was left alone. Her voice was still audible. She seemed to be living at this, her last hour, the life she must have been awaiting always. She was saying good-bye to her happy fancies, her fond day-dreams, for now the time was at hand when hope and desire must cease.

Meanwhile Cimme romped in the garden with little Joseph and the dog, with all the boisterous hilarity of a tripper out for the day and without a single thought for the unhappy woman who lay at death's door. However, he soon tired of this, and, coming into the house, called to the maid:

"Aren't we going to get anything to eat, girl? Ladies! what would you like?"

They eventually decided on an omelet, some cutlets, with new potatoes, cheese, and coffee. Mme. Cimme fumbled in her pocket for her purse, but Cimme stopped her, and, turning to the maid, said:

"You have money, haven't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"How much?"

"Fifteen francs, sir."

"That is enough, then. Make haste, for I'm hungry."

Mme. Cimme pensively contemplated a pair of amorous doves on the roof opposite, and, gazing wistfully at the creepers outside glistening in the sunshine, remarked in depressed tones:

"What a pity we came down on such a gloomy business! It would have been so nice to have spent the day in the country."

Her sister sighed, but made no response. Colombel, whose lameness annoyed him greatly, started grumbling:

"My leg plagues me infernally."

Little Joseph and the dog were making a tremendous uproar outside, the child yelling with glee, whilst the dog barked madly as they scampered round the flower-beds playing hide-and-seek.

Queen Hortense continued to address her imaginary children, chatting to each in turn, imagining that she was scolding them, dressing them, or teaching them to read. . . . "Now, Simon, repeat A, B, C, D. You don't say the D properly. D, D, D! Now, say it again. . . ."

Cimme remarked, "It is strange what fancies one has at such a time."

Mme. Colombel asked if they had not better go back to the sickroom. But Mme. Cimme dissuaded her.

"What for? You can't do anything for her. We might as well stay where we are."

No one seemed anxious to press the matter. Mme. Cimme turned aside to inspect a pair of lovebirds. She drew attention to their singular fidelity in the most praiseworthy terms, and made scathing remarks at the expense of men in general, so different in this respect. Cimme guffawed at this, as if admitting his own discrepancies to be no small matter. Colombel tapped the ground with his stick, for just then he was seized with a bad attack of cramp.

At one o'clock they sat down to lunch. When he had tasted the wine, Colombel, who, on account of his health, was recommended to drink Burgundy, rang for the maid, and said:

"Is there no better wine than this in the house, girl?"

"Yes, sir; there is a special brand which the mistress would open if you were coming here on a visit."

"Good. Go and fetch three bottles of it."

This wine, when brought, pleased their palates mightily, not that it was of any special vintage, but it had been bottled fifteen years. Cimme declared it to be the ideal wine for an invalid, and Colombel, seized with a burning desire to possess this treasure, inquired of the maid:

"How much of it is left?"

"Nearly all, sir," she replied. "Mam'zelle never drank any of it."

He at once turned to his brother-in-law and offered him anything he liked in exchange for the lot, "for," said he, "it agrees with me beautifully."

Meanwhile the two ladies amused themselves throwing crumbs at a hen that had marched into the room at the head of her chickens. Joseph and the dog, who had both had enough to eat, were sent out again to the garden. Queen Hortense still babbled on incessantly, but in such a low voice that it was impossible to catch what she said.

They waited till they had finished coffee before they went in again to ascertain the sick woman's condition. As she seemed calm once more, they all went out into the garden again, and settled themselves comfortably to digest their meal. The dog started scampering around, carrying something in his mouth. Little Joseph chased him wildly, and they both disappeared into the house. Cimme lay on his back on the grass, dozing in the drowsy afternoon heat.

Suddenly Queen Hortense was heard to raise her voice, calling aloud on someone. Then she started shrieking in a manner that brought the ladies, accompanied by Colombel, in from the garden in all haste. Cimme, though thoroughly aroused from his slumbers, did not seek to put himself about. He did not care for scenes.

They found Queen Hortense sitting up in bed, wild-eyed and haggard. In order to escape from the pursuit of little Joseph, her dog had leaped on to the bed, jumped across his dying mistress, and now, entrenched behind her pillow, eyed his pursuer with glistening eyes, ready to recommence the game. In his mouth he held his mistress's slipper, tattered and torn into shreds—his plaything of an hour. Her nephew, Joseph, frightened to see her sitting up so stiff and straight, stood paralysed with terror by the bedside.

Suddenly Queen Hortense shrieked:

"No, no, I won't die! I won't die! Who will bring up my children? Who'll look after them? Who is there to love them? No, I don't want to die! I don't want to die!"

She fell back. All was over.

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# CORRESPONDENCE

## ANGLO-GERMAN RELATIONS.

*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

SIR,—The article by Prof. Eucken on "The Improvement of Anglo-German Relations," while presenting no new aspect, is stimulating and inspiring.

I am democratic enough to believe that, in Britain at any rate, the power for future good or evil, for peace or war, is held by the mass of the people rather than by the "upper tens" of the political, economic, or academic worlds. I am glad, therefore, when Prof. Eucken lays emphasis upon the "tongue and pen." I would be the last to discredit the effectiveness of the bonds which the interaction of philosophic thought and higher culture has laid upon the souls of the two peoples, but I look eagerly amongst the millions who are but distantly and indirectly touched by these bonds for a sign of the awakening sense of common interest, common aspiration, and cousinship.

Fourteen or fifteen years ago the interest in the study of the German language in the secondary schools and academies of Scotland was at high-tide mark, such as had not been seen before, nor has been seen since. In a large industrial town, I was privileged at that time to know the glamour of a new and priceless literature, feeding hungry young minds like my own with a living interest in a great people, wonderfully new, yet wonderfully near. The interest in German was such that almost every educational centre was called upon to afford room and shelter for the coteries of young men, who, banded together in more or less recognised circles, gave their evening hours to the earnest purpose of getting at the heart of the German language, literature, and everything German. These circles were auxiliaries to the actual classes carried on in every school, academy, and college, daytime and evening-time, and if the mental discipline observed came short of the purely academic standard, the more lasting attainment of a broad outlook and versatile interest was achieved.

Nor was the energy of these circles entirely absorbtive; in the fullness of our enthusiasm much was done in the way of the popular lecture, the literary society paper, the local journal reviews and translations. The German community in the town, hitherto so conservative, came out in full cordiality to meet and reciprocate our interrogative interests. There is an Anglo-German intercourse in that northern town to-day freer and higher than I have witnessed anywhere else in the country. The suggestion of hostility (and here is my lesson) towards the nation which added so richly to our homely interests in poetry and prose, art and drama, became an unspeakable absurdity. Of the score or so of associates then in my own particular circle I cannot to-day think of one whose outlook on the Anglo-German relationship has been perverted or even dimmed by this whole pageant of warlike attitudes.

Is a revival of such interest as I have briefly indicated beyond the scope of organisation? To be of any immediate use I consider that it should be made primarily a matter of local organisation, partaking, as far as possible, of a popular nature. Twenty young men in a town, with a definite and vigorous propaganda, can make more impression for good on the minds of the public than half a dozen academic societies. I am certain of it, because I have worked for both.

The public owe you a debt, sir, for your obvious intention to exert your influence in this matter of Anglo-German relations.—I am, sir, etc., SCOT.

## CHILDREN AND MUSIC-HALLS.

*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

SIR,—Mr. Macpherson's article on the problem of the child has brought to my mind a very great hindrance in connection with the education of children in poor districts, namely, the third-rate music-hall.

The theatre is generally admitted to be a legitimate source of amusement to adults, and even in some cases to children, but it is very questionable whether the music-hall, especially of the suburban third-rate type, has the slightest influence for good, even to adults.

I happen to be a teacher at a school in Canning Town, one of the poorest districts in East London, and I discovered that sixty per cent. of the children in Standards 3 and 4 (average age, nine years) are frequenters of music-halls of a type which I am convinced can only tend to demoralise even those who have come to the years of discretion. These boys, during their childhood, develop a permanent taste for what is vulgar, despite all the teacher may do to direct their mental energy into more wholesome paths.

This is by no means an isolated case—the evil exists in most poor districts. Can nothing be done to arrest this degenerating influence?—I am, sir, etc.,

East Ham. CHARLES JONES.

## DOWRY QUESTION.

*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

SIR,—The custom of a bride bringing a dowry to her husband at marriage is prevalent not only in France, but on the Continent generally, and among all classes. In most Continental countries the dowry generally becomes the property of the husband, or is administered by him, he having a right to use the interest. The chief advantages and disadvantages of the custom may be stated briefly, my observations being drawn from the effects in German life.

The advantages are: (1) The danger of early and improvident marriages among the poor is lessened, even servant girls often bringing a decent sum to contribute to the setting up of the home. (2) The struggle to acquire sufficient means to marry is lightened for men of the middle classes without private means. They are not condemned to long years of engagement, and, in so far as happy marriage is a deterrent to vice, morality is raised. (3) Habits of thrift are encouraged among women who provide their dowries from the fruit of their own labour. (4) The idea of mutual responsibility in marriage is encouraged.

The disadvantages are: (1) The dowry comes to be looked upon as one of the chief considerations in seeking a wife. (2) The burden of providing dowries for their daughters falls heavily on middle-class fathers of limited means, where it is not considered genteel for the girls to earn their own living. (3) Improvidence is encouraged among young men. The money that should be saved to found a home is wasted in various forms of dissipation, the future wife's dowry always being counted upon.

In England, where marriage does not cancel a woman's complete control of her own money, it might be that the disadvantages mentioned might be modified, and the advantages increased, should the dowry custom be introduced.—I am, sir, etc.,

Austria. ELLIS ALDON.

*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

SIR,—I am afraid that your lady contributor, Mme. Geofroy, is somewhat prejudiced in her statements about the "Dowry Question in France."

There is no denying that some men marry for the


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sake of their bride's dowry. But will the whole system be doomed to destruction owing to the mischief it works in the hands of a few scoundrels, regardless of the thousands to whom it affords happiness and prosperity? I venture to say that there are very few indeed who enter into matrimony with the sole and deliberate purpose of making a bargain. As a rule, young folk marry in their own social sphere; and, from *their* point of view, the money-question (which is generally settled by the parents) remains of minor importance. That kind of financial arrangement is purposed to ensure the material well-being and comfort of the young couple after marriage. At least ninety times out of a hundred it is by no means a sordid, miserly higgling, but a friendly discussion between the elders, who, in a conciliatory spirit, strive their utmost to reach a solution most beneficial to their children; generally, mutual love between the betrothed is, as it must be, the underlying basis of these family negotiations.

It is among the narrow-minded French "bourgeois," who identify riches with felicity, that the prejudice of the dowry is to be found at its worst; but it is practically non-existent among the *people* at large, as contrasted to the middle-class moneyed men.

On the other hand, it is not fair to throw (as Mme. Geofroy does) all the blame and responsibility of misusing a thing good in itself on the shoulders of the man alone. There are *female* dowry-hunters as well, who pitilessly reject all suitors "*too poor*" ever to have a right to aspire to their hand.

If the dowry was to be suppressed, the subsequent evils of the measure would much outweigh its advantages; it would put a stop to dowry-hunting, no doubt; but would it "prevent the decay of the race"? That is much more dubious. Spinsters and bachelors would accumulate in the land. Many men, being unable to keep a wife and children merely upon their private means, would be compelled to shun matrimony until they are too old to enjoy it, and to fulfil adequately the duties thereof. Would this be the means of raising the falling birth-rates in our depopulated country?—I am, sir, etc.,

E. SIMON,
Licencié-ès-lettres.

Aylesbeare, Exeter,

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*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

SIR,—One is fain to gather, after Mme. L. Geofroy's letter in your issue of Feb. 7th, that Frenchmen must be happy to have staunch friends in this country since they have such slandering enemies amongst their own countrywomen. I am afraid Mme. Geofroy has read too much of suffragist papers, and her mind is poisoned for ever. Because, in her small circle, some churlish youngsters solemnly declare that they will never marry a girl who cannot keep herself, she concludes, with the generalising mind which is a special feature of female intelligence, that "everybody is doing the same thing."

Your previous correspondent very neatly and very fairly told the truth about the dowry system, and he let intelligent people understand that there are no rules without exceptions. May I tell you, for Mme. Geofroy's benefit, some words a very militant English suffragist told me some days ago? "There are no suffragettes in France, because French husbands care for their wives and love them. Here in England men go and play at cricket during their honeymoon."

Men of England and France, let us woo and marry who we love, without heeding English or French suffragettes. May we never marry suffragettes!—I am, sir, etc.,

PAUL COURRAY.

Oxford, February, 1913.

## THE SAD LOT OF THE SCHOOLMASTER.

*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

SIR,—I was pleased to see the remarks of "M. A." in your issue of February 14th; but equally deplorable is the lot of the certificated assistant master in the primary or elementary school, for after a five or six years' course of training he usually commences with a salary of less than £100 per annum, and when he has completed several years of service must "mark time" at £120 or £130 per annum. Surely the nation should undertake to see that ample remuneration is given to a class who have the moulding of the characters of the future generation.—I am, sir, etc.,

Notts, February 17th, 1913. A HEADMASTER.

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*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

SIR,—For several months I have read EVERYMAN with deep interest and avidity, but more personally so the letters of "Student" and "M. A.," advocating Civil Service for teachers, so as to improve the deplorable condition of English education and the "sad lot of the schoolmaster," especially those in public schools and villages. I strongly endorse the opinions of both your correspondents, after an experience of thirty years as a college-trained, certificated headmaster in various parts—no less than five counties.

Like "Student," I can give numerous instances of teachers leaving the profession and bettering themselves in business or otherwise; one becoming a mayor of an ancient town, another a prosperous athletic outfitter, others as a doctor, clergyman, etc., each of whom was my own (not superior) colleague at college; while I remain a village schoolmaster, whose diploma, experience, and certificate go for nothing, but am receiving my small salary, am inspected and reported upon, annoyed with the questionable and un-English communications about, or the secret inquisition into, one's character and ability, a prey for village plotters or offended parents whose influential relatives are on the Education Committee, and altogether uncomfortable environments which have to be found out by those entering the profession.

There is a dearth of teachers, but there will be a greater. In vain you may patch as much as you like with Education Bills, till you place the educator in a better position, commanding respect, better surroundings, pay, and security; and the best proposed plan is to make teachers Civil Servants. Mr. Joseph Chamberlain said years ago: "I can't for the life of me see why teachers are not Civil Servants."—I am, sir, etc., C. S.

February 17th, 1913.

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*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

SIR,—Your contributor's remarks (in your issue of January 31st) regarding the attitude of the public towards education strike me as very apt. People are always telling us what a noble work we schoolmasters are doing; few inquire into the conditions under which our work is done, nor do they measure the results by any rational and sympathetic standard. Sometimes they take up another position. "Of course," we are told, "the pay of a schoolmaster is poor; but then, he has no responsibilities!" Truly, for the average Englishman, the ills of the body, commercial success, and the jealousies of nations matter infinitely more than the health of the mind.

Many schoolmasters will thank "M. A." for his admirable letter to your issue of February 14th. But is he not a little hard on the headmasters? It is they


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who have to bear the brunt of the blame when things go wrong, and it is they who discharge the difficult and responsible work of organisation. This is especially the case in a "secondary school," where, moreover, the salary even of the headmaster is distinctly meagre.

It must be owned that assistant masters themselves are, to some extent, to blame for the present state and status of the profession. There is still a deplorable lack of unity in their ranks, although of late they have begun to realise the truth of an ancient and oft-cited fable.—I am, sir, etc., B.A. OXON.

February 17th, 1913.

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*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

SIR,—I should like to add my testimony in support of what has already been written by "Student" and "M. A." concerning the unfortunate lot of assistant masters in secondary schools.

Six years ago I was notified that I was a successful candidate at a Civil Service examination, thereby qualifying for an appointment leading to a salary of £350 per annum, with the certainty of a generous pension at the age of fifty-five. Actuated by some Quixotic impulse, I declined the appointment, and decided to enter the scholastic profession. After staying two years longer at school and spending three years at a University, I obtained a post as assistant master. It now appears that there is only the faintest possibility of my ever receiving a salary of even £200 a year. I dare not think of marriage, nor can I look forward with anything but despair to the time when I shall have passed into the "fifties."

My own case is only one among many. Surely the work in which we are engaged is as fully national and deserving of as great a remuneration as that of a Government clerk!—I am, sir, etc., B.A., L.C.P.

February 15th, 1913.

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## THE CULT OF PLEASURE.

*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

SIR,—Possibly the opinion of an Englishman who has not long returned to this country, after a long residence in Germany, may possess some interest for your readers. I have been very powerfully impressed by the general atmosphere of pleasure seeking, more especially in the middle classes—who seem, indeed, to live for nothing else. Of the intense, earnest, and idealistic devotion to work and duty, which is so conspicuous a feature of Teutonic life, there is but little trace in this country. There are multitudes of German men who will work with complete devotion, quite apart from all personal interest. The German loves work, almost as much as the Englishman loves amusement.

In my opinion, the English are threatened, as a nation, by several most serious dangers:

(1) The unceasing growth of luxury, which is quite undoubtedly accompanied by a weakening of character. (2) The decay of fixed moral standards. There is no longer the old certainty of conviction. (3) The lack of attention to proper technical (and moral) training of the young, with its consequent unemployment, etc. (4) The enormous decline in the birth-rate, which will soon very deeply injure the nation—not only numerically, but morally and physically. (5) The general decay of home life.—I am, sir, etc., GERMANICUS.

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*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

SIR,—Your correspondent, Mr. Norman Ellis, is in error in stating, in reference to the "lavish expendi-

ture of the rich," that "the pity of it is that their pleasure is so necessary to the livelihood of the working classes."

This is a fallacy. By such expenditure wealth is destroyed, and the destruction of wealth cannot be beneficial to any class. It is the creation of wealth upon which we all depend, rich and poor alike. Wealth is created by the co-operation of three factors, viz., Land, Labour, and Capital. Unnecessary expenditure depletes capital, and thus hinders the production of wealth, and so increases poverty.

Were such expenditure to suddenly cease, a certain amount of unemployment—of a temporary nature—would be inevitable; but as such cessation would rapidly increase the aggregate wealth of the community, other and better forms of employment would soon be open.—I am, sir, etc., L. H. Sheaves.

Alexandra Park, N., February 17th, 1913.

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*To the Editor of* Everyman.

Sir,—Mr. Macpherson's adverse critics seem to take a more despondent view of the future of the working man than does Mr. Macpherson himself. I agreed with the original article because in it the writer hoped for improvement in the working man's position, while he pointed out that drinking and gambling effectually prevented that improvement. We must remember that the riches of the prosperous classes ensued from the hard work, whether mental or physical, of their present possessors or of their forefathers. Drinking and gambling, in an economic sense, do not matter so much in the case of the wealthy as in the case of those trying to attain wealth and position. Duties should most certainly rank before rights, as the former lie in our power and the latter do not.

Grumbling at the rich will never help a man to escape out of poverty. Much better teach the poor man to use his time after work and not abuse it. I have found in my work among the poor that novel-reading, looking on at professional football matches, playing golf or cricket (on Sundays even!), all help to keep them from drink and gambling. I have especially mentioned these pursuits as they so often meet with adverse criticism. Politics and elections encourage the working man's lowest appetites and inclinations.—I am, sir, etc., Glenn Dalrymple.

Ashbourne.

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## THE GOVERNMENT AND WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

*To the Editor of* Everyman.

Sir,—It is perfectly clear, from the article in your issue of February 7th, that the women's suffrage movement is most unreasonably prejudiced against the Government. It is most annoying to those still amenable to conversion to witness such exhibitions of bigotry. To those who profess the slightest knowledge whatever of the present political situation it is beyond doubt that the Government has done everything in its power to give the women fair play, even going so far as to endanger its own safety. By way of recognition they receive copious outpourings of abuse. Not only does Mrs. Fawcett approve of such conduct, but she actually describes one of the most unreasonable exhibitions of "pig-headedness" in recent times (the Labour Conference resolution) as "one of the most generous political actions on record." One would expect something totally different from a woman of Mrs. Fawcett's perspicuity; but it appears to me that the whole atmosphere of women's suffrage is polluted by party hatred. The sooner the suffra-


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gettes give up these mad tactics and set themselves to convince the public by means of logic, the sooner will their cause make headway.—I am, sir, etc.,

CONFIRMED ANTI-SUFFRAGETTE.

Rock Ferry, Cheshire.

## SHOULD TEACHERS BECOME CIVIL SERVANTS?

*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

SIR,—I have been very interested in the correspondence that has been going on in these columns over the question of "Shall Teachers Become Civil Servants?"

After careful and thoughtful consideration of the subject, I should like to go one step further than your correspondent "Student" does, viz., that all municipal officials should become civil servants, including teachers, or, if this is impracticable, have security of tenure, *i.e.*, the appointments and dismissals should be made by the Civil Service Commission or any other similar body.

An objection will at once be raised—that examinations are not generally the means by which the posts under the municipalities are obtained, and therefore it would be unwise for a Government department to appoint or revoke the appointment of municipal officers.

To meet this and other objections several points have to be considered, viz.:—

(1) It is generally admitted that the work done by municipal officers is equal, if not greater in importance, to that done by civil servants.

(2) That if this work is to be thoroughly carried out, the officers must have security of tenure.

The surveyor of taxes is a Government servant, and has to pass an examination before being appointed. He is responsible for the valuation of property and the collection of the taxes from same within his district. The assistant overseer and rate-collector is appointed by the municipality, and very seldom is a competitive examination held in order to fill this post. He is responsible for the valuation of the property for parochial purposes and the collection of the rates, etc., from same. Now, where is the consistency? In both cases the work is practically identical, and both equally important.

Upon investigation, I find that, besides the Bar, Law Society, Medical Association, Institute of Accountants, etc., there are now the National Association of Local Government Officers (having a membership of over 33,000), the Association of Rate-Collectors and Assistant Overseers, the Institute of Municipal Treasurers and Accountants, the Poor-Law Officers' Association, and the several engineering and sanitary associations holding examinations expressly for local government officers. Many of the officers also hold University degrees in law, arts, and economics. I often wonder if there is another class of servants in the world with such a variety of professional associations.

A large number of local government officers have obtained appointments under the Insurance Commissioners. This testifies to their capabilities. With these several examinations existing, how easy it would be to co-operate them and make all municipal appointments obtainable only by competitive examination!

With this rather lengthy letter I must conclude by remarking that, if the teachers ever become civil servants, other local government servants must also be included.—I am, sir, etc.,

PAROCHIAL.

## THE TRIAL OF JOAN OF ARC.

*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

SIR,—Two points in M. Mazel's article on the Maid of France seem to call for criticism. In his eloquent account of the unjust and irregular trial of Joan he makes the remarkable statement that Loyseleur betrayed her confessions, being sent as her confessor by Cauchon.

There is no evidence for this. Loyseleur, indeed, gained her confidence, and used the information thus acquired against her, but it was in the guise of a shoemaker from Lorraine that he did so. Anatole France, whom we should expect to make the most of this point, is careful to distinguish the statement that Loyseleur deceived her, from a further statement that at a later period he attended in clerical attire and received her confession (vol. ii., p. 246).

Andrew Lang, on the other hand, says "Jeanne does not seem to have had a confessor" until the end (p. 256).

The second point is the slight he puts on the Papacy for its non-intervention. The Pope was fully occupied, then and for many years afterwards, by the turmoils centering round Basel, and may well have been ignorant of the black injustice of the trial, as he certainly was of Joan's appeal to him, suppressed by Cauchon. Unless we are to fall into the error of "reading history backwards," I do not see how the Pope can be arraigned in this matter. It is much more important, historically, to note that Calixtus III. annulled the sentence after a full inquiry, which took place immediately the Basel preoccupations were removed.—I am, sir, etc.,

H. ROBBINS.

Birmingham.

## PROFESSOR SAINTSBURY AND RUSKIN.

*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

SIR,—Under your curiously entitled "Masterpiece of the Week"—most of the masterpieces having been written before some of your readers were born—there is a sketchy review by Prof. Saintsbury in this week's EVERYMAN of Ruskin's "The Crown of Wild Olive." I will only trouble your readers with two quotations; but the first is one which, in my humble opinion, is as far from the truth as one Pole from the other.

"Take Ruskin for your guide," says the Professor, "and unless you have yourself a double portion of *that critical power which he almost wholly lacked*, you will go into the *ditch*." The italics are mine.

If John Ruskin had two faculties—not one—developed, as few other writers had or have, they were the critical and analytical. Ruskin tore the wrappings from the half-truths of Adam Smith, Ricardo, and Mills, and gave to his readers basic and eternal truths which they, to pander to a rich, idle class, had not the courage to enunciate. How curious that the Professor should look upon Ruskin as the blind leading the blind! He led me and thousands of thoughtful men into the light of Truth; certainly not into the ditch of Darkness, which former economists had done.

Professor Saintsbury also says: "It has long been recognised by persons of some acuteness and some political knowledge that Mr. Ruskin's influence on the social side of modern politics is a thing that has got to be reckoned with very seriously indeed." The day when Ruskin's humane politics leaven England will be a test whether he really did lack the critical power of which the Professor says he was destitute. I do not fear the result.—I am, sir, etc.,

FRANK WEAVER.

London, N.W., February 20th, 1913.

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## THE STORY OF THE KING'S HIGHWAY*

THIS book constitutes a further instalment of the study of English local government which Mr. and Mrs. Webb began in 1899, and of which the first considerable portions were published as "The Parish and the County" in 1906, and "The Manor and the Borough" in 1908. It tells graphically and with full knowledge the story of the making and management of roads in England and Wales from the earliest times down to the present day, *i.e.*, from the war-chariot of Boadicea to the motor omnibus. There are numerous books dealing with the romantic and picturesque aspects of the King's highway, but this is the first attempt, so far as we are aware, to trace the evolution of road administration throughout the centuries in a broad and comprehensive manner. It seems a prosaic task to have undertaken, and certainly in the hands of Blue Book writers it would inevitably become so, but Mr. and Mrs. Webb, within the limits of a volume of 280 pages, have contrived to pack an enormous mass of interesting as well as valuable information, so that the work appeals to the general reader no less than to the student who specialises in problems of local government.

The survey passes rapidly over the first fourteen hundred years, during which, of the actual management and maintenance of roads, almost nothing is known. The earliest roads were mere trackways, frequently first marked out by passing animals. The Romans inaugurated a new era by constructing four great roads across the island, the remains of which are still visible, and are, here and there, the basis of existing thoroughfares. In the Middle Ages the term "road" was a mere abstraction, amounting, in legal phraseology, to nothing more than "a perpetual *right of passage* in the sovereign, for himself and his subjects, over another's land." Anything in the nature of a special road surface was undreamt of. At first the inhabitants of each manor were responsible for the upkeep of the public highway within their own territory, but with agriculture in revolution, and the manorial courts in decay, Parliament in 1555 created new social machinery for the administration, all over England and Wales, of what was deemed an entirely local service.

The middle and later chapters furnish much curious and interesting lore regarding the methods employed by our ancestors to keep the roads in repair, as well as a good deal of little known information about the later developments of our road system. The reader will learn much about

"The King's Loiterers, who asked for 'largess'; the curious idea of mending the roads by criminal indictment of the parish; the yet untold history of the rise and fall of the Turnpike Trusts; the frauds of the 'pikemen'; the glories of the stage-coach; the 'calamity of railways'; the spectacle of the nineteenth-century statesmen being utterly baffled by the problem of the proper unit of road administration."

Of course, the labours of "Pontifex Maximus Telford" and "Macadam the Magician" receive adequate treatment. To Macadam we owe the conception that roads must be made to accommodate the traffic, not the traffic regulated to preserve the roads, which had been the prevailing idea hitherto.

To many readers the most interesting chapter will be the concluding one, which treats of road maintenance and administration at the present day. Mr. and Mrs. Webb pay a tribute to the bicyclist. It was he who brought the road once more into popular use for pleasure-riding, and who caused us "to realise that the administration, even of local byways, was not a matter that concerned each locality only, but one in which the whole nation had an abiding interest." With the advent of the automobile new and important issues arose. Some of the road problems of to-day are suggestively dealt with, and Mr. and Mrs. Webb are unsparing in their criticism of the Local Government Board, which, in their opinion, has done nothing to secure either the efficiency or the improvement of this particular branch of its labours. The most pressing problem awaiting solution is the old one of how to make the roads "to accommodate the traffic, even the motor omnibus traffic; not the traffic constrained to suit the roads."

Appended to each chapter are extremely useful notes and references, and there is a good index.

* "English Local Government: The Story of the King's Highway." By Sidney and Beatrice Webb. 7s. 6d. net. (Longmans.)

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## THE BLOODHOUND OF THE PRESS*

IN English literature Sir Roger L'Estrange is a star of no great brilliance. Indeed, his claim to be considered a writer at all has been keenly contested. Macaulay characterised his style as "a mean and flippant jargon," and Hallam regarded it as "the pattern of bad writing." A generation ago, however, Professor Earle made a valiant attempt to rescue L'Estrange from the stigma of being "a wanton corrupter of English." His view was that he heralded a new style which, while priding itself upon "a wanton affection of slovenliness," was nevertheless the true parent "of all that is most firm and valuable in the present prose." Be that as it may, the fact remains that L'Estrange's influence upon English literature is a negligible quantity.

The truth is, L'Estrange is remembered not because of any notable contribution to pure literature, but mainly by virtue of his conspicuous, though ignoble, connection with the history of English journalism. Unlike Defoe, he lives not by the brilliant quality of his journalistic work, but by his whole-hearted and unceasing efforts to muzzle the Press in the reign of Charles II. L'Estrange gained notoriety as a Tory pamphleteer. He was amazingly industrious; he was also thoroughly unprincipled, and had at his command an exceptionally rich vocabulary of abuse. Johnson said he was the first writer who regularly engaged himself to support a party, right or wrong. And in the days of the Merry Monarch such attainments were not allowed to go unrecognised.

Shortly after Charles II. came to the throne there were circulated innumerable seditious tracts with the object of bringing about the assassination of his Majesty. L'Estrange set himself to hunt down and track the publishers and vendors of this objectionable literature, and his success brought him under the notice of the King, who, in 1663, appointed him Surveyor of the Presses. This newly created office conferred upon L'Estrange the right to a general Search Warrant and warrant to arrest; also the sole right of writing the newsbooks, and of printing and publishing advertisements. How he discharged the duties of this autocratic office is the main theme of Mr. Kitchin's book.

We have here unfolded for the first time the whole story of the attempt to "gag the Press" generally in the seventeenth century. The tortuous workings of the Stuart mind as to the matter and method of the

* "Sir Roger L'Estrange: A Contribution to the History of the Press in the Seventeenth Century." By George Kitchin. 10s. 6d. net. (Kegan Paul.)

(*Continued on page* 640.)

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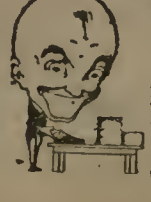

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restraint of the Press are clearly revealed, and a flood of light is shed upon the condition of the printing trades of that day. Mr. Kitchin has spared no pains to get at the salient facts of an obscure but, to the student of literary history, important subject. Every page exhibits minute and exact research, and, by reason of its thoroughness and critical acumen, the book is bound to take its place as the standard authority on the early history of the British Press.

The net result of Mr. Kitchin's investigations goes to show that L'Estrange is even blacker than he is usually painted. We read:—

"So far as this Life presents new documentary evidence, or attempts a new reading of the hitherto known facts, it will be found that his fame rather suffers, if that were possible, than recovers. That is, of course, entirely in the region of political life."

Mr. Kitchin is convinced that the true L'Estrange lies somewhere between Macaulay's black portrait and the view of what he terms "the new school of Tory Absolutism," which asserts that he was a high-minded English gentleman, incapable of fraud or disloyalty. While admitting that there were redeeming traits in his character, Mr. Kitchin shows him to have been mean-spirited, truculent, and revengeful to an unwonted degree.

Armed with autocratic powers, he used them as only an unscrupulous person can. He regarded the Press as "Crown property, distributed and delegated to the care of loyal gentlemen." In his pamphlet, "Considerations and Proposals for the Regulation of the Press," L'Estrange, as Mr. Kitchin points out, accepts unhesitatingly the view that the Press is a dubious blessing, a thing to be referred continually to a Government department—in large part, a branch of sedition. "Freedom of the Press" was to him simply meaningless. Accordingly, he strove with might and main to keep the Press in order; in other words, he attempted to make it a pliable instrument in the interests of the Cavalier cause. It is curious to note that this was happening when the trumpet notes of Milton's "Areopagitica"—the most eloquent plea for the liberty of the Press in the English tongue—were reverberating throughout the land. But L'Estrange, undeterred by Milton's tract, pursued his avocation as "bloodhound of the Press," and for a time Fortune smiled upon him.

It only remains to add that the book has eleven full-page plates, and that lists of L'Estrange's political works and of the chief sources of the Life are given.

## ENGLISH MUSICAL REMINISCENCES*

PROFESSOR BERGER needs no introduction to the musical public of this country. For more than half a century his name has been synonymous with all that is best and highest in English musical culture. As Professor of Pianoforte at the Royal Academy of Music and at the Guildhall School of Music he has proved himself not only an accomplished pianist and composer, but a born instructor; while, in the capacity of secretary of the Philharmonic Society, he laboured indefatigably for twenty-seven years to raise the standard of musical taste in our midst. To crown all, he has known everybody worth knowing in the musical world during the last half century, which is saying much.

With such a lengthy, varied, and withal distinguished career, and so rich a store of musical reminiscence, Professor Berger might have written a better book. His narrative is gossipy and entertaining, no doubt, but it is discursive, badly arranged, and (if the word may be permitted) "snippety." Critically the book is of little value, which is regrettable, as a musician of Professor Berger's eminence and experience is well qualified to throw light upon many difficult musical problems.

Professor Berger's recollections go back to Early Victorian days. One of the best chapters in his book is that in which he recounts his memories of Dickens. A personal friend of the novelist, he composed the overtures and incidental music to "The Lighthouse" and "The Frozen Deep," plays written by Wilkie Collins and acted by Dickens and his friends. Chapter V. consists of a catalogue of Professor Berger's published works. These cover fully six pages of small type, and exhibit a musical fertility which is astonishing. After that he tells of the career of the talented contralto, Miss Annie Lascelles, who became his wife in 1864, and died in 1905.

Then follows a chapter on the Philharmonic Society, and another on the musical celebrities he has known. To many readers this portion of the book will prove the most interesting. Forty-two celebrities of European reputation come under review, and though the sketches are extremely short (not exceeding a few hundred words in most cases), they are invariably illuminating. Professor Berger's impressions (they can hardly be regarded as carefully considered judgments) are not always conventional. It is rather disconcerting to be told that much of Brahms' piano music is "laboured and uninspired"; that Berlioz's music suggests "a dish of yesterday's whitebait, all heads and tails and fragments, and very little body"; and that Saint-Saëns is "a musician of varied eminence," without a rival in modern times, Mendelssohn only excepted. What about Saint-Saëns' countryman and contemporary, Gounod?

We could have wished that Professor Berger had amplified his remarks on musical conducting, a difficult art that has developed enormously of recent years. We are quite at one with him, however, in deprecating the "showy gestures" of many conductors. Perhaps it would be beneficial in more ways than one if, as our author suggests, conducting could be done behind a screen.

As regards the fashion of playing from memory, Professor Berger says, "It is an exhibition of a kind of virtuosity which should not be encouraged." This statement, it seems to us, needs qualifying. It is true that playing from memory often leads to inaccuracy of detail, slovenliness, and a hurrying of *tempo*, but we cannot conceive of such a thing happening in the case of a great artiste. What he plays must be regarded in the light of an intellectual possession; the music has become part of himself, and the presence of notes, so far from perfecting his skill as an executant, would have quite the reverse effect. Think of Paderewski, or any other pianist of the first magnitude, turning over the pages of a score!

Professor Berger, we are glad to learn, thinks that the average piano playing is much higher than formerly. This is one result of the marvellous growth of musical education during the last thirty years. Another is the enormous development amongst us of purely orchestral music. In the early years of Professor Berger's career there was hardly an English composer who wrote concert music for an orchestra; now we have quite a number of composers whose orchestral works compare favourably with those of foreign writers.

The volume contains numerous portraits and facsimiles.

* "Reminiscences, Impressions, and Anecdotes." By Francesco Berger. 10s. 6d. net. (Sampson Low.)

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# BOOKS OF THE WEEK

MR. EDEN PHILLPOTTS, in ending his epic on Dartmoor (WIDDICOMBE FAIR, John Murray, 6s.), tells us he hopes to extend the limits of his art, and that he sees no reason why nature, as expressed by a landscape, a river, or a forest, should not provide as vivid a drama as the story of a human being! The story, told in the author's inimitable fashion, centres round the village of Widdicombe, peopled by rustics of the Shakespearean type. It is a tale of marrying and giving in marriage, and one after the other throughout the book the couples pair off. Mr. Phillpotts's humour is at its best in painting the Widow Windeatt, who bought a husband for some old silver and a ghost! The characters live before us. We become intimately acquainted with their love affairs, their hopes, and their ambitions, thrown up against the background of the moor. So vivid is his portrayal of the sons and daughters of Adam that we may be forgiven for the hope that the day will be long distant when he turns his attention to chronicling the emotions of the vegetable world.

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Mr. Ridgwell Cullum has written a strong story in THE GOLDEN WOMAN (Chapman and Hall, 6s.). The plot is ingenious, and lies in the suggestion of the power of a curse. The heroine, Joan Stanmore, is a beautiful girl with many suitors. One after the other they propose marriage, and, by a series of extraordinary fatalities, lose their lives after their rejection by "The Golden Woman." Her father gave her the name as a baby; she brought him luck, and close on the luck followed disaster. And this, says her Aunt Mercy, will be the story of her life throughout. What happens to Joan, and how the curse is broken, the author tells in a convincing fashion. The drama moves swiftly, working up to a fine climax. His characterisation is careful, and, in the case of Mercy—the crystal-gazer—undeniably powerful. There is a freshness and vividity about the book that promises well for future achievements. Mr. Cullum is to be congratulated on his success.

❀ ❀ ❀

THE MESH (Sampson Low, 6s.) is a most arresting book. There is an entirely delightful President of a South American Republic, who robs and murders with the greatest sang-froid, and in the most polished manner. The unfortunate bank manager who falls a victim to his wiles is inevitably a brainless simpleton, and the American detective who comes to the rescue is stereotyped. The fact remains, however, that Mr. Haslette has given us a volume that goes with a rush from start to finish. There is not a dull moment throughout.

❀ ❀ ❀

# LIST OF BOOKS RECEIVED

Benson, A. C. "Along the Road." (Nisbet, 7s. 6d.)
Chapman, S. J. "Elementary Economics." (Longmans, Green, 3s.)
Cripps, A. S. "Baytree Country." (B. H. Blackwell, 1s.)
Darter, Adrian. "For the Love of Gyp." (Murray and Evenden.)
De Groot. "Religion in China." (Putnam, 6s.)
Figgis, Darrell. "Queen Tara." (Dent, 1s.)
Falls, J. C. Edward. "Three Years in the Lybian Desert." (Fisher Unwin, 15s.)
Guérard, Albert L. "French Prophets of Yesterday." (Fisher Unwin, 12s. 6d.)
Hay, William. "Thomas Pringle: Life and Poems." (Juta, Cape Town, 5s.)
Hewlett, Maurice. "Helen Redeemed, and Other Poems." (Macmillan, 4s. 6d.)
Hamoum, Zeyneb. "A Turkish Woman's European Impressions." (Seeley, 6s.)
Kerr, Caroline. "The Bayreuth Letters of Richard Wagner." (Nisbet, 6s.)
Lewis, C. King. "John Greenleaf Whittier." (Headley, 3s. 6d.)
London County Council. "Housing of the Working Class, 1855-1912." (1s.)
Meldola, Prof. Raphael. "Chemistry." (Williams and Norgate, 1s.)
Moore, Prof. Benjamin. "The Origin and Nature of Life." (Williams and Norgate, 16s.)
McCormick, Andrew. "Words from the Wild-wood." (Fraser, Asher and Co., 6s.)
Pemberton, Max. "White Motley." (Cassell, 6s.)
Reynolds, Rothay. "My Russian Year." (Mills and Boon.)
Rousseau, J. J. "L'Emile Taine III." (Dent, 1s.)
Ryven, George. "The Shining Doors." (Griffiths, 6s.)
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Rolland, Romain. "John Christopher—I. Dawn and Morning." (Heinemann, 6s.)
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Reynolds, Mrs. Fred. "The Granite Cross." (Chapman and Hall, 6s.)
Seven Oxford Men. "Foundations." (Macmillan, 10s. 6d.)
Strauss, Joseph. "Essays." (Scott Publishing Co.)
Service, Robert W. "Rhymes of a Rolling Stone." (Fisher Unwin, 3s. 6d.)
Saintsbury, Geo. "The Later Nineteenth Century." (Blackwood.)
Sutcliffe, Halliwell. "The Lone Adventure." (Fisher Unwin, 3s. 6d.)
Sutcliffe, Halliwell. "A Man of the Moors." (Fisher Unwin, 3s. 6d.)
Vollmoeller, Karl. "Twiandot, Princess of Anna." (Fisher Unwin, 2s. 6d.)
Wryde, J. Saxby. "British Lighthouses." (Fisher Unwin, 10s. 6d.).
Warner, G. Allen. "The Period of the Exodus." (Headley, 1s.)
Wedgewood, J. and E. "The Road to Freedom." (Daniel, 1s.)
Wedmore, Sir Frederick, "Painters and Painting." (Williams and Norgate, 1s.)
Worsley, F. W. "The Theology of the Church of England." (Chapman and Hall, 7s. 6d.)
Wilson, David Alec. "The Truth about Carlyle." (Alston Rivers, 1s. 6d.)
Wilson, Dr. Woodrow. "The New Freedom." (Chapman and Hall, 7s. 6d.)

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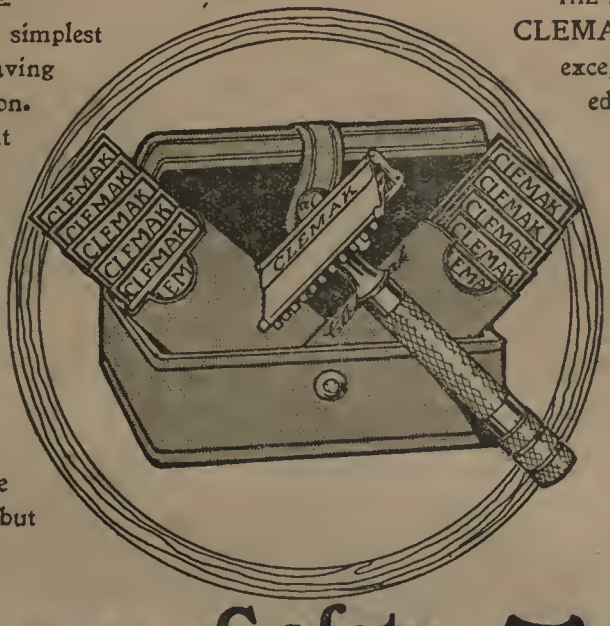


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ARTICLES

BY

AUSTIN HARRISON

THOMAS HOLMES

HENRI MAZEL

W. S. LILLY

ERNEST RHYS


# HISTORY IN THE MAKING

## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THERE is a distinct note of buoyancy about the situation in the Balkans this week. It is true that the military operations drag on wearily, and that there has been no decisive victory. On the other hand, a much more hopeful feeling prevails in diplomatic quarters. It is even rumoured that the war is not likely to be continued beyond another week. Be that as it may, the situation has undergone a marked change for the better, Turkey having announced that she is prepared to place herself unreservedly in the hands of the Powers for the conclusion of peace. Everything now depends upon whether the Balkan Governments are willing to do likewise.

Another impressive reminder of the perils attending Antarctic exploration is furnished by a cablegram with regard to the Mawson Expedition. Following close on the news of the Scott tragedy, its significance is a striking testimony to the risks attendant on these journeyings to the Far South, and, despite the reassuring cables as to the supply of food for the forthcoming winter, a certain amount of apprehension still remains. Nor can this be wondered at, remembering the heavy odds that are against the enterprise. Two members have perished, while Dr. Mawson and his companions, having failed to reach the *Aurora* before she left, are forced to spend another winter in the Antarctic. Moreover, as the remaining members of the expedition appear to be well equipped in other respects, there is every reason for believing that they will withstand the rigours of a Polar winter without serious mishap.

Considerable consternation has been caused by reports from various parts of England of the lights of supposed foreign airships sailing over the country. Germany has given an emphatic denial to the suggestion that the supposed airships belonged to her country, and has set forth reasons showing that such journeys were highly improbable.

The remarkable Indian murder trial, in which Lieutenant Clark, a Eurasian, and Mrs. Fulham were charged with the murder of the latter's husband, had a sensational ending on Saturday, when Clark made a full confession of his guilt. "I am wholly and solely to blame," he said. "Mrs. Fulham was acting under my directions. I sent the drugs, and she gave them. She acted under my influence. She is not to blame." The jury returned a unanimous verdict against both prisoners. The Chief Justice, however, deferred sentence.

By the death of Sir William White, Britain loses its foremost naval architect and consultant. Though he retired from the post of Chief Constructor of the Navy some ten years ago, owing to ill-health, Sir William continued to the last to transact a fairly large amount of professional business. At the height of his career he was responsible for a public expenditure which ran into a hundred millions sterling. Such, however, is the progress of naval construction that his most recent battleships, which were those of the *King Edward* class, are already superseded.

The number of notables who have passed away during the past week is decidedly above the average. The obituary includes, in addition to Sir William White, already mentioned, Earl Nelson, great-nephew of the naval hero; the Marquess of Sligo, the Dowager-Countess of Kenmare, Sir Robert Hamilton Lang, the distinguished banker and financier and a director of the Imperial Ottoman Bank; Lieutenant-Colonel Sir J. F. Bagot, M.P. for the Kendal Division of Westmorland; and Mr. William Gilliland, for twenty years assistant managing editor of the *Daily Telegraph*.

# WEST OR EAST?

## By Austin Harrison, *Editor of the "English Review"*

It was some years ago, at the Kiel Regatta, and we were festively pressing round the Royal yacht *Hohenzollern*, trying to come within snapshot view of the Kaiser, when suddenly the Emperor's voice rang out, like a drill sergeant's, across the waters:—

"*Zurück! Zurück! Zurück mit den Kleinen Booten!*"

Instantly the merry scene changed into one of chaos and pandemonium. Quite ruthlessly the water police pushed into the crowd of boats packed with women, children and holiday-makers; girls shrieked; babies cried; one or two boats upset; for five minutes some 200 people were in serious danger of being drowned, and there stood His Majesty surveying the panic, two of the ladies at his side looking very uncomfortable lest a dreadful accident should take place "before their very eyes."

Back! Back! The Kaiser's words, his attitude, the suddenness of the change—on the last day of 1912, I cannot help thinking of them; for Germany stands to-day in a position not unlike that of the *Hohenzollern*, with the small boats and the jolly-boats pressing around her.

The defeat of the Turks and the rise of the Balkan League have not only changed the face of Europe; they have given her a new meaning, a new course, and redressed the whole balance of military power. To understand the significance of this sudden renascence of Slav strength and interest, which will now stretch at the base of Germany and Austria from the Adriatic to the Black Sea and, it may yet be, to the very gates of Constantinople, we have only to pass in review the main results of the Emperor's forward policy since the Imperial plunge into history with the Kruger telegram.

(1) The direct result of that missive was the growth of the German Navy, of Anglophobia, of the Pan-German direction of affairs which was to secure colonies for the Empire, and ultimately to make Germany mistress of the seas.

(2) The next steps were Germany's Chinese policy; the Emperor's patronage of Mahomedanism—in Turkey and Morocco; his policy of "*petits soins*" towards France; the German hostile attitude to us during the Boer War; towards France in Morocco, which led to Algeciras and the silly business at Agadir, and so to the direct formation of the Anglo-French entente, with Russia as the other friend; in a word, to Teutonism *versus* Russia and the Western civilisation of Europe.

Taking results only, Germany can point to the creation of a fine Navy—the one absolute success of the Pan-German policy. In almost every other political sphere the Emperor has failed.

The Chinese policy has been abandoned. German colonies, even to-day, are not worth the price of a first-class cruiser. The Pan-Germanic South American scheme of colonising Brazil and other parts of South America are no longer even seriously discussed—so effectively the Monroe, plus the new South American "hands off" doctrines, bar the way. Further German machinations in Morocco would place her inevitably before a fighting issue, in which eventuality she would have to meet the British Navy. The Russian-Persian penetration policy has estranged Berlin seriously, and now there has come the defeat of the Turks, thus barring Germany's land way to Asia Minor, the goal of which has been nationally laid down as the railway line from Hamburg to Salonica, and thence through the Bagdad railway to Koeit on the Persian Gulf. In all directions—rebuff, failure, the one positive achievement being the German Navy, raised not a little at the expense of the Army, which has set Germany in direct and implacable opposition to British interest and sympathy—it being now axiomatic of British policy to retain at all costs our supremacy of the seas, in which determination Britain is one.

Such, coldly reviewed, is the situation. The Teuton interest stands in the centre of Europe, hemmed in, at bay, facing West and East and now the South in a spirit of injured, sullen aggression. And the new Power that has come raises the problem of her relations towards the extremities into the plane of acute and immediate *Realpolitik*.

Obviously to the West or to the East, Germany must now look. One or the other it will have to be. She cannot afford to continue her attitude of traditional opposition to the Slav and at the same time hope to strike down our naval supremacy. No Power can afford to incur the hostility of the strongest land and the strongest sea Power at one and the same time. The breakdown of European Turkey is the moral breakdown of the Emperor's Treitschkeian policy. The German Foreign Office will have now to make a fresh start. In her own despite Germany will have to consider afresh which is the greater German interest—her power on land, which was Bismarck's policy, or her power on sea, which is the Kaiser's.

That Austria will be allowed to drag Germany into war—for such would inevitably be the result of active Austrian interference in the Balkan settlement—need not be apprehended. The Emperor will not risk the loss of his Navy at present, as, in the event of a general conflagration, it is certain that we would be embroiled in the fray. Such is not the German idea. No doubt Austria will make faces for some time to come. There will be newspaper crises all the time, but so long as Berlin preserves her equilibrium, Austria will hardly dare to act, for the greater and underlying interest to Germany is the potential clash with Britain, with the dire results that may ensue to her.

Already there is a change in the German outlook. The Bulgarian victories in Thrace have placed Germany suddenly before a very serious problem, which is none other than her political relations with Britain.

Our attitude is plain. So long as Germany builds up to our Navy, so long exactly must we regard her as at any moment our deliberate and most dangerous foe. And more. Continuance of a policy of ship-building rivalry must lead to growing vexation, distrust, exasperation on both sides, which, if power has any meaning at all, will as certainly lead to its employment. Any year now a British statesman may arise who will be big enough to cry "Enough!" And if he does, Britain will respond, and there will be one great decisive naval battle the more.

Very well; and what is the other alternative? This—that Germany should realise both condition and position of compromise; should show us that she

has abandoned her "destruction of Britain policy"; that, towards France, towards the world generally, she should put on the toga of humanitarian conscience. We cannot ask her to do this. Frankly, there are few signs that the Kaiser is willing, that the Prussian sociocracy is willing, or that the nation itself is strong enough to force its will upon the Government—the will, that is, of German Social Democracy, which is the only constructive party of peace in the Fatherland.

Failing such a cause, Germany will do either of two things. She may abandon all her interests which touch the Slav, and seek to form a definite alliance with Russia at any price while she is preparing to bring about our destruction—a policy which Britons would be quick to understand and frustrate; or she may seek the obvious way, which is friendship with us, based on a shipbuilding arrangement which would allow us our necessary supremacy. The failure of the Turk is Germany's last defeat in world-diplomacy. She must now cut out a new path. And the easiest, certainly, of the two courses open to her is an understanding with Britain.

We would only demand one *à priori* condition—the regulation of her shipbuilding programme. If the Germans only grasped that point, an understanding between the two peoples would be easy enough. Moreover, the advantages to Germany would be many. Such is the healthy selfish British point of view. And it is as plain as a pikestaff.

It is so obvious and so easy of realisation that failure on the part of Germany to consummate such a pact must be regarded as tantamount to preparation for hostilities. It will mean this. Germany intends to build up to our naval strength. She does not wish to give up her ambition; she does not care that Europe is, for her sake, an armed camp, groaning under the burden of increasing armaments. In a word, Germany perseveres in her policy of "Full steam ahead"; she remains a fighting issue.

This year—1913—will see whether or no Germany intends to alter the course. This year the Britain and Germany question will be decided; that is to say, either Germany will come forward as our friend, and we shall be able to discover what deal we can make with her about boats, or she will not do so, in which case, the Anglo-German war will have become inevitable. Inevitable because, when two great forces prepare to collide, collision ultimately is the only solution, and, from our point of view, the sooner the better

The longer we allow Germany to prepare, the fiercer will be the struggle, when it comes. If, in the course of the present year, Germany shows no signs of coming to a reasonable understanding with us, then there is but one alternative for this country. We must have a War Loan. We must at once set to work and build so many ships that Germany dare not attack us, and can no longer hope to build up to us. It is our playing with hope that is so dangerous, this constant idea that Germany is "really not strong enough." Who thought the Boers were strong enough? Or the Allies?

Turkey in Europe has gone. And we may go, just as suddenly, just as unexpectedly, if we do not take the full measure of German policy towards us in the next twelve months. The victory of the Allies has made the question of Britain and Germany the all-paramount one to Europe. Failure to bring about friendship will lead to collision at no very distant date, as impact is the law of cosmic, and even of siderеal, life

## FACTS AND SUGGESTIONS CONCERNING IMPRISONMENT

By THOMAS HOLMES

If facts and figures can prove anything, the facts and figures I have previously given prove that the majority of our prisoners are not in prison because of their criminality, but because of their poverty or because of their afflictions. I now give a few more facts:

Fact 1. During the year ended March 31st, 1912, 12,864 persons who had already served more than twenty terms of imprisonment were again in prison, some of whom had been sentenced more than one hundred times. Also during the same year 8,438 persons who had been in prison more than ten times, but less than twenty times; 5,520 who had been imprisoned more than five times; and 7,232 who had been in prison four times, were again imprisoned.

Fact 2. That for statistical purposes every sentence is counted as a separate individual by the Home Office statisticians and the Prison Commissioners.

Fact 3. That many offenders served four, five, six or more sentences in one year.

Fact 4. That during the same year 54,403 persons were sentenced to one week or under, 40,954 to more than one week but not exceeding two weeks, and 33,182 were sentenced to more than two weeks but not exceeding one month.

Fact 5. That the average length of imprisonment for 80 per cent. of the gross total of prisoners is about fourteen days. In all, 128,539 persons, whose sentences varied from three days to one month, were detained in prison during the year.

Fact 6. That this method of procedure creates a stage army of criminals that constantly appears before the Courts of Summary Jurisdiction and is constantly committed to prison, is repeatedly tabulated as criminal, although many of the offences are of a petty character.

Fact 7. That our prisons are very largely maintained to accommodate the State-created stage army of criminals.

Fact 8. That during the year, 2,866 prisoners were undergoing terms of penal servitude, of whom 1,157 had served previous terms and 2,340 had undergone numerous terms of imprisonment.

I contend that a few sensible, inexpensive reforms would close one-half of our prisons.

Suggestion 1. That every offender who has a settled place of abode or who can find surety shall have the legal right to demand time allowance for the payment of any fine imposed upon him before committal to prison.

Suggestion 2. That youths under the age of twenty-one years shall be allowed to pay their fines by weekly instalments.

This simple reform would probably reduce by 50,000 the number committed to prison each year.

Suggestion 3. That the State establish industrial and reformatory schools for the criminally inclined weaklings who are at present debarred all educational and reformative treatment.

Suggestion 4. That Borstal institutions be established for young prisoners of inferior physique, who at present are not submitted to any reformative treatment, but who form a very large majority of our youthful prisoners.

Suggestion 5. That as mental and physical afflictions are great factors in the production of crime, these afflictions must be taken into account when sentence is given, and prisons adapted to their requirements.

# WOMEN AT WORK By MARGARET HAMILTON

## III.—THE CHORUS GIRL

*The question of women's employment, with its attendant problems of the rate of wages, hours of labour, and the inevitable competition with men workers, is a burning one, affecting as it does the welfare of the entire community. The Editor invites his readers' views on this all-important subject.*

WHETHER midway in the teens or well across the thirties, we are all "girls" in the chorus—the *ingénue* who thinks a brilliant career will follow on her engagement in "The Forty Thieves," or the woman who has played in twenty pantomimes and as many comic operas. She may have left ambition far behind her, but is still attractive, has learnt her business through and through, and knows every trick of stage craft. Above all, she retains her sense of humour and the inexhaustible good nature that is a salient feature among the rank and file of the theatrical profession. The most noticeable thing about the chorus girl is her vitality, the grip she has on life, the interest she retains on men and things, long after the radiance of the footlights has grown dim. She will arrive at a remote town in the North of Scotland in a blinding snowstorm, no lodging to go to, no hot food to eat, and she will laugh and joke and set out for a tramp in the cold without a murmur.

The big companies on tour travel on Sundays, and, arriving, very often, late at night, the chorus girl has to seek out her rooms and be ready to turn up at the theatre the next morning for rehearsal, spick and span, without a trace of fatigue. Generally, rooms are booked in advance, certain landladies laying themselves out to cater for "the" profession; but in the outlying towns there is often difficulty in arranging suitable accommodation, and cases have been known where girls have had to spend the night at the railway station.

The departure of a theatrical train is a notable sight. The platform is crowded with "pros.," come to give the company a good "send-off." Friendships formed on other tours that have long since receded into the dim distance are given a temporary fillip by the reappearance of the man or woman you lost sight of years ago. Fond relations, come to see the last, bring offerings of fruit and flowers; young men strain eagerly to catch a glimpse of their goddess of the footlights, and feel a shock when they find her munching a ham sandwich at the buffet. Huge stacks of luggage, piled upon the platform, are stowed in the van, under the direction of the baggage man, who remains unperturbed and immovable under the distracted entreaties of the crowd as to whether or no he collected their baskets and trunks!

The baggage man, for a few pence, will collect the company's luggage and take it to the terminus each week, thus saving trouble and expense.

Economy is an important consideration to the chorus girl. Her salary varies from a pound to thirty shillings a week, increasing to two pounds in special productions, and, considering all she has to do upon this modest sum, it is essential to keep a tight rein on expenditure. She has to find herself in board and lodging, maintain a smart appearance with good clothes, and contrives, in the majority of cases, to send a few shillings home out of the balance! The nomadic nature of her profession of necessity increases the cost of living, and the wear and tear to one's wardrobe is considerable. The majority of chorus girls are very clever with their needles, and make and fit most of their clothes; the popular opinion that the members of the theatrical profession are undomesticated, thriftless, and extravagant housekeepers, unable to cook a joint or darn a stocking, has long been proved a fallacy. It needs practical capacity of a high order to cater for yourself and three or four others at a cost of ten shillings per head, starting each week in a new place; but this is the modest figure at which many girls live, grouping their resources and taking it in turns to buy the food.

The big tours start in the spring and autumn, and, as a rule, are "booked up" six months ahead. The chorus of a pantomime is engaged the previous March, after the close of the shows then running. Most engagements are obtained through theatrical agents, though some few girls contrive to dispense with their assistance. Some of the choristers have played in pantomime and in the same theatre every Christmas for years. They recall the day when their skirts first brushed the scenery in the wings, and annually renew a camaraderie that exists for the run of the piece only. For one of the most surprising things of the chorus girl's life is the fashion in which she finds and loses friends; the exigencies of rehearsals, the fatigue of travelling, the constant and quick succession of new faces and fresh scenes, render it difficult to sustain a long-continued intimacy.

To chance on an old acquaintance in the "Moorish Market" scene or "The Ball Room of the King's Palace" is one of the delights of the stage. It may be that only during those fugitive few minutes you are both "on" at the same time; but it is the one opportunity you have for reminiscence, for when the show is over everyone, eager to get home, wants to leave the theatre behind.

As a general rule, to remain in the chorus for more than a twelvemonth is to stay there altogether. Personality tells behind the footlights as elsewhere, and the brainy woman finds her opportunity and takes it, securing a "small part" over the heads of her more experienced fellows, with increased salary and the chance of making a score. Of jealousy and heartburning in such cases there is of necessity a considerable amount, but, if the chorus girl is quick to resent, she very easily forgives, and it needs the qualification of "meanness" to ensure lengthened unpopularity in a caste.

It is in the dressing-room that the chorus girl talks most freely. Each calling has its special traditions, and outside the theatre professional folk inevitably elaborate their salaries and their engagements. "Seven pounds a week, darling," you will hear a lady say, "and a three years' agreement!" And her friend, knowing quite well that the amount is less by a matter of five pounds and the contract for the run of the piece, only murmurs congratulations, and announces that she has been retained to play the lead in the forthcoming West End production. The fact that she may have to borrow her fare to Brixton does not derogate from the effect of this announcement, which is received with every appearance of good faith. In the dressing-room, however, during the "waits" between the acts, or when the principals hold the stage, the armoury of bluff is taken off, and con-

fidences of a more intimate character are exchanged. The flaring gas-jets are lowered, the paints and powders, heaped upon the shelf running down the sides and across the end of the room, lie idle. The gorgeous gowns are taken off, the silks and satins and brocades, the shining armour, glittering head-dresses thrown aside, and there is a lull in the excitement. Slipping on a dressing jacket, some of the girls produce needlework; others read; most of them talk; sandwiches are handed round, with other refreshment. The rest is welcome, for it is hard work to dance and sing throughout an act, and the chorus are generally kept very busy. Admirers are freely criticised and discussed in these intervals. It would be an education to some of the latter could they hear the opinion of the exquisite creatures who smile at them across the footlights. Your chorus girl has a quick eye for masculine vanity, and knows just how much, or rather just how little, lies at the back of male infatuation for a pretty face. Some of the offerings left at the stage door are wrapt in mystery. For years a handsome woman with a fine voice received a present every Christmas Eve. A small package in a crumpled piece of newspaper would be left in her name, and its contents were invariably the same—a large and uncut turquoise! No matter where she was playing, her admirer laid this offering on the shrine of his idolatry.

For the most part, men are not so faithful, and presents, as a rule, bear the sender's full name and address, accompanied by an invitation to supper. But there is another side to dressing-room confidences. At times the mask of gaiety is slipped aside, and one hears a story that sets the chorus girl tingling with sympathy and a warm-hearted desire to help. A little woman with two children to support, fearful of losing her engagement, dragged herself to the theatre in the throes of pleurisy. She broke down between the acts, and sobbed out her trouble. Her husband was in hospital; her children had only her to look to. If she did not work, what would become of them? The girls made a speedy and effective reply. They collected a few pounds among themselves, a larger sum from the stars of the company, sent her home in a cab, and took it in turns to sit up with her at night and nurse her during the day.

There is a communism among theatre folk difficult for more reticent people to understand. On tour, money and clothes—one's best hat and new coat—are at the disposal of your fellows. You share your luck and your sorrow, your prospects and your pence. There is no need to worry how you will find the money for your dinner once you can get from the suburbs to the Strand, if you can only meet a friend who is not out of an engagement.

It was Cyril Maude who, in an address to the Rehearsal Club, commented on the fact that most chorus girls seemed to live at Peckham. He had nothing to say against that spot, except that it was a long way off! How long only those who have walked the distance to and from the agents can tell. The Rehearsal Club has proved a boon to hundreds of members of the profession in placing at their disposal a sanctuary, as it were, where they can rest and take their ease between the matinée and the evening performance. Before its inauguration the girls had to spend the intervening two or three hours either in teashops, wine bars, or one or other of those establishments that tradition dedicates to the profession. Those girls who are "resting"—that is to say, those girls who spend hours upon hours calling upon agent after agent—find the Club invaluable. Good food can be obtained at cheap prices, the news of engagements is freely circulated, and the Club forms, in a word, a useful and agreeable rendezvous for those who for too long had no headquarters.

The big agencies up West, crowded with men and women out of work, show how difficult it is to get a living in the profession, already overstocked. The rooms, hung with portraits of present-day stars, bygone celebrities, are filled with an eager and gesticulating throng. The rumour has gone out that a famous impresario is producing a big show, and everyone hastens to apply for an engagement. Pretty débutantes lounge in graceful attitudes and talk of their successes, secure in the belief that later they will catch the agent's eye. Older hands stand near the door, ready to clutch the great man's coat-tails whenever he emerges for a moment from his inner sanctum. "Anything going to-day, Mr. Blank? You won't forget me, will you?"

Everyone is "dear" in the profession, and "love" and "darling" flavour theatrical speech. At the agents one meets the tragedies of the profession—the comedian who used to draw his thirty pounds a week until, somehow or other, the public taste changed; the tenor who has lost his top note and is struggling to-day for a place in the chorus, and five years hence may be singing outside the doors of suburban public-houses the ballads that once brought him hundreds a week. On the whole, however, it is wonderful how tenaciously both actors and actresses preserve their youth, and a cynic has observed that no actress can really play Juliet with effect until she is old enough to be Juliet's mother, and that no man can really play "Juveniles" until he has been on the stage long enough to lose his figure. If he retains it—the figure, that is—he will be worth his weight in gold.

It is, perhaps, this irrepressible vivacity, this eternal youthfulness of the members of the profession, that more than any other quality redeems their faults and foibles. They have grievances enough and to spare. Often they are kept for weeks hard at work rehearsing a piece which may only last a few nights when it is produced. *For these weeks of rehearsals they are paid exactly nothing at all.* They have to work and keep their spirits up to concert pitch—to keep their shoe polished, as they say, if the sole is through. They have to put aside poignant griefs and dark memories to keep the public amused. One recalls the pierrot's plea in "Pagliacci":—

> "Oh! think, then, sweet people,
> When we come before you in our Motley and Tinsel,
> Ours are human hearts beating with passion."

Nowadays we all take a wiser, saner, healthier view of the human need for recreation than when, as in the days of our forebears, people spoke of young men being led away by the lure of the stage, or thought that everyone on the other side of the footlights stood in grievous peril. But though the old-time Puritan, with his prejudices and prudery, has passed, there are still those left in our midst who frown upon the chorus girl and think of her as something a little less than human, at whom they really must draw the line. To such we commend the words that Charles Dickens, writing to his son, said expressed his own philosophy on the matter. They are from the mouth of Sleary, the poor circus rider, when he is rebuking the great Gradgrind:—

"Squire, shake hands, first and last! Don't be cross with us poor vagabonds. People must be amused. They can't be always a-learning, nor yet they can't be always a-working; they ain't made for it. You must have us, Squire. Do the wise and the kind thing, too, and make the best of us, not the worst."

# COUNTRIES OF THE WORLD ✻ ✻ ✻ BY THE EDITOR

## IX.—SPAIN

[A whole library has been written on modern Spain. I would especially recommend Theophile Gautier's "Travels in Spain," which is still fresh after three-quarters of a century; Ford's "Gatherings in Spain" (Everyman's Library); Mr. Havelock's suggestive and sympathetic "Soul of Spain" (Archibald Constable); Mr. Edward Hutton's beautiful impressionist sketches, "The Cities of Spain" (Methuen); and Mr. Calvert's sumptuous volumes, "Spain" (Dent).]

I.

THE greatness and decline of Spain is one of the tragedies and one of the mysteries of history. A great people, the Spaniards are yet a people apparently decadent and sterile. They are a profoundly religious people, yet they have distorted the Catholic religion into the hideous caricature of the Inquisition, and they have made the Catholic Church an object-lesson and a byword to all who hate her. They have produced the noblest types of saints, such as Saint Teresa, and they have also produced the most repellent type of bigots, such as Philip II. and Alva. They are a generous and chivalrous people, yet they are also a cruel people, and they have exalted the torture of the heretic into a sacred duty, and popularised the torture of animals into a national sport. They are a patriotic and proud people, yet all through the nineteenth century they have plunged the country which they love into the chaos and horror of civil war. They are an imperial people, yet they have been unable to govern themselves. They are a conservative people, yet they have made their great cities, and especially Barcelona, into centres of aimless anarchy and of violent outrage. They are a people endowed with wonderful intellectual and artistic gifts, yet they have not produced one single great thinker or great scientist.

II.

The contradictions of modern Spain may to some extent be explained by physical conditions and by the vicissitudes of history. Geographically Spain is both separated from Europe and joined on to Northern Africa. She is divided from Europe by the impassable barrier of the Pyrenees, and she is united to, rather than divided from, Morocco by the Straits of Gibraltar, which can be crossed in a couple of hours. And for a thousand years she has been invaded and occupied by Semitic tribes—in ancient times by the Carthaginians and in modern times by the Moslems.

And even as the geographical position of Spain is unfavourable to intercourse with Europe, so it has been unfavourable to internal unity. Inland Spain is an arid and ardent tableland, broken up into distinct mountain ranges. If you study a population map of the country, you find that it is densely populated only on the circumference, on the Mediterranean shores, and in the valleys of the Ebro and Guadalquivir. By far the greater part is a sunburnt, tawny, and desolate desert. It is so desolate that, according to a Spanish proverb, a bird crossing Old Castile must take its provision of food before starting on its journey. And its climate is so severe and so extreme that, according to a popular saying, Madrid has nine months of winter and three months of hell. "Nueve meses de invierno y tres meses de infierno!"

It is those conditions of climate and physical geography which have kept Aragon, Castile, Galicia, Catalogna, Andalusia, essentially separate. Their nominal political union was the result of a royal marriage, and was postponed till the end of the fifteenth century, but their real divisions continued down to our own time, and at the beginning of the twentieth century we find Catalonia, the most prosperous part of Spain, with the commercial capital, Barcelona, agitating in favour of political separation.

III.

Any moral or political unity which Spain has been able to achieve has been achieved not through peaceful intercourse, but through religious war. The national history of Spain has been the history of a crusade extending over nine hundred years. The first Moslem entered Spain at the beginning of the eighth century (711), and the last Morisco left the enchanted paradise of Andalusia at the beginning of the seventeenth century (1607). This religious war has made the modern Spaniard, has moulded his character, explains his vices and virtues, his heroism and exclusive absorption in religion, his military conception of life, and his aversion to commercial and industrial pursuits, his resignation and his fatalism. The Castilian has become the soldier of orthodoxy. Spain has become a nation of monks and of priests, a country where the Church and State were indissolubly united, where the State insisted on conformity, where the Inquisition became a political institution, perverting the very meaning of Christianity, which is based on a separation between the spiritual and the temporal powers, between what belongs to Cæsar and what appertains to God.

IV.

To the baneful influence of religious persecution there has been added the equally baneful influence of imperialism. It was an evil day for Spain when the heroic Genoese persuaded Ferdinand and Isabella to provide him with a flotilla for the quest and conquest of the New World. It was an ill-fated union, the marriage of a Burgundian prince with the lunatic Johanna, which added the Netherlands and Italy to the Spanish dominions. Under any circumstances, the new imperial tasks would have proved too difficult and too burdensome for the people of Spain; but the Spaniards entered on those tasks with the spirit of the Inquisitor, and with the spirit of the seeker of gold, combining the worst motives of religion with the worst motives of the adventurer. Both motives and methods have been equally fatal to successful colonisation. From the fifteenth century to the end of the nineteenth, Spain sent her best men and spent treasure on the gigantic and impossible task which she had undertaken—forcing a tyrannical *régime* upon rebellious subjects for the benefit of a handful of officials and "Conquistadores." At the beginning of the nineteenth century all the colonies of South America had broken away from the mother country. Before the end of the same century, Cuba and the Philippines were taken away from her as the spoils of a disastrous war.

V.

But the humiliating defeats of the American campaign proved a blessing in disguise. So far from the war having had a depressing influence on national prosperity, it produced almost immediately an economic revival. Freed from the incubus of Cuba,

the Spanish people deliberately set themselves to put their house in order, and devoted their energies and their resources to internal reform. Unfortunately, the people continue to be sadly hampered for lack of enterprise, lack of capital, and lack of education. The iron mines of Bilbao in the north, as well as the copper mines of Andalusia, are almost entirely worked by foreign capital and remain under foreign management.

And even as the Spaniards are hampered in their industries by lack of capital and lack of enterprise, they are also hampered in their agriculture by governmental incapacity and by the land monopoly of the Spanish Grandees. Spain is in chronic terror of drought, and the prosperity of agriculture is largely dependent on efficient irrigation. Yet the irrigation works are to-day almost exactly as the Moors left them four hundred years ago. A proud and effete aristocracy, possessing huge estates, especially in the fertile south, is more concerned to improve the breed of bulls for the corridas in the national amphitheatres than to introduce agricultural reform.

## VI.

The history of Spain is often represented as pre-eminently a history of national failure. No judgment could well be more unfair. It is true that Spain has kept aloof from commercial pursuits, that she has shared very little in the intellectual and scientific culture of the modern world, and that she still continues to dream her mediæval dream of an exclusive and intolerant orthodoxy. But to say that Spanish civilisation has been sterile is a travesty of history, and is the basest ingratitude. Has Spain not borne the brunt of the great battles of Christendom? Has she not saved the West from Mohammedan oppression? Has she not saved Europe from the sad fate which has overtaken all the nations that have come under the Crescent? And in days more recent has she not saved Europe from the despotism of the Corsican? But, above all, has she not continued to influence and to enrich the world through her artists and her saints, through that marvellous Society of Jesus, which is entirely a creation of the Spanish genius? And is not the whole continent of South America, which to-morrow will be inhabited by hundreds of millions, in the secure possession of the descendants of the Spanish Conquistadores?

And last, not least, has Spain not made European civilisation her debtor through her splendid language, the language of Cervantes, the noblest language born of Imperial Rome, and has her genius not found imperishable expression in one of the most creative, one of the most original, and one of the most inspiring literatures of all times?

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THE *plaza* is the focus of a fire, which blood alone can extinguish; what . . . reviews and razzias are to Gauls, mass or music to Italians, is this one and absorbing bull-fight to Spaniards of all ranks, sexes, ages, for their happiness is quite catching; and yet a thorn peeps amid these rosebuds; when the dazzling glare and fierce African sun calcining the heavens and earth, fires up man and beast to madness, a raging thirst for blood is seen in flashing eyes and the irritable ready knife, then the passion of the Arab triumphs over the coldness of the Goth.—*Richard Ford.*

# THE FRENCH PHILOSOPHER, BERGSON BY HENRI MAZEL

I.

Monsieur Henri Bergson is regarded by many as the greatest of living French philosophers, and it is certain that he is the best known. Even the man in the street has heard of him, and Parisian society women jostle each other at his lectures at the Collège de France. Articles about him abound in reviews, and even in newspapers. Hitherto they have been invariably laudatory, and even enthusiastic; recently there have been some less favourable ones, but these serve only to provoke renewed applause. A book was published a short time ago in English, somewhat severe in tone, which, it appears, is about to draw a decisive answer from one of his disciples. But this, after all, is life, and, for a philosopher, it is better to live in a whirlwind of admiration and criticism than to perish in the silence of indifference. From this point of view no philosopher lives more intensely than M. Bergson, for his philosophy is all the rage.

II.

Only fifty-three years of age, he is therefore still a young man. His hair is just beginning to turn grey; he is well built, and pleasing in appearance; he has a fine, penetrating glance—eagle-eyed one might call him; his forehead is broad, and its beautiful modelling reveals itself, owing to his partial baldness; his somewhat thick black moustache is clipped closely enough to show the subtle curve of the mouth; his slightly heavy underlip, and the horizontal line of the eyes, would denote his Jewish origin if his name did not immediately reveal it. I hasten to add that nothing in his work nor in his mental processes suggests this origin; herein he is very different from Spinoza, the only satisfactory explanation of whose system lies in the Hebrew Kabbalah.

III.

His whole person breathes a fascinating charm. On all those who have been his pupils he has made the deepest impression; and the crowds who faithfully attend his lectures testify to the steady hold which he maintains over his audience. His facility of speech is astonishing; without notes, leaning sometimes on the right elbow, sometimes on the left, he expounds in ever elegant phraseology the most obscure or the most technical problems, in such a manner as, if not to make them clear, at least, to give rise, in those who listen to him, to the illusion that they are clear. And as each of his lectures is well composed and well balanced, and partakes of the nature of a work of art, his audience leaves the lecture-room of the Collège de France ready to endorse the most extreme praises of his admirers.

IV.

Here we must quote a few of these eulogies. M. Edouard le Roy considers that "the revolution produced by M. Bergson is as important as that of Kant, or even as that of Socrates." To M. René Gillouin he is "the only first-rate philosopher whom France has produced since Descartes, or Europe since Kant." M. Georges Sorel recognises in him the thinker who serves to interpret and complete Karl Marx, and who, in consequence, holds in his brain the solution of the modern social problem. Others praise him as an author, a prose poet, and also, above all, as a writer on æsthetics and metaphysics. Europe has had "no greater metaphysician since Hegel, nor France since Malebranche." Others, and these need fear no contradiction, accord to him the credit of having been a marvellous awakener of minds; the initiator of a vast intellectual movement which reaches, as I was saying, even the very man in the street; the restorer of the importance of philosophy, which was in danger of being neglected, and which now, rejuvenated by him, and endowed with new weapons, can aspire to the rôle which belongs to it, that of fighting the new scholasticism and the barbarism of science.

V.

In this chorus of praise there is probably some element of justifiable protest against the unfavourable attitude apparently maintained towards him by the educational authorities. Education in France, as everybody knows, is divided into higher education, provided by the Faculties, and secondary education, which youths who aspire to the diploma of "bachelier" receive in the lycées and colleges. Now, M. Bergson has never been connected with higher education. He has only been a mere assistant lecturer in the Faculty of Letters at Clermont-Ferrand, and it was in the unassuming position of professor at the Collège Rollin and the Lycée Henri IV. that between 1888 and 1898 his value as a philosopher began to claim attention.

VI.

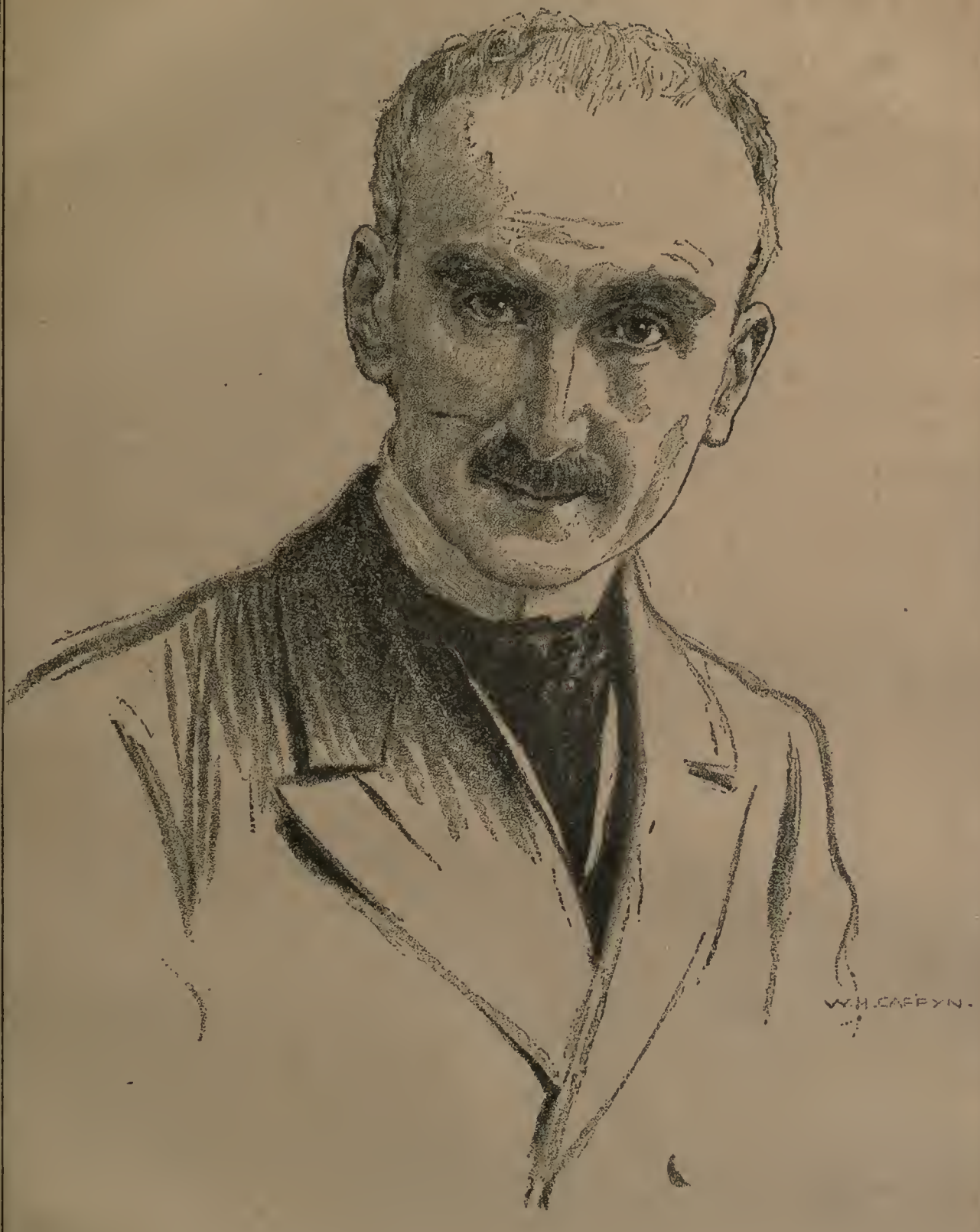
At the present time his contribution to philosophy consists mainly of three great works, "Time and Free Will" (his thesis for the doctorate, written in 1889), "Matter and Memory," an essay on the relation of the body to the mind, and "Creative Evolution," the mere title of which indicates its originality, as compared with the usual conception of Evolution.

All these works emanate from the same philosophic inspiration, but they mark the gradual definition and precision of M. Bergson's system in such manner that one must know them all if one is to be able to give a general opinion on the ideas of this thinker. It would be rash to attempt to express such an opinion in a few lines when the problems dealt with are so difficult, and when the thought informing them is as subtle and varied as his. As one of his disciples says, "There is, perhaps, no philosophy which appears to the superficial reader more open and easy of access, and there is certainly none more baffling and difficult to grasp." Not only would a long article be necessary to give a just appreciation of the Bergsonian conception of the idea of *time*, and the demonstration that, scientifically, *time* does not *last*, but it would also be impossible without much amplification to explain the rôle in consciousness which M. Bergson attributes to intuition, the difference which he establishes between intuition and intelligence, and at the same time the intellectual aspect which he maintains in his theory of consciousness; as he says in his very pictorial style, "Intelligence is the luminous nucleus formed by means of condensation at the expense of that fringe of confused images which constitutes the domain of intuition." We shall, therefore, content ourselves here with attempting to note the general aspect of the Bergsonian system, and the position which it appears to occupy in the life of modern ideas.

VII.

On the whole, M. Bergson's philosophy belongs to the great movement of reaction against the philoso-

(*Continued on page* 654.)




HENRI BERGSON, NATUS 1860

phies of determinism, realism, and positivism which a quarter of a century ago reigned uncontested. This last philosophy, springing from the powerful brain of Auguste Comte, elucidated by so vigorous a thinker as Taine, and directed by Ribot towards psycho-physiologic studies, had rendered great service to the human mind, but had left unsatisfied many of its most legitimate aspirations. The same movement which was to provoke a renaissance of symbolistic poetry and idealistic art against realistic art and literature was to revive in the realm of philosophy the study of metaphysical and moral problems. To this vast movement are related all the pragmatical tendencies of English and American thinkers, and in France, connected with it in varying degrees, we find the theory of *personalism*, arrived at by the venerable Renouvier in his old age, Alfred Fouillée's theory of motive-ideas, Boutroux' study of the *contingencies of the laws of nature*, Tarde's studies, which might all be termed studies of *social contingencies*, the *pluralism* of M. Boëx, better known in literature under the name of Rosny senior, and, lastly, M. Bergson's several theses on intuition, on the absolute, on duration, and on liberty.

VIII.

Among this brilliant staff of great thinkers, what exactly is the rank of the last-named? To investigate this question would, perhaps, be somewhat unprofitable.

Time sets most things in their right place, and we shall have to wait a little while to know whether there is nothing but a dark and gaping void between Descartes, or even Kant, and the author of "Creative Evolution." What, at least, is beyond doubt is that the thought of no living French philosopher is so subtle, so varied, expressed in language so elegant and poetical as that of M. Bergson. And this is of no mean importance, even to the foreigner.

* * *

## THE INVASION

Lo, the Springtime's yellow army
  Marches out upon the land!
With what silent tread and stealthy
  Each division takes its stand.

See the pale primroses scouting,
  By the roadside and the banks;
While the daffodils are marshalled
  In battalions and in ranks!

Now, their golden trumpets blowing,
  All reserves they summon up;
Mark them come through marsh and meadow,
  Yellow flag and buttercup.

See them crowding in the copses—
  Watch them gathering in the glade—
Even the grim city borders
  Are not free from such sweet raid!

With the lark to pipe reveillé,
  And the breeze to guide the way,
Rapidly this ruthless army
  Captures fresh hearts every day!

Ella E. Walters.

## "JOHN BULL'S OTHER ISLAND"

AT THE KINGSWAY THEATRE

This admirable performance constitutes one more proof—if proof is still needed—of the thoroughness with which Mr. Shaw has purged our present-day theatre of theatricality. As in the majority of plays at present running, the most striking thing about the acting is its force of conviction and its freedom from the rhetoric of conventional stage-craft—its wonderful naturalness, as the man in the pit would phrase it. Mr. Louis Calvert sets the standard as Broadbent, though there is little to choose in this respect between him and Mr. J. D. Beveridge as Father Dempsey. Mr. Beveridge is at an advantage, however, in a character which is less manipulated by the author, and therefore more palpably alive than any other in the play. The rest—and Broadbent most of all, perhaps—are Shavian editions of humanity. They are human enough, but they are unmistakably "revised" to prove a thesis; for with all its human colour and movement, the play is not so much dramatically interpreted life as dramatically conducted argument.

Yet none of the characters are puppets, least of all the likeably hateful (or should it be hatefully likeable?) Broadbent. An Englishman of the obtusely sentimental kind, most absurd when most in earnest, and most clever when making a fool of himself; fatuous, sententious, addle-brained, hiding some very unlovely qualities beneath a veil of genial stupidity, he is entirely convincing. And he represents the attitude of a certain section of the English mind towards Ireland all the more forcefully because he is a man first and a type afterwards. Nothing could be better than the informal conference in Corney Doyle's garden, where the voluble electioneering babble of the absurdly serious Broadbent is foiled by the dry shrewdness and acute, if narrow, judgment of Father Dempsey and the bitter sarcasm of Larry Doyle. Clever writing and effective acting keep perfect pace in this scene. Miss Ellen O'Malley's Nora is another piece of good acting, with a praiseworthy sense of the author's values; and, indeed, the whole caste is excellent, though one pities Mr. William Poel his task of making the unconvincing real as Peter Keegan.

"John Bull's Other Island" is a full-flavoured exposition of one aspect of Mr. Shaw's philosophy. It is also a vital bit of the real Ireland. And if the author's mordant wit and uncanny cleverness tend to make one forget at times the wood in admiring the trees, the reality of the thing soon recaptures the mind.

Something of the tragic soul of the broken and vanishing Gael is in the play, and the unsentimental treatment spells poignancy where a "Celtic-revival" method would fail. Larry Doyle, the Celtic sleeper who has woke up, turning from dreams to grip reality with naked hands, yet eating his heart out all the time because reality is so brutal and dreams are so unreal, is a bit of Ireland. And Nora and Peter Keegan, yes, and even Mat Haffigan, in his way, stand for another bit. Melancholy as bog-water and as ineffective, devoured by sterile imaginings, blanched with futile brooding—the Ireland that tempts one to say that God wanted to do something with it once and then forgot. The only failure in the play is mad Peter Keegan. He ought to convince us of his sanity; he only succeeds in making us think him a little less mad than the rest.

E. Hermann.

# LITERARY NOTES

THIS month celebrations will take place on a national scale in connection with the birth of David Livingstone, and I doubt not that many readers of EVERYMAN will be anxious to read and, I hope in many cases, re-read the story of the career of the great African missionary and explorer. The question naturally arises, Which is the best biography? Having had occasion to read all the Lives of Livingstone more than once, I venture to say that there is no single work which gives a complete and wholly adequate record of the man and his work.

* * * * *

In order to get a fair idea of Livingstone as missionary, philanthropist, explorer, and scientist, one must read two biographies—Professor Blaikie's and Sir Harry Johnston's, the one being really the complement of the other. Professor Blaikie's, which was first published in 1880, and is now in its sixth edition, is a model of what a popular biography should be. But it has one defect. Its author, who was a Scottish clergyman, magnified, as was perhaps natural, the missionary side of Livingstone's career at the expense of the scientific. It was the character of the man that most interested Blaikie: Livingstone's discoveries and researches he has treated scantily, and, on his own showing, not unintentionally.

* * * * *

Sir Harry Johnston's biography, on the other hand, is wholly unsympathetic to Livingstone as a pioneer of Christian missions in Africa, but is invaluable as a record of his exploring work. Having himself travelled in Livingstone's footsteps and entered minutely into the recorded details of his work in the Dark Continent, Sir Harry writes with unimpeachable authority. Moreover, his book, like Blaikie's, is finely written. The work originally appeared in "The World's Great Explorers" Series, but has now been re-issued in shilling form, a remark which also applies to Blaikie's book. I ought to add that Livingstone's own volumes make profitable reading.

* * * * *

Is the reading of poetry on the decline? The question has been suggested by a perusal of a recent number of the *Poetry Review*, a shilling monthly imbued with the laudable desire of promoting, in Matthew Arnold's words, "a clearer, deeper sense of the best in poetry and of the strength and joy to be drawn from it." Certainly, no one who scans the publishers' lists week by week can be ignorant of the fact that a large amount of poetry is published. But under what circumstances does it make its appearance, and who buys it?

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Except in a few cases, which might almost be numbered on the fingers of one hand, poetry is not a marketable commodity. The bulk of it is published at the author's risk, and, not infrequently, it happens that the poet is compelled to take half of the copies for distribution among his friends, the rest being sold as "remainders." It does not, therefore, follow that, because more poetry is published nowadays than formerly, there is a larger public for it. On the contrary, I should say there is a steady decline in the reading of poetry, and I mention the existence of the Poetry Society in support of this view.

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But the point I wish to drive home is that, while there appears to be fewer readers of poetry, and certainly fewer buyers, the number of persons who practise the art of versification is on the increase. How are we to explain this singular phenomenon? There are, it seems to me, a very large number of people who honour the Muse, but honour her in not the most desirable way. They do not read the masterpieces which she has inspired, but take to scribbling verses on their own account. No editor requires to be told that there are an appalling number of "inglorious Miltons." Every post brings him heaps of unprintable verse. The versifying habit is a harmless one, and, provided the person addicted to it does not rush into print, may even be commendable, but all such versifiers would be better employed in fostering an intelligent interest in, and proper appreciation of, poetry that really counts.

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The announcement that the committee of the London Library propose to publish a new Author Catalogue will gladden the heart of many a literary worker. The Catalogue published some ten years ago has proved a valuable work of reference not only on the score of comprehensiveness, but because it revealed for the first time the authorship of many anonymous and pseudo-anonymous publications. The new work will be on a much larger scale. It is expected to run to about 3,000 pages, and will include the eight substantial supplements which have been published since 1903. The work is to appear in two volumes, and will be sold to members at 26s., which is the bare cost of printing and binding.

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Some weeks ago, in referring to a costly edition of Mr. Kipling's works which Messrs. Macmillan were proposing to bring out, I ventured the remark that some difficulty might be experienced in disposing of 1,050 sets at twenty-three guineas each. But I was reckoning without my host, for Messrs. Macmillan announce that the whole of the Bombay edition has already been subscribed—two months before the publication of the first volume. Of course, Mr. Kipling's popularity in India, as everybody knows, is very great. Nevertheless, it is amazing to learn that a thousand persons have been found who are prepared to show their admiration to the tune of twenty-three guineas.

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As a supplement to the Life of Disraeli, now in course of publication, Mr. Murray has collected, and proposes shortly to publish in one volume, some of the less known of Disraeli's early writings, including much new matter. To these collected papers, which are of historical, biographical, and literary interest, Mr. W. Hutcheon will furnish an introduction and explanatory notes. The volume will be similar in form to the Life.

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Mr. Gosse has played so notable a part in literary criticism for many years that there ought to be a big demand for the edition of his collected critical works which Mr. Heinemann has in preparation. The edition is to consist of five uniform volumes—"Seventeenth-Century Studies," "Gossip in a Library," "French Profiles," "Critical Kit-Kats," and "Portraits and Studies." Why, I wonder, is "Questions at Issue" not included? It contains some of Mr. Gosse's best critical work. The essays on "The Tyranny of the Novel," "What is a Great Poet?" "The Limits of Realism in Fiction," "R. L. Stevenson as a Poet," and "Mr. Kipling's Short Stories," one reads again and again. I, for one, hope to see "Questions at Issue" find a place in the collected edition of Mr. Gosse's critical writings.

X. Y. Z.

# MASTERPIECE OF THE WEEK

## WALT WHITMAN'S "LEAVES OF GRASS" ⁂ ⁂ ⁂ BY ERNEST RHYS

*(SECOND ARTICLE)*

I.

IN his prose book of 1870 Whitman said that Democracy was "a great word" whose history was still unwritten. It was "in some sort younger brother of another great and often used word, Nature," whose history also waited to be told. He traced there the effect of the world-movements of men, current over the face of this planet, that were on the scale of the impulses of the elements. And then he turned to the part in the human economy of the single individual, the single soul, and to the mystery of that soul's Identity—the "miracle of miracles" he called it. It was out of these two simple ideas of his, the idea of the race and the multitude, and the idea of the individual, that he got the direct impulse for his "Leaves of Grass." The title is the symbol of the multitude and the close association of men. "The prairie-grass dividing," he says,

"I demand of it the spiritual corresponding,
Demand the most copious and close companionship of men,
Demand the blades to rise of words, acts, beings,—
Those of the open atmosphere, coarse, sunlit, fresh, nutritious. . . ."

And, again, in another page, as the old Welsh poet Taliesin turned to sing how, in his spirit's transmigration and development, he had passed from the Vale of Hebron to the war-fields of Alexander, Walt Whitman turns to realise himself as the new "Cursor Mundi":—

"My spirit has pass'd in compassion and determination around the whole earth,
I have look'd for equals and lovers and found them ready for me in all lands,
I think some divine rapport has equalised me with them.

"You vapours, I think I have risen with you, moved away to distant continents, and fallen down there, for reasons,
I think I have blown with you you winds;
You waters I have finger'd every shore with you,
I have run through what any river or strait of the globe has run through,
I have taken my stand on the bases of peninsulas and on the high embedded rocks, to cry thence:

"*Salut au monde!*
What cities the light or warmth penetrates I penetrate those cities myself,
All islands to which birds wing their way I wing my way myself.

"Toward you all, in America's name,
I raise high the perpendicular hand, I make the signal,
To remain after me in sight forever,
For all the haunts and homes of men."

II.

The American poet's reliance upon the force and validity of his new message gave him the courage to use a form of expression unlike that of any other poet of our time. One cannot read far in his book without becoming aware that he is quite singularly without any sense of the poetic and literary convention, and rather deficient, too, it may be, in the accepted art of words. But, as if becoming aware in himself of the impossibility of finding an equation between the accepted poetic tradition of his time and the need he felt to express himself in his own way, he had the courage to recognise to the full the necessity this put upon him, and to look for a rhythm and an idiom fit for his purpose. As he wished to have the courage to see things with his own eyes, he was determined to find a voice for them and to say them frankly, fearlessly, and even with a certain audacity in his own way. We have to allow for the fact that at the time when he began to write there was much in the popular literary fashion in the United States which was but a poorer imitation of the popular modes on this side of the Atlantic to challenge the fighting spirit in a poet of original power. So it is that here and there one comes upon pages in his work which seem written out of bravado, to break the spell of respectability and the literary proprieties. Moreover, one has to allow for the fact that in many of these poems he was experimenting and seeking to express what had never been expressed before, and what, according to the usual acceptation, was at many points quite inexpressible. Allowing for these difficulties which he undoubtedly felt, we must agree that he did succeed in finding a rude, powerful, and eloquent rhythm, which at its best remarkably conveys his meaning. Try, for instance, the page in which he has the vision of the new city of his spiritual commonwealth:—

"I dream'd in a dream I saw a city invincible to the attacks of the whole of the rest of the earth,
I dream'd that was the new city of Friends,
Nothing was greater there than the quality of robust love, it led the rest,
It was seen every hour in the actions of the men of that city,
And in all their looks and words."

The pendant to this may be found in the same section of his book, which he calls Calamus, and it touches on that other conception of the real significance of the United States of America as being in some sort predictive of what we may now call the United States of the World:—

"Come, I will make the continent indissoluble,
I will make the most splendid race the sun ever shone upon,
I will make divine magnetic lands,
With the love of comrades,
With the lifelong love of comrades.

"I will plant companionship thick as trees along all the rivers of America, and along the shores of the great lakes, and all over the prairies,
I will make inseparable cities with their arms about each other's necks,
By the love of comrades,
By the manly love of comrades."

III.

In his "Democratic Vistas" he affirms his determination to accept and to face every problem, however counter it may seem to his own idealistic philosophy, which America and the United States thrust upon his consciousness. He writes: "I hail with joy the oceanic, variegated, intense practical energy, the demand for facts, even the business materialism of the current age, Our States. But wo to the age or land in which these things, movements, stopping at themselves, do not tend to ideas. As fuel to flame, and flame to the heavens, so must wealth, science, materialism, unerringly feed the highest mind, the soul." No man or woman, no individual, however mean and despised, however much at odds with fortune and the good things of the world, but, by the divine principle within him or her, and the divine

right of a citizen of that republic, can accept the message that Walt Whitman sought to deliver. "Whoever you are," he says,

"The divine ship sails the divine sea for you.

"Whoever you are! you are he or she for whom the earth is solid and liquid,
You are he or she for whom the sun and moon hang in the sky,
For none more than you are the present and the past,
For none more than you is immortality.

"Each man to himself and each woman to herself, is the word of the past and present, and the true word of immortality;
No one can acquire for another—not one,
Not one can grow for another—not one.

"The song is to the singer, and comes back most to him,
The teaching is to the teacher, and comes back most to him,
The murder is to the murderer, and comes back most to him,
The theft is to the thief, and comes back most to him,
The love is to the lover, and comes back most to him,
The gift is to the giver, and comes back most to him—it cannot fail,
The oration is to the orator, the acting is to the actor and actress, not to the audience,
And no man understands any greatness or goodness but his own, or the indication of his own."

IV.

If it were sought, finally, to give to the reader who does not already know the book some glimpse of the more tender and imaginative of its pages, one might point to the song written at the death of President Lincoln, "When lilacs last in the courtyard bloomed," a part of which has been set to very moving music by Sir C. Villiers Stanford:—

"Prais'd be the fathomless universe,
For life and joy, and for objects and knowledge curious,
And for love, sweet love—but praise! praise! praise!
For the sure-enwinding arms of cool-enfolding death.

"Dark mother always gliding near with soft feet,
Have none chanted for thee a chant of fullest welcome?
Then I chant it for thee, I glorify thee above all,
I bring thee a song that when thou must indeed come, come unfalteringly.

"Approach, strong deliveress,
When it is so, when thou hast taken them I joyously sing the dead,
Lost in the loving floating ocean of thee,
Laved in the flood of thy bliss, O death."

For the rest, the book can safely be left to speak for itself. It is hardly as a book to be judged among books, but as the living testament of a man who wished to get rid of the bookish tradition altogether, that it ought to be treated. It goes better with the open air and the open road than it does with the library and the indoor life, by which most of us are bound. Years ago a song was written by a fellow-countryman of Walt Whitman's, the late editor of the *Century Magazine*, Richard Watson Gilder, and it may serve as the envoy to the poet they signal:—

"When the true poet comes, how shall we know him—
By what clear token,—manners, language, dress? . . .

"Thus shall ye know him—this shall be his token:
Manners like other men, an unstrange gear;
His speech not musical, but harsh and broken
Shall sound at first, each line a driven spear;
For he shall sing as in the centuries olden,
Before mankind its earliest fire forgot;
Yet whoso listens long hears music golden.
How shall ye know him? ye shall know him not
Till ended hate and scorn,
To the grave he's borne."

# THE MASQUE OF LEARNING

In the Great Hall of the University of London a famous play, or pageant, is to be given next week, which, when played at Edinburgh last year, proved a nine days' wonder, and something more. It is cast in the form of a masque on the grand scale, setting forth in picturesque, salient episodes the growth of Learning, mediæval and modern. The whole has been designed by Professor Patrick Geddes, who has always known how to combine imagination with his science and scholarship; and in this spectacle of the ages, led by wisdom, on their march through time, he has given us a new sensation of their human effect and their gradually unfolding intellectual resources. The scenes presented are chosen after a natural plan.

After a brief prologue, the masque opens with the Barbarian celebration of victories over Rome, and thus begins with modern Europe in its infancy. It proceeds to deal with all the significant forces, both internal and external, that have left their mark on Western civilisation. The masque portrays these vividly in its many contrasts of the cloister and the world—hermit, monk, and friar, burgher and knight, wizard and scholar. In it the heart of Mediæval Europe will be seen as its own day saw it: at one time the spectacle and the fun of an old-world fair at Montpelier, where we shall see prelates and knights passing through motley crowds of market women and customers, pedlars, beggars, and children. Abelard appears with his sweet pupil Heloise. Moorish merchants bring strange manuscripts to a Paris fair, and Michael Scot discovers they are Aristotle's. There follows the setting up of colleges at Oxford, Paris, Glasgow, and Aberdeen, after the Dominicans and Franciscans have shown their share in the story of mediæval culture.

The Renaissance is then presented, at first in its small but significant beginnings—in the prison of Roger Bacon, in the laboratory of the alchemist, and with the first printing press. Legend and History walk side by side—Faust will follow Bacon and Michael Schwartz. Faust appears in all his folk aspects, as dreamer and self-deceiver, culture hero and type of science; as alchemist and wizard he seeks the elixir of life and the secret of love; as type of science he is shown as the traditional inventor of printing.

The Renaissance proper appears in all its splendid colour: the stately and cultivated courts of Lorenzo the Magnificent, of Ferdinand and Isabella, whence Columbus sets forth; More presents Erasmus and Holbein to Henry VIII.; the great Elizabethans present themselves in their most characteristic gathering—the Mermaid Tavern: Ben Jonson and Raleigh presiding at the punch bowls, Chapman and Beaumont and Fletcher talking to Ben, and Shakespeare sitting at the middle of the table.

The final act sums up, in spectacular procession and grouping, the Present of University and City. Alma Mater and Mater Civitatis come in separately upon the stage, but they go out hand in hand, and with this beautiful allegory the masque concludes.

It is a great and splendid undertaking. Professor Geddes brings his masque from Edinburgh to London, where it will undoubtedly repeat its northern success. It will be presented in the Imperial Institute, South Kensington, on the evenings of March 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, and 15th, at 8 p.m., with a matinée, Saturday, March 15th. The prices of admission range from two to ten shillings. A thousand performers take part in it, as players, orchestra, and choir. Ten thousand Edinburgh school children witnessed the pageant, and to them History had no finer illustrator.

# A DEFENCE OF CARDINAL NEWMAN BY W. S. LILLY

THE Editor of EVERYMAN has asked me to make a few observations upon the estimate of Cardinal Newman recently contributed by M. Houtin to these pages. I have the greater satisfaction in complying with this request because I think few men now living are better qualified than myself for testifying what manner of man Newman was. With his writings I am intimately acquainted, and during the ten years which immediately preceded his elevation to the Sacred College I was in close and constant intercourse with him. That is my warrant for addressing myself to the task of correcting the errors, both of fact and of judgment, into which M. Houtin has fallen.

I.

First, then, let me note some of M. Houtin's errors of fact. He tells us that for Newman "the whole question [between the Anglican and the Roman Church] turned on which of the two was apostolic in its succession and doctrine." That is not so. The matter of episcopal succession was very little in the mind of Newman at the period of his life when he had to make his election between the English and the Catholic Communion, or, indeed, at any other period. We may say the same of questions of the tenableness or untenableness of this or that dogma. The question of questions for him always was Catholicity. The words which gave the death-blow to his Anglicanism were, as we all know, those of St. Augustine: "Securus judicat orbis terrarum." He came to the conclusion, as he puts it in his "Letter to the Duke of Norfolk," that "to believe in a Church was to believe in the Pope." Again: M. Houtin would have us suppose that Newman "paid no attention to the daring speculations" of the higher criticism about the Bible. That even early in his career he did pay attention to these speculations, and fully understood their importance, will be evident to anyone who will read his tractate on "Difficulties of Creed and Canon." Another rash and indefensible statement of M. Houtin's is that the "Essay on the Development of Doctrine" is "very poor from the point of view of learning." I do not know what M. Houtin's pretensions to learning may be. My own opinion—and I believe it to be the opinion of scholars generally in this country—is precisely the reverse of that thus expressed by him. "In 1864," M. Houtin informs us, "Newman was attacked by Charles Kingsley, who cast a doubt upon the sincerity of his conversion." It is quite true that in 1864 Newman was attacked by Charles Kingsley. It is not true that Kingsley cast a doubt upon the sincerity of his conversion. What the charge brought against him by Charles Kingsley was I shall have to note later on. A little further on in M. Houtin's diatribe we are told that Newman "did not preach well"—and this in the face of the Oxford Sermons and the two volumes of Catholic Discourses! It was my privilege to hear Newman preach, on several occasions, in his own church at the Birmingham Oratory, and I never heard words more impressive in their chiseled simplicity than those which fell from him. I remember, too, that there were few dry eyes in the church at Farm Street when he delivered his address at the funeral of Mr. Hope Scott. Finally—not to weary my readers with refutations I pass over other charges—M. Houtin declares that Newman's Essay on Miracles and his Essay in aid of a Grammar of Assent, "are, to minds of a certain order, text-books of scepticism." Well, what of that? Jeremy Taylor, in his "Holy Living," remarks, "If a man will snatch the pure taper from my hand and hold it to the devil, he will only burn his fingers, but shall not rob me of the reward of my care and good intention." To infer from the misuse of some of Newman's writings by "minds of a certain order" that he taught scepticism—which apparently is what M. Houtin asks us to do—is palpably absurd. Where will "minds of a certain order" find a more copious fountain of scepticism than in the Bible itself?

II.

And now to come to M. Houtin's judgment of Newman. He pronounces him to be an artist rather than a thinker or a scholar, and makes merry over his love for the violin, upon which he was a performer of no mean excellence. "It is always a tune upon the violin," is M. Houtin's estimate of Newman's writings in general. He quotes the story—a true one—that Newman, being challenged by an anti-Popery lecturer, a certain Dr. Hugh McNeile, to a public disputation, declined, adding that if Dr. McNeile would open the meeting with a speech, he would respond with a tune on the violin, and the public might judge which was the better man. The notion of the polished and fastidious scholar that Newman was disputing with the Hibernian Boanerges before a mob whose general ignorance should be the arbiter,is as grotesque as the irony of his response is delicious. But M. Houtin cannot leave Newman's violin alone. He describes the most powerful and pathetic paragraph with which the Essay on Development concludes as "nothing more than a tune" on that instrument. The Apologia is for M. Houtin "a splendid tune on the violin." The Essay in aid of a Grammar of Assent, he declares, "is the summing up of all the airs upon the violin by which a man may convince himself of the truth of what he feels to be uncertain, even improbable"; and in the penultimate sentence of his article he has a parting sneer at "the violin melodies."

This alone may suffice to indicate the spirit in which M. Houtin has written. Of course, there is an element of truth in his indictment. Newman was no dry, hard, unemotional thinker. He knew well that logic is not the sufficient guide of life. Music was to him—as he has expressed it in a magnificent passage of his Oxford University Sermons—"an outward and earthly form, or economy, under which great wonders unknown seem to be typified." "Those mysterious stirrings of heart and keen emotions, and strange yearnings after we know not what, and awful impressions from we know not where," he deemed to "have escaped from some higher sphere," to be "the outpourings of eternal harmony in the medium of created sound." Poetry he held, with the old Greek philosopher, to come nearer to vital truth than history—although history, as he tells us, was "the ladder by which he climbed into the Church." He was, in a word, a born Platonist, and I know of no better indication than the epitaph which he wrote for his tomb of the view of life and death which he would sometimes express to those whom he judged to have ears to hear: *Ex umbris et imaginibus ad veritatem.* Yes, to him the invisible world was more real than the visible, the noumenal order than the phenomenal. And

I suppose no one who knew him well, who was admitted, as was my privilege, into the inner sanctuary of his thoughts, could have helped noticing that often when he spoke of divine things his face, like St. Stephen's, was, as it were, the face of an angel. More than once he made me think of the words of the poet: "Her eyes were awful, for you saw that she saw God."

III.

M. Houtin's attack upon Newman—whatever we may think of its good taste—is, I must admit, intelligible enough. M. Houtin's whole career—I am well acquainted with his writings—since he came before the public has been a defiance of authority. From first to last, submission to authority was the guiding principle of Newman's life. He could find nothing better to say to his Catholic Bishop, after his reception, than that he would endeavour to obey him as well as he had tried to obey his Protestant Bishop. And that Catholic Bishop has testified that no Prelate ever had a more loyal and dutiful subject. Again, M. Houtin and those with whom he is associated—they may roughly be called Modernists—have a special grudge (if I may be allowed the word) against Newman. They speak evil of him because he did not run to the same excess of riot as they have done. This is, indeed, indicated by M. Houtin with a candour which must be allowed to be praiseworthy. After stating that Newman's Essay on the Inspiration of Holy Scripture "quite fell in with the views" of these gentlemen, and that the Essay in aid of a Grammar of Assent "stood them in even better stead," he goes on to confess the truth about the matter. He acknowledges that "the priests who thus exploited Newman's writings"—note the phrase—"knew perfectly well that their conclusions far outran his premises, that the line which they took was altogether different from his, and that had Newman been alive he would have disowned them with horror. But they were in need of a shelter, of a lightning conductor: they found it under the Cardinal's purple." Precisely. That is an exact statement of the proceedings of M. Houtin's Modernist friends. They mendaciously endeavoured to make it appear that Newman was altogether such a one as themselves; and—as M. Houtin goes on to say—"when they were condemned by Pius X. they replied that, with them, he condemned the Cardinal; that they had but followed his lead." M. Houtin calls this "a comedy." I venture to call it a fraud—and, what is worse, a fraud upon a dead man. It was congruous that the most effective vindication of Newman from the charge of Modernism should come from Pius X. himself, in his autograph Brief to the Bishop of Limerick.

IV.

"They daily mistake my words; all that they imagine is to do evil," might well have been Newman's complaint of these false disciples if he had lived to see them. It is a curious reward for his unfailing sympathy for those whom he used to speak of as "the little ones of Christ," a sympathy which was the outcome of his large-mindedness and his unfailing charity. I remember his remarking to me once, "The promises of God are Yea, yea, not Nay, nay." Gentleness was his "strong enforcement." There was nothing about him of the zealot, the heresy hunter, the delator. Thus, his attitude to his separated Anglican brethren always was, "You have come a mile with me: Oh, that you would come twain!" Is there anywhere to be found a kinder and more courteous bit of controversial writing than his "Letter to the Duke of Norfolk"? Even in replying to Charles Kingsley, who had brought against him the terribly wounding and utterly groundless accusation that he thought lightly of the virtue of veracity, he exhibited wonderful self-restraint; and the severer things which he thought it his duty to say when he wrote the Apologia disappeared from subsequent editions. That he was sensitive, even "morbidly sensitive," as M. Houtin delights to repeat, I know well. And he, too, knew it well. Has he not left us the self-accusatory lines—

> "I'm ashamed of myself, of my tears and my tongue,
> So easily fretted, so often unstrung,
> Mad at trifles to which a chance moment gives birth,
> Complaining of Heaven, and complaining of earth."

But his faults were ever before him, and his life-long endeavour, as an Oratorian, to correct them by the example of "the Saint of gentleness and meekness," his patron, Philip Neri, to whom he had ever so great a devotion, largely succeeded. As he approached the end of his earthly pilgrimage, he, if I may so speak, mellowed, ceasing to think of "old, unhappy, far-off things, and battles long ago," and accepting gratefully and gladly the reverential regard shown him on all sides. He had gone on his way weeping, and bearing forth good seed. It was given to him to come again with joy, bringing his sheaves with him. It is good to think of him both in his strenuous and suffering manhood and in his sweet, wise old age: good to recall the memory of

> "A soul supreme in each hard instance tried,
> Above all pain, all passion, and all pride,
> The rage of power, the blast of public breath,
> The lust of lucre and the dread of death."

* * *

## RECENT EUROPEAN HISTORY *

Mr. Hawkesworth, in his new volume, has attempted to do for the nineteenth century what Professor Lodge has done for the fifteenth and Mr. Johnson for the sixteenth century—that is to say, to give, within the compass of a small octavo volume, an outline of the chief European events during that century.

The task is no easy one. The reconstruction of Europe after the fall of Napoleon, the revolutions and counter-revolutions in France, the action of the Russian Czars, the struggle in Greece, the conflict between Austria and Germany, later the Franco-Prussian war, the occupation of Egypt, and the troubles in South Africa—these, and more than these, have to be dealt with by any historian of the nineteenth century.

The best chapter in the book is that headed "The Liberation of Italy." Here the subject lends itself to clear and straightforward treatment; there is no anti-climax, no confusion of detail obscuring the dramatic unity of the story. The motive which induced Louis Napoleon to interfere in the affairs of Italy is given in a thrilling paragraph. "The siren voice that lured him on was, appropriately enough, a voice from an island in far-distant seas, the voice of the man of Saint Helena. Little did the fallen Emperor imagine, when he re-edited his career for the benefit of posterity, that his own nephew and destined successor would be the most uncritical of his many dupes." The "Napoleonic Legend" led Napoleon III. to believe that the motive of the earlier conquests had been the desire to spread the gospel of liberty to an enslaved Europe, and he dreamt that in aiding Cavour to throw off the Austrian yoke he was following in the footsteps of his famous predecessor—with what results we all know.

* "The Last Century in Europe." By C. E. M. Hawkesworth. 5s. (Arnold.)

# THE SULTANA'S HEAD

## By François Coppée, *of the French Academy*

Sultan Mahmoud, son of the great Murad,
Waking or sleeping, hungered in his soul
For one thing only, for Byzantium.
Sometimes, reclining in his light caïque,
Rowed o'er the tide by twenty stalwart slaves,
With brooding heart he heard across the foam
The city's droning hum, and saw the cross
On San Sophia's still unravished shrine
Hang mirrored in the azure Bosphorus.
The thought tormented him as the gadfly's sting
Torments the courser. Well the sultan knew
His need of soldiers, and he lavished gold
Upon his janissaries; but long peace
Had wasted all their valour, and their greed
No gifts of gold could ever slake or quench,
But ever grew the clamour, "Give, give, give."

Wise was Mahmoud, and knew the ways of men:
One day, with deep intention, wearying
Of all their venal cries, he fiercely smote
Their aga on the mouth, and shut himself
At Broussa, in the walls of his harîm.

Then swift to anger was the soldiery:
Soon mutiny with sibilant hiss and hoot
Roared like a sea around the ancient pile
That towered aloft, dumb, blind, and terrible.
The rebel soldiers thronged before the wall
Browned by the blaze of centuries of suns,
To fume and rave in stormy discontent.
For rumour had been busy,—he, their lord,
That cast such scorn upon them, far within,
Deep in the shady coolness of a bower,
Where scarce at noon a sunbeam glimmered, lay,
Lolling on cushions, an effeminate wretch
Drugged by a philtre. Yes, 't was said a girl,
A blue-eyed slave girl from Epirus bought,
Had triumphed over all his old desires
Of battle and of conquest. He, Khalif,
Mahmoud the Second, careless of his fame,
Would henceforth live for nothing but delight
Of sensual ease, and, his guitar in hand,
Trill Persian love songs. As the great sea-tide
Swells to the flood, so swelled their rebel wrath.
"Shame on the lecherous dastard! Shame, shame, shame!"
Their angry murmurs rise on every side,
Like the loud buzzing of the summer flies.
The largesse, late demanded, now no more
Is in their thoughts. "Blood, give us blood," they cry,
"We want red war and battle. Othman's sword
Has rusted in the scabbard. Does he think
To fatten us on rice and flesh for nought!
Three farthings daily would be pay enough,
Had we a chief that dared to draw the sword,
And not this slave of woman's wanton eyes.
Let him come out, for we must speak with him,
By Allah, must we. Nor will we attend
His leisure for our answer. Ho, the gate!
Open this instant ere we burst it in;
We are no dogs, that they should cry, 'Begone!'
The sultan! Ho, the sultan! Have him out!"
Thus with clenched hand and mutinous shout they rave.
Natheless the massive golden-studded door
Within its Moorish arch remains fast shut,
And still fast shut is the seraglio.

At last Khalîl Pashá, the grand vizier,
The sultan's well-belovèd, who alone
Of all the courtiers durst approach the door
Of that harîm and call his master's name,
Knocks without cease and will not be denied.

Stretched on a broad divan luxuriously,
An aigrette gleaming 'mid his turban folds,
In his most secret chamber, where perfumes
On golden tripods steam, he found Mahmoud.
Soft and voluptuous o'er his favourite's lute
His nerveless fingers, idly wandering, strayed,
While she, the queen of him all Islam's lord,
Now cause of such disloyalty to him,
Lay at his feet upon a lion's hide,
With scarce a veil to screen her ivory limbs
Except the masses of her raven hair.
With deep obeisance and submissive hand
Khalîl awaited grace vouchsafed of speech.
"What would my faithful vizier?" said the king.
"Ill-chosen is the time to come unbid
And trouble me in this my privacy:
For my sultana's eyes are wondrous fair,
And I was telling o'er her matchless charms
In verses Hafiz' self need not disdain."

"By Allah, noble son of great Murad,"
Answered Khalîl, "worse chosen is the time
For amorous dalliance and for poesy.
Thy rebel troops will burst the palace gates!
Still them, O master, with thy conquering eye.
Show thyself. By thy presence call them back
To duty and obedience. Seeing thee,
They will bethink them of their homage due:
But thou must show thyself, or be undone."
Gravely the old man spoke, but all the while
Mahmoud, scarce heeding, smiled upon his slave,
Who, with a shyness that did but enhance
Her beauty, hid herself behind her lord,
Clasping her arms about him, wild affright,
Dilating eyes blue as the violets are,
Her soft throat pressed, regardless of the smart,
Against his caftan's rough embroidery
Crusted with rubies upon cloth of gold.

"Gentle as lambs I'll make these mutineers,"
Answered the Sultan. "Well I know how true
The love and honour of my janissaries.
It pleased me to be sullen,—nothing more.
They wish to see their Sultan,—that is well."
Then beckoning to the Nubian chamberlain,
To Djem, who tastes each dish before his lord,
Who licks the very stone whereon to spread
His lord's prayer-carpet, gently he unwound
With all a lover's amorous tenderness
Her arms around him lovingly entwined,
And two words whispered in the negro's ear.

Then, followed by his gray-bearded vizier,
With stern and gloomy majesty that seemed
Too proud even to hear the distant roar,
Straight to the danger's front he passes down
The porphyry stair, whose stone-wrought balustrade
Was writhed about with dragons, confident
In his great self and all-sufficing word.

A roar of voices! Lo, the heavy gate
Has turned upon its hinges, and displays,
Resplendent in the sunset's misty gold,
Fezes and turbans surging in the square,
A sea of colour. Mahmoud stood erect.
The archway's shadow framed his jewelled form.
On him ten thousand flashing eyes were fixed,
And myriad voices joined in one acclaim.
Full cautiously Khalíl, the old vizier,
Followed his master; then the chamberlain,
Coming a little after, took his place
Behind them gloomily, and in his hand
Was something hidden in a leathern sack.

Three paces to the front the Sultan strode,
And stood upon the threshold, looking round
On the base herd that roared and seethed below,
With such disdain that straight that human tide
Ebbed backward. Curt and terrible his voice,
"What would ye?"

At his word the mutineers
Felt all their high-flown insolence fade away.
Dead silence fell upon them for a space.
Again, his voice now vibrating with wrath,
"What would ye?" asked the padishah.

At length
A veteran soldier, tried in many a fight,
Bearing three poniards girded in his sash,
Trained in the wars of Bajazet Pashá,
Stepped from among the foremost of the crowd,
And came anigh the Sultan where he stood,
And lifting up his face, seamed with old scars,

"Commander of the faithful," he began,
"Head of Islàm, both body and soul to thee
We all belong forever. We demand
Nothing; our wages are enough; we hope
Only to win thee glory by our death.
Suffer the oldest of thy father's guard
Who under him, not without honour, fought
Iskander-beg, Hunyadi, and Drakul,
To speak the truth in all sincerity.
Commander of the faithful, thou art loved,
Thou art revered; and, if thou seest here
All these thy people swept by passion's gust,
It is because they hear that thou art sunk
In wantonness and soft effeminacy,
A woman's slave. Oh, prove to us, my lord,
This rumour but a slander. Mount thy steed;
Put on thy warrior harness once again.
Thy falcons know their quarry. Show it them
In Greece or in Albania. Cast them off,
And they shall stoop and bring thee back the prey.
And here speak I for all thy janissaries,
As true as I am Muslim and Hadgi."

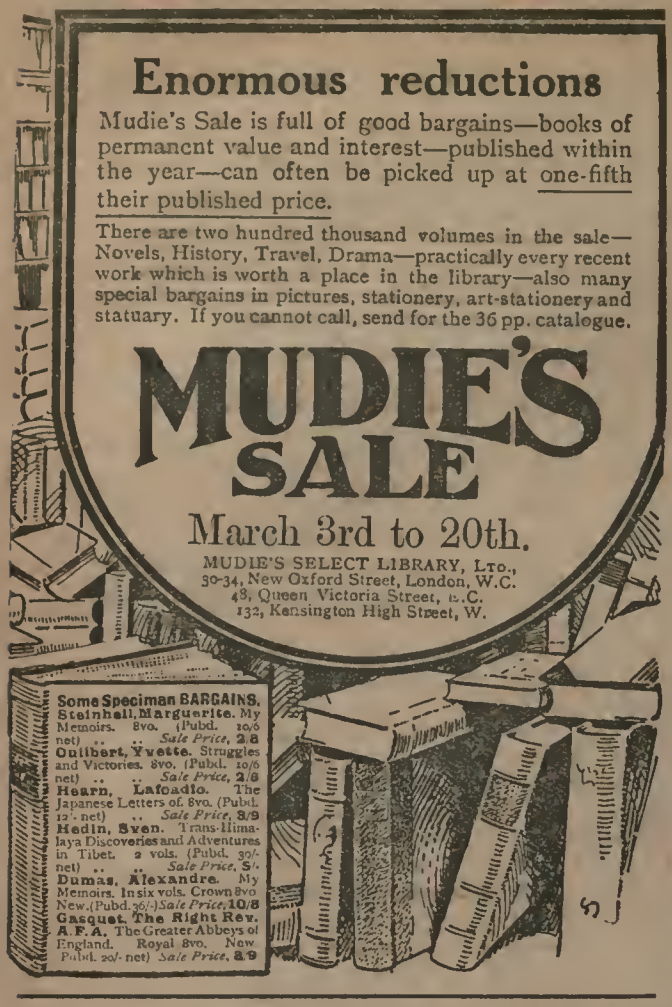
"But for thine honourable scars, ere now
My hand had spilled thy blood upon these stones,"
Exclaimed Mahmoud. "'Tis true then they believe
A fancy weighs so much with Murad's son.
O fickle mob, to think a woman's kiss
Had sapped the courage of this dauntless heart.
And ye believed it too, O herd of fools!
Brawlers ye are, not soldiers; ye believed
The lion fettered in a flower-twined band.
Good! Ye shall see the mark his talons leave.
Ye dare accuse me, Sultan, me, Khalif,
Me, upon earth the visible image of God!
Ye sons of dogs, take my reply.—Behold!"
He spoke in clarion tones, and as he ceased
He plunged his hand, the white hand of a king,
Into the sack of leather offered him
By Djem, the eunuch, kneeling. Then he drew
Suddenly and brandished at the staring crowd
A bloody head just severed from the trunk.
It was the violet-eyed Sultana's head,
Which in his foul, abominable sack
The obedient eunuch brought to him still warm.
Cut to the neck-bone from the throat across,
Below the masses of the raven hair
Blood-soaked, where toyed a little while ago
Mahmoud's soft hand, the white hand of a king,
That dreadful head, still seeming half alive,
The eyes dilate with fear and lips drawn back,
Dangled in his firm grasp. He held it up,
And hideous drops spotted the marble's white.
And for a moment's space the crowd, struck dumb,
Stared at the monstrous trophy, which distilled
Unceasingly great gouts of crimson blood.
Sudden, the sun slow sinking in the west,
Who from of old beholds the crimes of men,
Flushed to a blood-red crimson in his turn;
Red murder's red reflection lighted up
The waste of waters and the waveworn shore.
His orb seemed like a vision weeping blood;
And straightway all the vast horizon round,
The circling ring of forest-covered hills,
The seaport bristling with a thousand masts,
The minarets whence at eve the praise of God
Resounds, the cupolas of the massive mosques,
The markets and the quarters of the town
Where sounds the hum of toil, the Sultan's self
Before the door of his seraglio,
The horsehair ensign streaming on the wind,
The crowd, the sky, the sea, were all one red,
Presaging hideously the seas of blood
Mahmoud the Second was about to shed.

Small heed of that dread symbol took the herd
Of miserable dastards. With a shout
Of wild enthusiasm and savage love
They cheered the prince who played the headsman's part,
Tickling their mood with such a spectacle.
With shouts of "Allah" and the Prophet's name,
The soldiers grovelled at their Sultan's feet,
Kissing with rapturous lips his caftan's hem,
And fixing eyes of transport on his face.

But when in scorn he would withdraw himself
From the caresses of the ruffian horde,
As one who flings his hounds their carrion raw
To mouth and rend, so Mahmoud flung the head
Far in the midst of that infatuate crowd,
Which took it with a yell of horrid joy.

Well pleased then turned Mahmoud to his vizier,
And pointing with a gesture to the mob
Whom his all-powerful presence and his crime
Had roused to frenzy, "Now," said he, "'tis mine.
Now will those dogs take me Byzantium."

*—Translated by R. B. Townshend.*



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# CORRESPONDENCE

## PROFESSOR SAINTSBURY AND RUSKIN.

*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

SIR,—I believe that many of your readers who, like myself, trace very much of their interest in the real things of literature and of life to the master-spell of John Ruskin will be heartily sorry to see the article by Professor Saintsbury which appears in your issue of February 21st.

Alike in matter and in tone, I venture to think that it misrepresents not merely the author of "The Crown of Wild Olive," but the noble book itself. Surely, after all the years which have passed, Ruskin can claim fuller consideration than is implied in the colloquial attack represented by "Carlylese" and "fantasticalities of the Ruskinian sociology." It has been my privilege very carefully to study the masterpiece in question, and I am bound to say that Professor Saintsbury's article conveys no impression other than that the book is a miscellaneous collection of perverse and provoking criticism of modern conditions. Surely Professor Saintsbury knows Ruskin better than that! To take but one illustration out of many, I cannot understand how any person can profess to give an account of "The Crown of Wild Olive" without mentioning the amazingly fine introduction to the lectures themselves. I find no reference whatever to this in the article in question, but instead I see a remark ("'The Crown of Wild Olive' occupies, of course, a place among the earlier utterances of the new mode") which appears to be a paraphrase of the "New Style" metaphor which certain daily journals hurl at their opponents! I observe further that, although nothing is said concerning the introduction, there is an unfortunate reference to the appendix which contains notes upon Carlyle's "Frederick the Great."

I fear, sir, to trespass further upon your space, but I should like just to inquire the precise meaning of the following sentences: "The fallacies and fantasticalities of the Ruskinian sociology were, of course, at once perceptible to those who had eyes to see and lay open to endless satirising by those who had pens to write. But it was forgotten that they were addressed to an increasing number of persons *who had neither*." It seems that the suggestion of the latter part of the passage is that the teaching of Ruskin appeals not to those who see and who can express their thoughts in writing, but to those who cannot do the one nor rise to the other. If this be the intentional significance, I feel it necessary to enter an emphatic protest. Ruskin was often partial, often mistaken (as he admitted himself), but surely we can expect a more sympathetic criticism and a more coherent attack—if this last must be—than Professor Saintsbury's.—I am, sir, etc.,

REGINALD C. SIMMONDS.

Gravesend.

*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

SIR,—I think there must be many readers of Professor Saintsbury's article on "The Crown of Wild Olive" who feel with me a sense of profound disappointment no less with its conclusions than with its pervading "tone." Sociology, whatever we may think of Ruskin's literary labours therein, is clearly not Professor Saintsbury's field, and his criticism of the literature connected with that branch of science suffers in consequence. But, apart from that, surely a responsible critic of a "masterpiece" ought to have

taken his task more seriously than to be content to give us a so-called "analysis" of the effect produced upon him by the said "masterpiece" when he read it "many years ago"! One would have thought that a "masterpiece" deserved re-reading, not necessarily with a view to any possible modifications of opinion which lapse of years and added experience might have brought, but to secure that a reasonably accurate idea of the work might be given as a result.

Instead of this, however, we are treated to a niggardly note or two about the book itself, a few literary allusions, and some splenetic interrogations for "spice," which serve to disclose at once the questioner's total inability to appraise the merits of the "workers'" case, and a morbid distrust of the class whose aspirations he fails to understand. We continue to hear and read a good deal about the "fallacies and fantasticalities of the Ruskinian sociology"; we should be better pleased to see them exposed by these superior people who betray such anxiety to keep us out of the "ditch" which Ruskin has so cunningly prepared for us.

It was hardly to be expected that Professor Saintsbury would have let an opportunity of getting in a sneer at the "working classes" go unseized. Let it be said that, supposing the professor's idea of the "working class" to be quite strictly correct, which it isn't, it does not in the least detract from the nobility and moral value of Ruskin's words.

Professor Saintsbury is careful to pick out a passage which seems to suit one of his own particular prejudices. He does not tell his readers (what he must be aware of) that Ruskin never fails to insist that the fee *shall* be paid—*i.e.*, that food, shelter, and clothing be primarily assured to every one willing and able to work—this being the necessary condition of men's minds being liberated from thinking of "the fee" and directed to thinking of "the work." It could be easily shown by quotation, did space permit, that Ruskin firmly believed and taught that a person should have not merely this "irreducible minimum" of "fee," but considerably more. (Compare Section 31 of this book.)

Suppose we supplement the professor's quotation—"the work is always to be first, the fee second"—by this further quotation from Section 42: "but, at least, we may even now take care that whatever work is done shall be fully paid for; and the man who does it, paid for it, not somebody else," etc., etc.—I am, sir, etc.,

HARRY T. FORMAN.

Swadlincote.

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*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

SIR,—As a working man's son, I hardly know whether to be amused or indignant when a person in the privileged position of the Professor of English Literature at the University of Edinburgh takes occasion to denounce "the so-called working classes" from the heights of professorial rectitude for putting "fee first and work second." Professor Saintsbury appears to forget that if he is at liberty to devote himself to the pursuit of congenial tasks on a comfortable income, it is only because the irksome toil of the world is performed by less fortunate people on what to the professor would seem a beggarly pittance. What is the "fee" and what the "work" that these wicked people fail to regard in proper correlation?

So far as the professor's courteous designation may be taken to include women workers, it is possible, by a happy coincidence, to refer your readers to the facts recorded by Miss Hamilton on another page of the same issue of EVERYMAN in which the pronouncement under discussion appears. Perhaps Professor Saints-


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Many serious writers view with alarm the tendency of the present day to disregard physical development, and prophesy that the future will bring forth a race of people whose motor muscles have disappeared and whose brain development is abnormal. Such a state of things, obviously, will not arise in the lifetime of this or the next generation; but the fact of such a possibility being seriously considered by the greatest authorities draws imperative attention to an insistent, undeniable fact—we are now turning from the age of Muscle to the age of Mind.

No advocate of any school of thought can afford to disregard the importance of physique in the formation of national character and destiny; but now the public recognise that *physical culture* is but the means to an end—the supreme efficiency and domination of the mind.

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One of the most enthusiastic advocates of mind culture at the present time is Mr. Frank Hartley, who founded the London Institute of Menti-Culture. Although originally founded as an experiment, the immediate success with which his system has met has made it necessary for Mr. Frank Hartley to give up all his research work to devote his whole time and energies to the Institute of Menti-Culture. In a recent interview with a Press representative, Mr. Hartley explained the scope of his menti-culture movement:—As is now well known, I have devoted the best years of my life to the study of psychology and mental efficiency, and the outstanding fact that burnt itself into my brain was the lamentable lack of self-knowledge among the masses. While carefully collecting and sifting scientific data concerning the particular qualities that have led well-known men and women to success and power many interesting facts were revealed. For instance, mere knowledge alone has achieved, and will achieve, little or nothing; that misleading colloquialism, luck, is merely the envious explanation applied by failure to success. No, the gift that has brought all successful careers to the pinnacle of success lies much deeper.

It is the hidden power to apply the right force to their everyday affairs in a manner which will surely place them in a position of superiority in all their dealings with their fellow-men. It is only now becoming realised that this power is latent in everyone, and, with correct training, can be developed to an extent which will bring immediate and gratifying results in every case.

### How Mr. Hartley's Campaign Began.

As you know, I commenced my own campaign in Menti-Culture by adopting a bold course. At a cost of many hundreds of pounds, I have carried my message to thousands all over the world by means of a specially printed edition of my latest book, "How Failure Becomes Impossible." The public were quick to recognise the soundness of my teaching, with the result that the principles of Menti-Culture are being practised all over the country.

The practical results are discovered by the student from the very beginning, and the particular gains reported at once are: (1) Increased will power; (2) Concentration created and maintained; (3) Nervousness and self-consciousness overcome; (4) Power of correct observation and judgment, etc., etc.

It should be understood that my system, although yielding such priceless results to the student, does not entail any irksome restrictions or departure from everyday life. When revealed, it is astonishing in its simplicity.

There are, I am sure, still a great many readers who are interested in the subject of mind training, and to those who will take the trouble to write to me I will make a special concession. Upon request I will send not only my book, "How Failure Becomes Impossible," but also a lesson in Menti-Culture free. Those who wish to may enclose two penny stamps, for postage, etc., but in any case a mere request will bring the book and lesson. Simply write Mr. Frank Hartley, Room 54, London Institute of Menti-Culture, 35, Wellington Street, London, W.C.

bury may discover an aggravation of working-class wickedness in Miss Hamilton's closing sentence!

The average "fee" paid to the adult working man, to enable him to maintain himself and those dependent on him, to purchase the means of physical and intellectual recreation, and to make provision for the uncertainties of the future, near and remote, is certainly not more than 30s. a week. In return he has to present himself at the factory gates at six o'clock every morning, summer and winter, fair weather and foul, leaving for home again at five in the evening, begrimed and weary.

The "so-called working classes" are human beings in precisely the same sense as are Professor Saintsbury and the persons whose welfare is his most intimate and anxious concern. Does he recognise this? And would he for one moment entertain the proposal that he himself, or any one of the persons mentioned, should be compelled to live under the conditions described? If not, on what ethical standard does he base his right to upbraid his fellow-men who find such conditions intolerable for themselves?

Lastly, Professor Saintsbury cites with approval Ruskin's doctrine of work. But the master, who speaks so highly of work, also tells us that "toil is degrading." I would respectfully suggest to your eminent contributor that he should ponder the truth contained in these words and let it influence his attitude to those to whose toil he owes his ease.—I am, sir, etc.,

W. G. Hardy.

Norton-on-Tees.

## MR. BERNARD SHAW AND RELIGIOUS REFORMS.

*To the Editor of* Everyman.

Sir,—What on earth does your contributor, Charles Sarolea, mean? He actually accuses Bernard Shaw of not having taken any interest in religious reforms. If the accusation were that he took too little interest in economic questions, while, of course, it would be unjust, it would not move me to protest, but when one has in mind Mr. Shaw's ceaseless warfare against the materialistic sordidness that passes for religion in our churches to-day, such an accusation is quite incomprehensible. It seems almost ridiculous and superfluous to have to repeat it, but what is "Man and Superman" if not religious? Is not Mr. Shaw the only writer who can show us what true religion is? It is his constant theme, in his plays and in his other writings. What was his recent debate about? His life's work has been an effort to develop the soul of man and to bring heaven down to earth. The sort of person who calls this materialistic is more often than not that very commercially-spiritually-minded individual who imagines that to believe in a heaven hereafter as a "reward" (vulgar word) is to have a "sublime" faith. He is selfishly individualistic, and does not like to think that his essence is to be mingled in the larger hope of the future of the human race; that this, indeed, is the only immortality of the soul that he can or should desire.

Then as to the price of Shaw's works. One might remark that the policy of selling books cheaply is not always prompted by public spirit. But in Mr. Shaw's case, there are his Fabian tracts, his 4d. and 6d. editions of his plays, his 1d. editions of his lectures on "Modern Religion," etc. But the real point involved here is this: Is Socialism going to be advanced by the anarchic method of individual self-sacrifice? The man who gets in front of the main army, only to be slain to no purpose, may be a

martyr-hero, but he is none the less a foolish and useless person. The bomb-thrower has more sense than he.

Also is it not about time we heard the last of that oft-repeated statement that Bernard Shaw is merely a disciple of Nietzsche or Bergson or Ibsen? Shaw had made his name before he heard of Nietzsche, and not one of these three writers ever wrote anything remotely comparable to a Shaw play for originality of thought in the application of philosophy to life.—I am, sir, etc., E. Derwent.

London, N.

## READING IN HOLLAND.

*To the Editor of* Everyman.

Sir,—As to the Dutch not being a reading people, I may speak with some authority as the leader of a publishing institution which issues "cheap and good" books—starting with novels, plays, volumes of poetry for 4d. up to new novels of modern authors for 3s. 2d.—like the well-known French volumes. Our publications comprise the very best of original and foreign work in every branch. And in the seven years since we started we sold *over a million copies*, averaging 150,000 volumes a year, which, considering that our output, in number of works published, means only 1-50th of the yearly amount of books issued in our country, does not appear a bad record for a population of six millions of people.—I am, sir, etc., L. Simons,

Editor of "The World's Library."

## THE MODERN CALVINIST AND PROGRESS.

*To the Editor of* Everyman.

Sir,—I, like a host of others, am one of those who welcome Everyman weekly into their reading. Nevertheless, I hope I may be allowed to protest when—as this week—I fall upon a label which is surely a libel. I refer to remarks made in the article on "G. K. C." as a heretic by Professor Sarolea. We are to believe, it seems, that "the modern Calvinist" (an undefined term, including whom?) does not believe in progress, but only in "salvation and damnation from all eternity."

I should imagine that only ignorance, of the sort one associates with lower types of Anglican and Roman clergy, or merely prejudice, could be responsible for a statement so curiously untrue. It certainly requires explanation. But perhaps the misunderstanding (to try to be more charitable) is detected at one of its main sources farther on in the article, when one sees the Protestant view of truth represented as being stereotyped in a book, while to the "Catholic" (the Roman variety is meant, one supposes?) truth is progressively revealed in a living Church. On the other hand, sir, the Protestant believes firmly, whatever you may make of it, in the progressive leading of God's Holy Spirit, bringing individuals, churches, communities onwards to wider and clearer and higher views of truth. For "God reveals Himself in many ways."

I must not fail to close, as I began, with a word of thanks for Everyman.—I am, sir, etc., J. D.

Dundee.

## "G. K. C. AS A HERETIC."

*To the Editor of* Everyman.

Sir,—Your article on Mr. Chesterton in the issue of February 14th makes me realise how difficult it is for Catholics and Protestants to understand each other's position, for I do not recognise the Protes-


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tantism I have known for a good many years in the references you make to it. It surprises me to hear that we do not believe in the upward march of collective humanity, as I have so often heard the complaint that we are too much associated with the advanced parties in this country.

Undoubtedly the idea of world progress came into being with Christianity, though there are suggestions of it in the Old Testament, but surely Protestantism was not a protest against progress. Developments of doctrine and organisation are not always progress, but sometimes the reverse, and the state of the Church at the time of the Reformation was not very satisfactory.

Then I learn for the first time that we do not regard hope as a theological virtue. If correct, it is strange, for Protestantism has always been so strongly under the influence of St. Paul, and he certainly was an apostle of hope. Even the Calvinists of the sixteenth century, with their extreme views on Predestination, shared by very few Protestants to-day, showed by their zeal for education and good government as it appeared to them, in Geneva, Holland, and Scotland, their belief in the possibilities of human nature.

While the answer to the first question in the Shorter Westminster Catechism, "Man's chief end is to glorify God and to enjoy Him for ever," hardly suggests pessimism, though its authors were seventeenth-century Calvinists.

Again, it is news to me that Protestants do not consider the New Testament to be on a higher plane than the Old, for all I have ever learnt or read has been to that effect. Is it not a self-evident proposition, since the New is the completion and fulfilment of the Old? We certainly do believe that in the New Testament is found the final authoritative word of God to man, and we do not think it has ever been, or can ever be, improved upon, for we find its message of redeeming love and power always adaptable to new needs and new conditions.

When I remember that the word reactionary, which you apply to Mr. Chesterton, has hardly a place in the political vocabularies of Protestant nations, and when I read of the warfare the Roman Church is waging to-day against modernists, I can only attribute the tendency you notice in Mr. Chesterton's writings to his Catholicism, not to his Protestantism.—I am, sir, etc.,

A Presbyterian.

London,

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## THE MORALITY OF THE SWISS.

*To the Editor of* Everyman.

Sir,—I should like to utter a word of protest with regard to the letters of your correspondents on "The Morality of the Swiss."

Like so many English people, the writers of these letters seem to imagine that the nation of Switzerland consists entirely of hotel-keepers, guides, and a few peasants.

I suppose it is natural that the tourist should look at things from the tourist's point of view. But it has often made me very indignant to discover how difficult it is to persuade friends in England that there is a fine, independent Swiss nation, and that the majority of this nation do not naturally come into contact with foreigners, hold themselves, on the whole, aloof from them, and are, considering the geographical position of the country, singularly little affected by any foreign point of view.

Needless to say, these Swiss, who are proud of the history of their fatherland, and who see honourable possibilities for her in the future, very much regret the

invasion of foreign holiday-makers, who probably scarcely meet a real Swiss at all, and who take back with them the impression that Switzerland is nothing but the playground of Europe, run by grasping but capable hotel-keepers.

The foreign money does, no doubt, help the country financially, and does, perhaps, make a few people mercenary, but the real Switzerland, which will remain unchanged when fashion has led the holiday-makers to Norway or to Greece, is to-day, as she has been for hundreds of years, the home of a sturdy, hard-working, self-reliant race—rather self-absorbed, very prudent, wonderfully patriotic.

The Swiss army is generally acknowledged to be almost perfect for its special requirements. Every young man learns to shoot as naturally as in England he learns to smoke. In matters of education, the Swiss are probably ahead of every other country in Europe. Their philanthropic institutions are business-like and excellent. The municipal arrangements of towns like Geneva and Zürich combine the order of Dresden with the apparent freedom of Dublin. Admitting that a small population makes all problems easier of solution, we must admire a country where there is no great poverty, and even now almost no labour unrest.

There is no ostentation in Switzerland; it is considered bad taste to make a parade of money, and, even if they are rich, the Swiss live quietly, and are able to give, and do give, large sums away for charitable purposes. This applies particularly to the families of the "vieille souche" ("Genevoise," "Bernoise," etc., as the case may be), who, as befits the nobility of a truly democratic country, have in most cases dropped their titles, and who live quietly on their small estates.

These Swiss landowners are often very cultivated, generally very industrious, and always very public-spirited. But they share the usual Swiss characteristic, an instinctive aloofness from foreigners; and they carry this feeling so far that, till lately, in Berne, the principal Swiss families ignored socially even the Ambassadors accredited to the capital.

Relations are more friendly in this respect now, but the sturdy independence of character, of which this aloofness was undoubtedly a sign, and which, virtue or vice, as one may consider it, is apparent in all ranks of society, will not easily be altered; and, while it lasts, it protects the Swiss people from foreign influences, and makes it, I venture to think, quite untrue to say that their morality has suffered from contact with a cosmopolitan crowd.—I am, sir, etc.,

GERALDINE MACKENZIE.

The Beeches, Bury St. Edmunds.

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*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

SIR,—May I, as a Swiss reader of EVERYMAN, join in the correspondence about the moral progress of the Swiss?

When "Englishman" states as fact that the Swiss have realised that their chief business is, and must be, to prey on the foreigner who visits their country, I emphatically challenge his statement.

Surely "Englishman" ought to have a little better idea of the intelligence of the visitors (a great many of whom are his countrymen) or of human nature to suppose that they would return year after year for the salutary process of—being shorn!

Since Switzerland is pre-eminently an industrial country, it comes in, of course, for a share of the prosperity of the world, and with it also of the love of amusement and luxury which dog the steps of


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All who suffer from Heartburn, Flatulence, a feeling of fulness or oppression after meals may obtain immediate and permanent relief by means of Dr. Jenner's Absorbent Lozenges, which correct these disorders by *absorbing the Acidity* in the stomach, to which they are due.

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"I found them very efficacious in quickly relieving me of severe HEARTBURN and ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH, from which, more or less, I have been a frequent sufferer for years. On the slightest approach of my old enemy I need only take one before dinner and another at bedtime to effectually ward off the attack. I really have never taken anything for acidity of the stomach that has given relief so satisfactorily and so rapidly as Dr. Jenner's Absorbent Lozenges."

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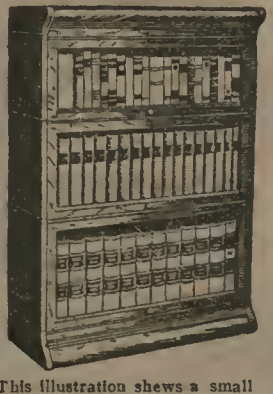


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wealth—but in this it only shares the common fate of all.

Now for the schools!

Before going in for higher education, I passed through the State schools step for step, and quite agree that the tendency is utilitarian, but it must be borne in mind that they do not cater for the young man with "unearned income." That species is practically unknown amongst the Swiss. And what better course could the schools follow than to equip the people for the very exacting needs of the modern business of life? There are fine and ample opportunities for higher education in Switzerland, and with the increasing prosperity an ever-increasing number of young people avail themselves of them.

Considering that a good deal is being said and written at present in England about educational reforms, it might be interesting to let the series of articles on "The Countries of the World" be followed by another series, "Education in the Different Countries," and then I am sure that at least some valuable experience could be gathered from Switzerland. —I am, sir, etc.,

H. H.

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*To the Editor of* Everyman.

Sir,—Allow me to say a few words in reply to the letter in your columns of February 21st by your correspondent who signs himself as "Englishman."

I am glad to find that, after his residence of two years in Lausanne, he left the country with a more pleasant impression of the inhabitants than he had at first entertained.

My experience of Lausanne dates back to the year 1837, when I was sent over to some relations with the view of learning the French language, and also of finishing my school education. Some three months after my arrival I had acquired sufficient knowledge of the language to be admitted to the municipal school, called then the "Ecole Moyenne," and which in after years was taken over by the Government of the Canton de Vaud, and has since become the Collége Scientifique, and which, to my mind, is one of the most important educational institutions to be found on the Continent.

Your correspondent speaks of the education given in the State schools as strictly "*utilitarian*." I ask myself, should not all pupils who were not born with a silver spoon in the mouth receive a *utilitarian* education? In fact, should not all education be *utilitarian?* I thank God that I did receive a *utilitarian* education, and that it has helped me on in the world.

Should any of your readers who take an interest in educational institutions happen to visit Lausanne, let me advise them to stay a few days there, and inspect the various buildings—palaces I may call them —devoted to the Primary Schools, the Girls' College, the University, and ask themselves, What are we doing in England in similar circumstances?

For some time past the Collége Scientifique at Lausanne has been cramped for want of room, but I now learn from the Director that funds have been voted for a new building entirely. In 1837, when the college was first started, we were thirty students, with eight professors; now the large number of students have the assistance of twenty-four professors.

Let me add, in conclusion, that the fees at the Collége Scientifique do not come to more than about four pounds sterling per annum.—I am, sir, etc.,

J. F. Cole.

Sutton, Surrey.

## THE SHOP-GIRL.

*To the Editor of* Everyman.

Sir,—The majority of your readers are probably quite as willing as Miss Hamilton to help in any movement to improve the general condition of labour, but will there be much co-operation so long as there is so much exaggeration and lack of balance displayed by the "Social Reformer"? The general condition of the shop assistant is not such as bears out your contributor's position. The Shop Assistants' Union, I believe, pay as high, if not higher, benefits during sickness than any other society, owing to the few claims it has upon its sickness section. As to the hour of eleven at night, few firms with any reputation to lose would allow their girls to be exposed to the temptations of London streets after that hour.—I remain, sir, etc.,

A Twenty-four-Year Shopwalker.

London, N., February 21st, 1913.

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## MR. WELLS AND THE LABOUR REVOLT.

*To the Editor of* Everyman.

Sir,—G. D. L. (Carlisle) is the sort of reader who drives a writer to despair. I write "independence" and he reads "leisure." My God!—I am, sir, etc.,

H. G. Wells.

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## THE BIBLE.

*To the Editor of* Everyman.

Sir,—That Englishmen in the twentieth century should be found disputing in an advanced periodical whether the Bible is the "Word of God"! As well might a synod of ants debate whether certain harmless, unnecessary beetles, tolerated by them in their abodes, which some naturalists have supposed to be objects of worship, are or are not divine.

If the unimaginable Maker of the universe had delivered His views of things to us in writing, the message would be as little open to doubt or in need of casuistic support as lightning in a dark night.—I am, sir, etc.,

E. F. Cludell.

Bordighera.

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## PROGRESS AND CHRISTIANITY.

*To the Editor of* Everyman.

Sir,—The statement that progress in Europe has been brought about by Christianity is, I think, not only not correct, but whenever Christianity, or, indeed, any other religion, has a great political influence it retards progress. In Spain dogmatism reigns supreme. Is Spain as progressive as England? In Russia, the seat of the Eastern country, is there less brute force used, less violence and murder, than in Turkey? Has Mr. Dearmer forgotten the Inquisition in Spain, the massacre of the Jews in Russia, aye, and the hangings and imprisonment of thousands for opinions which, even in this country, would not mean imprisonment?

Again, is it not a fact that, by the progress of science, which has no relation to religion, tolerance and liberty and good government have resulted from it? And yet science has always been opposed by theologians. It has revolutionised religion itself.

After all the persecution, the fiendish torture, used in its name to those who were opposed to it, we are being told that Christianity is responsible for civilisation, whereas, in my opinion, wherever secular ideas are spread as against religion we see more liberty, freedom, and comfort.—I am, sir, etc.,

J. Miller.

Rock Ferry, Cheshire.

# ENGLAND'S SWEATED FEMALE WORKERS AND WHITE SLAVE VICTIMS.

## HOW "EVERYMAN" READERS CAN RENDER URGENTLY NEEDED HELP.

## WILL YOU HELP IN THIS PLAN OF RESCUE?

Truly appalling reports of the straits of London's Sweated Women and Girl Workers and White Slave Victims are finding their way daily to the London head offices of the British Federation for the Emancipation of Women.

Help is urgently wanted to relieve these cases. Even a few shillings may serve to rescue women, girls, and children from starvation and shame; but, above all, the prime object of the Federation is not to give indiscriminately, but to set these poor creatures upon a new and better way of earning a living free from the dangers of sweat work, as explained later in this article.

Terrible evidence has been brought forward as to the awful state in which thousands of our women and girl workers exist, and eloquently voicing their misery.

Read this heartrending letter—listen to the voices of the under-world of this great city of London, crying to you now for help.

### A TRAGEDY OF DAILY LIFE.

The letter tells of the heartrending life of a poor widow, who, left with a family of babies, relates the poignant tragedy of her daily life and the grim struggle for existence that she has waged in the under-world of sweated labour.

"I beg most respectfully"—writes this unfortunate woman—"to thank you for the help you gave me, by which I was able to pay the bringing home of my sewing-machine, which is the only means I have of existing. Living is out of the question when one has got to keep life in one's-self in the terrible struggle of existing on machine or needlework. I have worked night and day—often thought myself fortunate to take my clothes off twice a week—making ladies' long coats up to the latest fashion for the sum of 7d.

"I have seen them in the windows marked 'tailor-made.' I have stood and thought if that coat could only speak! It was, no doubt, made in some attic or back-room. Again, ladies' skirts, lined, 2s. 6d. per dozen; pillow-cases, all ready to put on, 3d. a dozen. I am now making underclothes for Church people. I get 10d. for a nightdress, the same for a chemise. These must be all done by hand, feather-stitched, with lace put on, and button-holes.

"Is it to be wondered women go wrong? Persecuted and sweated, and bullied when the work is taken home if it is not up-to-date.

### MOTHER AND CHILDREN STARVING.

"I am a widow, left with a family of babies. How I reared them I don't know. What are the consequences—half-starved, and myself also. I have lost three children since. The others are too delicate—can hardly keep themselves. I am still trying to keep up as best I can. If women's work was paid for there would not be half the immorality there is. It is all very well for Church-going people, but put them in the same position.

"Apologising for taking up your valuable time. It is a pity steps were not taken years ago to stop this terrible state of affairs.

"P.S.—I forgot to state that the chemises and nightdresses, for which I get 10d., take me nearly two days to make—this at the rate of 5d. a day. I felt last week as if I could make away with myself."

Think on what she says—imagine the awful conditions of such a life, where the lash of the sweater comes so heavily on the wretched slave that she dare not pause night or day—not even to undress and sleep.

We ask you to help us in our plans to aid and emancipate such victims as these from a system of slavery that is a disgrace to every Englishman and Englishwoman.

### A PRACTICAL PLAN OF HELP.

There are thousands upon thousands of cases like the one whose letter appears above, and while the Federation always render immediate help where required, its prime object is the establishment of a home or institution where as many as possible of these poor women and girls may be received, rested, and trained in domestic service.

The experience of the members of the British Federation favours the establishment of a Receiving Home that shall serve as Sanctuary, its doors to be always open to those in need of human sympathy and help.

From this Home girls suitable for domestic service would be drafted to a Training Home.

There is a dearth of domestic servants, and places can be found for thousands of trained girls, whose retirement from the crowded slave-mart of the sweater would make matters easier for those who remain.

The Federation has the above practical plan of relief in hand, and a fund of from ten to fifty thousand pounds would enable it to carry out a work that would save thousands of women and girls from the cruel clutches of the sweater and White Slaver.

This great National Crusade is under the distinguished patronage of Alice Countess of Strafford and many of the titled families of Great Britain.

The President of the Federation is Dr. Beale Collins (Kingston); the Vice-Presidents are Captain A. M. Cockshott, A.S.G., and Surgeon-General G. J. H. Evatt, C.B.; while the Founder and Director is Mr. William Belcher ("Marken," Surbiton). The Council comprises other well-known social workers. The London Commissioner is the Rev. W. Thornton Burke; the Special Commissioner, Mr. John Lindsay; and the International Commissioner, Mr. Ardeen Foster, London.

### SEND YOUR HELP TO-DAY.

Send your contribution to-day. Send as much as you can, knowing that there are thousands who need help such as you can render to one or more.

To every contributor to the fund the Federation will send acknowledgment and particulars of its work and objects.

Send your postal orders or cheques—and your money thus received in response to this appeal may rescue from final degradation some wretched women or girls whose souls have been well-nigh killed by their terrible existence.

Hesitate—delay even a day, and one more human being may sink to an existence even lower and more terrible than sweated labour. Think what your contribution to-day may mean—the emancipation of one or more of these unfortunate women—the breaking and casting off the fetters that have held them bound in slavery—the bringing of life and happiness to a fellow-being who has formerly known nothing but a living death. Your contribution will mean food, comfort, and health to some starved unfortunate dragging out a horrible life in the dens of hard labour, under the lash of the pitiless sweater. Will you rescue a human being and save a soul? Yes, you will—we feel sure of it—we are confident of your generous support and sympathy for your suffering sisters.

Let us keep our promise to these thousands of sufferers. We have held out hope to the women and girl slaves of this country—it is for those who read this appeal on their behalf to carry on the work of their emancipation.

Send us your generous help, and let us bear your message of hope down into that under-world that the time has come for the freedom of the sweated.

Give in the fulness of your heart, and know that in giving you are saving starving bodies from death, and suffering young girls from the horror of the street.

### "Everyman" Donation Form.

To the Secretary (Mr. W. H. Bedbrook),
The British Federation for the Emancipation of Women,
95, New Bond St., London, W.

Dear Sir,

I have read the Appeal in Everyman on behalf of Sweated Women and Girl Workers, and send you a P.O. or Cheque for.....towards the Fund that is being raised by the Federation.

Name.....
(State if Mr., Mrs., or Miss, or title.)

Address.....

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## DANTE AND THE MYSTICS*

Mr. Gardner needs no introduction to Dante students. He has long ago approved himself an industrious, learned, and admirably suggestive writer on the life and writings of the author of the "Divina Commedia." Of his new book we will only remark, by way of general criticism, that it will enhance a reputation already well established. It is not by any means an easy book to read. The abstruseness of the subject, and the massive learning with which it is buttressed, are not likely to attract those who have only a superficial acquaintance with Dante's writings. On the other hand, all earnest students will greatly relish this singularly able and illuminating study of the sources and spiritual significance of Dante's mysticism.

The author's main purpose is "to lay stress upon the mystical aspect of the 'Divina Commedia,' to trace the influence upon Dante of earlier mystics from St. Augustine down to the Franciscans and the two Mechthilds, and to illustrate the mystical tendency of the sacred poem by its analogies with the writings of other masters in the same *science of love*." He attaches great importance to the Letter to Can Grande, the authenticity of which he assumes. By its aid he attempts to interpret the mysticism and allegory of the "Divina Commedia" as well as to investigate the influence upon Dante of the three mystics mentioned in the Letter—St. Augustine, St. Bernard, and Richard of St. Victor.

Mr. Gardner specially calls the attention of students of the mystical aspect of the "Divina Commedia" to the concluding passage of the Letter to Can Grande, which he thinks clearly implies that for the crowning vision of the "Paradiso," Dante is claiming something more than a mere realisation of "the hideousness of vice and the beauty of virtue, the universality and omnipotence of love." The passage really suggests some ineffable spiritual experience of which Dante feels himself unworthy, and which he is utterly unable adequately to relate. In short, Dante lays claim to a special revelation of the divine, and the closing canto of the "Paradiso," up to which the whole of the "Divina Commedia" leads, must be regarded as a supreme attempt to give utterance to this spiritual experience in finite speech and figurative language.

In the first chapter Mr. Gardner says that scholasticism is the body of Dante's religion, and mysticism its soul. And in this connection he draws an instructive comparison between the pantheistic mysticism of Wordsworth and Shelley and that of Dante. The former, we are told, found the goal of their "love-illumined" quest in the union of the soul of man with the spirit of love and beauty, which they recognise in nature, whereas Dante and other mediæval mystics found it in God—a goal which, while it could only be fully attained in the hereafter, might to some extent be realised by anticipation here and now. This realisation takes two forms. One is the religious experience known as "the spiritual espousals of the soul with Christ." The other is an intellectual anticipation of the vision of the Divine, as in that one "moment of understanding" after which St. Augustine sighed. Dante's mysticism, Mr. Gardner contends, had more affinity with the latter than with the former. Indeed, a perusal of this book forces upon one the conclusion that the Italian poet's mystical indebtedness to St. Augustine can hardly be overestimated. The "Purgatorio" and the "Paradiso" afford ample evidence of the profound and continuous influence exerted by the author of the "Confessions."

* "Dante and the Mystics." By Edmund G. Gardner. 7s. 6d. net. (Dent.)

## THE THEOLOGY OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND*

This is the inaugural volume of a new series entitled "The Great Christian Theologies," edited by Rev. Henry W. Clark, M.A. Primarily intended to be careful expositions of the theological systems dealt with, these volumes are yet critical in the sense that the authors indicate the relations between the systems and current theological and philosophical tendencies.

We cannot say that the series has made altogether an auspicious beginning. The subject is admittedly a difficult one. To present an adequate (by which we mean an impartial) view of the teaching of the Church of England—an exposition which will be readily acquiesced in by every section of that great communion, is next to impossible. It must be borne in mind that the word "Compromise" is written largely over the doctrinal position of the Church of England, and that there have always existed within her borders various schools of thought, each of which interprets her theology in its own way. It is impossible to look for theological harmony in a Church which contains Bishop Gore and Dean Wace.

Mr. Worsley is a High Churchman. He accordingly expounds the theology of the Anglican communion from that point of view. He puts the Church before the Bible, and denies the right of individual members to interpret the Scriptures for themselves. He says it is the duty of the priest to point out the use of private confession. He believes that "prayer for the departed" is "a sensible and laudable practice when kept within proper limits" (whatever that may mean); and he advocates "retreats" for clergy and laity.

Of course, Mr. Worsley dislikes the word "Protestant." On the other hand, he has no great antipathy to Roman Catholic teaching. "While the Church of England," he says, "*does not accept many*" of the modern doctrines of the Church of Rome, "she does not attack them with acrimony and violence." What, we wonder, will Dean Wace say to that? It comes to this, that the Church of England does accept some of the modern tenets of the Church of Rome, and has a "sneaking regard" for others. So, at least, Mr. Worsley would have us believe.

His conception of the historical position of the Anglican Church will also be criticised by a section of his fellow churchmen. He maintains that the Reformation did not involve any break of continuity in the character of the Church of England. Its history began with Augustine, and it was never Roman Catholic. Yet he admits that his Church was in communion with the Papal Church before the Reformation. How does Mr. Worsley reconcile these statements? We are also told that it was the Church of Rome that broke off the relations, and not the Church of England. We cannot agree. The severance of the English Church from Rome was brought about by Henry VIII. because the Pope would not grant him a divorce from Catherine of Aragon.

The logical conclusion of Mr. Worsley's position is that the Church of England cannot be regarded as a branch of the Reformed Church. She adheres to "Catholic tradition"—to "the central truths of the Faith" which were prevalent before the Reformation, and which were preserved intact during "the stormy and difficult years" of the sixteenth century.

Mr. Worsley is an advocate for the revision of the Book of Common Prayer. He says that disloyalty to

* "The Theology of the Church of England." By F. W. Worsley, M.A., B.D. 7s. 6d. net. (Chapman.)

(*Continued on page 672.*)

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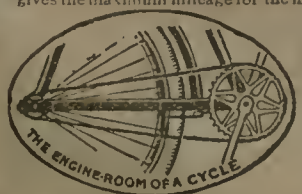


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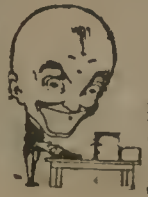

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the Book is flagrantly prevalent, though he is not averse to a certain amount of latitude. But where is the line to be drawn? On the subject of "Establishment," he is engagingly frank.

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Though this statement contains only the literal truth, it is persistently ignored by the leaders of the Established Churches. State control and spiritual freedom cannot co-exist, and the sooner our Churches by law established recognise this fact the better will it be for the religious future of this country.

## ALONG THE ROAD*

THE industry of Mr. Benson is amazing.. Remembering how recently it was that Mr. Benson issued his last book, and bearing in mind that two other volumes from his pen are announced for early publication, the critic, confronted with the present comely volume, with its four hundred solid pages, might well be forgiven if he approached it in something of a sceptical frame of mind. Few writers, however, seem to possess the power of sustaining quality with quantity in a more remarkable degree than Mr. Benson; and this new collection of his essays, so far from proving that the experienced hand has lost any of its old cunning, is full, from the first page to the last, of the author's best and most characteristic work. Here we have all the same graceful and dignified flow of language, breathing the same quiet and mellow philosophy. It is true that this philosophy is not always perfectly satisfying; and, indeed, what philosophy is? We sometimes wish that Mr. Benson's garden were not quite so well cloistered; an occasional smack of the east wind would not be unwelcome. But, in a world of imperfections, extreme must be made to balance extreme; and if these polished papers, with their simple descriptions of homely scenes and incidents, and their sympathetic interpretation of human conduct and aspirations, gain once more for Mr. Benson, from a cheap press, the title of "the apostle of the obvious"—well, then, it is a reputation of which he may have very genuine reason to be proud.

For what we want to-day is a return to the obvious. If our newspaper placards form any criterion, or if we may judge from much of our modern fiction and a great deal of our contemporary poetry, we are obsessed by an almost morbid and neurotic craving for novelty—a craving that comes from a weak intellectual stomach, and is the more debilitating in its influence in proportion as it is indulged. For, once indulged, it is an appetite that it is impossible to appease; until at length, having utterly sapped our mental vigour, it leaves our diseased imaginations too inert to pursue even the fantastic will-o'-the-wisps of their own creation. Meanwhile the rising and setting of the sun, the procession of the seasons, and all the infinite drama of human joys and sorrows—these things that are old and obvious, but alone of all things perennially mysterious and new—pass unheeded before our eyes, and set hardly a responsive chord vibrating along the strings of our poisoned and moribund minds. Truly, this is to sell our birthright for a mess of pottage!

Amid all the false and contentious bugles, there-

* "Along the Road." By A. C. Benson. 7s. 6d. net. (London: James Nisbet.)

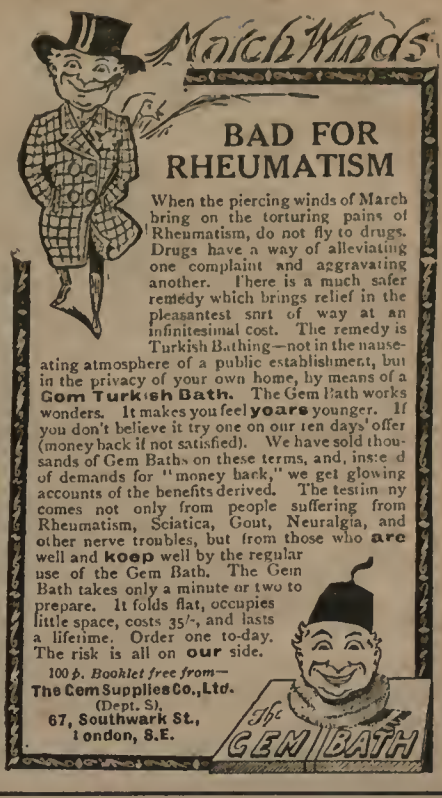
fore; amid all the blaring drums of contorted creeds that would marshal us "along the road" of life to a citadel where there is no real shelter from the tempest, and no sure safety from the assaults of disappointment and doubt—how pleasant is it to hear once more, as it were, in reading Mr. Benson's tender and glowing pages, the still small voice of the wayside birds inviting us to some fair garden of the spirit, where, if there are not the fruits of perfect peace, at least there is rest, and to that old well of primal human sympathy, where at least there is refreshment for the tired pilgrim of the dusty highway.

GILBERT THOMAS.

## BOOKS OF THE WEEK

ENGLAND UNDER THE OLD RELIGION, AND OTHER ESSAYS, by Abbot Gasquet (Bell, 6s. net), derives its main interest and value from the fact that it sets forth the matured opinions of one of the ablest and most laborious of living Roman Catholic historians regarding some of the outstanding ecclesiastical problems that have agitated this country in the past, and are still to some extent agitating it. The essay which stands first, and which gives the title to the volume, was written many years ago, but was not at the time printed. Several of the other papers were delivered as lectures in America, but have not previously been printed in England. The essay on "England Under the Old Religion" gives a fair idea of Dr. Gasquet's abilities as an historian. It shows not only a complete mastery of the authorities of the period, but a sobriety of thought and expression and a perspicuity which are not always associated with the historical labours of his co-religionists. Of course, he writes as a loyal son of the ancient Church, and his whole outlook is necessarily coloured by this fact. But by reason of the thoroughness of his research and his earnestness and sincerity, he is always entitled to a respectful hearing. Those who wish to know the views of a ripe Catholic scholar on such topics as the English Reformation, Wolsey and the Divorce, Anglican Ordinations, France and the Vatican, cannot do better than read this book. The essay on Anglican ordinations is invested with special interest and authority, as Dr. Gasquet, by the Pope's orders, prosecuted research in the Vatican Archives in connection with the work of the commission appointed to deal with the question. The last essay, which discusses editing and reviewing, is rather incongruous in a volume dealing exclusively with historical and ecclesiastical topics. But Dr. Gasquet's plea for thoroughness on the part of editors and reviewers is well-timed.

Mr. Max Pemberton, in his latest novel, WHITE MOTLEY (Cassell, 6s.), has written a story with an airman for hero. The aviator is cast on simple yet convincing lines, and impresses one with reality. The story opens in Switzerland with a spirited account of the winter sports in progress. Rumours of a ghostly apparition in the sky are current, alike in the little village and the fashionable hotels, and for some short time the reader is kept in ignorance that the strange bat-like creature that skims lightly over the hills is "Ben," the intrepid airman, in his aeroplane, who intends to be the first to cross Mont Blanc and win the £10,000 prize offered by a big English newspaper proprietor. In the end the aviator gratifies his ambition, and, we suppose, ultimately marries the woman of his choice. The latter is afflicted with a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wicked husband, whom an understanding providence removes. Mr. Pemberton is at his best in the story, which is brightly written throughout.

❀ ❀ ❀

The Amateur Gentleman (Sampson Low and Co., 6s.) is written, quite obviously, under the influence of Dickens, and to a large extent the author is worthy of his adherence to the magician, and suggests a certain capacity for humour and a quick eye for characterisation of types. At times, however, so strong is Mr. Jeffery Farnol's admiration for his master that he falls back on reminiscence, and reproduces in some instances a colourable likeness certainly, but only a likeness of his idol. Mine host of the "Coursing Hound" suggests old Varden of "The Maypole." The period, the setting, the turn of the phrase, all take one back to "Barnaby Rudge." And though the very closeness of the association helps the story to an extent, in the main it serves to deepen the gulf, widen the difference between the master and his pupil. Sometimes Mr. Farnol hits off a portrait most successfully, as in the following:—"He was a languid gentleman, an extremely superior gentleman, but his character lay chiefly in his nose, which was very short and remarkably supercilious of tip, and his legs, which were large and nobly shaped; they were, in a sense, eloquent legs, being given to divers tremors and quiverings when their possessor laboured under any strong feeling or excitement; but, above all, they were haughty legs, contemptuous of this paltry world and all that therein is, yea, even of themselves, for their very calves seemed striving to turn their backs upon each other."

If the author would strike out a new line, and, forsaking bygone times, apply his faculty of observation and his sense of humour to depicting present-day events, he should, we think, do good work; but he must rid himself of his tendency to reproduce past masterpieces.

❀ ❀ ❀

Mrs. Langfield Sawkins has written "A Romance of the Golden Age," under the title of Ladye Bertha of Romrow (Francis Griffiths, 6s.). It is written in a curious fashion, to describe which one would have to coin a word. A combination of stilted phrase with melodramatic incidents of a highly coloured variety render it difficult and, indeed, fatiguing to follow. We read that "Bertha, her blood boiling and leaping in her veins, sprang up the side of the defile, clinging deftly to the tree branches. . . . She ran into the arms of old Cynewulf, who, trembling with terror, held her fast." The page palpitates with terrible forebodings. Some dire deed of bloodshed is, we feel, about to occur! And then, in the mildest possible voice, Cynewulf remarks: "Hither, master; here is thy daughter." We confess to extreme bewilderment as the story progresses, as the convolutions of intrigue and counterplot suffer heavily from the language chosen by the author to express them.

❀ ❀ ❀

The Wastrel (Ward, Lock and Co., 6s.) cannot be said to be wearisome. Something is happening all through the story, and the briskness of the action keeps pace with the incision of the style. Mr. Bindloss has a story to tell, and sets about it in workmanlike fashion. There is some love-making, a murder, a mystery, and a surprise in connection with the wastrel himself that is genuinely unexpected. Muriel is a wholesome heroine, and the descriptions of Canadian life are cleverly penned in bold colours. There is plenty of excitement, but that is what the ordinary novel reader looks for, and the development of the plot is credible. On the whole, a bright and entertaining volume.

❀ ❀ ❀

The Pearl Stringer (Methuen, 6s.) is Miss Peggy Webling's latest contribution to literature. The book is characterised by the same quiet humour and clever eye for detail that made her other work remarkable; but there is lacking the vivacity of "Blue Jay," that charming and vitalised romance of Canada, and the strength of "Virginia Perfect," a rounded study of a woman's life. Miss Webling, in setting the story among the back streets of London, has allowed the houses to crowd out her perspective. There is not a glimpse of blue sky to be seen through the black chimney-pots, and the grime seems to enter the souls of the people concerned. The little pearl stringer is a sweet but colourless entity; she finds her most supreme expression in renunciation, and all through the book accepts the gospel of sacrifice with a meekness admirable but slightly irritating. Even her shadowy love affair is elusive. She gives her affection secretly to a man who never gives her a thought save as a friend, and finds intense satisfaction in the knowledge. One wishes the author could have been kinder to the little creature, who, after all, deserved a better fate. The minor characters are admirably sketched, and Miss Webling gives us some street scenes in which she shows herself at her best.

❀ ❀ ❀

The Lone Adventure (Fisher Unwin, 3s. 6d.) is in marked contrast to "The Man of the Moors." In the last-named Mr. Halliwell Sutcliffe touched high-water mark of literary excellence. In "The Lone Adventure" he has fallen far from the heights, descending, indeed, once again into the atmosphere of Wardour Street, and far from the fresh winds of reality one breathes the air of artificiality inseparable from pretence. His characters are stereotyped, his situations machine-made, his plot outworn. We would earnestly urge the author to return again to the *venue* of the preceding achievement, which held a fair promise of distinction.

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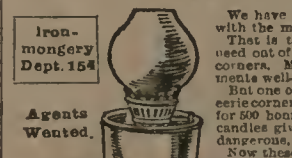

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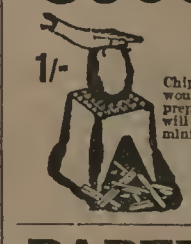

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Printed by Hazell, Watson & Viney, Ld., 4-8, Kirby Street, Hatton Garden, London, E.C., and Published by J. M. Dent & Sons, Ld., Aldine House, Bedford Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.

# EVERYMAN

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No. 22. Vol. 1. [REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O.] FRIDAY, MARCH 14, 1913 One Penny.


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### ARTICLES

BY

JOHN COOPER

DR. PERCY DEARMER

SIR SIDNEY LEE

J. C. SQUIRE

# HISTORY IN THE MAKING

## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THE third Session of the second Parliament in the reign of King George V. was opened on Monday. It cannot be said that the King's Speech is exciting reading. Judging from its contents, everything is for the best in the best of possible worlds. A few unimportant measures are announced. But neither of the two epoch-making schemes which had been heralded with a great flourish of trumpets—neither Land Reform nor Educational Reform—are to be introduced this Session. Obviously the Legislature intends to take a constitutional rest—partly perhaps to allow the country to assimilate the revolutionary changes recently placed on the Statute-book, partly to prepare for the more important changes of to-morrow.

In dramatic contrast with the political situation at home is the situation on the Continent, which even the most exacting sensational journalist could not characterise as dull. Both in France and in Germany the present year will mark a new era. The £50,000,000 German Army Bill will be for the next few months the one central topic of political discussion and agitation. That the Bill will be passed and that the Socialist opposition against it will prove unavailing is already certain. What is less clear is how the new taxes which the Bill must entail will be distributed. Perhaps the military enthusiasm of the upper middle classes and of the aristocracy will abate when they realise that they must bear the burden of the new taxation.

The financial consequences are already being felt on the Berlin Stock Exchange. The moral consequences will be far more serious. The political atmosphere is charged with electricity. A sensational leading article of the semi-official *Cologne Gazette*, the most temperate and most influential paper of the Fatherland, is ominously significant. It is entitled the "Disturber of the Peace," and throws all the blame for the new military increase on the French Republic. As is pointed out by the correspondent of the *Times*, such an utterance is "extraordinarily unfair." Surely it is Germany, and Germany alone, who is taking the initiative of this huge increase of military expenditure. She has a perfect right to make such an increase. But why make her western neighbour responsible for it? "At the worst," says the *Times*, "such language may provoke an acute international crisis. At the best, it will provoke a suspicion that German politicians once more desire to float their patriotic sacrifices on a wave of passion."

But alas! passion in Germany calls forth passion in France, and the situation there is already sufficiently alarming without any outside excitement. France finds herself compelled to add to her already crushing military burdens, and that sacrifice must produce an artificial stimulus and a patriotic tension without which such a sacrifice could not be obtained. It is in this inevitable patriotic reaction on a sensitive people that the main danger lies. France wants peace, and yet lives in daily dread of war. We are indeed living in the neighbourhood of a powder magazine.

In the meantime in this country we continue to rejoice in the unparalleled boom of trade and industry. The statistics of imports and exports still increase by leaps and bounds. Our satisfaction would be unalloyed if the increase of our trade were not accompanied with an even greater increase of our emigration. . . . Before the end of the year 160,000 men and women, and mainly young men and women, will have left for Canada alone. Scotland is being depopulated. Our only consolation is that what is Great Britain's loss is the Empire's gain. But does that consolation really satisfy the patriot?

# CANADA AND THE EMPIRE

BY JOHN A. COOPER (*Editor of the "Canadian Courier," Toronto, Canada*)

At the present time Canadians are being divided into two classes, ordinary Imperialists and centralist Imperialists. All Canadians are in favour of Canada remaining a portion of the British Empire. There is no division on that point. There is, however, a wide divergence as to the method of Imperial co-operation. The ordinary Imperialist would have the connection kept nominal and sentimental. He desires to see Canada have its own flag and its own fleet; he wants Canada to have the power to make its own commercial treaties and its own tariff. In short, he prefers an alliance to a confederation.

On the other hand, the centralist desires to see one flag, one fleet, one tariff, and one treaty-making power.

To understand this situation from the Canadian point of view it is necessary to go back over the history of the last hundred years. When Canada, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia were separate colonies, each of them had a long and acrimonious debate with the authorities in Downing Street as to the establishment of self-government in these dependencies. The Governors were flouting their executives, making their own political appointments, and spending public money of their own volition. This was the situation when Lord Durham came to Canada and made his famous report.

Between 1840 and 1860 all this was changed. The control of the tariff and the Post Office was transferred from Downing Street to the Assemblies in the respective colonies. The Governors learned to choose their executives from the predominant party in the Assemblies. In Parliamentary matters each colony became a miniature Great Britain, with slight divergencies.

Then came the Confederation Act of 1867, which united the North American colonies into the first Dominion under the British Crown. That Act again lessened the authority of the Governor and the Colonial Office. Eleven years later, owing to representations made by the then Minister of Justice, Honourable Edward Blake, the powers of the Governor-General were still further restricted. Later, British troops were replaced by Canadian Militia, until finally, in 1900, even the naval stations passed under Canadian control.

By this series of events almost everything was won for self-government except the treaty-making power. In 1871 the first step towards the transfer of this function was made when Sir John Macdonald was appointed one of the British representatives on the Washington Commission. Canada was also given direct representation in the Halifax Fisheries Arbitration of 1877, the Fisheries Commission of 1887, the Joint High Commission of 1897, and the Alaska Commission of 1903. Since that time Canada has been accorded the privilege of negotiating her own commercial treaties direct.

It will thus be seen that the history of the last hundred years shows that the tendency in Canada has been towards decentralisation. Indeed, one may generalise and say that this has been the tendency among all the Britannic peoples, with the exception of Scotland and Wales. The manifest aim of each colony or dominion has been to gather to itself all the privileges of autonomy and self-government in so far as these were compatible with their allegiance to the British Crown. That this movement was not antagonistic to the best interests of the British Empire will hardly be denied. Every advance in colonial self-government has been accompanied by a strengthening of the sentimental ties which bind the Britannic peoples into the greatest alliance which the world has yet seen.

Now the scene has changed. A body of centralists in Great Britain and Canada desire to have the Overseas Dominions retrace their steps. The British Army and the British Naval Squadrons have been withdrawn from the outlying portions of the Empire, and the Dominions have been organising their own defence forces.

The centralists profess to see in this movement a danger to the British Alliance. They desire to curb the self-government of the Dominions at the point where military and naval organisations are considered. They are doing this under the guise of centralising the Empire's defence forces. Some of them go even farther, and advocate a uniform defensive trade policy for the whole Empire. They profess fear that, if unity in these matters is not again established, the Empire cannot be preserved.

To my mind this is a very dangerous experiment. If the military organisation of the Empire were centralised, Canada and Australia would take much less interest in their militia organisations. The great magnet of the Canadian Army and the Australian Army is the native pride of the people in their own defence force. It must be the same with regard to the Navy.

If Canada and Australia are merely to contribute money to a British Navy, then all the stimulus of native pride in connection with a naval organisation will be lost. On the other hand, if Canada were to build her own fleet, man it and equip it and maintain it, her people would come to have a broader conception of the importance and the difficulties of Imperial defence. After all, sacrifice or service is the greatest lesson which mankind has to learn. Unless Canadians and Australians learn to sacrifice themselves on behalf of naval defence they will never fully appreciate its importance. The contribution of money is not sacrifice in the highest sense. There must be service, and in naval defence this service can only be gained or inaugurated through local squadrons or fleet units, stationed on the coasts of each of the Dominions, and co-operating with the fleet of the United Kingdom whenever there is a common and supreme danger.

The British Empire has been doing well for a hundred years. It has survived all the croakings of pessimists and theorists. That growth and that survival are based upon freedom and liberty. Take away that freedom or that liberty and the Empire will fall to pieces as surely as did the ancient Empires of the Mediterranean. Preserve that freedom and that liberty and a common language, common ideals, and common allegiance to one Throne will preserve the Empire and enable it to march steadily forward to that destiny which all those who believe in Western civilisation and universal peace hope to see realised.

# THE WORLD UGLY

## By Dr. Percy Dearmer

The Nineteenth Century has been rightly called a "wonderful century"; the record of its achievements is bewilderingly rich, and its people were naturally satisfied with themselves. Yet, as the years separate us from it, one suspects that future generations will look upon it with resentment and disgust, and will measure their progress by the removal of its last traces. For whatever else is true of the Nineteenth Century, in the good that it brought us, this at least is indubitably certain—it found the world beautiful, and it left the world hideous.

Not the whole world, of course, but the inhabited parts of the civilised world, the parts where most of us have to live. Wherever the Nineteenth Century reached its hand, it brought ruin upon city and village and homestead, like the ruin of an earthquake or a volcano. Our idea of happiness to-day is to get away from the Nineteenth Century, to go somewhere where we can no longer see one of the buildings which our fathers erected. Our way of imagining a proper world is to shut our eyes to the world about us, to—

> "Forget six counties overhung with smoke,
> Forget the snorting steam, the piston-stroke,
> Forget the hideous spreading of the town;
> Think only of the pack-horse on the down,
> And think of London, small, and white, and clean,
> Its pure stream gliding through its gardens green."

All this is very strange, because our fathers considered themselves highly civilised, and their age was one of great artists and of great writers about art, and it was an age of literary giants, at least in England, France, and Russia. Yet the Nineteenth Century went on with its work of destruction; its very culture was more fatal than its indifference; its appreciative and learned restorers removed all traces of beauty from ancient buildings as completely as if they had bombarded them; and the refined authorities of our Universities were as bad Vandals as any—perhaps the worst building in Oxford is that erected by a famous and cultivated Dean who was a warm admirer of Ruskin. The educated classes invented a system of dress such as the human race had never before been degraded to wear, irrational, uncomfortable, undignified, and so hideous as to be unfit even for funerals. In the middle year of the century the complacency of the century ran riot in the Great Exhibition of 1851—an event which is already used as the nadir-mark of our civilised environment.

I use these words advisedly, because such civilisation does not consist in sending messages quickly, nor in moving about the country at high rates of speed, nor even in that work of accurate description and classification which we call natural science, nor, indeed, even in a literature that is divorced from the people, and represents only the protest of a gifted minority against the conditions in which they find themselves. The people as a whole were cut off from the intellectual movements of the Victorian era; a huge proportion of them lived in squalor and misery, and all the time miles of dismal streets were swallowing up the countryside in the districts where a few men were piling up those characteristic Nineteenth-Century fortunes.

All the while, of course, the wonderful intellectual movements of the age were going on. Men of genius were protesting; the foundations of a better civilisation were being laid upon the ruins which the Industrial Revolution had made; social reform movements were gaining strength.

William Morris emerged soon after 1851, and he is significant of much. The Nineteenth Century was evolving Cosmos out of Chaos. Meanwhile, for practical purposes, it has left us Chaos. By which I mean that the actual streets in which we live, and the cities which are all we see from one day to another, are horrible, depressing, and degrading. Only those people who can at times escape into the country—or into the library, garden, or church—avoid the contamination. The rest are either "submerged," or live on with perverted imaginations, or with base ideals and mean instincts. And if Everyman does not believe this, let him notice what people read in the train.

Nor has the process stopped in this year of grace 1913. I am not an old man; yet when I was a boy in the London of about 1870, a quarter of an hour on a horse omnibus used to take me into the country. And now! Perhaps only motorists fully realise the immensity and the awfulness of the new towns that have sprung up within the last thirty years round the old. In spite of our vaunted speed of locomotion, it has become almost impossible for the poor man to escape from the "hideous spreading of the town." And how hideous it is! How mean and reckless is our modern city building! Already, almost before the mortar is dry, and before the mud has given place to pavement, hundreds of these streets have become slums; and there is nothing but an occasional church or "picture palace" (what pictures and what palaces!) to witness for anything but the shallow struggle for existence in the mean streets. One is amazed at the indifference of the public to this state of things—even of the wise and learned public. Perhaps the ugliest and shabbiest of modern public buildings is the new repository of the British Museum, which is just outside the flying-ground at Hendon. *The British Museum!* I suppose the authorities thought that as their new building was to be "planked" down in the outskirts of greater London, where anything can be done, it did not matter.

Well, there is a good side to the dismal picture. Town-planning has become a recognised art. Bournville and many other garden-cities show us that even modern industrialism can flourish amid inspiring, happy, and healthy surroundings. Even longer views of "civic survey" are now being taken in hand—schemes of what a whole district may become with imagination, forethought, and care—such as those of Professor Patrick Geddes in that city of Edinburgh which our ancestors made so glorious a place. So insistent has the movement for reform become that the politicians themselves have turned for a while from their barren business to take it up, and we now have a Housing and Town-Planning Act, which makes improvement more possible in places where there are exceptionally public-spirited people.

But meanwhile the reckless spreading of the town continues. We leave anyone who wants to make money free to do so by building anything he pleases. One man's greed is still allowed to ruin a whole district. The idea of the public interest coming first is not yet entertained. The creation of the modern slum goes on, and we cannot prevent it, until the public awakens. A place like the Hampstead Garden City is only an oasis in a wilderness of ever-growing brick. Public opinion has to become much stronger before the time arrives when a man will again be proud of his native place, and be happy in it, and inspired by it.

# WOMEN AT WORK By MARGARET HAMILTON

## IV.—THE MILL GIRL

*The question of women's employment, with its attendant problems of the rate of wages, hours of labour, and the inevitable competition with men workers, is a burning one, affecting as it does the welfare of the entire community. The Editor invites his readers' views on this all-important subject.*

IN the grey of the early dawning throughout the cotton centres of the North sounds the clatter of the clogs. The mill hands are going to work, and over the cobble-stones along the streets, dim with the first mists of the morning, troop an army of women, hooded and shawled. The air is full of the hoarse cry of the hooters, the shriek of whistles, the ringing of clamorous factory bells; but through all the noises, many and discordant, comes the clatter of the clogs—girls in their 'teens, young women newly married, mothers of families, old grand-dames, sturdy for all their sixty years, troop by, and the army gathers volume as it marches on.

The Lancashire girl starts out early in life. At thirteen she works "half-time," dividing her day between the mill and the school. It is a heavy strain on a young constitution, and many arguments have been advanced for increasing the age limit. But the earnings even of the beginner are not to be despised, and go to swell the family budget, that in Lancashire the proletariat insists shall be placed on a high level. The operatives oppose the extension of the time limit as strongly as the employers, though in many cases a girl's physique suffers heavily from the fatigues of mental and physical labour. A girl enters a cotton mill as a learner, and generally goes into the "reelers'" room. At the end of the month, if she is fairly quick, she earns from eight to ten shillings a week, and this amount rises to £1 and 24s. The wages of the male operatives are on a higher scale, and in cases where the husband and wife, two sons, and as many daughters work together the earning capacity of the family amounts to between £6 and £7. The Lancashire mill girl is a generous spender, and grudges money neither on her own pleasure nor her friends'. Blackpool and Stockport, during "Hindle Wakes," the annual holiday of Lancashire, when all the mills are closed, is full of holiday-makers. "The girl in the clogs and shawl" has thrown off her working dress, and, attired in the latest fashion in hats and the smartest possible coat and skirt, spends her savings right royally. Blackpool in August is a sight never to be forgotten, when the operatives fill the town, laughing, happy, healthy creatures; well dressed and well fed, they impress one with their vitality and splendid independence.

The mill girl can pay for her own amusements, and a *camaraderie* exists between her and the male hands unknown in other branches of industrialism. This *camaraderie* of the sexes is the more remarkable because necessarily there is a certain amount of competition among them. Everybody knows the story—so good that we tell it again—of the Lancashire lad who, chancing across an old chum, is asked what happened to the girl who got his old job at Nelson's mill. "T'lass has'na get," he replied. "Ah married her." Undoubtedly there is a vast displacement of male labour by the extended employment of mill girls, but of late the demand for hands in Lancashire has been so keen that the men have had plenty to do and to spare. And in any case, as I have said, it does not affect the friendliness between the mill girl and the male operatives. There are in all 750,000 female workers in the textile trades, and they are, practically all of them, members of the Union. The old lament that women, like lunatics, cannot combine breaks down hopelessly as regards Lancashire. They are as keen on Trade Unionism, its possibilities and developments, as are the men, and in the last few strikes that have taken place their militancy took a pronounced, not to say aggressive, form. In passing it is worth noting that this practically unanimous adherence to Trade Unionism on the part of both the male and female workers has by no means brought a plethora of strikes to the cotton industry, where for over fifteen years the famous Brooklands agreement, drafted by Sir Charles Macara, secured uninterrupted peace. Women, it should be noted, are members on equal terms with the men, not only of the Trade Unions but of the "Co-op. Societies," those phenomenally successful trading concerns whose development is one of the features of modern Lancashire. The "Co-ops." were one of the first institutions to recognise the equality of the sexes, and long before the Married Woman's Property Act they refused, in honourable defiance of the law, to give up to the worthless husband the savings of the wife!

Side by side the girls work with the men, as deft and as quick as they, instinct with the same *esprit de corps*. The cleverest hands mind the looms, watching the flashing shuttles that dart in and out weaving the warp and woof. Ten shillings a week is paid per loom, and some of the smartest hands mind two or three. The clatter of the machines, the whirring of the wheels that grind and turn the livelong day drown the voice; but for all that, the operatives chat and tell each other all the gossip of the day. It is one of the most arresting scenes in mill life to see a pretty, dark-haired lass exchange greetings with her neighbour at the next loom. You see her lips move, but the din drowns her voice, and for a moment you are puzzled at the smile of comprehension on their faces.

And then the explanation dawns on you. The operatives, through long-continued practice, understand the language of the lips, and can communicate freely without uttering a sound. The girls wear their hair tightly bound about their heads. Flowing locks and loose tresses are forbidden, for fear they should become entangled in the machinery and the girl find herself drawn into the cruel wheels. A neat blouse and skirt is the general wear of the operative, with a white apron; they keep their smart clothes for high days and holidays. The atmosphere of the mills is humid and oppressive. Cotton can only be manipulated in a moist heat, and some of the rooms on the lower floor in certain buildings are inches deep in water. This accounts, to a large extent, for the clogs, which keep the wearer well out of the wet. The shawl worn over the head, muffled tightly round the throat, serves as a protection from cold, as the change from the overheated mill to the raw damp of the open air strikes chill to the lungs.

In certain factories the hands have their midday meal inside the building, but the majority of operatives go out to their food. An hour is the time allowed for dinner, and half an hour for breakfast. The mill girl likes a highly seasoned diet; fried fish

and pickles greatly appeal to her, and pork sausages and kippers, eaten with bread hot from the oven thickly spread with butter. Tinned goods are lavishly included, and all kinds of sauces and paste. The meal of the day is high tea, when a collection of dainties is spread on the table that would astonish the Cockney workgirl.

Eating-houses and cookshops abound in the vicinity of the mills and those quarters of the town where the operatives live. Industrialism leaves little time for the practice of the domestic arts, and the mill girl generally buys her food ready dressed and seasoned to taste. The evenings find them at the local cinemas, theatres, and concert halls. They have a keen appreciation of music, and possess a quick ear and strong, clear voices, and are formidable rivals in choir contests. The mill girl is fond of dancing, and her vivacity and "go" make her an admirable partner.

The working hours of the day—from 6 o'clock to 5.30—compare favourably with other employments, and the rate of wages is undoubtedly the highest of any women workers in the country. Piecers and winders average from 15s. to 16s. a week, while card-room hands reach 25s. There is something very impressive in the sight of the army of operatives streaming out of the mill gates. The clatter of the clogs, insistent, strenuous, once more sounds on the cobble-stones; the town with its huge chimney stacks towering up to the blackened heavens frowns down on them, while in the far distance stretches the open country veiled in a cloud of smoke. The streets are narrow, and, to the Southerner, squalid in their lack of forecourt; the houses, of brick-walled monotony, weary the eye, though they are not ill-kept or badly furnished.

The modern Lancashire cotton town, for all the improvements that have taken place in the position of its work-people, is very much the same as when Dickens described it fifty years ago.

But since the days of Dickens the material prosperity of the operatives has vastly increased, and it is difficult to exaggerate the almost feverish enthusiasm that amusement, excursions, and holidays awaken in the hearts of the operatives, and especially of the mill girls. Of the Lancashire mill girl it may be said with literal truth that "when she is not working she is playing." There is no repose in Lancashire. The ceaseless whirring of the wheels seems to have ground into the very heart of the people so that they can never rest, and they seize eagerly on every opportunity to escape to scenes where, beyond the rattle of the looms, there is, if not peace, at any rate variety. The money spent on holidays and excursions amounts to many thousands of pounds per annum.

If the increased employment of the mill girl has added generally to the affluence of the home, it has perhaps detracted more than a little from its comfort and good arrangement. The food is ample, but not too well cooked, and, as we have said, the tinned variety plays far too great a part in the household economy. Still, there is rarely any shortage in the victualling line, and it is a favourite boast of the folk in the cotton spinning districts that they "eat their rent" year by year—a quaint method of intimating that every household receives sufficient in "divi." from the "Co-op." to pay the landlord his due. If the meal is not always well cooked, neither is the child particularly well tended. The *crèche* is an institution throughout Lancashire where the mothers go back to the mill within a month of their confinement, and the price that the families pay for their increased affluence is an infantile death-rate that is positively appalling! It must be admitted, however, that women in other industrial centres, even in London, go out to work day by day, leaving the children in a *crèche*; but they have not the compensation which Lancashire possesses in such an affluent family budget.

There are not wanting signs that a change is coming over Lancashire, and it is with the mill girls that it is commencing. Here, as elsewhere, it is found that woman is the civilising agent. There is a revolt, quiet, but growing and insistent, on the part of the female operatives at the crudeness, the lack of equipment, the sordidness of factory work, a revolt that does not find expression in strikes, or trade unions, or appeals to Parliament, and which proves for that very reason all the more disconcerting to the masters. It was surely eloquent of much when an experienced "knocker-up" in one of the Lancashire cotton towns announced that he found himself hard put to it to get a living. Why was this? Not because of increased competition, but on account of a decrease in the number of customers. For the first time in the history of the cotton industry Lancashire lasses are turning away from the mills and seeking, and with success, occupation elsewhere. It is not a question of wages, as one of the managers recently explained to a Pressman; advances are offered of even five or ten per cent. In their perplexity and in the pressure of the last twelve months the employers have had to send agents round to the operatives' houses to tempt the "grannies" back to the looms which they worked years ago, and at which the younger generation will not serve. This new generation do not love the mills, nor yet the clogs, nor overmuch the shawls. They deliberately select less highly paid avocations, where they run less risk of damp and cold, where "speeding-up" has not been carried to such a point, where life is easier and more simple. This way, perhaps, lies Lancashire's road to better industrial organisation, and already the keener employers are bent on improving the mills from the point of view of equipment. The new type that is being advocated will offer facilities to the girls for rest and recreation. There will be space for dressing-rooms, and increased space and improved ventilation everywhere.

The girls are to form choral and other classes in connection with the mill, and, in a word, their conditions are to be humanised and everything possible done to attract the younger generation back to the looms. Possibly the movement will succeed, but sometimes, when I think of the ghastly figures of the infant death-rate, I am inclined to hope that it may fail. There is no getting away from the fact that this slaughter of the innocents is the great overshadowing curse on woman's labour in the mills. It it true that the ordinary proletarian home in Lancashire frequently enjoys a prosperity that seems positively staggering when it is contrasted with that of a London workman. But the price that Lancashire pays is the blood of her children. At Burnley one child in every three dies within a year of its birth, and the figures for the rest of the county are terribly high. More, when the American Civil War brought on Lancashire the horrors of its cotton famine, when hunger was at the throat of thousands of her sons and daughters, the infant death-rate actually fell. I do not pretend, of course, that it is this fact which has caused the aversion of the mill girl to her traditional work. But it may well have the effect of staying this waste of life, therefore let us welcome it.

For it is written, "Even so, it is not the will of your Father which is in heaven that one of these little ones should perish."

# LIFE IN A LONDON BASTILLE ❧ ❧ ❧ BY THOMAS HOLMES

PROBABLY few readers of EVERYMAN are acquainted with a block of human habitations that lift their shameless heads to the sky close by one of our London parks. I will therefore ask them to lend me their imagination for a short time and transport themselves to the locality, which shall for the present be nameless. We select a fine afternoon for our visit, and at half-past three pass through a formidable iron gateway and find ourselves in the courtyard of the "model dwellings."

On every side the grey walls tower above us. The rays of the afternoon sun, whose beams are now aslant, fail to illumine the gloom in which we are enveloped, for, out of the hundreds of windows that break the monotony of the upstanding walls, not a single window reflects a dancing ray.

The dwellings stand four square, and form a commodious quadrangle, but in the centre stands another block of equal height and greyness. Exactly seventy-four concrete steps lead to the top floor of each block, a gloomy portal providing entrance to each division. Between the centre block and the outside blocks runs a narrow courtyard, the floor being asphalt, very much broken; but, broken and uneven though it be, children who live there are trying to "play," in spite of the difficulties and the depressing gloom.

We stand for a moment and look up at the grey walls. We see at regular and unvarying intervals openings in the walls faced with strong iron railings. At the back of the railings stand children, with their faces thrust halfway through, gazing into the nether gloom, watching the children at "play."

We inquire for No. 246, and the children tell us, "Why, it is right at the very top at that end. Turn to the left when you get to the top landing."

We pass through one of the dismal portals, leaving the outside gloom to find ourselves in almost darkness. We begin our search for 246. Fortunately, the narrow concrete staircase is close at hand. Quite accidentally we discover a rough iron hand-rail, and, with its assistance and guidance, we begin the climb. One! two! three! four! The staircase is very narrow, the steps are very steep, and the darkness increases. Five! six! seven! eight! We see a faint light above us that comes through one of the openings. Nine! ten! eleven! twelve! We have arrived at the first landing, so we stand by one of the openings to watch the children at "play" and to take observations.

Then the horrors of the place are half suggested, half revealed to us. To the right of us we can discern a long corridor, to the left a similar corridor, in front of us, wide and open, a sanitary convenience. We hear the trickling and drip, drip of water which proceeds from a water-tap close by. Along the corridor we half see some of the doors that give entrance to the different rooms; from the back of those doors we hear the hum of voices and the crying of children. We observe one wretched gas-lamp, evidently of limited power, which suffices for the whole corridor; but the time for lighting up has not yet arrived, and we subsequently learn that its niggardly rays are withdrawn at 10.30, when Egyptian darkness prevails. But we continue our ascent, for we have five staircases still to negotiate and five openings to pass. The inside of the building, like the outside, tells of repetition and sameness. As we move upwards we meet others coming down, so we stand close to the greasy walls that they may be enabled to pass us in safety, for the rounded steps facilitate accidents. We reach the top at last; the darkness has increased, but a friendly match enables us to find 246!

The room is not enticing, but we are glad to sit down and rest, for the climb upwards has been exhausting.

Yet, strange to say, on that top floor weakly women, half-fed children, and invalid husbands live. Children are born there, and children die there! Children coming home from school pass up and down those concrete steps half a dozen times a day. We sit for a time in silence, and wonder what the concrete steps would tell us if they could speak. Would they tell us of accidents and injuries, of panting women soon to be mothers, of poor consumptives that have "passed," of drunken men and dissolute women, with their quarrels, curses, and blows? Yes, they would tell of these and of much more, for they would tell of little coffins carried lightly up, but heavily down, of little children's frequent falls and injuries, of bruised heads, broken limbs, and blighted lives.

246 consists of three small rooms; the one we enter serves for a living room, workroom, and bedroom. On one side an open door reveals a box-like bedroom; on the opposite side stands another room of similar shape and size, for again everything speaks with mathematical certainty of repetition. We enter into conversation with the tenants of 246, and, knowing that they have recently lost a child of three months, we talk about it. "I suppose that you have a good many deaths in these buildings?" "Why, yes, there have been three funerals this year, and it is but January, and our little one died just before Christmas." "When anyone dies here—either child or adult—what becomes of the dead body before the funeral?" "Well, ours lay in that little room; we have lost three children; and other people manage in the same way."

(*To be continued.*)

❧ ❧ ❧

## PRISON

THE moments, like small, stinging pebbles, fall
Upon the soul, hurting it, one by one,
Slow and monotonous. On the blank wall
The sick beams glimmer of a joyless sun,
Which speaks of no glad, free, triumphant skies,
Nor morning—but of hard. perpetual noon,
Such noon as broods above a shadowless street
Made up of noise and squalor, dust and flies;
Yet here there is no sound of human feet,
But a dead silence—silence with no boon
Of sleep or quiet—a most thrice accursed
Silence, which leaves the spirit free to move
In horror, loneliness, hunger, and thirst,
Through a world naked of all human love,
Bare as a white-washed wall, a cruel white,
Shadowless world, with nothing left therein,
Save justice looking neither to left or right,
And one man overtaken by his sin!

MARGARET SACKVILLE.

# THE WOMEN'S PAGE

## Concerning the Human Child. By Evelyn Burke

A CLEVER novelist has it that the modern clergyman is like a doctor who knows his cures, but does not know his patients; and it might still be said of the average teacher that he knows his subjects, but does not know his scholars. The tide has turned, however, and child-study has not only become a concrete and vital part of the teacher's curriculum, but has even invaded the home. "The child is too much with us," lamented a mother who was suffering from the type of nursery governess that shows an almost indecent familiarity with the most secret motives and impulses of the psychological "child," but stands utterly helpless in face of very ordinary and entirely amenable human children. "Once we had children," this mother remarked feelingly; "now we have only that psychological monstrosity known as 'the child.'" And most sensible persons will grant that, while scientific child-study is of the greatest importance, and has already done much to superannuate a senseless and soulless system of mechanical cramming, the pseudo-scientific variety practised as a drawing-room accomplishment is apt to work serious havoc.

My friend Cynthia lived to be thirty-five before she discovered the psychological child. She has three perfectly delightful children, all under school age, who were being "kindergartened" by a particularly sweet-tempered but not particularly capable young lady, whom the bewilderingly varied and ingenious naughtinesses of Hugh, Jean, and Alec respectively threw into a state of deplorable perturbation. Cynthia belongs to a ladies' club, and there confided her woes to that very clever and sympathetic amateur educationist (if she will pardon the designation) Miss Blank. Miss Blank said the matter was perfectly simple. All the sweet-tempered young governess needed was a short course of child-study, and, as good fortune would have it, Miss Blank was just starting a class, which not only the young lady, but also Cynthia herself ought certainly to join. After all, the mother, and not the teacher, was the true educator; and the sole reason why so many children grew up warped in soul and estranged from those who ought to be their most intimate confidants was that mothers failed to see that the exercise of true motherhood was impossible without child-study. Overawed by these impressive representations, Cynthia accompanied her young lady to Miss Blank's class, the children being the while consigned to an old nurse, who had never heard of "the child," but who, nevertheless, had quite a remarkably successful method with children.

"The child," began Miss Blank, "is the key to the educational problem."

"What child?" asked the frank and inquisitive Cynthia, who had met any number of children, but had never so far heard of "the child."

Miss Blank explained, very patiently, that she was not referring to any particular child, but to the child in general. By way of illustration she mentioned a manual called "The Horse," which dealt with the habits and tribulations of the whole equine species in a scientific and comprehensive manner. Her elucidation of "the child" took a quarter of an hour, and left Cynthia in considerable doubt as to whether "the child" was all children rolled into one, or a convenient symbol for the concentrated average, or else the expressed essence of childhood bottled for laboratory use. She wisely decided, however, to suspend her judgment, and see what "the child" was really going to do for her.

She studied the child most conscientiously for at least three months, and by degrees became so familiar with its most subtle and intricate movements that even its subliminal self no longer remained a mystery to her. As for the young kindergarten governess, she was overjoyed to learn that "the child" needs no teaching in the ordinary sense of the term. A skilful question, a wise suggestion was enough. The rest would be done by the child itself, who was warranted to spin out a delightful thread of illustration and application out of its own inner consciousness. She saw herself thenceforward as a human spool, ready to receive the beautiful thread of knowledge which every well-regulated child could spin on demand.

As time went on, however, the two ladies found out that their increasing intimacy with "the child" did not produce a corresponding ease in dealing with the three little persons who made Cynthia's nursery the delightful place it was. Quite on the contrary, they took on an alarmingly unfamiliar aspect, and gradually the horrible conviction dawned upon Cynthia that if "the child" was the norm of childhood, her children were abnormalities, monstrosities, degenerates . . . (here words failed her); for neither Hugh, nor Jean, nor even Alec, who was always the most reasonable of the three, *would* say or think or do anything in the least like the things that Miss Blank's educational "child" invariably thought and said and did. And so it came about that both Cynthia and the young teacher found themselves elaborately primed up for all manner of emergencies that never happened or were in the least likely to happen, very much like the knight in "Alice in Wonderland" with his mousetrap. In the end, Cynthia escaped a mental collapse by rehabilitating her own children at the expense of the exasperating "child," and consigning the latter to the limbo of the dragon and the griffin and other mythical and mythological beasts, while the young lady recorded it in her note-book that there was a considerable difference between a child and a silkworm.

The truth is that "the child," like all abstractions, requires very careful handling, and is apt to land the inexperienced miles away from actuality. One looks at it from this side and from that and exclaims, "How like little Johnny!" (or little Mary, as the case might be). But the moment one gets a "full-face" view of it, the illusion vanishes, leaving one with something utterly unlike little Johnny, or little Mary, or, indeed, any other thing outside the brain of a professor of psychology. Nowhere is fashionable dilettantism more disastrous than here, and while the child will remain a useful "dummy" for students one would not like to see it introduced into a nursery full of children. Indeed, one rather suspects that, as far as out-of-school education goes, while the amateur cult of "the child" has begun to threaten to gain a vicious popularity, the care of children is still in its infancy. "Except ye become as *the child*. . . ." There is nothing less childlike, and therefore less heavenly, than "the child" of the amateur psychologist, and the exceedingly unlovely type of children it tends to create.

# SIR THOMAS BROWNE ✦ ✦ ✦ BY E. HERMANN

I.

Lovers of Sir Thomas Browne may take their choice of three excellent portraits—one in his native town of Norwich, one in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, where he was one of the last fellow-commoners at Broadgate Hall before it was endowed as Pembroke College, and one in the Royal College of Physicians, of which he was a member. All three are reputed speaking likenesses, represent him in middle life, and recall the somewhat mordant dictum of Sir Kenelm Digby, "A very fine, ingenious gentleman; but how deep a scholar . . .?" For a detailed analysis we have the word-portraiture of the Rev. John Whitefoot, who describes his life-long friend with something of the meticulous exactitude characteristic of an age of leisure. From this genial chronicler we learn that the much-loved physician was of moderate height, neither fat nor lean—εὐσάρκος, of a well-proportioned figure, the learned cleric has it—with an abundance of warm-coloured, naturally rolling hair, a moustache and small chin-beard, and a complexion "answering to his name." Remarkably large, dark, luminous eyes, looking out from underneath curved eyebrows, lent an air of mingled dignity and curiosity to the countenance, and we are also told of the smiling mouth, full nose, and smooth brow, which spoke of a serene enjoyment of life.

II.

Plain in dress he always was, in strange contrast to his opulent and jewelled style, affecting cloak and boots even after the Restoration had ruled them out of fashion, and very careful to be warmly clad underneath. Serene and amenable, cheerful, but rarely merry, he blushed when he had jested by accident, and was one of those strenuous persons incapable of doing nothing. This suggests a somewhat uncomfortable character to live with; but one has to remember that in the seventeenth century work had not yet taken on its grim Carlylean aspect, and the "Religio Medici" was written and rewritten "at leisurable times, for private exercise and satisfaction." That he had no sense of humour must be admitted. Twentieth-century readers may smile at his delicious quaintness, but must make up their minds to believe that no twinkle lit up the author's eye as he penned these delectable phrases. John Evelyn gives us an account of his Norwich residence, which he describes as "a paradise and cabinet of varieties, especially medals, books, plants, and natural things, and a collection of all the birds of Norfolk that he could procure,"—a fit abode for the gentle, dreamy, contented man who, after venturing upon that great issue between science and religion which broke the fretting soul of a Pascal on the wheel, retired with undiminished cheerfulness to a prosperous, humdrum county practice.

III.

The "Religio Medici" was first written about 1634, at Shipden Hall, in one of the most retired valleys of the West Riding, where he "had not the assistance of any good book." He revised and re-wrote with much fastidiousness, handing the various copies to friends for their criticism. Not a few of these friends asked leave to transcribe this interesting new work, and so it was small wonder that one day a pirated edition appeared, minus title-page, but with a characteristic frontispiece by William Marshall, representing a man who has just leapt from a rock overhanging the sea being caught in mid-air by a hand from the sky. Lord Dorset read it, and speedily recommended it to his then imprisoned friend, Sir Kenelm Digby; and this remarkable pamphleteer forthwith wrote a not uncritical but highly enthusiastic appreciation of it. This meant not only that "murder was out," and "our physician" forced to issue an authorised edition; it also meant that he had secured the inestimable benefit of contemporary criticism—the rarest of things at that time. The book ruffled the pools of current opinion considerably. It was looked askance at by the Puritans, and, had it not been for the social and political confusion, which left those in authority no time or inclination for heresy-hunting, even his earnest protestations of orthodoxy could not have saved the author.

IV.

It is not easy for us to-day to see wherein the danger of this singular and altogether charming book lay for its contemporaries. Its thought is neither profound nor revolutionary. It is, indeed, nothing else but a typical example of that tendency to cut the world in two with a hatchet, to keep religion and human knowledge in separate, watertight compartments, from which we are only just recovering. Sir Thomas Browne is a learned physician, of a curious and experimental turn of mind. He is also a devout, practical Christian. He accepts the truth of the Christian religion in mystical matters—these "wingy mysteries of divinity" are not for his exploration—but he demands freedom to investigate nature to the full bent of his inquiring mind. Having made his bow to the Church, and made it in all humility and sincerity, he passes on to exercise his microscopic mind upon the little things of nature. He accepts miracles with the most cheerful alacrity—all, that is, except "Romish impostures" with bits of holy wood, etc., which his Protestant consciousness rules out of court; he not only believes there may be witches, but *knows* there are, talks of former heresies with awe-struck abhorrence, and retreats from too pointed issues to his "solitary and retired imagination." He is tortuous in argument, his thought takes many surprising turns, flies off at wild tangents, shows an alternating rhythm of boldness and timidity.

V.

But the style's the man. No one with a feeling for language can open any book of Sir Thomas Browne's and fail to be sensible of that "learned sweetness of cadence," which adds to its embroidered splendour a singular and haunting charm. Who can read the "Religio Medici" without remembering passages where beautiful language verges on intoxication, trembles towards ecstasy? Who can open the "Urn Burial" without coming upon periods of noble music, heart-shaking in its dim loveliness? Even that unequivocally bad book, "The Garden of Cyrus," contains many beautiful things, among them, perhaps, the most flawless fragment of prose the seventeenth century can show. And all written by a man who was profoundly indifferent to the literature of his time, to whom Chaucer was foolishness and Milton an offence! Softened by a delightful human sympathy and roseate with an optimism that found it a delight just to live, his golden phrasing and exotic broidering of words will ever remain a joy to ears that are attuned to the harmonies of language.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE, NATUS 1605, OBIIT 1682

# COUNTRIES OF THE WORLD

## X.—ROUMANIA

I.

In a recent little book, "The Great Analysis" (Methuen), by an anonymous writer, whose identity conceals one of the most acute critics of our generation, we are reminded that one of the pressing needs of our time is a stocktaking of all the resources of our planet, a systematic survey of the possibilities and productive energies of the different countries of the globe. Even the most cursory glance at our daily press will show how sadly such intellectual contact is at present wanting, and what hazy notions are entertained even by our leading publicists. To give only one trivial instance: that very able journalist, Mr. Harold Spender, told us a few days ago that he motored into Spain in quest of sunshine, presumably on the assumption that Spain was a sub-tropical paradise. The article on the Spanish Peninsula in last week's EVERYMAN would have told him that one does not expect to find sunshine on the other side of the Pyrenees in February or March, and that central Spain has one of the most rigorous climates of Europe.

The present series is a modest attempt in the direction of a more intelligent understanding of other nations. And we shall have achieved our end if we have done something, in however small a measure, to dispel the dense cloud of ignorance which hides from our view the wide world of civilisation.

II.

War is a grim but efficient teacher of geography, and, but for the present war, the British people would probably not have awakened to the fact that somewhere in the south-east of Europe there exists a country called Roumania, and that there exists a very grave international problem—the Roumanian problem. Certainly the extraordinary way in which even the best-informed papers of the Liberal Press have discussed Roumania for the last few months proves how little the average journalist knows about her. We have been told, in leading articles innumerable, that Roumania is trying to blackmail Bulgaria, that she has been pursuing an odious Machiavellic policy, that she has been playing a waiting game, that her intention in the probable event of an undecisive campaign was to throw her army into the balance or to demand a substantial compensation at the critical time as the price of her neutrality.

But these armchair politicians entirely forget that Roumania is not a Balkan State, that she could not possibly have sided with the Balkan Allies, that she had nothing to gain and a great deal to lose from a Bulgarian victory, that the one vital interest of Roumania was the maintenance of a weak Turkey and not the creation of a powerful Bulgaria, that Roumania is hemmed in on all sides by powerful rivals or enemies, that the new situation brought about by the war may threaten her very existence as a nation, and that in claiming a compensation she is only safeguarding those national interests. It is quite obvious that those critics of Roumania are so hypnotised by the German peril that they fail to see what may be one day the much more formidable Slav peril.

III.

The resurrection of Roumania in the nineteenth century has been one of the most remarkable and one of the most unexpected occurrences in modern history. I advisedly say "resurrection," because it verily was a rising from the dead. One invader after another had trampled the plains of Wallachia and Moldavia, until the very name of the people had disappeared. Even the language seemed to have vanished, and no written document before the sixteenth century has survived to tell us in the native speech the tragic tale of the Roumanian race.

After all those centuries of invasion and conquest, suddenly the Roumanian race reappeared on the stage of history, and revealed to an astonished Europe that they were one of the most ancient nations of civilisation. Those so-called Slavs were discovered to be, in reality, a Latin race. Those Danubian peasants were discovered to be the lineal descendants of the Roman legionaries, whom the Emperor Trajan had settled in the Balkan Peninsula. And the early history of that people was found to be written in imperishable characters on the Trajan column, in one of the most splendid pages of Imperial Rome.

It may be objected that too much has been made of the Roman origin of the Roumanians, and that it has inflated the national consciousness of the people. And certainly a national history which can be traced back to the Trajan column is not conducive to humility. But when a people has been oppressed for so many generations, may it not be that too much national self-consciousness is better than too little?

I admit that in quite another sense the insistence on the Latin origin of the Roumanians has had a bad influence. It has introduced an artificial element into Roumanian culture. It has widened the already wide gulf which separates the educated classes from the masses. It has given rise to two different languages—one a learned language, containing only Latin-French elements, and another and popular language, containing a large mixture of Slav elements. To realise the position, we need only imagine the coexistence in Great Britain of two different English languages, one of which would mainly contain a vocabulary of Norman origin, whilst the other would largely contain words of Anglo-Saxon origin. I had myself an unpleasant experience of this confusion of the tongues. I had started the study of Roumanian, as I have always started the study of foreign languages, by trying to assimilate a translation of the Bible, published by the British and Foreign Bible Society. On arriving in Bucharest, I discovered that this translation of the British and Foreign Bible Society had nothing to do with the real and popular Roumanian language, and that I had wasted a great deal of time and energy in learning a language which did not exist, and which at any rate could not be understood by the people for whom it was intended.

IV.

Roumania, like Servia and Bulgaria, is a State in the making. Her political boundaries bear no relation to her racial limits. As there is a greater Servia and a greater Poland, so there is a greater Roumania. On the eastern frontier, in Russian Bessarabia, there are more than four millions of Roumanians, who were incorporated by Russia after the war of 1878. On the northern frontier, in Transylvania, on the other side of the Carpathian Mountains, there are another

four millions of Roumanians, who are unwilling subjects of the King of Hungary. The total number of the Roumanian population cannot be much below fifteen millions, and if the principle of nationalities is destined ultimately to prevail in the Europe of tomorrow, a powerful autonomous Roumanian kingdom is certain to arise in the Near East.

V.

From their geographical position and economic resources, the Roumanian people enjoy many advantages. The country is watered by the Danube, which, for 300 miles, forms the southern boundary. She has a seaboard with two excellent spacious harbours. She possesses rich oil-fields and fertile plains, offering great possibilities to agriculture. But those favourable conditions are counterbalanced by great disadvantages. The climate of Wallachia is oppressively hot and relaxing to human energy. The oil industry has been almost entirely appropriated by foreign monopolists, and only enriches the few whilst undermining the vitality of the many. The greater part of the land has been confiscated by territorial magnates. *Unlike Bulgaria, which is a country of peasant proprietors, Roumania is cursed with a powerful and demoralising "aristocracy,"* which is really a "kakistocracy." Many of the Roumanian princes are absentees, and spend their rents in the pleasure resorts and in the gambling dens of Germany and France. There are few countries in Europe where the land question is more acute and where trouble is more certain to arise in the future.

VI.

In addition to the land question, Roumania is troubled with a Jewish question, which is even more critical and more acute. The Roumanian Jews have migrated, like most of the Jews of the world, from the ancient kingdom of Poland—which has largely become the kingdom of Israel. Although they only form about four per cent. of the population—300,000 out of seven million—they wield enormous power. They own a considerable part of the soil, and even the soil which they do not own is heavily mortgaged to them. Trade and banking are almost entirely in their hands, and, although there are very few Jewish agriculturists, most of the estates are farmed out and managed by Jewish factors. But even as in Russia, the Jew in Roumania is a result rather than a cause. If the aristocracy had done their duty, if they were not spendthrift absentees and indolent pleasure-seekers, the power of the Jew would not be what it is.

Whatever may be the cause of this power, the anti-semitic feeling is a very strong one. Roumania is one of the few countries in Europe where the Jews are still deprived of civil rights. Under the Treaty of Berlin, the Government were pledged to remove their disabilities. That pledge has not been redeemed. The Jews settled in the country generations ago, yet they are still considered as aliens, and each Jew has to be individually naturalised by special Act of Parliament.

VII.

As there are many artificial elements in the political conditions of Roumania, so there is something artificial in Roumanian culture. Although the King is a member of the Hohenzollern family, although politically Roumania is under German influence, and although the formidable fortifications of Bucharest built by the Belgian engineer, General Brialmont, are within the system of the Triple Alliance, morally and intellectually Roumania is entirely French. The Roumanian educated classes all speak the French language. Some of the chief papers are French papers. And Bucharest prides herself on being an Eastern Paris. But in imitating Paris, Bucharest has rather copied the City of Pleasure than the City of Art and the City of Learning. And the French influence, instead of being as it has been in other countries, a power making for "sweetness and light," has, on the whole, been a demoralising one.

Nor does the influence of the national Church counterbalance the demoralising influence of a corrupt aristocracy. In the Near East the Greek Orthodox Church is everywhere in a lamentable state of stagnation, and is doing nothing to raise the condition of the people. So far from trying to raise the people, the Roumanian clergy are themselves sunk in materialism and obscurantism. I know of no other country in Europe where religion plays so insignificant a part in the national life.

VIII.

With the land in the possession of absentee magnates, with the peasantry in the grip of the money-lender, with eight millions of her race under the tyranny of Austria and Russia, Roumania is confronted with many urgent problems. And the Roumanian people will need all their energies to emerge successfully from the dangers, both internal and external, which threaten them. But in the coming struggle they deserve the sympathy and support of Europe. For the future of Roumania does not concern Roumania alone, it concerns all the Powers, and it concerns Great Britain as much as any other Power. And here at least is a chance for British diplomacy to work harmoniously with Germany. In Roumania the aims of British policy ought to be exactly the same as the aims of German policy. It cannot be in the interest of Great Britain any more than of Germany that Roumania should be weakened, and still less that she should become a Protectorate of Russia. And yet if Bulgaria and Russia had their own way, Roumania would needs be reduced to Russian vassalage, and the Slav sea would sweep over the whole of South-Eastern Europe.

Roumania has a great function to fulfil. She is intended in the future to be an independent "buffer" State between Bulgaria and Russia. What has been said of Austria, that if she did not exist she would have to be invented, is equally true of Roumania. But, as fortunately Roumania does exist, it only remains for the European Powers to safeguard that existence and to protect the Roumanian people against the encroachments of the neighbouring Powers.

# PAGAN AND CHRISTIAN IDEALS

In the earliest mythological and historical literature we find two opposing conceptions of life struggling for expression—the Sensuous and the Spiritual, otherwise termed the Materialistic and the Idealistic. The Materialist, accepting the world of sense in its crudest form, as the ultimate fact, uses it for personal gratification. His creed, as the result of temperament, may take the form of a refined epicureanism, but, whether refined or not, it remains essentially Pagan. In the hands of a philosophic few Paganism had undoubtedly an ethical outlook, but history only too plainly shows that, so far as the ancient world as a whole was concerned, the result was moral enervation, not to say corruption. The period of the long peace in Rome is known in history as the Golden Age, but, as the author of "Ecce Homo" remarks, except to Court poets, the age did not seem golden to those who lived in it. "It was, in fact, one of the meanest and foulest."

Reduced to its last analysis, Paganism stands for the self-assertiveness and self-sufficiency of humanity, on the basis of sensuous enjoyment. But, as Matthew Arnold says, "the life-giving and joy-giving power of Nature, so fondly cherished by the Pagan world, could not save her followers from self-dissatisfaction and ennui." Christianity offered to the world a totally different ideal. For self-assertion it substituted self-surrender, and for self-gratification it substituted self-renunciation. The reaction against Paganism was violent, as all reaction is apt to be, and took the form of asceticism, which for long was treated as an indispensable element in Christianity. The ascetic ideal provoked another reaction, a revival of the Pagan ideal, which, from the time of the Renaissance, has left a permanent influence upon literature. Under the names Hebraism and Hellenism, Matthew Arnold has familiarised the modern mind with the two opposing conceptions of life, and now we have Dr. Kelman, in his volume, "Among Famous Books," tracing the Pagan and Christian ideals in the works of representative writers. The key to Dr. Kelman's highly suggestive book is found in his remark that we moderns, though living in a Christian age, have not done with Paganism, which had not "died out with the passing of heathen systems of religions. It is terribly alive in the heart of modern England, whether formally believing or unbelieving. Indeed, there is the twofold life of Puritan and Pagan within us all." There are two classes of Pagans—the self-satisfied and the self-dissatisfied. Even among the heathen religionists there were idealists who yearned for something more enduring and satisfying than the sensuous pleasures of Nature worship. In the heathen mythologies, as Dr. Kelman in his highly toned chapter, "The Gods of Greece," points out, we find the finest spirituality with the crudest Paganism.

Coming to modern times, we have in Goethe's "Faust" a type of dissatisfied Paganism. The husks of sensuous pleasure, Faust finds, do not afford adequate nutriment for the soul, with its yearnings for the infinite and eternal. Faust fails, but, as Dr. Kelman remarks, he refuses to settle down complacently "in the acceptance of the lower life, with its gratifications and delights." But Paganism has another ideal besides that of sensuous pleasure—the ideal of beauty. By way of reaction against the theological contempt of Nature there arose a kind of

mystical worship of Nature—a worship divorced from creeds and dogmas. In the fascinating chapters, "Celtic Revivals of Paganism" and "Marius the Epicurean," Dr. Kelman deals with this form of idealised Paganism in a manner that shows deep insight into, and sympathy with, the Humanist movement, which theologians, as a class, have viewed with suspicion. Carlyle, as one of the great moulding forces of the time, naturally comes under review. He was the apostle, not of Beauty but of Duty. With no sympathy for the Pagan elements in Goethe's gospel of culture, Carlyle seized hold of his ethical doctrine of Renunciation, and sought, by the force of his undoubted magnetic genius, to give it dynamic power. Carlyle preached a grim, sombre gospel—a kind of Calvinism minus Christianity—a gospel suited to Covenanting times, but which did not prove quite acceptable to a generation born in a materialistic civilisation, the Paganism of which takes the form of mammon worship and pleasure worship. This new Paganism was a revolt, not only against the theology, but also against the ethics and ideals of Christianity—a revolt headed by writers like Mr. H. G. Wells and Mr. Bernard Shaw. Those writers, by virtue of their revolutionary spirit, their lack of reverence, their contemptuous treatment of sacred subjects, and their pretentious dogmatism, are in the apostolic succession to the Encyclopedists, with their gospel of blatant Paganism. What Professor Dowden says of the Revolution thinkers in France in the eighteenth century may appropriately be said of Mr. Wells and Mr. Shaw: "Man was not conceived as growing out of the past. The heritage from former generations was a heritage of superstition, tyranny, and unreason; it exists only to be relinquished or destroyed." The year One, in the opinion of the Encyclopedists, had arrived with them. The Encyclopedists were wrong. The year One arrived with Mr. Shaw! In his book on Mr. Shaw, Mr. Chesterton puts this very well, as follows:—"The great defect of that fine intelligence is a failure to grasp and enjoy the things called convention and tradition, which are food upon which all human creatures are to feed if they are to live. . . That the human traditions of two thousand years contradict him did not trouble him for an instant." Mr. Shaw, he goes on to say, "has tended to think that, because something has satisfied generations of men, it must be untrue." Religion and ethics are very ancient things, and, being classed as traditions, they must be jeered out of existence. Quite in the heaven-defying attitude of the builders of the Tower of Babel, Mr. Shaw, after the fashion of the Bradlaughites, set himself to dethrone the Deity, and showed his superiority to average humanity by declaring that it is contemptible to have a craving for eternal life. He seems to think that, if men could be persuaded that they are not immortal, their cup of happiness would overflow. Mr. Shaw's Paganism is of the oracular type. He never reasons; he denounces and announces, and thinks he will be heard for his flippant dogmatism. His airs would be offensive but for the exquisite fund of raillery which he possesses. His wit saves him from being a bore. Still, unreflecting readers, fascinated by his genius, are in danger of imbibing his spirit and of imitating his pontifical tone. Mr. Shaw is the Pope of the modern Pagan reaction. In the words of Dr. Kelman, "Most things in the universe seem to go on by his permission, and some of them he is not going to allow to go on much longer." Mr. Shaw reminds me of the bantam in one of George Eliot's novels which imagined the sun rose in order to hear it crow.

Mr. Shaw's genial critic, Mr. Chesterton, in his estimate of Christianity, pays profound respect to those fundamental elements in human nature which give birth to tradition. The eternal verities which Mr. Shaw despises are, after all, the great realities in life. Mr. Chesterton disputes the neo-Pagan theory that man's puny individuality is the measure of universal history. He refuses in Shavian fashion to bow down in adoring egotism before the First Personal Pronoun. "Christianity," says Mr. Chesterton, "came into the world, firstly, in order to assert with violence that a man had not only to look inwards, but to look outwards to behold with astonishment and enthusiasm a divine company and a divine captain." In the words of Dr. Kelman, "The Pagan virtues, such as justice and temperance, are painfully reasonable, and often sad. The Christian virtues are faith, hope, and charity—each more unreasonable than the last, from the point of view of mundane common sense; but they are gay as childhood, and hold the secret of perennial youth and unfading beauty in a world which, upon any other terms than these, is hastening to decay."

The most suggestive and fascinating chapter in Dr. Kelman's stimulating volume is the concluding one, in which he deals with that arresting poem, "The Hound of Heaven." Here, after a prolonged struggle, the self-sufficiency of the Pagan is transformed into the self-surrender of the Christian. To quote Dr. Kelman, "It is through pain, and not through indulgence, that the ideals gain for themselves eternal life. Until the soul has been transformed and strengthened by pain, its attempt to fulfil itself and be at peace in a Pagan settlement on the green earth must be in vain." The long, weary quest is ended. Not in the Pagan Temple of Pleasure, not in the Carlylean Cathedral of Immensity, not in the modern Socialist Utopia, is the secret of life to be found, but at the Cross of Christ.

HECTOR MACPHERSON.

* * *

## FORD HOUSE

THERE is a faint cloud of hazy blue smoke laughing lightly as it flits away over the sombre darkness of the tree-tops, and that is all you can see of my dream-house from the road.

It is away from the haunts of men—in a hollow. There is a delicious feeling of rest and contentment in this queer, rambling old place.

The gravel path is covered with the moss of ages; few sounds break the stillness, save the buoyant songs of the thrushes and blackbirds as they flit from tree to tree in the sparkling sunlight to their nests.

From the distance comes the sound of the lowing of cattle, or a voice from a neighbouring farm, and that is all.

There is a canal at the end of the garden; the barges go silently by, and the figures of the man and the horse glide between the silver and pink of the apple-trees and are gone.

Occasionally a flash of colour, the dress of the woman at the rudder, is seen; but it is only for a moment. The bridge is swung open and shut, and we are left once more in the shady silence of the garden.

The blossoming rhododendrons are everywhere, and beneath the trees is a fairy carpet of hyacinth bells.

It is a wonderful garden for dreamers.

DOROTHY EYRE.

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18


# LITERARY NOTES

HISTORICAL scholarship has suffered a heavy loss by the death, at a ripe age, of Dr. Thomas Hodgkin, of Barmoor Castle, Northumberland. Dr. Hodgkin's career resembled somewhat that of Bagehot. Like the famous economist, he was a notable example of a man who made his mark in literature while following the profession of a banker. But otherwise no two men could be more dissimilar. A Quaker by birth and conviction, Dr. Hodgkin's interests were bound up with religion and scholarship.

* * * * *

For many years he devoted himself to strenuous historical research, which culminated in his first and most important work, "Italy and her Invaders." This monumental work extends to nine volumes, and, though it cannot be called popular either in subject or treatment, it bears on every page the mark of insight, learning, and scholarly thoroughness. Continuing his historical studies, Dr. Hodgkin subsequently published "Letters of Cassiodorus," "The Dynasty of Theodosius," and "The Life of Theodoric"—less pretentious works, but all testifying to his wide and exact knowledge. I ought also to mention the excellent popular monograph on Charles the Great which he wrote for Messrs. Macmillan's Foreign Statesman series; his short biography of George Fox, which was emphatically a labour of love; and his "History of England Before the Norman Conquest."

* * * * *

It is suggested that the proposed memorial of George Gissing should take the form of a scholarship for the encouragement of literary studies at Manchester University, where, under its former style of Owens College, Gissing's student days were spent. The appeal for funds is signed by Mr. Arnold Bennett, Mr. John Galsworthy, Mr. H. G. Wells, and other well-known writers, and the scheme will appeal to all lovers of Gissing's exquisite workmanship, and sincere, if remorseless, vision of life. One-eyed as that vision was in its harrowing insistence upon the dark and depressing, it helped to purge English fiction of much of its shallow optimism and "viciously acquired naïveté." Even those who are repelled by his sombre and somewhat unlovable genius may yet remember him gratefully as a conscientious literary craftsman and as the author of a brilliant critical essay on Dickens, not to mention his admirable abridgment of Forster's "Life" of the novelist.

* * * * *

I think the man who dares to bring out another book on William Morris shows considerable courage. But Mr. A. Compton-Rickett claims that his new study of Morris the man contains a number of fresh stories, unpublished letters, and personalia which, it is said, throw new light upon the poet-craftsman's character, and illustrates his temperamental eccentricities. Moreover, the author of this new book, which Mr. Herbert Jenkins will publish, says he has had the assistance of many who knew Morris well. A critical study by Mr. J. Drinkwater, published only a few months ago, is the most recent of a rather formidable list of biographical and critical works dealing with the poet, beginning with Mr. Mackail's authorised "Life."

* * * * *

Since he forsook the Roman Catholic priesthood, Mr. Joseph McCabe's literary industry has been amazing. He has published at least a dozen books, including biographies of Abelard, Talleyrand, Holy-

oake, a translation of a "Life" of Haeckel, a critical study of Goethe, and several books on religion, science, and philosophy. His book on "The Decay of the Church of Rome" has to be reckoned with, bringing together, as it does, a mass of valuable information and statistics; and he has now added to his interesting and provocative contributions to the "Roman" controversy "A Candid History of the Jesuits." It claims to give an impartial account of the disciples of Loyola, and is no less based on the original Jesuit documents, "as far as they have been published," than on "the antagonistic literature." I hope Mr. McCabe may some day give us an adequate biography of the founder of the Jesuit Order himself.

* * * * *

Mr. Henry Frowde, the publisher to the University of Oxford, is, at his own wish, shortly retiring from the managership of the London business of the Oxford University Press. Mr. Frowde has had so long, honourable, and intimate a connection with the publishing business that I hope he will devote part of his well-earned leisure to writing a volume of reminiscences, which will necessarily be largely a history of the Oxford University Press. The business at Amen Corner has grown enormously of late years. When Mr. Frowde took over the supervision thirty-nine years ago there were only about a dozen employees, whereas to-day there are upwards of three hundred. Mr. Frowde is to be succeeded by Mr. Humphrey Milford, who has been connected with the Oxford Press for the last dozen years.

* * * * *

The near approach of the completion of the Panama Canal is likely to afford us a crop of books dealing in some shape or form with the stupendous undertaking. As it is, there are already three books in the field—Mr. Vaughan Cornish's, which gives an instructive account of the actual building of the canal and the advantages that are likely to accrue from it; Mr. F. Lindsay's, containing many useful facts for intending settlers; and Mr. J. Foster Fraser's, which has just made its appearance. Mr. Fraser is a journalist who wanders over the globe in search of good "copy," and his latest book is a respectable addition to the round dozen he has already turned out.

* * * * *

Quite a literature is being reared round the subject of Anglo-German relations. Messrs. Constable announce a book by Lady Phillips, entitled "A Friendly Germany: Why Not?"; also a study of "Pan-Germanism," by Mr. Roland G. Usher. The latter discusses the subject in the light of the new conditions of European diplomacy resulting from the war in the Balkans. The same firm will also publish shortly "The Diary of Li Hung Chang," which ought to prove spicy reading.

* * * * *

Mr. Swinburne was always so strong and virile in his criticism that many of his admirers will be glad to have some magazine contributions of his on Dickens in book form. Mr. Watts-Dunton, in a preface to the volume, which has just been published by Messrs. Chatto and Windus, refers to Swinburne's enthusiastic admiration of the novelist. The book, I may add, is made up of a *Quarterly Review* essay which appeared in July, 1902, and an essay on "Oliver Twist," of which the copyright belongs to the publisher of the American *edition de luxe* Dickens now in course of publication.

X. Y. Z.


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ORDINARY BRANCH.—The number of policies issued during the year was 59,854, assuring the sum of £5,586,153 and producing a new annual premium income of £346,592. The premiums received during the year were £4,826,993, being an increase of £14,725 over the year 1911. In addition, £5,893 was received in premiums under the new Sickness Insurance Tables issued during the year. The claims of the year amounted to £3,626,469. The number of deaths was 8,872. The number of endowment assurances matured was 21,981, the premium income of which was £125,991.

The number of policies in force at the end of the year was 901,838.

INDUSTRIAL BRANCH.—The premiums received during the year were £7,792,562, being an increase of £161,154. The claims of the year amounted to £3,070,271, including £324,797 bonus additions. The number of claims and surrenders, including 5,282 endowment assurances matured, was 382,734. The number of free policies granted during the year to those policyholders of five years' standing and upwards, who desired to discontinue their payments, was 155,582, the number in force being 1,809,171. The number of free policies which became claims during the year was 52,296.

The total number of policies in force in this branch at the end of the year was 19,140,743; their average duration exceeds twelve and a half years.

The assets of the Company, in both branches, as shown in the balance sheet, after deducting the amount written off securities, are £84,571,932 being an increase of £3,332,250 over those of 1911.

In the Ordinary Branch a reversionary bonus at the rate of £1 16s. per cent. on the original sums assured has again been added to all classes of participating policies issued since the year 1876.

In the Industrial Branch a bonus addition will be made to the sums assured on all policies of over five years' duration which become claims either by death or maturity of endowment from the 7th of March, 1913, to the 5th of March, 1914, both dates inclusive, as follows:—

| Premiums Paid for | Bonus Addition to Sums Assured. |
|---|---|
| 5 years and less than 10 years | £5 per cent. |
| 10 " " " 15 " | £10 " " |
| 15 " " " 20 " | £15 " " |
| 20 " " " 25 " | £20 " " |
| 25 " " " 30 " | £25 " " |
| 30 " " " 40 " | £30 " " |
| 40 " " " 50 " | £40 " " |
| 50 " " " 60 " | £50 " " |
| 60 " and upwards. | £60 " " |

The rate of bonus declared for last year has thus been maintained, and in the case of policies on which 25 and less than 30 years' premiums have been paid, and those on which premiums for 60 years and upwards have been paid, an increased bonus of £5 per cent. and £10 per cent. respectively will be distributed.

The Company took a leading part in forming Approved Societies under the National Insurance Act, 1911—Six Societies were founded, viz.: for Men, Women, Domestic Servants, Laundresses, Miners, and Agricultural and Rural Workers.

These Prudential Approved Societies have received a large accession of members, and as they will be administered in connection with the Prudential Assurance Company, the Directors regard their future growth and welfare with every confidence.

Messrs. Deloitte, Plender, Griffiths & Co. have examined the securities, and their certificate is appended to the balance sheets.

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W. EDGAR HORNE, }

D. W. STABLE,
J. SMART, *Joint Secretaries.*

A. C. THOMPSON, *General Manager.*

*The full Report and Balance Sheet can be obtained upon application.*

# LA BRETONNE ✦ ✦ ✦ By André Theuriet

LATE one November day, on the eve of St. Catherine, the gate of the county jail at Auberive swung on its hinges to let out a woman of about thirty years old, dressed in a faded woollen dress and wearing a cotton bonnet, which quaintly framed the pale face puffed out with that unhealthy looking flesh developed by prison life.

She was a newly released convict, named "La Bretonne" by her fellow-prisoners. She had been found guilty of infanticide, and it was just six years since a prison-van had brought her to the county jail. After having received back her rags and taken her savings from the clerk's office, she was free at last, with her pass endorsed for Langres.

But the mail had already gone. Frightened and awkward, she stumbled towards the principal inn of the place, and, in a trembling voice, asked for a night's lodging. The inn was full, and its keeper, caring little to put up "those jail-birds," advised her to push on as far as the public-house at the other end of the village.

Still more awkward and terrified, "La Bretonne" went on her way and knocked at the door of the public-house, which was really nothing but a labourers' tavern. The landlady mistrustfully eyed her up and down, suspecting, no doubt, a woman from the prison, and finally sent her away on the pretext that she did not let beds. "La Bretonne" dared not insist; she turned away with hanging head, while in the depths of her being there arose a blind hatred of the world which was thus repulsing her. There was nothing for it but to walk to Langres. Night closes in quickly at the end of November; she was soon enveloped in darkness on the grey road winding between the outskirts of two woods, where the north wind howled fiercely as it scattered the dead leaves.

After six years of shut-up, sedentary life, she could no longer walk. Her knee-joints had grown rickety; her feet, accustomed to sabots, felt uncomfortable in new shoes. At the end of a mile she had got blisters, and was already tired out.

She sat down on a heap of stones, and shivered as she asked herself if she must perish of cold and hunger on this bitter night, exposed to the icy blast which was chilling her. Suddenly, along the lonely road, above the gusts of wind, she thought she heard the droning sound of a voice singing. She listened, and made out the tune of one of those soft, monotonous songs with which mothers lull their children to sleep. So, getting up again, she walked in the direction of the voice, and, where a cross-road branched off, she caught sight of a ruddy light shining through the trees.

Five minutes later she reached a mud hovel, whose roof, covered with clods of earth, was propped against the rock, and through whose solitary window a bright ray of light shone forth. With beating heart, she made up her mind to knock. The song ceased, and a peasant woman came to open the door—a woman of "La Bretonne's" age, but already worn out and aged by work.

Her jacket, split in places, showed her sunburnt, muddy skin; her untidy red hair escaped from under her little cloth cap; her grey eyes stared amazedly at the stranger, whose appearance had something rather unusual about it.

"Good evening," she said, holding up the lamp she had in her hand. "What do you want?"

"I can go no further," muttered "La Bretonne," in a voice that was half a sob. "The town is far off, and if you would give me shelter for the night you would be doing me a kindness. I have got money, and would pay you for your trouble."

"Come in," the other answered, after a moment's hesitation. Then she added, in a tone that was inquisitive rather than distrustful, "Why did you not stay the night at Auberive?"

"Nobody would give me a lodging"—and, lowering her blue eyes, "La Bretonne," overcome by scruple, added, "You know, it is because I have just come out of prison, and that doesn't inspire confidence."

"Ah! . . . Come in all the same. I am not the one to be afraid of anything, having known nought but poverty. It would go against my conscience to leave a Christian soul outside on such a cold night. I will make you a bed of heather."

She got armfuls of dried heather from a shed, and spread it out in a corner near the hearth.

"Do you live here alone?" "La Bretonne" asked shyly.

"Yes, with my little lass, who is going on for seven. I earn our living by working in the woods."

"Is your husband dead?"

"I never had one," answered "La Fleuriotte" roughly. "My poor little one has no father. . . . However, everyone has his own trouble. . . . There, your bed is ready, and here are two or three potatoes left from supper; they are all I have to offer you."

She was interrupted by a childish voice, coming from a dark slip of a closet, separated from the living-room by a wooden partition. "Good-night," she added. "I am going back to the child; she is getting frightened. Try to sleep well." She took up the lamp and went into the next room, leaving "La Bretonne" in the dark.

The latter lay down on the heather when she had eaten, but sleep would not come. Through the partition she heard "La Fleuriotte" talking in a hushed voice to her child, who had been awakened by the stranger's arrival, and who would not go to sleep again. "La Fleuriotte" was rocking her and kissing her, with endearing words, whose artlessness moved "La Bretonne" greatly.

This outburst of affection woke some dim maternal instinct in the breast of the girl who, long ago, had been convicted for stifling her new-born child. "La Bretonne" pondered how, "if things hadn't gone wrong," her own little boy would have been the same age as this little girl. This thought, and the sound of the childish voice, made her shudder to the very marrow. Some tender feeling melted in her embittered heart, and she longed to cry.

"Come, little lass," "La Fleuriotte" was saying, "hurry up and go to sleep. If you are good, I will take you to St. Catherine's Fair to-morrow."

"St. Catherine's Day is the little girls' festival, isn't it, mother?"

"Yes, my pet."

"Is it true that on that day St. Catherine brings toys to the children?"

"Yes . . . sometimes."

"Why does she never bring anything to our house?"

"We live too far off. . . . Besides, we are too poor."

"She only brings things to rich people, then. . . . Why? . . . I should like some toys, too."

"Well, one day, if you are a good child, and if you go to sleep nicely, perhaps she will give you some."

"Then I will go to sleep—so that she may bring me some to-morrow."

There was silence; then gentle, even breathing.

The child was asleep, and the mother, too. "La Bretonne" alone could not sleep. Emotion, at once painful and sweet, gripped her heart, and she thought more than ever of the little fellow she had strangled long ago.

This went on till the first gleams of dawn. At daybreak "La Fleuriotte" and her child were sleeping soundly. "La Bretonne" furtively slipped out of doors, and, walking quickly towards Auberive, did not stop till she reached the first houses. Once there, she went slowly up the only street, gazing at the signs over the shops. In the end, one seemed to attract her attention; she knocked on the shutters and made them open to her.

It was a haberdasher's, which also had children's toys—miserable, shabby toys, pasteboard dolls, Noah's arks, sheepfolds. To the great astonishment of the woman, "La Bretonne" bought them all, paid, and walked out.

She was setting off again towards "La Fleuriotte's" dwelling when a hand swooped down on her shoulder. She turned round, and trembled as she found herself face to face with a police sergeant. The unhappy woman had forgotten that a woman on ticket-of-leave was forbidden to stay in the neighbourhood of the jail.

"You ought to be at Langres by now, instead of loitering about here," the sergeant said sharply. "Come along; we must be off."

She wanted to explain, but it was only lost trouble. In less than no time a cart had been fetched, and she was made to get up, escorted by a policeman; the driver whipped up his horse, and off they went.

The cart rolled along, jolting over the frozen road. Broken-heartedly, "La Bretonne" clasped her parcel of toys in her numbed fingers. At a turn in the road she recognised the path which led away into the wood. Her heart leapt, and she implored the policeman to stop; she had a message to give "La Fleuriotte"—a woman who lived there—not two steps away.

She begged with such insistence that the officer, a good man at heart, let himself be persuaded. The horse was tied to a tree, and they walked up the path. "La Fleuriotte" was chopping sticks in front of the door. When she saw her visitor reappear with a policeman, she stood and gaped, her arms falling limp at her sides.

"Sh-sh," said "La Bretonne." "Is the child still asleep?"

"Yes. . . . But?"

"Put these quietly on her bed, and tell her that St. Catherine sends them to her. I had gone back to Auberive to get them, but it seems that I had no right to do it, and they are taking me back to Langres."

"Holy Mother of God!" cried "La Fleuriotte."

"Hush!"

They went up to the bed, still followed by her escort. "La Bretonne" scattered the dolls, the ark, and the sheepfold over the bedclothes, kissed the sleeping child's bare arm, and, turning round to the officer, who was rubbing his eyes—

"We can start now," she said.

*—Translated by Beatrice Seth-Smith.*

# SILHOUETTE

*From the gallery of memory, mutascopic and fragmentary, there flashes at times a picture, many-coloured and complete; more often the screen gives back an outline, blurred in parts, yet conveying an impression so vivid and compelling that the mind holds only the salient points, and there emerges of scenes and emotions—a silhouette!*

As a child she had always taken her griefs and joys, her pleasures and her sorrows to the beech tree. It grew in a forest of pines, and against their sombre branches, and gloomy shadows, the soft green of the young leaves fluttered in feminine fashion. To the child the tree suggested sympathy, comprehension, the wonderful understanding that hears everything, asks nothing. Against the slim, smooth trunk she would press her face, flushed with tears, burying her cheeks in the delightful coolness of the moss that clung so lovingly about the roots.

The sun flickered through the branches and the buds danced to the song of the west wind. The whispering pines, for ever straining to the north, moaned fitfully of the sea, their branches upflung to the sky in a lament. But the beech smiled at the good red earth, and at her feet there grew wild violets and the shy anemone.

The child wove the beech tree into the many-coloured web of fancy, so that at times the slender sapling was a princess held in enchantment by the cruel pines against her lover the west wind; or, again, she was a queen-mother who, exiled from her country and her court, had a beautiful compassion for the lonely little girl who sought her. The seasons passed, the golden mantle that the beech donned for autumn fell from her in the first frost; yet she was beautiful, and the child watched with wondering eyes the delicate tracery of bough against the sky. And then the snow came, and the tree, powdered with frost, glittered with a splendour that outshone diamonds.

With the passing of years the child grew to the beauty of womanhood, and she and another found love between them. She whispered her secret to the beech tree, and it seemed as if a sigh passed through the forest, and a gentle rain of leaves fell at her feet.

Her lover, after the fashion of men, went to the city to seek his fortune; and the girl was left alone. More than ever did she seek the beech tree, her heart full of secret things.

For a while letters came frequently from the city, but there fell a day when the lover did not write; week followed week, and there was neither word nor sign. The beech tree preached patience from the tale of many seasons, recalling in the bitter grip of winter the promise of coming spring, whispering of the west wind that, wandering over all the earth, ever returned in the blue April weather. But the glamour of the summer was over, and the girl's heart was cold.

When next she visited the beech a storm had swept over the country, lashing the pines and breaking the giant oaks. The tree had not escaped, but, uprooted, suppliant, lay stretched before the pines.

By the fallen trunk her lover waited, but the girl hardened her heart and would not meet his eyes.

"It is an omen," she said, bitterly. "Our love is dead, like the tree."

"Yet from its heart there springs a message," he said gently, and, stooping, gathered a tiny blossom, that, amid the desolation, carried the flag of hope.

"It is the speedwell, dearest," he said, tenderly.

She raised her eyes at last; and the beech tree rustled her leaves as the west wind sighed—for the last time—through the branches.

# MASTERPIECE FOR THE WEEK

## "Sylvia's Lovers," by Mrs. Gaskell*

One of the most poignant dramas in the English language, the story of "Sylvia's Lovers" is played out in a seaport town, its immediate stage the old farmhouse where Sylvia, "just as bonny as the first rose in June, and as sweet in her nature as the honeysuckle, was born." It has been stated that Mrs. Gaskell drew on her own experiences for the majority of her novels. The epic of Monkshaven is a notable exception. For the first and only time this genius of domesticity went to history for her materials, and cast her story in the cruel days of the press-gang. The central incident of the book is founded on fact.

In 1793 a serious riot occurred between the sailors and the press-gang at Whitby—the Monkshaven of the story—and an old man, one William Atkinson, was executed at York on April 13th, 1793, for encouraging the rioters.

It is difficult to-day to realise the terror the very name of the press-gang inspired in the towns of the coast. Husbands just landed from a long, perilous cruise, eager to see their wives and children, would be waylaid and borne off in triumph to recruit the navy; a son, the sole support of an old mother, torn from the very threshold of his home. One of the most dramatic touches is a description of the woman who, rushing down to the quayside, learns that her husband has been "pressed."

"She lived some little way in the country, and had been late in hearing of the return of the whaler after her six months' absence. . . . She had need pause in the market-place, the outlet of which was crammed up. Then she gave tongue for the first time in such a fearful shriek, you could hardly catch the word she said: 'Jamie! Jamie! will they no let you to me?'"

The phrase goes right to the quick of the soul. In a flash you see the woman, realise the unutterable desolation that looms before her. "Jamie! will they no let you to me?"

But though "Sylvia's Lovers" is cast in historic times and bears the impress of the eighteenth century, re-creating the atmosphere, infusing the dry bones of tradition with new life, the dominant features in this as in other of Mrs. Gaskell's works is a wonderful reproduction of family life. The affection between Sylvia and her mother, Belle Robson, the girl's piquant vanity, the woman's steady, undemonstrative affection, is inimitably portrayed. Daniel, the fine old farmer who is hanged for taking part in the riot against the press-gang, with his pride in his daughter and his love of a pipe and a glass, hot-headed and brave-hearted, grips one with a sense of reality so startling that it is with difficulty you realise you are reading of a man who lived and died years and years ago.

For—and this is one of the attributes of Mrs. Gaskell's genius—she has a supreme faculty of seizing on those elemental traits in human nature that exist for all time, and in selecting such expressions as portray sheer emotional stress, independent of modification.

"What I think and say is this. Laws is made for to keep some folk fra' harming others. Press-gangs and coastguards harm me i' my business. And keep me fra' getting what I want. Therefore what I think and say is this: Measter Cholmley should put down press-gangs and coastguards. If that there isn't reason I ax you to tell me what is? And if Measter Cholmley don't do what I ax him, he may go whistle for my vote, he may."

Daniel, one feels, would so have expressed himself to-day in relation to modern equivalents for "press-gangs and coastguards"; and that his temper of mind exists unto this present one has only to journey to the North to realise.

Sylvia, impulsive, passionate, idolised by her mother, spoilt by her father, is one of the most human and convincing heroines. Philip, her cousin and lover, with his long years of devotion, weighs nothing in comparison to Kinnaird, the handsome young sailor who wins her heart. The love scenes between them are fresh and fragrant as the meadows Sylvia loved, and the girl's agony when he disappears and she can find no trace of him hurts one to read.

But it is in the handling of the trial and condemnation of poor Daniel that the author rises to supreme heights. The simple, loving wife, the agonised daughter, do not break out into ravings against God and man; but though suspense gnaws at their hearts, quietly and with sublime courage they continue their household tasks, go through the routine of sweeping, dusting, the making of butter, the milking of the cows, ready with calm courage for what awaits them.

Philip Hepburn, who marries Sylvia, is colourless compared to Kinnaird; his devotion to his cousin is the mainspring of his life. He pours out at her feet all the idolatry of his nature; no sacrifice is too great, no work too hard for her. Only one thing does he deny her—he will not give her up; and, to win her for his wife, keeps back the knowledge that Kinnaird has been "pressed," suppresses the sailor's final message to his sweetheart. And because of her loneliness and her mother's affliction, and of her gratitude to Philip, Sylvia takes him as her husband.

After the marriage the character of Philip strengthens. One finds it difficult always to retain sympathy for Sylvia, who, though she performs her duty scrupulously, never shows a gush of passion, a touch of love for the man who is ready to lay down his life for her. But in the final outcome of the tragedy one is swept on the high tide of pity for the girl who, all unknowing, for ever separated herself from the one man she loved.

Kinnaird returns to find her Philip's wife. For a moment all her longing turns towards him. She upbraids Philip and runs to her old lover.

"His arm was round her waist, and he was drawing her towards the door, his face all crimson with eagerness and hope. Just then the baby cried."

And at that Sylvia remembers, and sends Kinnaird from her. She will never live with Philip again. "All that's done and ended. He's spoilt my life—he's spoilt it for as long as ever I live on this earth; but neither you nor him shall spoil my soul."

Kinnaird goes—and Philip also, and then commences the finest chapters of the book. Hepburn enlists in the Army under the name of Stephen Freeman. He encounters his rival in an engagement with the French in which Kinnaird is concerned, and saves his life. The news is brought to Sylvia by

*(Continued on page 696.)*

* "Everyman's Library." (J. M. Dent.)

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Kinnaird's young wife—a fresh pang in her poor heart! One sees the girl in her narrow home, daily growing sadder, more desolate. Her heart yearns for Philip, his patience, his loyalty, his ever-present devotion; but the remembrance of her oath rises up and checks the impulse of tenderness, and she goes on her sad way, the child the one spot of brightness in an existence clouded by Hester's coldness, Alice's severity, and her mother's death! For Hester, the good woman of the story, has loved Philip all her life, and despite every effort to be just to Sylvia, now and again the sense of injury flares up within her. Yet she is a fine character, and one feels an impulse of compassion for the thwarted affection that strengthens without embittering her nature.

To write the closing scene of the book needed not only genius, but high courage and an infinite capacity of understanding. Philip, wounded from the wars, hopelessly disfigured, nigh to starvation, crawls home to die, and finds a lodging close to the prosperous home where Sylvia lives. Bella, his child, moved by an impulse of compassion, gives him her cake—he is so "very hungry"—and Sylvia, averting her head, slips half a crown into the offering. She discovers the coin round his neck when he comes to die. For Sylvia's repentance comes too late; her passionate remorse finds a faithful heart broken. He has made the last final sacrifice, and has given his life for the child—his child and hers—and in rescuing Bella from drowning meets his death.

And so to the cottage where he lodges Sylvia is brought.

"He heard the waves lapping against the shelving shore once again. . . . 'My wife! Sylvia! Once more forgive all.'

"She sprang up, she kissed his poor burnt lips; she held him in her arms. She moaned, and said:

"'Oh, wicked me! Forgive me—me, Philip.'

"And in the silence the lapping of the ceaseless waves was heard as they came up close on the shelving shore."

All was over. All the longing of poor Sylvia's heart, the aching and desire to atone, to comfort and to love, had come too late.

Too late! The saddest words that can be spoken. Too late for forgiveness, too late for love. If the book emphasises one note more than another in the gamut of human emotion it is this—that we should be reconciled one with the other "while there is yet time."

JOHN K. PROTHERO.

## PEACE

TO GERMANY

LAND of the Rhine! Thy might did Cæsar quell
With sword and fire; and as on Zela's plain
Came, saw and conquer'd. Next, great Otto's reign
Through vain ambition made thy Heaven a hell;
And Welf and Waibling warring rang the knell
Of Unity and Peace. Nor couldst restrain
Thine arm for long, but shatteredst, 'mid the slain,
The strength of France, Sedan's brave citadel.

Stay! Sheathe the sword, uplift the branch of peace;
Thou canst not batten on thine own heart's blood,
Grim slaughter's draught, which ne'er can satisfy,
But ever whets the thirst. Choose thou the food
Of peaceful plenty, prosperous increase;
"Who by the sword lives by the sword shall die."

HERBERT BAXTER.

# A MOTTO OF EMPIRE

By SIR SIDNEY LEE

I.

THE year 1580 is the *annus mirabilis* in the history of Empire. It is the date of the birth of an imperial dominion which even the colossal British Empire of to-day scarcely excels in area. There are British writers who seem to be under the misapprehension that between the downfall of the Roman and the rise of the British Empire no imperial exemplar exists worthy of comparison with either of the two. It may be pardonable to overlook the imperial experiences of Venice and Genoa, which made the Mediterranean islands and coasts a chain of flourishing Italian dependencies. But the perspective of history is distorted if one ignores Spain's Empire of the West or Portugal's Empire of the East. Both were organised in the sixteenth century on principles which are not yet discarded. They proved, with rare effect, man's magical dexterity in cancelling barriers of distance and space, even with the crudest means of communication. In 1580 there opened a new and imposing act in the world's imperial drama. Spain, grown ambitious of yoking the universe to her colonial car, conquered her Portuguese neighbour in the Peninsula, and thereby drew within her imperial boundaries Portugal's Empire of the East. A Spanish girdle of land and sea thenceforth encircled not one, but two, hemispheres. Already Spain ruled in Europe—the Low Countries and the kingdoms of Naples and Sicily; and for a time Tunis. In the New World, the continent of South America, the islands of the West Indies, and part of the continent of North America, together with the Philippines and other Pacific islands, acknowledged her sway. Now her rule embraced, in addition, the Azores, the Canaries, and the West African islands, the Guinea Coast of West Africa, and Delagoa Bay, Zanzibar, with settlements on the East African Coast, together with the noble expanse of Portuguese colonies on the Asiatic shores, from the Persian Gulf right round to the Philippines. Empire was never fashioned before in so Gargantuan a mould. Not for sixty years did Portugal regain her independence. Then the knell of Spain's Empire began to sound.

II.

The empire of Spain, despite its decline and fall, remains England's only precedent in the width of imperial power. The similarities and dissimilarities between the fortunes of the two provoke close study. By slow degrees England has succeeded to Spain's imperial glory. A small point in the process is alone my theme here. With a good right England has borrowed from Spain an imposing imperial motto. The phrase is often deemed an original English invention. History shows it to have been a Spanish invention of three centuries ago. The sixteenth century Spaniard summarised his imperial pride in the proverbial assertion that *here are dominions on which the sun never sets (for it ever shines on one part or the other).* Even before the Portuguese East was added to the Spanish West the words were heard in Spain from the lips of the Emperor Charles V.; but after the mighty union they gained immensely in point, and thenceforth enjoyed universal currency. Shakespeare and his countrymen lived before there was a British Empire, but the saying reached their ears in its Spanish setting. They cited it freely as a "brave" Spanish maxim. Francis Bacon and Captain John Smith, the hardy explorer,


# Can you answer these questions?

## An Article for All Engaged in Business.

You will probably find it quite easy to answer most of these questions, but unless you are a rare and brilliant exception you will find several others a good deal more difficult. Some of them, indeed, may be altogether beyond you.

And yet you will agree they are all questions that you might have to answer any day in your own business. So, if only out of curiosity, run through the list and see how many you can answer correctly.

### 13 Specimen Questions.

1. What is the exact purpose of a ledger?
2. What do these signs mean: "E. & O. E.," "F. A. S.," and "G. A."?
3. How would you open a branch?
4. What is a consignment note?
5. Do you know how to organise a sale?
6. Do you understand office organisation?
7. What is the difference between sending goods on "consignment" and "on sale or return"?
8. How often by law must a factory be "limewashed"?
9. How and when is a judgment summons issued?
10. What is the cost of registering a limited company?
11. Do you know how to take out a patent?
12. How would you draw a selling scheme?
13. How can you recover debts at court without the expense of a solicitor or collecting agency?

### How Many Did You Answer?

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both repeated it admiringly. Later in the seventeenth century, an English writer declared that the new successes of the Dutch in empire-building warranted the transference to them of the picturesque Spanish formula. Not until the nineteenth century did the words become common in English mouths with an application to the British dominions. Even Sir Walter Scott employed the expression only in its historic Spanish significance. No striking moral may attach to the history of the phrase, but its rise and progress may serve as a salutary reminder of the overlooked fact that the worldwide British Empire has had a modern forerunner.

* * *

## CORRESPONDENCE

### THE GIRL BEHIND THE BAR.

*To the Editor of* Everyman.

Dear Sir,—In the train on Saturday I read Miss Hamilton's article on "The Girl Behind the Bar."

Greatly impressed, I lifted my hat in homage to the noble company of barmaids; but, on reflection, it seems to me my hat was lifted rather to that *rara avis*, a charitable woman.

A distinction is made by the essayist between the frequenters of a bar and those who come in a hurry for necessary refreshments. The latter, who rarely stop long enough to influence or be influenced, may be dismissed as being of little consequence, but the former are those with whom the girl behind the bar has to spend a great portion of her time. It is these frequenters over whom the barmaid exercises womanly and inspiring influence; so the essayist would have us believe.

Now, the frequenters of a bar are those who drink, not from necessity, but for pleasure. They are at no time a healthy standard of manhood. The barmaid is therefore dealing with men already under the prejudicial influence—"when the wine is in, the wit is out." Assuming that the barmaid is a naturally healthy-minded girl, her influence would be discounted. She is unable to quell at a glance the lewd conversation of individuals labouring under this adverse influence. The control of the tongue is lost in the cups. So far from influencing, I fear the barmaid has every feeling of modesty outraged by what she must perforce listen to.

"Cads will be cads," says Miss Hamilton; but she does not seem to think they are numerous. I venture to think, on the other hand, they are numerous, and among the frequenters of bars there is a larger percentage than usual. By the very nature of her position, the barmaid, so far from being able to restrain such characters, has to subject herself to much insult and degradation from them. It is not reasonable to think the barmaid is entirely unaffected by the conversation of this class. If it is continuous, and the barmaid has ceased to take notice of it, remember her soul has been scorched and seared as with a hot iron, even if her mind has not become warped and unbalanced. Certain it is her outlook on life, from being a natural one of trust and confidence, becomes one of distinct aloofness, if not positive distrust.

To cite an instance. In Manchester a few days ago I saw a man of the "frequenter" type sit down and regale the barmaid with a choice selection of witty, or shall we say vulgar, yarns. It was obvious the girl had no wish to listen to his immoral absurdities, but there was no option. She could not leave

the bar; she could not appeal to the others present; perforce she must endure it.

This is not an isolated case. It is a condition of affairs which the *majority* of barmaids have daily to put up with.

Everyone will admit that a good woman will chasten any audience; but when this is done at the expense of her own modest soul, surely the price is too heavy, and it were better for the whole company of men to perish in their own atmosphere.

I have not previously been reckoned amongst the "unco' guid," but they have a plea in this instance which might well find an echoing response in the heart of the essayist.—I am, sir, etc.,

EDWARD MELHUISH.

Paulton, March 4th, 1913.

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*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

SIR,—You may well describe "the employment of women" as an all-important subject.

When a famous American Ambassador visited our metropolis for the first time, and was asked what were his chief impressions, he replied, "The innumerable gin-palaces and the vast proportion of people bearing unmistakable indications of alcohol in their faces." Another American said: "If you proposed to have *women* bar-tenders in the city I live in you would be lynched." Nothing, sir, is more amazing than the fact that our country is so far behind other advanced nations as to allow young women to expose themselves to such terrible temptations as are inseparable from this occupation.

The article in your issue of February 28th is somewhat puzzling in its first two paragraphs. It is ostensibly written by "Margaret Hamilton." It is, therefore, difficult to comprehend such wording as "as *we* see them" and "as they see us." "*We* are too often a clamorous, hurried mass of humanity." Does Margaret, then, visit bars? and does she "demand instant attention"? Or has she got some male friend who does to write these passages for her? Or is "Margaret Hamilton" a screen for one of the opposite sex? I would fain think so. She describes these women as "good looking, and with an enviable air of detachment"! Why "enviable"? If I employed a girl to sell goods in a shop I should certainly consider a detached air a most undesirable one. At the same time, I must say that in a drinking bar a woman is well advised to be as "detached" from all her surroundings as she can possibly be. But Margaret goes on to say that "she smiles on all." Is this being detached?

The only barmaids I have seen are those in the refreshment rooms of railway stations, and I have especially noted the hardness of their expression, and thankful I was, for their sakes, to notice it.

Margaret asks, "Where do they come from?" Why, sir, they probably come from homes intimately connected with the drink trade! Surely only parents so connected would be so indifferent to a child's highest welfare as to send a pretty girl into an occupation where she is necessarily to come into contact with vice and depravity, as uncloaked as it would not dare to be elsewhere! Some think barmaids are daughters of the poor; it may be so in some cases, but as there are so many other avenues open to them more profitable, I fear it is only when the poor girl objects to what she considers hard work that she consents to take up this one.

To go back to Margaret's first sentence: Why are barmaids "good-looking"? Do we need to ask the


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question? I think not. We know that she would not be there otherwise, in most cases. I think the occupation ought to be repugnant to every modest, womanly woman with even an approximately high ideal of girlhood or motherhood!

The death-rate of those following it is appalling. The Medical Officer of Health for Woolwich stated a few years ago that "one-third of the public-house servants of London die of phthisis!" In four years eight barmaids were known to have been murdered, and all of these were under twenty-eight years of age.

Margaret says, "We do not see a grey-haired barmaid." No. Fully two-thirds are between the ages of fifteen and twenty-five. What can be her prospects when, with shattered health and vanished charms, she seeks employment in some other industry?

> "Having mopped the zinc for certain years,
> And faced the gas, she fades and disappears."

The records of our coroners' courts tell the story of many a dismissed barmaid's hopeless despair and frenzied death. But worse still, the Rescue Work of the West London Mission estimates that "fully one-third of the fallen women of the West End were once barmaids"!

Margaret says she comes to close grips with destitution and learns some of the tragedies of the poor! True for you, Margaret! Never had a woman a better chance! Oh, for pen of liquid fire to paint the chances of the barmaid in this direction! to be able to prove how intimate is the connection between the bar and misery, crime, and destitution of every sort!

May every right-thinking woman be brought to see the disgrace of having barmaids is the earnest prayer of

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---

## IBSEN AND DEMOCRACY.

*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

DEAR SIR,—May I be allowed to offer comment on the article dealing with Henrik Ibsen in the last issue of your excellent journal?

The older one grows, the more one's ignorance becomes horrifyingly apparent, and my surprise was most profound on learning that Ibsen was an uncompromising individualist, and that the marked difference between Bernard Shaw and Henrik Ibsen lies in the fact that the one was "in theory a systematic Socialist," and that the other "has a horror of Democracy as he has a horror of the State."

It was in the year 1885, and during one of Ibsen's visits to Norway, that he made a remarkable speech at a club of working men at Drontheim.

"Mere democracy," he said, "cannot solve the social problem. An element of aristocracy must be introduced in our life. Of course, I do not mean the aristocracy of birth or purse, or even the aristocracy of intellect. I mean the aristocracy of character, of will, of mind. That can only free us.

"From two groups will this aristocracy, I hope, come to our people—from the women and from the workers. The revolution in the social condition, now preparing in Europe, is chiefly concerned with the future of the workman and the woman. In this I place all my hopes and expectations; for this will I work all my life."

And Ibsen did. His life and works are inspirations to all those who are working for a mental revolution in the people, and who eagerly await the realisation of the Socialist State.

It must be known to your contributor that, although Ibsen did not identify himself with any definite school

of Socialism, he always described himself as a Socialist.

His aristocracy was not that of the school of Carlyle. His denunciation of democracy was not Nietzschean.

He believed that the task of democracy was to make every man in the land a nobleman, as it is only by the creation of great men and women, and the enlargement to the utmost of the reasonable freedom of the individual, that the realisation of democracy is possible.

Here he is at one with the great democrat of America.—I am, sir, etc., JOHN W. BUTT.

Stoke Newington, March 3rd, 1913.

## OUT OF WORK.

*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

SIR,—Dr. Percy Dearmer's able article on the problem of unemployment calls for criticism on one important point. He desires to raise the school-leaving age to sixteen, and establish a continuation half-time system for a further two or three years, during which each youth and girl would receive technical instruction in a trade. This is admirable from an educational point of view, but how many wage-earners require nowadays to practise a trade in the earning of a living? It is the superseding of the standard trades by machinery that is creating a large army of wage-earners who do not require to be skilled in a trade, and to whom the acquisition would be only useful as a hobby. The old-fashioned spinning and cloth-weaving have disappeared, the bricklayer and mason are being displaced by the ferro-concreter, carpentry and coach-building, shoemaking and saddlery-making are becoming less and less trades and more and more sub-divided into so many mechanical operations, until by-and-by only a comparatively few workmen will be left who will be engaged in highly skilled occupations requiring a special training to acquire proficiency.

If the writer wishes to take us back in industry a century, then by all means teach every child a trade. Machinery has undoubtedly come to stay to quicken and ease the labour of mankind, and ultimately will be regarded solely as a means to increased leisure for all. Hence, why burden all with a trade? Educate thoroughly to equip us for a fuller enjoyment of that leisure which machinery, rightly used, can give, but do not let us revert to slow-moving, long-houred methods of production for the satisfaction of our physical needs.

Shorten the hours of labour to the minimum. But why commence with tramway men and policemen? What about shop assistants, many clerks, labourers, and artisans?—I am, sir, etc., DONCASTER.

March 3rd, 1913.

*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

SIR,—Dr. Dearmer, in his interesting article in EVERYMAN for February 28th, cites land reclamation as an instance of how to alleviate the evil of national wastefulness consequent on unemployment. The argument of reclamation is inconclusive and unsatisfying. The million men to be employed at £1 per week must be permanently employed at reclamation, otherwise in a few years' time they are thrown again on the labour market. Being human—and British—they will occasionally be thirsty; public-houses will follow them. They will desire to gamble, unless the fact of assisting at reclamation should convert them into moral paragons; the police-court will follow. They will still fall ill; charity must come to the aid


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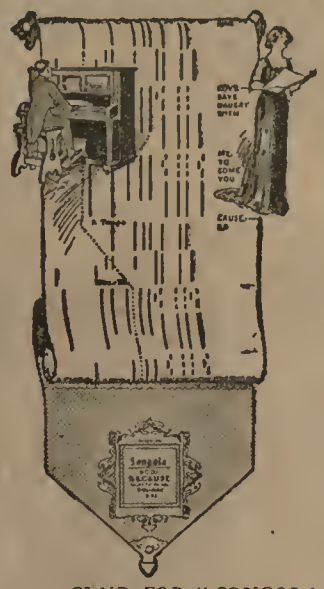

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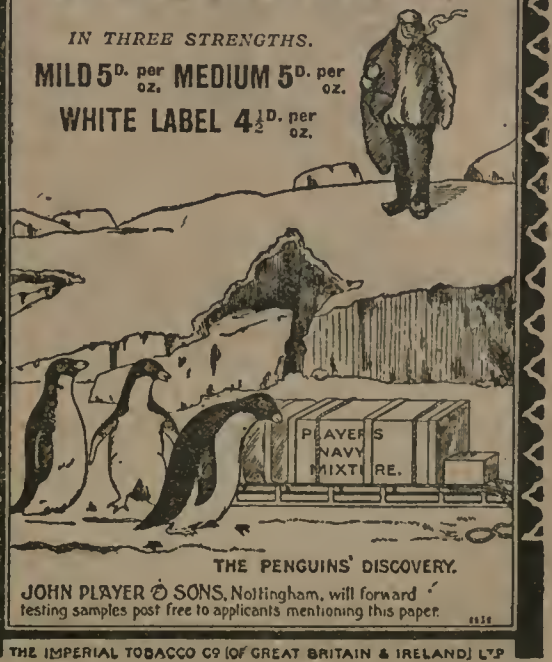


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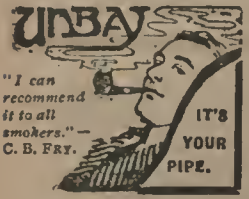


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of the Insurance Act. With their wage of £1 per week, they will be able to marry earlier than they would otherwise do, and the average family will, in all probability, show an increase. In a generation the boys and girls will flood the labour market, and unemployment will be as great an evil as ever. The argument that the land reclaimed will be worth the amount put into it is fallacious; the value of land does not necessarily bear any relation to the amount of money sunk in it. Moreover, while we are reclaiming, the sea is sucking land from us by the yard and the acre on other parts of the coast.

Dr. Dearmer seems to be unwilling to admit what is, after all, the real cause of unemployment—over-population. He even goes the length of deploring the fact that there is a danger of there being too few people, and yet the fact of over-population is continually looming at the back of all his arguments. The "blind-alley" system, for instance, is the result of there being too many boys. Dr. Dearmer says we cannot shift responsibility off our own shoulders in the matter of unemployment. Granted; but all the responsibility ought not to be on the same shoulders. There is also a responsibility on the lower classes, who are the most prolific, that they shall not inflict undue burdens upon the rest of the community. When the lower classes have realised that they have no right to bring into the world more children than they can support, then we shall be on a fair way to solving this problem of unemployment. By placing a legal prohibition on early marriages, and limiting the right to procreate; by forbidding marriage until a certain age has been reached or a certain income attained, and by enforcing a strict medical examination of couples who desire to marry, a way will be opened for ridding society of the burden of unemployment.—I am, sir, etc.,

H. S.

Edinburgh.

## JOHN REDMOND.

*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

SIR,—Professor Kettle's description of Wexford in the year 1798 is an evident attempt to pervert the facts of history. His object in glorifying John Redmond, the hero of the gombeen men of Ireland, and the plutocracy of Great Britain is apparent, but he might have mentioned the *only* national flag flown at Aughavannagh up to July last (I cannot with knowledge speak of later dates) was the American flag.

Wexford is peopled largely by the descendants of refugee Huguenots and Anglo-Norman settlers, as the surnames at the present day, such as Devereux and Farmer, to a certain extent, testify. In 1798 the county was in the hands of the rebels for months, during which time they collected men, women, and children (not professing the Roman Catholic religion) on Wexford Bridge and hurled them into the Slaney off the points of their pikes. At the barn of Scullabogue they confined over a hundred men, women, and children (not professing the Roman Catholic religion), placed a guard armed with pikes round the building, and then set it on fire. The guard was occupied in tossing the half-roasted heretics back into the flames. The rebel army finally advanced against the English army, and was overwhelmed at Vinegar Hill with great slaughter and the death of one of their leaders—Father Murphy. Some 5,000 rebels were accounted for before the final rout, and thousands perished in the pursuit. So much for the turgid periods relating to the torrent of Wexford pikes swallowing up the red-coats. The facts are exactly the reverse.—I am, sir, etc.,

TYRONE.

Tobermory.

# APOLLONIUS OF TYANA

By J. C. SQUIRE

THE reputation of the hero of the book* which Professor Phillimore has just translated into perfect English has undergone curious vicissitudes—vicissitudes of which a most exhaustive summary is given in Professor Phillimore's masterly and witty series of introductory chapters. In his own age (Professor Phillimore thoroughly upsets the received chronology which makes his birth contemporaneous with that of Christ), that is to say, circ. 37 A.D. to circ. 117, he had the merest local reputation in Asia Minor. For over a century he remained obscure; but in the reign of the Emperor Severus, when the Empress Julia Domna (one of those fashionable ladies who like raking up creeds, saints, and miracles from all possible quarters) was in search for something new, her protégé Philostratus found the very thing for her in the traditions of this Pythagorean wonder-worker, who so admirably united eccentricities with miracles, paradoxes with insatiable curiosity, and Hellenism with Orientalism. As time wore on, and the Church grew in strength, pagan writers, finding their only hope in a "competition of glamours" with Christianity, fell back on Apollonius. He became a "rallying symbol." Writer after writer fostered his cult, the most famous product of the movement being Hierocles' comparison of Apollonius and Christ. "Paganism," as Professor Phillimore says, "was hard up for any god which could stand the weather." This one at last was blown down. The god and saint disappeared, and among Byzantines and Arabs alike his legend persisted only as that of a magician. "What labour," wrote Sir Thomas More, "took Philostratus to make a book full of lies whereby he would have had Apollonius Tyaneus in miracles match unto Christ? And when he had all done he never found one old wife so fond to believe him." He was exploded.

The return of an age of reason, unfaith, and credulity has led to attempts to re-establish him. Modern rationalists, in their desperate hunt for parallels to Christ, have brought him to the front again; modern Syncretists have been delighted to find a man so much to their taste in an age so remote. In the face of the critical examination of Professor Phillimore and various foreign scholars, it will be impossible any longer honestly to maintain that Philostratus' book has the slightest genuine biographical value. Not only does it lack contemporary confirmation, but it is chock full of contradictions and internal discrepancies.

But though it is stripped of all its biographical value, it still remains a wonderfully fascinating book. Not only is it written with delightful grace and picturesqueness, not only is it enthralling as a romance, but it does give a most illuminating indication of certain ideals and tendencies prevalent in the time. Whether Apollonius really talked and travelled as he is made to do we do not know; but we at least know that that is how Philostratus and the Empress would like him to have talked and travelled. Thing after thing you come across in this book that enforces a comparison between that age and our own—cosmopolitanism, humanitarianism, vegetarianism, a love of debate, of paradox and of epigram, Orientalism, mental kaleidoscopicism, asceticism, æstheticism, globe-trotting, a cultivation of personal idiosyncrasy. There are good and bad features in it all; and, on the whole, in spite of the mental welter through which he walks, Philostratus does succeed in giving us a permanent

* "Philostratus, Apollonius of Tyana." Translated by J. S. Phillimore. Two vols. 7s. (Clarendon Press.)


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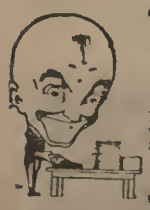

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impression of Apollonius as a person who sometimes amuses us, always interests us, and occasionally commands our respect. As he peregrinates through Asia Minor and Babylonia, Persia and India, Egypt and Italy, he is occasionally smug and occasionally irritatingly argumentative. But what can be more debonair than the airy way in which he throws off his marvels and his predictions, or the way in which he managed that admirably sketched collection of Asiatic monarchs? With the King in Babylon he was Shavian. The King brought him a prisoner charged with a terrible offence. "To what punishment do you sentence him?" he asked. "To life, of course," replied Apollonius. He observes to his follower that the Mages are "Scientific, but not absolutely"; as who should say, "These honest fellows are on the right track." He is at his best when the Naked Sages of Egypt try impressive hocus-pocus on him; he pulls their naked legs with admirable skill. His interview with Vespasian shows him in a favourable light as a political mentor, though he is just a little priggish about it. Better is his demeanour towards the brutal Domitian, who puts him on his trial as a sorcerer. Domitian has prejudged the case:—

"'You may begin your defence,' says he, 'at what point you please; I know what point I shall leave off at, and from what point I ought now to start.'

"From this began his maltreatment of Apollonius. He had his beard and hair cut, and kept him in chains amongst the vilest criminals. On the former indignity Apollonius remarked, 'I never knew that my hair was at stake in this trial'; of the latter, 'If you regard me as a sorcerer, how will you chain me? And if you are going to chain me, how can you say I am a sorcerer?' 'But I will,' said the Emperor, 'and, what's more, I'll not release you till you turn into water, or some beast or tree.' 'These are things,' said Apollonius, 'which I would not care to turn into, even if I had the power.'"

It is not possible to give here an adequate indication of the charm of this book. Neither Lucian nor Apuleius wrote anything more readable than this story of an apostle of what we term nowadays the Higher Thought. What the real Apollonius was like we shall probably never know. It doesn't much matter; for he has not (as far as I am aware) any surviving relations whose feelings could be hurt by unmerited reflections upon his character. We can take this book as we find it. Until now no decent English version has been available, and Professor Phillimore is to be congratulated on what he has done. A more nervous, pointed, easy, yet accurate version is inconceivable. It belongs to the small class of what may be called creative translations.

## BOOKS OF THE WEEK

MESSRS. HEADLEY BROS. are issuing a notable selection from the writings of Sir Thomas Browne (2s. 6d. net), edited by Mr. Lewis Townsend. The extracts, chosen from the best known works of the author of "Religio Medici," cover a wide range, and serve most admirably to show the author's special qualities of style. It is, in effect, a collection of gems from one of the greatest masters of English prose, and to those who are unable to devote the time necessary to a more complete acquaintance with his works, should prove invaluable. The introduction sketches the qualities of the man, his influence on literature, his penetrative thought, and critical faculty. "He did not, like Bacon," says Mr. Townsend, "stride through the narrow belt of mist that seems to encircle the children of every age, and achieve a new continent of light; he, rather, said all

that belonged to his age, and walked up to the edge and limit of light allowed to his generation."

To those who love fine writing this volume of extracts will give genuine delight. It would be difficult to suggest any alteration in the compilation, and the binding and printing are admirable.

❀ ❀ ❀

FOR THE LOVE OF GYP (Murray and Evenden, 6s.). This is a very unexpected book. The construction is crude, the story raw-edged and painfully disjointed, based upon a plot so transparently absurd that it becomes amazing. The only thing that redeems it from the category of the impossible is the simplicity of some of the descriptives. When Mr. Adrian Darter is dealing with the events of everyday life in a mining district of South Africa he is readable; one is indeed arrested, despite defects of style and inequalities of language. But just as he has succeeded in painting a scene at once fresh and convincing, he flies off at a tangent to look for a plot, round which he makes his characters career in a marionette dance. Vera Monckton, the syren of the story, exercises a marvellous and baleful influence on the fortunes of Frances Rowland. Time and distance are mere bagatelles to this remarkable lady. Like the witch of old, she casts her spells on the absentee at a distance of many thousands of miles, and from a Mayfair boudoir blights the hopes of the unfortunate Rowland, resident in South Africa. If the author were to confine himself to simple stories of plain people he might do something really worth reading; while he involves himself and his characters in a tangle of melodramatic fireworks he is not likely to attain any desirable results.

❀ ❀ ❀

Mr. W. P. Ryan has given us a delightful story in DAISY DARLEY: OR THE FAIRY GOLD OF FLEET STREET (J. M. Dent and Sons, 6s.). He is one of the few writers who have caught the atmosphere of a newspaper office, and, while reproducing the sense of stress and strain, the rush and hurry, does not allow the whirr of the presses, the click of the linotypes to outcrowd the human element. Most novels of the street that never sleeps show us the reporter, never the man. The characters live only within the four walls of the building dedicate to their journal. Once the pressman leaves the office of his paper, he becomes colourless, unreal. Mr. P. Ryan shows us the editorial staff at high pressure, the emergency of a special edition is in the air; one sees the blue pencil of O'Keefe, the matchless "sub" of "The Gleam," as he scores the copy. "'Lift,' he said, 'is the word for the second edition. First of all, take anything good, and that's not much, out of our Sunday rag.' When he came to the news pages he scanned the items critically, and when one satisfied him he 'ticked' it, crossed the headings, pencilled new ones on the adjacent column, made a few slight changes in the text, such as 'Saturday' for the 'yesterday' of the Sunday paper, and so on, till he had got through the whole, a proceeding which did not take many minutes." Arthur Clandillon, by temperament a dreamer, by endowment a poet, is engaged as assistant "sub" on "The Gleam," and the contrast between things seen and felt in the office and Clandillon's land of the heart's desire, "where the noonday's all a glimmer and the night's a purple glow, and the evening's full of the linnets' wings," is wonderfully vivid and very human. He gains by his connection with the paper, gets at close grips with a phase of life that leaves little to the imagination, so that his somewhat weak and wavering philosophy settles into a steadier


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view of things; he finally emerges as a brilliant and successful author, while before his connection with "The Gleam" one feels he would at the best have blossomed into a very minor poet, on flirtatious terms with literature. Mr. Ryan is convincing in this as in so many other parts of his book. A number of our front rank novelists owe not a small portion of their success to their newspaper experience. It is no small thing to possess the faculty of writing when and how and where emergency calls. The words must leap to the pen, expressing ideas red hot upon the paper, losing not a moment in transit. Your minor poet will spend hours a day in polishing an effort that at the completion bears the aroma of the midnight oil. A year on an evening paper will clarify his style and train his pen. Mr. Ryan weaves a delicate love idyll into the story, and Daisy Darley is a dainty little person. Her rival, Alice Consadine, is hardly so successful; she suggests a machine-made product—the advanced woman of pronounced views turned out to pattern. But this is a detail in a conception notable for delicate yet strong treatment, full of light and shade, and possessing that indescribable quality of glamour that is associated with "fairy gold."

❀ ❀ ❀

There is a quality of style about Miss Mary Openshaw that marks out LITTLE GREY GIRL (John Ouseley, 6s.) from the mass of novels that appear annually, devoid of distinction and of atmosphere. The author has a simplicity and a reticence that adds immeasurably to her power. The novel deals with a young girl named Silence, and she is a member of the Society of Friends, and we are introduced to her at school. The comments of her school-fellows are refreshingly true to life. Girls, like boys, are eminently barbarous in the early stages of their development, though too often in fiction they are portrayed as incrusted with saccharine qualities fit only for an early death-bed. It was in the year 1870 that Silence went to school, and her reflection on matters of European moment are reproduced with a quaintness infinitely refreshing. The little Quaker shows us a phase of life which modern hurry and stress too often passes by. Sarah, the elderly housemaid, is delightfully Cromwellian in her attitude. "Thee is a foolish child to take heed of what these children say, they cannot be well mannered to make sport of another, which is a thing very ill-pleasing in the sight of God. How did he punish those wicked children who mocked at the Prophet Elijah's scanty head-covering? I have heard thee repeat Dr. Watts' verses on the subject." The verse in question is inimitable, and we cannot resist quoting it:—

> "God quickly stopped their wicked words,
> And sent two raging bears,
> Which tore them limb from limb to death,
> With blood and groans and tears."

These lines Silence recites, and adds a hope that the Almighty will not condemn her school-fellows to similar torments. It would not be fair to anticipate the story of the Romance of the Little Quaker; we leave it to the readers to follow the fortunes of a delightful heroine in a book of singular charm.

❀ ❀ ❀

Mrs. Humphry Ward is nothing if not moral. One may sigh for the ghost of a vanishing story in her novels, yearn for a flutter of the skirts of romance, but, from the first page to the last, Moral, with a very large capital M, inevitably appears. The good boy who went to Sunday-school and was rewarded with a particularly rosy apple, the bad boy who preferred to listen to the singing of the larks in the middle Heaven—and was tossed by a bull—we find them all within the pages of life according to Mrs. Humphry Ward. THE MATING OF LYDIA (Smith, Elder and Co., 6s.) dots the i's and crosses the t's of moral excellence with unfailing precision. The author sees life in black and white, the sheep and the goats are relentlessly driven into their respective pens unrelieved by humour, unredeemed by any appearance of spontaneity. Her latest effort neatly tabulates the men and women whose characteristics she pitilessly labels: Lydia, to whom money is a burden and a snare; Tatham, to whom wealth has come so naturally that he never thinks of it; Melrose, to whom wealth was a poison in the blood; and Faversham, to whom it presents a temptation and great ordeal of his life. We quote from the résumé of the book kindly provided by a thoughtful publisher in tabloid form. For further information we refer the reader to the novel in the confident hope and expectation that whatever they do not find therein they will indubitably meet with a Moral.

❀ ❀ ❀

The cult of the open road has been somewhat overdone of late. All sorts and conditions of vagabonds have been depicted, every variety of vagrant enshrined within the pages of romance. Mr. Laurence Oliphant, however, has contrived to get out of the beaten track. THE TRAMP (Constable, 6s.) does not treat of the ordinary type of waster, the man who takes to the road because the town rejects him. Christopher Bryan goes on tramp because he "could dream his own dreams, which is the chiefest form of recreation in the world, and most satisfying; . . . for Christopher is a poet, a fact to which he owed his present lamentable condition. With his education and intellect he might have been something more prosperous—a schoolmaster, or a minister, or even a stockbroker. But his incurable devotion to truth and the beautiful incapacitated him from becoming a decent member of society." Unable to bear the hideousness of slum life, Christopher took to the road. Mr. Oliphant's descriptions of the country are full of colour and freshness, Jess and Maggie are human entities—no mere machine-made women. In certain scenes, notably between Maggie and Lloyd, the man who has betrayed her, the author reaches a height of drama and power almost unique in an age that fences with emotion and flirts with elemental passion. "The Tramp" is one of the most notable books issued within recent times.

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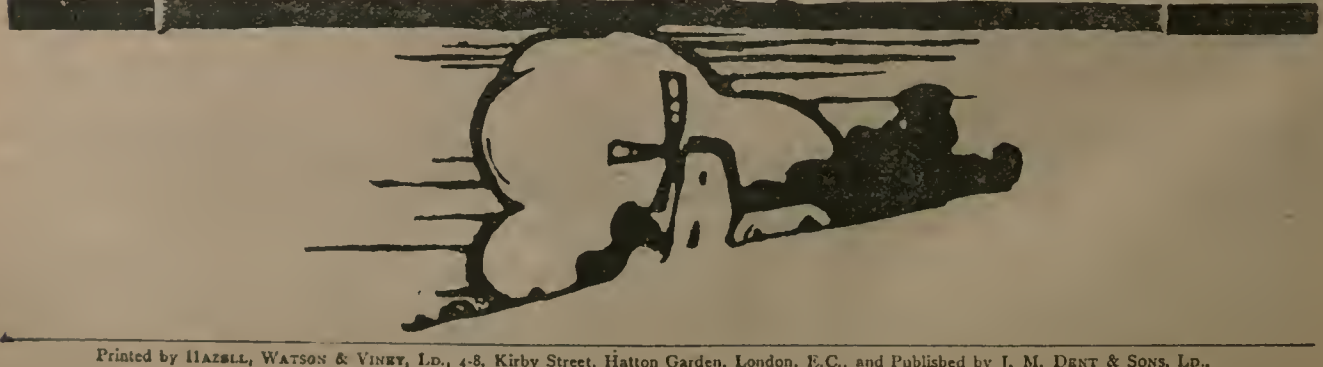

Printed by HAZELL, WATSON & VINEY, LD., 4-8, Kirby Street, Hatton Garden, London, E.C., and Published by J. M. DENT & SONS, LD., Aldine House, Bedford Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.

# EVERYMAN

**His Life, Work, and Books.**

No. 23. Vol. 1. [REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O.] FRIDAY, MARCH 21, 1913 One Penny.


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### ARTICLES

BY

HILAIRE BELLOC

LADY FRANCES BALFOUR

PROFESSOR J. S. PHILLIMORE

E. HERMANN


## HISTORY IN THE MAKING

### NOTES OF THE WEEK.

PARLIAMENTARY debates have been unprecedently dull since the opening of the Session. Overwrought and all but exhausted members have been trying in vain to bring something like zest and verve to the reconsideration of questions over which they have racked their brains only so recently, and important matters, such as the relations between local and Imperial taxation and the abuse of the Parliament Act, have been discussed in a practically empty House. Lord Robert Cecil's suggestion that the House should delegate more of its work to committees would certainly, if carried out, ensure the House as a whole against overwork, and give the unoccupied private member something to do. One doubts, however, if the idea will find acceptance. Quite apart from our constitutional British shyness of innovations, there is still a superstition abroad that the average private member is most harmless in an unoccupied state.

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The phrase "Triple Entente" has been ruffling the pools of political opinion quite considerably of late. On the one hand, we are told that Britain must face up to one of two alternatives—a policy of isolation, or a policy of a Continental army. On the other hand, it is urged that, while we certainly have one entente with France and another with Russia, there is no such thing as a "triple entente"—using the phrase in the same sense as the Triple Alliance—and that Britain's security lies in the maintenance of a judiciously impartial attitude towards the European system of alliances. The issue is not only of supreme national importance: it is a European problem. And, whatever view one takes, it can hardly be denied that the recent revival of the national consciousness, with all its benefits, is beset by the danger of that shrill form of patriotism which is the hysteria of nations.

The Anti-Slavery and Aborigines Protection Society have issued a leaflet entitled "Slavery in West Africa," and consisting of passages translated from a pamphlet by Senhor Jeronimo Paiva de Carvalho, one-time Curator (i.e., Protector of natives) under the Portuguese Government. Senhor de Carvalho's statements gain force from the fact that his pamphlet was published in Portugal, and was not inspired by any British society or individual. It throws a grim light upon the conditions of the negro labourer in West Africa, and will doubtless help to promote serious investigation of the farce of "contract labour." It adds an ironic touch to the situation that the scene of this disguised slavery is the country which Livingstone died to open to Christian civilisation.

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The Livingstone Centenary is recalling many wholesome and inspiring things to our remembrance, and perhaps none more worth remembering than the stern and frugal conditions which went to produce a Livingstone, and thousands like him in spirit, though not in genius. To read once again of that humble home in Blantyre; of the stern father who learnt Gaelic so that he might read the Bible to his wife in the only language she fully understood; of the mother in whom unswerving rectitude was wedded to a beautiful tenderness; of the long factory hours during which the lad of ten taught himself in brief snatches from books placed on the spinning-jenny; of student life on half a crown a week; of the final talk with his parents before he left Scotland—to recall all this is to chasten our thoughtless contempt for the old strictness and narrowness. Those were dour days, when laughter was frowned at, and the light-heartedness of youth reproved, and the simplest pleasure was regarded as a sin. We have wisely got rid of the sunless severity of former days; but how recapture the dignity, refinement and spiritual vision which the old attitude towards life bred in the poorest and most unlettered?

# SHOULD LLOYD GEORGE IMITATE NAPOLEON? ⁂ ⁂ A Reply by Hilaire Belloc

Some weeks ago the distinguished leader of the Belgian Socialist party, Emile Vandervelde, wrote an article for Everyman, of which the title demanded whether the present Chancellor of the Exchequer in this country would do well to imitate Napoleon. The thesis of this article was that the proper way of treating the land of a country was to take it away from individual owners and to put it into the hands of the politicians—who, it was understood, would distribute the produce equitably.

Now as to the title of this article, I confess myself unable to deal with it. Personally, I do not think the Chancellor of the Exchequer has much to say to the measures which are put forward in his name. That is not the way in which we do things at Westminster. Our politicians are only the spokesmen for the great plutocratic interests which to-day really govern the country. But as to Monsieur Vandervelde's conclusions, these are another matter, and much more interesting than the Chancellor of the Exchequer. I propose to deal with them.

The leader of the Belgian Socialists (as befits his creed and that of all his fellow Socialists throughout Europe) demands the removal from private control of the means of production, and, among the means of production, of course, *land*. To use his own words, he demands "the collective appropriation of the unearned increment," and this, being translated into common talk, means the taking away of the land from those who now own it, and the putting it into the hands of the politicians.

Please note at the outset that this strictly logical and lucid Socialist formula can mean nothing in practice but the control by the politicians of the land and capital of the country, and therefore of all our lives.

That is a fundamental proposition from which there is no escaping.

Somebody must have the right to say what shall be done with a certain plough and a particular piece of land. If that somebody is "the community," that would mean in theory that all England met for the purposes of debate would, after mature deliberation and a vote, set Alfred Smith at the plough tail, his boy, Bill Smith, at the team, and bid them turn up the ten acre, beginning at the end by the willows. All England standing by would see that the work was done properly, and out of great public stores of food and clothing would, after further deliberation and a vote, authorise the Smiths to take so much food and clothing for their maintenance until the harvest. But all England cannot do this. It is a physical necessity that the public officers of the community, and *not* the community, should do the actual ordering about and distribution under such a system, and the public officers of the community are, of course, the politicians. Therefore, in practice, this system means handing over the control of the land and the ploughs and the Smith family to the politicians.

No matter what you do to escape from that unpleasant conclusion, you are bound to come back to it. Some people try to escape from it by calling themselves "Guild-Socialists." They would have agriculture run by a Union of all Agriculturists. But if the Union was large its officers would be exactly what the politicians are, and if you substitute for a large Union a large number of small groups, you are re-establishing private property, for you are giving to small sub-units of the State power of economic control apart from the State, and you are giving privileges to the little group which is better situated over the little group which is worse situated. If you say: "No, I won't allow the better situated group to get the advantage; I will set over both groups the authority of the 'community' and distribute the advantages of the more favoured," why, then, back comes the politician again.

Well, both with regard to the land and agricultural implements and steadings and stores of seed and food and clothing and the rest (in other words, with agricultural land and capital), and also with regard to most forms of the means of production, the Socialist way out of our present difficulties seems to me a bad way; and the distribution of the control over these means of production by way of private property seems to me a good way. For the purposes of this short paper I argue only against M. Vandervelde's arguments in connection with the *land*.

M. Vandervelde in these arguments very properly remarks that peasant proprietorship, particularly in France and Belgium (countries from which the proposal for peasant proprietorship which he is attacking was drawn), is imperfect. It co-exists with a considerable agricultural proletariat, and the distribution of the land is exceedingly unequal. The implication is that you cannot have a peasant proprietorship established without these attendant evils. He might have extended this argument by quoting the case of Ireland, where a newly created system of peasant proprietorship exhibits both these defects. But I should reply (1) that these two defects, though never wholly avoidable, are to be judged by the degree of their severity, and (2) that this degree is (*a*) exaggerated by M. Vandervelde, and (*b*) not inherent in a system of peasant proprietorship.

I say that in the first place the ill distribution of the land in existing peasant society is not as bad as the Socialists make out, and in the second place that the existence of such a peasantry does not involve even the present degree of that evil, but rather its diminution.

As to the first point. It is true that more than a third of French land is held in properties of over one hundred acres; it is further true that nearly nineteen-twentieths of the owners own less than twenty-five acres, but it is not true that this great mass of small owners are incapable of economic freedom, and therefore of full citizenship; nor is it true that a third of the acreage being in the hands of large owners (though these are but one-sixtieth of the total number of families) connotes a corresponding economic advantage.

The social fact which you seize at once when you live in any peasant district of France, and which corrects this meagre and insufficient piece of statistics, is that the small ownership largely covers valuable land and areas of intensive culture (vineyards, olive gardens, market gardens, etc.), while large ownership is correspondingly explained (though, of course, only partially explained) by its covering forests, poor pasturage, marsh, and heath. Statistics are the most misleading form of information unless one uses a great number of cross tables, illustrating and correcting as a whole the apparent deductions from

any one of them. And when you turn to the statistics of assessment, to the value of the land per acre as compared with the mere size of the holdings, you get a much more equitable result than Monsieur Vandervelde suggests.

Take a purely agricultural district, but one in which the revolution has had least effect, and where, therefore, the argument should be against me. Take Vendée. Vendée has about a million and a half acres, of which about a million acres are good pasture or cultivated land. We can test the distribution of property in this agricultural district. Some 3,000 heads of families die every year, and we have records of their assessments at death. Those records certainly show grave inequality. The assessments (always lower, remember, than the real values of small property) show a total of about a million and a half pounds passing at death every year. A good deal more than a third of this is left by a small proportion of large owners. I find sixty assessments in the neighbourhood of £3,000 and thirty in the neighbourhood of £5,000 or £6,000. But when we come to the small holders we get the root of the matter. If you note all the freehold values, from the little steadings of a few acres and a cottage at £100 or so up to the substantial farmer who is put at £2,000, you find no less than two-thirds of the whole population included in such a list. And of those two-thirds much the greater part are men who fall under assessments which mean not an insufficient holding, but a livelihood. How much of the population may be proletarian it is impossible to discover exactly, but certainly much less than the remaining third, since this includes the deaths of minors, children who leave little or no property, and members of the family, adult indeed, but living unmarried under the same roof as the head of the family.

When you take yet another line of analysis, the impression of wide distribution is confirmed. I have pointed out that one must consider not only the acreage but the value of land. Well, of the million acres which are under cultivation in Vendée you have only 40,000, or 4 per cent., under vines, but that four per cent. in mere acreage supports something like ten per cent. of the population, produces three and a half million gallons of wine, and a total of economic values representing perhaps half a million English pounds. If you take the acreage owned by these small proprietors of vines, it is small indeed. It is an average of no more than four or five acres; but if you consider the important thing, which is the income, you find an average of something like £2 a week coming to those small owners, and, mind you, this is in a country where there are no highly priced wines.

But I say that not only does the Socialist argument exaggerate the degree of inequality in a peasant proprietary, it wholly misunderstands the connection between peasant proprietary and distribution. It argues as though because peasant property was as a fact unequally distributed there were some necessary tendency in the ownership of land by the families living upon it which produced ill distribution. But here again the full statistics are against the argument. Throughout Western Europe, wherever you have any appreciable distribution of landed property, that distribution is not decreasing, it is increasing. The whole tone of a peasant society, the customs it establishes, and the positive laws which it either inspires or tolerates are against the reconcentration of land into few hands. I do not think you will find in the history of Western Christendom one single example of high concentration which has not been effected by violence, nor one single example of an agricultural society left free to develop on its own lines which has not developed as a peasant proprietary.

I have no space to pursue the many arguments that occur to me in this connection—I might, for instance, had I the space to deal with such a point, discuss the supposed restriction of population in a peasant State. As a fact, the French peasantry comes highest on the list after the miners, and is 50 per cent. more prolific (307 against 204) than the liberal professions, that is, than that middle class in which the Socialist theory particularly flourishes.

As I have not the space to go into this and twenty other aspects of the matter, let me conclude with what is, after all, the most vital argument of all.

What is the human attitude towards the matter? The middle-class and academic theorist, with his talk of the collectivisation of the means of production, must consider the realities of human society. Let such a man go to the peasant. What will the peasant make of him? Go to the peasant in a society where the mass of families are established upon the land which they own and suggest to him that it would be a normal, a human, or a proper thing that the Government should confiscate his land and, at the best, keep him on as a tenant. How would he consider the proposal?

You have in politics a certain concrete material to deal with, not an abstraction. This material is called "human beings," and in this particular case we know a great deal about it, for we are of them ourselves; we are, all of us, human beings of Western Christendom. That material, working out its nature, organises itself into families, and, wherever it has the power of doing so, it establishes those families as owners of the land they live upon. It does not arrive at a perfect result, but those are the lines on which it moves. There is waste, there is injustice in the instinctive actions of this human material, because waste and injustice are human. But much worse, because actually inhuman, are the theories that would go counter to the nature of the material, that would cut across its living fibres, and work regardless of its every vital instinct, and that is exactly what the Socialist theory does. It is no argument for such inhuman academic theories to say they are a remedy for Capitalism. That horrible disease is horrible because it is inhuman; the remedy for it must be a return to human arrangements. Capitalism arose not from any natural economic development, but from a violent disturbance of natural development, ultimately traceable to the revolution effected in this country in the sixteenth century. Where capitalism has driven men to desperation, Socialism as an untried remedy has flourished in imagination only, and usually for a short time at that. It has never proceeded to action, and I do not think it ever can. Its leaders at this moment are compromising everywhere with the enemy and substituting a Servile for a Collectivist solution. But what ghost of a chance has Socialism, even as a proposal, with any society which Capitalism has not made desperate? If you want an answer to that question, go to any peasant proprietary you like. Go to Andorra or Brabant, to the most up-to-date or to the most belated of such districts, only go to a district where most of the families own. Ask a few of those peasants to meet you, and take a vote upon the proposal that the politicians should control their farms. They would probably not vote, for they would think the proposal mad. They would not be very far from the truth; for the unreal and inhuman things of the academies when they attempt to translate themselves into ordinary life are just that. They are mad.

# WOMEN AT WORK By Margaret Hamilton

## V.—THE NURSE

*The question of women's employment, with its attendant problems of the rate of wages, hours of labour, and the inevitable competition with men workers, is a burning one, affecting as it does the welfare of the entire community. The Editor invites his readers' views on this all-important subject.*

It is a striking proof that the mainspring of woman's nature is not self-interest, that, though the nursing of the sick is one of the most arduous of occupations, calling for long hours of labour and a heavy mental and physical strain, the number of those anxious to enter the profession are annually on the increase. And this in face of the fact that the wages earned during the period of training are less than those of a domestic servant, while the work is infinitely harder. The profession of nurse is a comparatively new one. Sixty years ago Sairey Gamp reigned supreme in the sick-room, and the unfortunate patients in the hospitals knew not the relief of any of the alleviations of modern science, practised by the efficient and deft-fingered sisters of the ward.

It is difficult to understand the storm of protest raised against the notion of lady nurses at the time of the Crimean War. Our soldiers were dying like flies of typhoid at the front, with only the rudest appliances for medical and surgical treatment, and the roughest and most elementary attention. The genius of Florence Nightingale effected a sweeping change in hospital equipment, and, in the teeth of the strongest opposition, she organised a band of women, who proved the pioneers of the army of nurses of the present day.

One gets a glimpse of the comfort and the healing Miss Nightingale brought to the poor fellows at the front in the name given to her by the sick soldiers—a name that, handed down these sixty years, conjures up in a flash a picture of the long wards, with row upon row of narrow beds, each with its tossing, often delirious, occupant. "The Lady with the Lamp" the sick men called her, and well might sleepless eyes brighten at the glimmer of the light that heralded the quiet figure with the gentle face and ministering hands.

The time of training in the big London hospitals is between three and four years, according to the class of work in which the nurse specialises. The applicant seeking entrance as probationer must pass a medical examination before she is enrolled on the hospital books. Only the pick of womanhood are accepted, and the earliest age for admission is from twenty to twenty-two. The first six months the probationer is on trial. If during that period she shows herself unequal to the task, fails in health, or exhibits incapacity, she is told she has made a mistake in her vocation, and must seek other work.

The hours are very long. In the smaller hospitals the probationer is on duty for twelve hours out of the twenty-four, with intervals for meals; and, though the periods of duty are divided by two hours of rest, the strain on mind and body is considerable. The number of miles that in the course of a week the probationer covers in her journeys up and down the ward would prove astonishing; but the urgent calls of "Nurse," with manifold requests from the occupants of the beds, do not leave time for the consideration of distance or fatigue.

The probationer's duties include the cleaning of brasses, bathroom taps, etc., the dusting of the lockers and the bed-rails in the wards, and the removing of every speck of dust from the furniture generally. The "polishing" completed, the patients have to be washed and dressed, beds made, breakfasts served, and medicine administered, so that everything is in readiness for the early morning visit of the doctor. The first months of training contain little but routine work. Bandages have to be rolled, surgical needles and instruments must be kept polished, and every utensil used in the operating theatre subjected to a severe antiseptic treatment. Later, she learns to dress wounds, bandage an injured limb, a broken head, etc., and is initiated into the application of fomentations and the taking of temperatures and respiration.

A nurse's first operation is an experience not easily forgotten. Unless her nerves are of the strongest, she inevitably feels the tension, and slips off into unconsciousness at the sight of the knife. But the probationer who has to be carried fainting from the theatre becomes stronger after a while, and, as her nerve gets steadier, learns to acquire that readiness of resource and quickness of eye and hand that make her so invaluable an assistant to the operating surgeon. It falls to the lot of the nurse to get the patient ready for the surgeon, and often the last sight on which despairing eyes are set before they close in the waters of unconsciousness is her fresh, strong face that, under the white-frilled cap, smiles encouragement.

But it is at night when, sleepless from pain and the terrible distress of mind that accompanies severe bodily suffering, one most appreciates the nurse. Watchful and wakeful, from ward to ward she passes, noting any change of symptom in her charges, ready and efficient for whatever may arise. A nurse is on night duty for three months at a stretch, and at first the ordeal is a severe one; but so quickly does nature accommodate herself to changed conditions that after a while she feels the alteration little, learns to eat and drink and sleep at strange hours, and, under the stress of the alteration, finds her pulse has changed completely, so that its beat is strongest between twelve at night and five in the morning, the hours when, normally, vitality is at its lowest ebb!

The conditions in the workhouse infirmaries are even more stringent than in hospital. A girl is received at a younger age, and the health test is not so exacting. The work, however, is very heavy, including scrubbing and cleaning that does not fall to the lot of the ordinary probationer. The responsibilities are also more exacting; as a rule, infirmaries are under-staffed, with disastrous effects on the constitution of the nurses. Especially is this the case at night, when a girl in her twenties is often left in sole charge of over a hundred patients, distributed in different wards. Some of them are delirious, and liable at any moment to become dangerous; others are in need of incessant care; all of them subjects for watchfulness and regard. It is marvellous how soon a nurse acquires the habit of command even in the early stages of her training.

I know a young probationer who, attached to the staff of an infirmary, found herself faced one night by a raving lunatic. The patient, a huge, powerfully built navvy suffering from concussion of the brain,

had suddenly gone mad, and ran after her down a long stone passage, brandishing a chair. The nurse was a slight, fair-haired creature, whom one would have suspected of tears on the slightest provocation. She never flinched, but ordered the Goliath back to bed in a tone one would have used to a refractory child. Like a lamb, he obeyed her, and she summoned assistance.

The salary of a probationer averages from £10 to £12 per year, rising to £24 in the course of her training. She is provided with the material for her print dresses, but has to provide aprons, cuffs, collars and caps, bonnet and cloak out of her slender wages. Her washing is a considerable item, as a nurse must invariably be the perfection of neatness, and it is only in the large hospitals that a laundry is attached. Early in her training she decides if she will specialise in surgical or medical work, and studies accordingly. Examinations are held periodically, which, before she can receive her certificate, she must pass.

Once the nurse has completed her training she is free to practise her profession privately or in a public institution. Some remain on the staff of the hospital to which they are attached, and gradually rise to the position of a ward sister. This, however, only applies to certain of the big hospitals, the regulation varying in each case; others seek an appointment as matron of an infirmary or provincial institution. The large majority, however, go into private life. If they are skilled in surgical, mental, or cancer work, and have influence among the medical profession, they speedily get together a connection, and earn a good income. Their fees average from two to three guineas a week, with an allowance for laundry, and this does not include presents from grateful and appreciative patients.

The ordinary nurse, however, is not so fortunate. With no capital, and but little influence, she goes to an institution where she receives board, lodging, and uniform, and, when she is at work, the munificent sum of 10s. weekly, the institution taking the balance of her fees. During her periods of unemployment she is afforded a home; but, if she is skilful, she is likely to be much in request, and the profit made out of her is a large one.

Of late years co-operative associations have been started, the members of which contribute a percentage of their earnings, which go to the upkeep of a nursing agency. By this means they get in touch with the most profitable kind of work, and, if a nurse knows her business, she is likely to do well out of the arrangement.

Of all professions the nurse comes most closely into contact with the largest number of diverse types; as a rule, she will tell you that men make the worst patients, not from lack of endurance, but from the masculine dislike of inactivity. They chafe against their weakness and rebel at enforced periods of bed. They are more helpful than women, as a rule, however; more chary of giving trouble; and, when it comes to pain, are infinitely grateful for the commiseration women patients exact as a matter of course. Occasionally the masculine sense of chivalry becomes embarrassing, as in the case of a patient who, suffering from acute bronchitis, insisted on getting out of bed to open the door every time the nurse had to leave the sick room.

The most interesting branch of the profession is the Army Nursing Corps. The salaries are good, and free quarters and rations are provided to those attached to the staff. A pension is granted after a certain number of years' service, and the conditions generally are less arduous than those of the ordinary nurse. Only a small number attain this Mecca of the profession, and the majority of nurses, unless they can save out of their earnings, find themselves at sixty years with nothing to fall back upon. There are, however, certain funds connected with nursing associations into which the members pay, but the subscriptions have to extend over many years before a pension can be granted, and only a small percentage can afford to make the necessary sacrifices.

On the whole, and despite the long hours, a nurse's happiest days are spent at the hospital. Patients learn to regard her with enthusiasm and respect, and, if she is one of those natures that combine swift pity with steady self-control, there are no limits to the devotion she inspires. Long after they have come out of hospital, patients will write to her, sometimes from the other side of the world, as in the case of soldiers and sailors, who send grateful letters to the women who tended them in long and painful illnesses. Especially is this the case in regard to the district nurse in country villages. Known to everyone for miles round, she is the confidant of all their troubles and their hopes, and gives them good counsel as well as unflinching devotion. Epidemics do not frighten her. She keeps her head under the most trying circumstances, and, as a rule, thinks of herself last.

To the children nurse is a fairy godmother, and it is a wonderful sight to watch the small, thin faces of the little ones light up at the approach of their favourite. In the poorer districts a sojourn in hospital means to the child a period of delight. For young minds have the merciful capacity of forgetting suffering, and, when the worst pain is over and the period of convalescence is begun, the bright, cheerful ward, the good food provided, the innumerable books and toys, above all, the pretty nurses who spoil them, leave an impression on the small child not easily forgotten.

A maternity nurse completes her training in a much shorter period, but she has to pay for admission into lying-in hospitals, where she is taught her profession. Her fees average from ten to twelve guineas for the month, exclusive of board, lodging, and laundry. She earns every penny of this sum, and, for the most part, gets but little regular sleep or rest for the period she is engaged. It is wonderful, remembering the hundreds of cases the maternity nurse undertakes, the innumerable babies that pass through her hands, that she retains unspoiled the ready flow of human sympathy that is woman's chiefest attribute. Lavish of trouble, considerate only of her patient's welfare, and the care of the little child she has helped to bring into the world, at no time are the highest qualities of a nurse better exhibited. With interest unabated by years of experience, she studies the idiosyncrasies of every infant, prescribes the food most suitable for its constitution, learns its temper, studies its tricks and manners, and, most wonderful of all, preserves a separate niche in her affections for each one of them.

And, as at the beginning, so at the end of life, when hope is over, the doctors have gone away, and the house is hushed—for the angel of death is at the threshold—the courage of the nurse never falters, nor does her devotion fail. She makes smooth the last dread passage, easing the way; her voice comforts; her word consoles; her eyes, wise with the knowledge of human love and human suffering, soften with a divine commiseration; her tender hands ministering unto the very threshold of the valley of the shadow.

For compassion is the rarest and most precious jewel in the crown of womanhood; and nowhere does it burn so brightly and with so pure a flame as in the nurse.

# LIFE IN A LONDON BASTILLE ⁂ BY THOMAS HOLMES PART II.

"YES," she continued, "they lie in our little rooms till the funeral; there is a dead man in the floor beneath us at the present time." I hastened to change the subject. "I think it is four years since I last visited you; were you not then living at the other end of this corridor?" "Ah! we had to leave there in a hurry. The roof gave way during a storm and we were flooded out; it happened in the night, too. These rooms were empty, so we moved here during the night." "Do you prefer these rooms?" "Well, we like them better now, but they were so verminous that we were worried night and day. The children could get no sleep. Their room was the worst of all, but the sanitary man came and stripped the walls, and we manage to keep them under now."

"What rent do you pay?" "Five and sixpence rent and twopence weekly for cleaning the corridors; they don't clean them very often."

"Tell me," I said, "do the tradesmen call for orders and deliver goods in these buildings; does the butcher's boy, the baker's boy, or the milkman ever pay a visit here? How do you get your coals up? Who carries them?"

"No tradesmen of any sort or description; no one but the undertaker ever comes near us, but once a week, on Mondays, a coal trolley comes into the courtyard, when we go down to buy our bits of coal. If I buy half a hundredweight the man carries it up and charges a halfpenny, and he earns it, too; if I buy fourteen pounds I carry it up myself. The coal-man is the only tradesman that comes up, and, as I have said, he comes up for an extra halfpenny. There are not many half hundreds of coal sold here, mostly it is fourteen pounds. Why, when I buy half a hundredweight and follow the man up, the people are all jealous and say I am an aristocrat!"

"But," I repeated, "do not canvassers call on you and press you to buy sewing machines or furniture on the hire system?" "The only canvasser that calls here is the life assurance man; he collects a lot of money here, and he pays a good deal back again, for the doctor says this is a 'veritable death-trap.' We should miss the collector if he stopped calling, for every time there is a death here he is sure to call at every door and insure more of us."

"What milk do you use?" "Skimmed condensed, two tins a week." "Your children bring up the bread, etc., I suppose?" "Why, yes, for neither father nor myself can go down very often, for getting up again is hard work."

"You have some queer neighbours, I expect!" "You're right. There are all sorts here—widows, couples married and unmarried, men out of work and women working for them, women with sick husbands, and women without husbands, old people waiting to die, little ones waiting to be born. Oh, there's a rare mix up in these buildings; when you once get in you can't get out again, till you die!"

"Good gracious! What do you mean by that?" "Why, we are all poor people, and the agent, if we have any goods, lets us get behind with our rent. I owe more than £3, and though I paid one shilling off last week, I shall never be able to pay the lot. So here we must stop, for we cannot move our things while we owe rent; that's what keeps most of us here. We have been here for five years; when we came I never thought we should stop five weeks."

"What has become of the blind matchbox-maker and his wife?" "They are gone from these buildings; he died, and she had got him insured for a big lump, so she paid up and cleared out."

"I remember a boy and girl of yours that I saw four years ago, both clever at school; what has become of them?" "They are with us now. My daughter is eighteen years, and sleeps in that little room with her sister and our three youngest boys. Father and myself sleep in the other little room, and the boy you are enquiring about sleeps along with another boy in this room, where we live and work.

"I make up a bed for them on the floor. He had a fine fright the other morning. We live next to the roof, and that is flat, so that anyone can get on to it. We heard a lot of noise and blows and quarrelling above us during the night, but as we are used to such things, we took no notice, and slept as well as we could. Jimmy always has to get up first, and when he went out to the tap he found a woman standing by it all covered with blood. She had been cut about the neck with a knife. He ran back and told us, but when we got up she was going slowly down the stairs, leaving spots of blood and bloody hand-marks where she had rested on the walls. We never enquired about her. Many a fight takes place in these corridors. You see, the iron gates are never closed, for the people who live here come home at all hours.

"I daresay you have noticed that none of the different entrances have doors; they are all open, and the gas is out at half-past ten. Sometimes strangers come and sleep in the passages outside our room doors; sometimes they go on the roof, where there is an open washhouse that anyone can use; occasionally there are fights between strangers and some of our people, but generally the disturbance is amongst our own neighbours. I often hear men swearing, women screaming, and children crying in the early hours of the morning.

"Sometimes the police are present, but not often, for they do not like to interfere with us. Oh, it is so horrible! I wish we could get out. What will become of our children?"

"Tell a little more," I said. "Who does the laundry work for the many hundreds who live in this place?" "Laundry work!" she scoffed. "Laundry work!—beautiful laundry work for us! Why, we do it ourselves when it is done—wash in our own rooms, dry in our own rooms, iron in our own rooms. What else can we do? Come upon the roof, and I will show you the washhouse!" We stood upon the roof of the city of woe, whose walls stood four square, whose gates were ever open night and day. Down below in the mist we could see the broken courtyard; on every hand interminable narrow streets of back-to-back little houses, ugly and monotonous; thousands of earthenware chimney-pots ugly and grey belching forth their blighting smuts; an endless array of miserable back-yards with their rags and rubbish. We stood and looked at all these and many similar things, and then at the washhouse!

There being no door to dispute our entrance, we walked in. Not a single cinder was to be seen. The four rusty coppers had been innocent of boiling water and soap for ages. No wind-flapped clothing had been given sweetness and health upon that melancholy roof for years past, if ever.

For there was no convenience for laundry work saving only the four rusty furnaces; but there was the everlasting "shoot," into whose capacious maw, down whose elongated throat the refuse from the copper fires might be precipitated—and the iron mouth of the "shoot" was grim and rusty.

"I suppose you never do your washing up here?"

"I have washed things here but once. I have never known anyone else use it. We cannot afford the necessary coal, and if we could we would have to carry it up or pay extra. People from below won't come up here to wash, and those that are on top cannot carry up coal, etc.; so those of us who do any washing, do it in our own rooms."

*(To be continued.)*

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## LITERARY NOTES

THE Livingstone centenary recalls the fact that the great explorer and missionary wrote three books—"Missionary Travels" (1857); "The Zambesi and its Tributaries" (1865); and his "Last Journals," published posthumously in 1874. Sir Harry Johnston, who knows more about Africa than any man living, says that Livingstone's books are a mine of information to the student of Africa. We may take it so; but I hardly think Sir Harry would say that Livingstone's narratives make fascinating reading. Their literary workmanship is decidedly poor.

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Livingstone had neither the time nor the patience necessary for good writing. He was wont to say that he would rather cross Africa than write a book. The "Missionary Travels," which gives a full account of his wonderful journeys in the years 1849-1856, in the course of which he crossed the continent from west to east, is carelessly put together, and shows clearly that the writer did not make the most of his unique materials. But, despite its poor literary quality, it met with remarkable success, for people were as eager then as now to hear of the experiences of an intrepid traveller in an unknown region of the world.

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"The Zambesi and its Tributaries," which narrates the history of the second Zambesi expedition and ruthlessly exposes the Portuguese slave trade, was really a joint literary concern. Livingstone's brother, Charles, who accompanied the expedition, wrote a full diary, which was largely drawn upon in writing the book. But, as might be expected, the arrangement led to muddling. Each forgot that the work was a joint concern, with the result that there was overlapping and an utter lack of unity. The book, it is interesting to add, was written at Newstead Abbey, so intimately associated with the career of Byron. Here, as the guest of his friend and companion, Mr. Webb, Livingstone spent eight of the happiest months of his life.

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Livingstone's "Last Journals," which was edited by his friend, the Rev. Horace Waller, with the assistance of Susi and Chuma, is in many respects the most interesting of the three books. It is an eminently human document, and reveals, as neither of the two earlier books do, Livingstone the man. The work consists largely of jottings, so brief and fragmentary in some places as to be almost unintelligible; but how moving they are, and what a tale of fortitude and dauntless courage do they unfold! The two books published during the explorer's lifetime sold extremely well, and Livingstone was also very fortunate in his publisher, Mr. John Murray, from whom he received £12,000 for the two works—a sum which meant a great deal more in those days than now.

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My recent remarks on poetry as a marketable commodity has brought me an interesting paragraph, from which I learn that Mr. Alfred Noyes's visit to America was heralded by the announcement that he was the only man now living who relied upon verse-writing for a livelihood. Interviewed on the subject, Mr. Noyes confessed that he made a living out of verse, and added that he had not found it very difficult. This is a remarkable statement, and I suspect that many less fortunate versifiers will be trying to find out how it is done.

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Sir Hugh Clifford has surely hit upon a very unattractive title for his new novel, which Mr. Murray is bringing out shortly. The book is to be called "Malayan Monochromes." Evidently the scene is laid in the Malay Peninsula, of the native life of which the author has already written so delightfully in his "In Court and Kampong." Sir Hugh is also the author of "Further India," a first-rate book for those who wish to know what has been done in the way of exploring Burma, Malaya, Siam, and Indo-China.

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Some weeks ago I referred to a history of Parliamentary oratory which might shortly be expected. The writer is Dr. Robert Craig, of Edinburgh, a well-known Congregational minister. The volume, which will be entitled "Seven Centuries of Parliamentary Oratory," will contain not only selections from representative and epoch-making speeches, but a narrative of the circumstances which gave rise to them. It will also set forth the outstanding incidents in the careers of the various orators dealt with. This is a work which was worth undertaking. If it is well done, the book ought to be of exceptional interest, apart altogether from the subject, for it breaks new ground. Dr. Craig has been engaged on the volume for several years.

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I cannot understand why the approaching sale of the Browning love-letters should meet with so much opposition. There is no question of the violation of a sacred trust or of the revealing of the tenderest feelings of the poet for the gratification of vulgar curiosity, for the letters are already printed, and he who runs may read. The copyright is not in the market, and it would not matter much if it were so far as publicity is concerned. The present commotion has simply to do with the comparatively insignificant point as to whether the paper on which the letters are written should pass from one owner to another.

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The disaster to Dr. Mawson's South Pole expedition has brought into prominence the island of Macquarie, where the wireless message was received. This desolate island was the scene of a thrilling shipwreck some years ago, the story of which has been told by Mr. Inches Thomson in his book "Voyages and Wanderings in Far-off Seas and Lands." For some weeks the crew were without news of the outer world, and had to endure the rigours of the climate with few of the comforts of civilised life.

X. Y. Z.

# BISHOP GORE

## By E. Hermann

I.

THE man in the street, with his constitutional inability to see more than one thing at a time, does not quite know what to make of Bishop Gore. Here is a man—a "parson," too—who shows a refreshing absence of "other-worldliness," and occupies himself, not only unashamedly, but even passionately, with the problems affecting man's life here and now. Hear him crash into the sterile conventionality and heartless respectability of the Church! Hear him fulminate against the black injustice of a social system based upon selfishness and greed! If the man in the street be a Socialist, he will applaud himself hoarse; if he be anti-Socialist, he will groan himself tired. Whatever be his convictions, he will admit that this Bishop is a man any way—a brainy, fearless, open-eyed citizen of the modern world. "Christ not a social reformer?" he asks indignantly. "Why, He founded the Church, the brotherhood! If you say to me, 'I don't want to go mixing myself up with your dirty politics, I want to follow pure religion,' I say to you, 'Go and do it!' That is the most revolutionary thing you can do. People will not call it social reform, but something a great deal worse. It is the most revolutionary thing you can do; it is what has turned the world upside down!" Like them or not, these are the words of a man; and your man in the street, who has hitherto connected the episcopal mitre with effeminacy, will cheer to the echo.

II.

But what is this? A Good Friday service at St. Paul's—a three-hours' service, too—and a thin, ascetic-looking man in the pulpit, fixing dreamy eyes upon the wall opposite and speaking of such strange, remote, old-world things as contrition, repentance, conversion, prayer, meditation, mortification of self, preparation for death. What mediævalism is this? The man in the street, who may have strayed into the Cathedral from sheer curiosity, or who reads the report of the service in next morning's paper, shrugs his shoulders. And the preacher is Charles Gore, most bold, enlightened and progressive of bishops; higher critic, liberal thinker, and social reformer. And he speaks of these strange religious dogmas and practices as if they were tremendously real, supremely important to him. The dreamy eyes open suddenly with a keen directness that surprises. They fill with a light which the casual and curious hearer cannot fathom. What is it that makes this hearer fidget in his seat? It may be the unwonted religious phraseology. It may be the length of the discourse. It certainly is the unaccustomed contact with that mysterious something we call the spiritual life.

III.

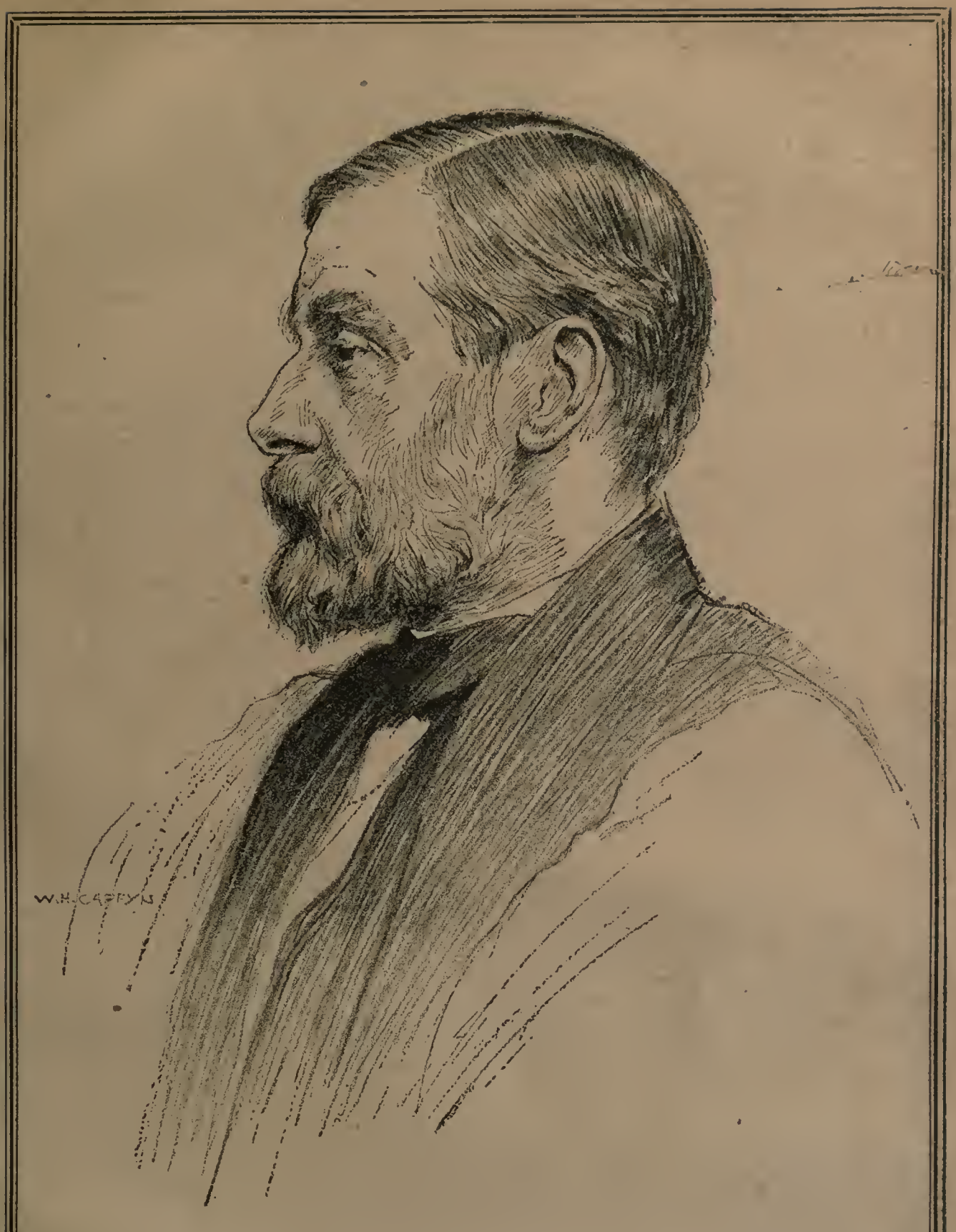
The thing that makes this casual hearer of ours so uncomfortable in listening to Bishop Gore at St. Paul's may be called by various names. "Vocation" is perhaps the best of them. One cannot be with the Bishop for long without becoming aware of a certain aloofness and detachment of soul—not the *odi-profanum-vulgus* attitude of the amateur adept, but the humble "withdrawnness" of one whom, not his spiritual arrogance, but the call of God has snatched from the sunny meadows of life into the wilderness where beasts and angels keep the sons of God mysterious company. There is a sense of dedication, of priesthood; an impassable discretion and an invincible spiritual virtue about this virile ascetic. One is irresistibly reminded of certain passages in Pater's "Marius," where we read how "the first early boyish ideal of dedication" survived in Marius "when all thoughts of such vocations had finally passed from him," and how it "made him revolt with unfaltering instinct from the bare thought of any excess." Or one might recall the beautiful words in the same book which record the impression made upon Marius by his Christian companion, in whom he recognised "an austere and grave kind of beauty, a peculiar severity, something far more than the expression of military hardness, . . . some inward standard of distinction, selection, refusal, amid the various elements of the fervid, corrupt life across which they were moving."

IV.

As a boy of fifteen, Charles Gore heard a sermon by Dr. Westcott on the need for a revival of community life. His boyish soul leapt up to the preacher's words as the wave leaps up to the oar, and in that hour the Community of the Resurrection at Mirfield was born in the mind of the boy-priest. The community ideal remains with the Bishop to this day, and it must be admitted that he is a natural ascetic, to whom surrender is not as hard as to some, and who sits lightly to even the simplest amenities of life. One imagines his happiest days were spent at Mirfield, where a severe rule proved a well-fitting yoke that made easy work of life's burdens. It is significant that when he was transferred to Westminster he brought the Mirfield atmosphere with him, living a simple, religious, community life in his small rooms in the Cloisters, which he shared with two or three like-minded priests. His asceticism is of that convincingly authentic type which silences all sneers. There is nothing petty or sentimental about it. He has made the great Choice, and that implies many small refusals. That is only common sense. If a man wants to be Prime Minister, he cannot at the same time be the beadle of Mudborough, or frequent the Back Kitchen Club of a night—these joys must be surrendered if he really means Downing Street. So Charles Gore frankly tells us that, while the type of Christianity which counts all things *lawful* may be most truly Christian, the type which counts all things *expedient* is not only inferior Paganism, but utter, mindless nonsense.

V.

And what has all this to do with Bishop Gore's broad influence as a social force—for it is as a social force that he will be remembered. Much every way. The dream in his eyes, the mingled humility and dignity of his pose, the simplicity and sincerity of his speech, the single-minded desire to convince, the intense, yet entirely unarrogant, certainty of the truth of what he says—it is these, and the deeper qualities they symbolise, which put the hall-mark upon his social efforts. And they were not learnt on any platform; they were learnt in the way of inward purgation and spiritual crucifixion. He has no platform tricks, is never tempted to substitute effectiveness for truth, has never grasped at power or influence. He confesses that he is responsible for his brother; he denies that he is responsible for him to either the crowd or the aristocracy of intellect and progress. His Socialism is founded neither upon materialistic considerations nor upon gracious human sentiment. It is founded upon God's presence with man. He would say, "It is founded upon the Incarnation." That sounds uncomfortably theological and mystical, and is most uncomfortably practical.




RT. REV. CHARLES GORE, NATUS 1853

# THE GREEK DRAMA BY PROF. J. S. PHILLIMORE

## I.—ÆSCHYLUS

Thence what the lofty, grave tragedians taught
In chorus or iambic, teachers best
Of moral prudence, with delight received,
In brief sententious precepts, while they treat
Of fate, and chance, and change in human life,
High actions and high passions best describing.
*Paradise Regained*, Book IV.

I.

NO finer and more concise description has ever been given of Greek tragedy than these famous lines of Milton. But before commencing even the briefest account of what that tragedy was, it is good for Everyman to remember two things in season and out of season. If we assert the name of Greece with a persistency of iteration which sometimes irritates those who claim to have tapped the same stream lower down in its course, where access is easier and equal refreshment (they say) more cheaply gained, that is because the Greeks not only produced individual works of unequalled beauty in the arts and sciences (and they never made the blunder of dividing these too sharply), but because they have taught all the world *all the forms*.

To learn even one language is a glorious charter of intellectual expansion. But to *make* a language which abides as a perpetual model, and a perpetual guarantee against the shrinkage of thought in the weaker seasons of humanity! That is what the Greeks did. Each in turn, the Romans, and we their heirs, the moderns, have measured our resources of speech by the Greek measure, and (by the healthy, developing discipline of translation and imitation) stretched the capacity and expressiveness of our vernaculars. Look at any language *before* and *after* the period at which it had scholars who were able to judge it by the pattern of Greek—English *before* and *after* Sir Thomas More, for example.

II.

Mankind are divinely moved to express themselves. In many mediums, or codes, or conventions they strive continually to effect a release of desire, curiosity, and passion. Inarticulate man is man in pain. His highest happiness is to set up transmitters and receivers for superhuman communications. Each mastery achieved in stone or metal or paint is a victory for the human race; but the greatest of all such victories is the discovery of a new literary form. Can we ever speak too highly of the nation which discovered practically *all* the literary forms in which man has spoken to God or to man ever since? Yet this is the truth. Epic, drama, history, dialogue, treatise, essay, novel, etc., etc.; go where you will, the Greeks have been there before you. We moderns have but developed or modified their originals; at best we can boast a few lucky hybrids.

To invent any one mould into which posterity can pour its own metal, and give it thereby that consistency or truth or significance which is called style, is an immense service; but is not the greatest of all such inventions, the Dramatic Form? Tragedy is the noblest thing in written art, said Schopenhauer, as Architecture is the noblest of arts, as Portrait-painting is the masterpiece of Painting.

III.

After a brief but incredibly glorious career at Athens (which the next two papers will sketch), it passed from flower to fruit, from fruit to seed. It was silent for many centuries, until the ancient voices began to be heard again in the tumult of the Renaissance; since then, never silent, it has voiced "the wits that dived most deep and soared most high" in almost every European language. But Shakespeare, Corneille, Calderon, and all the rest are heirs of Æschylus. How can I even indicate in this little space all that Aristotle meant by saying, in one of his perfect sentences, that "*after many changes Tragedy realised its perfect nature and ceased*"? Recent research (with the intellectual indolence which belongs to the antiquarian habit) has especially studied to inquire into the archaic penumbra from which Tragedy steps forth into the light of History and of Art. Such inquiries serve no literary purpose. Higher criticism of the Bible helps no man to a better enjoyment of "Paradise Lost"; and this antiquarian curiosity tends to slight and neglect the finished masterpiece, and (worst of all) the miraculous personality of the Master, in whose hands the brute matter is transformed.

IV.

Everyman will not blame me if I pass by all questions whether the raw material of Drama had to do essentially with Dionysius or with a Cultus of heroic dead, and where it came from; and, sparing to add any more spokes to Thespis's waggon, spend my remaining space on the first poet whose name stands for ever in Everyman's eye—Æschylus.

Make-believe is instinctive to all men, and on Make-believe *(mimêsis)* Greek criticism founded Drama. But it was from the earliest masterpiece in Make-believe, the Homeric epic, that Æschylus got the form into which he melted all that rude religious material. "Scraps from the great banquet of Homer," was his phrase. And to think of him rightly we must think of him as *capturing*, not developing, what was there before. He *captures* the rudimentary form, which he means to make the vehicle for conveying the Matter of Troy, or the Theban Matter, to city folks, and no longer to feudal lords in their castles. He will have the Drama come into existence in order to be the burghers' epic. And to make the new form possible, he has one supremely new idea—Dialogue. To bring on two actors, as Æschylus did, was a revolution; to increase them to three, as Sophocles did, was merely a development. Two actors and the chorus give that minimum triangle of human interest that constitutes Drama. That is why we may neglect Chœrilus, Pratinas, and Phrynicus: Æschylus is the father of what we mean by a PLAY. He first saw that for the city people, for Everyman, the great national legends must no longer be unrolled, as it were, in some endless figured tapestry, but the select crises, the moments in which a master's instinct now first detected some peculiar virtue, yet unnamed, but which we have learned to call *Dramatic* quality—these were to be displayed, not in plane surface, but as statuary groups. Æschylus's discovery was the third dimension of language.

V.

In Epic all is told by one voice, though the poet or minstrel may from time to time speak in the person of one or another character; henceforth you shall see and hear two persons face to face. The great idea of

Drama is there: conflict—conflict and a looker-on, who is the Chorus—between any two irreducible forces, whether of character, or situation (*i.e.*, Fate), or moral duty. Natural artistry taught him other things, too, which criticism afterwards formulated into rule, but which to him were but the rule of his own master-thumb. One thing his temperament prescribed: he would have grandeur in all; a great diction, transposing the noble music of Homer into a new key; great subjects alone he esteemed fit for treatment; and he added whatever greatness of effect might further be got from stagecraft and richness of mounting. What else would you expect of the poet whom a Milton and a Shelley salute and obey as their master? What does it matter, then, to us what poor mummeries those may have been which he took and transformed into something which, alike by spectacular dignity and by the ennobled expressiveness of music and verse, raised his audience into a sort of trance, and held them on high, spellbound, until the play was over; and they dispersed homewards, a little bewildered, but still vibrating with the recollection of grave melodies and sobered by contemplating in an Action awful forces of destiny and personality?

The unfailing majesty is what astonishes us in Æschylus. An English reader can see something of it behind the wilful uncouthness of Browning's "Agamemnon," far more in the "Agamemnon" of Edward Fitzgerald, who combined in himself the talents of creative artist and of critic to such a rare degree. His generous verse interprets the loftiness of that spirit which breathed no meaner air than the sanctuary and the battlefield, the nursling of Demeter, the soldier of Marathon.

VI.

Of his eighty pieces only seven survive, noble ruins of a vast architecture; yet "Prometheus Bound" seems no fragment, nor do "The Suppliant Women," . . . until we see in the Orestean trilogy what was the true Æschylean scale. Did ever any poet, even Milton or Dante themselves, know so well how to leave out everything that detracts or diminishes? It is not merely pomp and stilting and the "grand style," for the "Chœphori" contains as frank and homely a bit of realisticism (the Nurse's speech) as you can find in all Greek. It is an Olympian stature of spirit, "dowered with the love of love, the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn," conceiving nothing common nor mean, and able to give to the gigantic passions of a Clytæmnestra their adequate volume and noise of language, and superb natural luxuriance of imagery. True his earlier drama is half-clouded in the sunrise vapours of lyricism; and in the "Suppliants" (perhaps written before the Persian War) we feel that this younger brother of the Dithyramb and the Pindaric Ode has not fully achieved its independence. Even in the "Oresteia" itself, perfect as the play is for dramatic force, there is yet much that is outside the eventual canons of drama. Judge the "Agamemnon" by modern rule, and you have that monument of anachronistic ingenuity, petty acuteness, and blindness in the large,—Verrall's "Agamemnon." The "Agamemnon" and its two satellite plays are an example what the old lion could do when, piqued by a defeat at the hands of Sophocles, he put forth his strength and availed himself of his young rival's improvements in the craft. One might still maintain without paradox that the "Agamemnon" is the greatest tragedy ever written. Can even Lady Macbeth vie in diabolical grandeur with Æschylus's Clytæmnestra? From Clytæmnestra to Antigone is the measure of the difference between Æschylus and Sophocles.

# THE CALL OF THE CITIZEN

By LADY FRANCES BALFOUR

THESE are not times when it is easy to review with an unbiased mind the position of women at home and abroad. If we are to consider it from the academic point of view, we must for the time being shut our ears to the storm of words in the Press, and we must close our eyes to the ugly sights and sounds provided for us by those who strive and contend throughout the land.

No one in these days likes to think of the part played by the "citoyennes" of the French Revolution, when "the red fool fury of the Seine" was breaking through the old order. The citizen women who went to their doom with the traditional courage of their race remains the picture on which we prefer to look. It was, however, the women of the people who suffered from feudal oppression, whose appreciation of patriotic rights was daily sharpened by the pangs of hunger, and by the deeper suffering of knowing themselves the victims of a condition of things where justice was never on the side of the weak.

All revolutionary periods produce a reign of terror, and though to-day no scaffold stands on Tower Hill, the headsman of popular opinion is always standing ready to execute the mandates of the mob. For a little, one would step aside from the violence of the movement, and look at the sources of this swift stream of feeling, flowing not only in Great Britain, but rising also as a flood in the lands where Anglo-Saxons rule, and where the hardy northmen still send out a strong race to colonise many lands. Neither is the movement absent in the East. Nowhere, under any form of civilisation, is it found that women are content with the position which has placed them lowest in the social scale, and denied them the possession of immortal souls, or of the immemorial rights of citizens of a free country.

If we contrast the condition of the average male citizen with that of his ancestors only two generations back, we find him a different personality, and we recognise that he has been largely changed by the increase of all those things we put under the head of civilisation. His temporal wants have been stimulated and supplied by the growth of industry, and the cheap production of what would have been considered undreamt-of luxuries in the days of his fathers. The science of living has been brought, by the spread of education, into the knowledge of the common people. The pestilence that walketh in darkness is no longer viewed as the dispensation of a revengeful Deity, and much occult science has come into the homes of the country.

Women have not been left outside. The gates of learning have been opened to them, and they have been treated as beings capable of using the knowledge which has been lavished on the community at large.

All this is not logical. If women are incapable of managing their own concerns or those of others, there should have been Salic law in the land, and they should have been excluded from the Education Act; they should not have been protected by the factory and mining legislation, and their position as the mothers and housewives should have been controlled and regulated by statute. The reverse state of things has been the policy of the nineteenth century. Their individual claim on citizenship has been recognised. Their education has been co-equal with the men of the State. They have been admitted to professional life, and their services in political organisation have

been widely sought after. If anyone asks to-day what is the difference between the male and female population of these islands, the answer is one which shows the artificial conditions created in order to excuse the denial of the rights of representation to the female citizen.

Let us define the two conditions. The male has seventeen different qualifications for the Parliamentary vote. His education counts for nothing, as by special Act his lack of the most elementary knowledge does not debar him from his position of a free man of the country. It is not his education, nor his fitness for military service, which bestows on him the full rights of citizenship. The woman is co-equal with him in bearing the burden of taxation; if she breaks the law she stands as an offending citizen at the bar of justice. It is only when the responsibilities and privileges of democracy are claimed by that half of the people who have been disqualified because of sex that she is met with the direct negative from those who claim that the will of the people as a whole must be the force which governs this country.

When the Speaker's ruling pronounced that the admission of the woman voter would so alter the Manhood Suffrage Bill proposed by the Government that it would no longer be the measure accepted by Parliament, the new position had to be faced. The Prime Minister said there were only two courses—to give facilities for another private member's Bill, or to remodel the Franchise Bill proposed by the Government so as to include those who had been promised a full discussion and a free vote on their claim to the franchise. Other reform proposals had been revolutionised and changed; but in this case the words of the Prime Minister were clear: "That the Government will not do."

The pure negative is the only way in which a Government refusing this franchise can answer the claim. The advance of the feminist movement has been such that position after position has been captured, and the last line of defence is alone left in the hands of the Turk in the East and in the hands of the Cabinet of the greatest Empire in the West. There is, however, only a temporary check in the advance of this portion of the democracy. "Government for the people, of the people, by the people," is an old saw. Democracy may be a curse or a blessing, but it has come home to roost. We have taught our people to be proud of their country, their history, and their race. We have taught our women their place in the world, their double responsibility, for they are the mothers of the succeeding race: the bearers of the men who can and must defend their country, and from their homes will go forth the children who will increase and multiply upon the boundless lands which own the Motherland from across the seas. Daily is our legislation laying on them laws under which they are to work for, to rear, feed, and educate, their children. What is the note of all modern legislation? The value that the individual is in the eyes of the State. When one member suffers, then is the whole body sick. Overcrowding, disease, brothels and public-houses, workhouses and prisons must all be treated "on their merits."

Women are protected now from the slavery of organised vice. Children are to be reared with every chance and help a State can provide. And why does religion and our legislation aim at something higher and more ideal in each effort which it makes?

Gone are the days when the poor, the weak, and the helpless were the prey of the classes who kept power and influence in their own hands. The free estate of the human race, the worth of the individual to the State and to the circle in which he or she moves, is being recognised and claimed every day.

The woman has entered into her heritage as a responsible being. No longer, in the eye of the law, is she "the goods and chattel" of the man who owns or supports her. She has become the educated sharer in the life of the world, an entity, "the person" the law recognises, not only as a taxpayer, but as the individual citizen—one who has attained to the measure and stature of a free woman in a self-governing country.

Before it is too late the inherent justice of the demand must be recognised. "Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide." We stand at the threshold of a new era, charged with the fate of the race. Before every revolution in thought and constitution there has been the same heart-searching and trembling for fear of those things which are coming on the earth. India is bursting her barriers of Eastern prejudice and custom. The women of the East are gazing out from the watch-towers of their seclusion and sex oppression. The Western women are trying their wings, and hastening with swift feet along the careers which have been opened to them.

Women, in spite of all the legal impediments put in their way, are increasingly standing for these administrative councils to which they have been admitted. No one has questioned the industry and resource with which they take up the tasks to which they have been appointed by popular election.

As householders and housekeepers, and as mothers of families, they are by training experts on all that affects the daily life of the citizen. Who can assert their inability to judge of those measures proposed in Parliament which are to be administered by councillors, elected for their sex, because they know best the wants and aspirations of "half the people."

Every improvement in the condition of women has meant giving them fuller scope for the attributes and graces with which they were endowed by nature. Truly has it been said that it is not good for man to live alone. He needs all the help that the education of mind and body in the womanhood of to-day can bring to mate with the best that has been developed in his sphere of action. He will be wise in his day and generation if he accepts that help, no longer in the customs of primitive savagery, but in the spirit and temper of an age which is moving down the ringing grooves of change to the highest conception of the dignity and worth of the human race.

* * *

## FROM BERMONDSEY

Oh, to be free!
To lie for one short hour upon the breast
Of green hospitable fields,
And let the world go by!
To feel the kisses of the odoured wind,
To watch the happy heaven alive with song,
To press our faces to the healing grass,
And there sob out our weariness of towns,
And lose our souls in tangles of green shade!

For all our need
Is but to know that still the world is fair,
That still the little lanes are loud with joy,
That still the daisy smiles its prayer to God.

THOMAS BURKE.

# MASTERPIECE FOR THE WEEK

## Thomas Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus"* By Hector Macpherson

Literature, like religion, tends to become conventional. Men of genius, by the boldness of their thoughts and the throbbing vitality of their utterances, lay captive average humanity, till by-and-by a halo of infallibility surrounds the memory of great men, and their opinions get fossilised in the shape of a creed. In the expressive phrase of Comte, the empire of the dead is always encroaching upon the empire of the living. In religion this excessive deference to the past takes the form of orthodoxy, and in literature, of Classicalism. With its fondness for standards of taste and hard-and-fast dogmas, Classicalism tends to repress the rugged individualism which belongs to genius. Thus it comes to pass that the early years of men of genius are years of struggle, if not for existence, at least for recognition. Thus it was with Thomas Carlyle. When he appeared in the world of literature he was viewed as a confusing and inexplicable element. To James Mill, for instance, Carlyle was an insane rhapsodist; while Jeffrey spoke of him as afflicted with a chronic craze for singularity. In a letter to Carlyle, Jeffrey on this point says: "I suppose you will treat me as something worse than an ass when I say that I am fairly persuaded the great source of your extravagance and all that makes your writings intolerable to many and ridiculous to not a few, is not so much any real peculiarity of opinion as an unlucky ambition to appear more original than you are." In the case of Carlyle, as in the case of Wordsworth, Jeffrey's devotion to Classicalism prevented him from welcoming genius when it appeared in new and original forms. Jeffrey failed to recognise that the new wine of German Romanticism could not be put into the old bottles of French Classicalism.

Happily, Carlyle, paying no heed to Jeffrey's remonstrances, followed the dictates of genius, which by-and-by was to find expression in his masterpiece, "Sartor Resartus." Readers who come to "Sartor Resartus" without acquaintance with Carlyle's earlier writings experience a kind of intellectual nightmare. They find themselves in a new world—a world of chaos, in which all kinds of uncouth ideas struggle for existence. And yet as he pursues his study of the book the reader begins to discover method in the author's madness. "Sartor Resartus" becomes intelligible when we recognise that in it are blended two very different elements—the Scottish and the German. A good idea of Carlyle is to be had if we imagine the spirit of a German philosopher occupying the body of a Scottish Covenanter. We get to the root ideas of "Sartor Resartus" when we trace the influence of German thought upon Carlyle's Scottish mind. In Carlyle's day two antagonistic conceptions of life and destiny were struggling for mastery—the theological and the materialistic. In his early student days Carlyle, who was designed for the Church, parted with the creed of his fathers. He seems, like George Eliot, to have abandoned his early beliefs without a struggle. His mental struggles began when, impelled by spiritual hunger, he sought for a creed to fill the place vacated by the old beliefs. From this point of view "Sartor Resartus" is the spiritual biography not only of Carlyle, but of a great multitude who, like him, were afflicted with the malady of thought, and in the conventional systems could find no intellectual anchorage. "Sartor Resartus" might be described as a modern "Pilgrim's Progress." Like Christian, Carlyle leaves behind him the City of Destruction (named in modern language Materialism) in quest of the Celestial City. Carlyle, unlike Christian, sees not the beatific vision; under the guidance of German philosophy he reaches a kind of transcendental Stoicism—a form of Ethical Idealism, bracing, but chilly.

Meanwhile let us trace the leading conceptions in "Sartor Resartus." Carlyle could not live long at what he calls the "Centre of Indifference." He must have a creed; where was it to be found? The frankly materialist theories of the French Revolution thinkers, like Holbach and Diderot, could find no echo in the soul of Carlyle. The materialistic theory, which reduces all things to matter and motion, appeared to Carlyle as it did to Goethe—"so grey, so Cimmerian and so dead that we shuddered at it as at a ghost.' Deism, imported from France to Scotland, was equally distasteful. As a kind of theological half-way house, Deism suited the taste of the Edinburgh Whigs of Carlyle's day admirably. It enabled them, while preserving a polite reticence on the popular religion, to dismiss as visionary all transcendental speculations, and to do indirect homage to the materialistic conception of life. A Covenanter by temperament and training, Carlyle could find no satisfaction in the political millennial dreaming of the Edinburgh Whigs. He had the Calvinist tendency to lose himself in contemplation of the Infinite. Carlyle tore aside the veil of conventionality which the apostles of Deism had weaved round the nature of man. In the view of Carlyle, the human heart could not find satisfaction among the husks of Secularity. It craved for something higher than social and political progress, culminating in the drawing-room ideals of the Edinburgh Deists. Man, according to Carlyle, is satisfied with nothing less than the Infinite. In his attitude towards Nature and the Ultimate Reality, Carlyle was also at war with the Materialists and the Deists. Equally mechanical in spirit with Materialism was the Deistical conception of Nature as a colossal clock under the superintendence of a divine clockmaker, who saw that the clock kept good time and, in point of regularity, was absolutely reliable. Carlyle, with the Germans, approaches Nature from a totally different point. He reverses the method of the Materialists. With him the Universe is not a complex combination of atoms, but the expression of a spiritual principle. If man, the highest result of evolution, is in essence spirit, manifestly the Ultimate Reality must be spiritual. In "Sartor Resartus" Carlyle thus gives expression to his transcendental view of Nature: "Atheistic Science babbles poorly of it with scientific nomenclature, experiments, and what not, as it were a poor dead thing to be bottled in Leyden jars and sold over the counter; but the native soul of man in all times, if he will himself apply his sense, proclaims it to be a living thing—ah! an unspeakable, God-like thing, towards which the best attitude for us, after never so much science, is devout prostration and humility of soul, worship, if not in words, then in silence." Since his day science has come into harmony with "Sartor Resartus." When, as I have elsewhere said, Carlyle "speaks of the Universe as in very truth the star-domed city of God, and reminds us that, through every crystal and through every grass blade but most through every living soul, the glory of a

* Everyman's Library. (J. M. Dent.)

# HIDDEN POWER.

## Remarkable Results follow Experiments of Clever Scientist. Marvels of the Mind.

Many serious writers view with alarm the tendency of the present day to disregard physical development, and prophesy that the future will bring forth a race of people whose motor muscles have disappeared and whose brain development is abnormal. Such a state of things, obviously, will not arise in the lifetime of this or the next generation; but the fact of such a possibility being seriously considered by the greatest authorities draws imperative attention to an insistent, undeniable fact—we are now turning from the age of Muscle to the age of Mind.

No advocate of any school of thought can afford to disregard the importance of physique in the formation of national character and destiny; but now the public recognise that *physical culture* is but the means to an end—the supreme efficiency and domination of the mind.

The lack of knowledge that has hitherto prevented mind-culture has been gradually and surely overcome, and it is now justifiably established that the mind can as surely be developed, strengthened, and made strong as can the physical organs.

Students of social questions are learning with delight of the widespread interest that all classes, both men and women, are taking in this important national question, and can discern the improvement in mental calibre that is taking place.

### The Work of an Enthusiast.

One of the most enthusiastic advocates of mind culture at the present time is Mr. Frank Hartley, who founded the London Institute of Menti-Culture. Although originally founded as an experiment, the immediate success with which his system has met has made it necessary for Mr. Frank Hartley to give up all his research work to devote his whole time and energies to the Institute of Menti-Culture. In a recent interview with a Press representative, Mr. Hartley explained the scope of his menti-culture movement:—As is now well known, I have devoted the best years of my life to the study of psychology and mental efficiency, and the outstanding fact that burnt itself into my brain was the lamentable lack of self-knowledge among the masses. While carefully collecting and sifting scientific data concerning the particular qualities that have led well-known men and women to success and power many interesting facts were revealed. For instance, mere knowledge alone has achieved, and will achieve, little or nothing; that misleading colloquialism, luck, is merely the envious explanation applied by failure to success. No, the gift that has brought all successful careers to the pinnacle of success lies much deeper.

It is the hidden power to apply the right force to their everyday affairs in a manner which will surely place them in a position of superiority in all their dealings with their fellow-men. It is only now becoming realised that this power is latent in everyone, and, with correct training, can be developed to an extent which will bring immediate and gratifying results in every case.

### How Mr. Hartley's Campaign Began.

As you know, I commenced my own campaign in Menti-Culture by adopting a bold course. At a cost of many hundreds of pounds, I have carried my message to thousands all over the world by means of a specially printed edition of my latest book, "How Failure Becomes Impossible." The public were quick to recognise the soundness of my teaching, with the result that the principles of Menti-Culture are being practised all over the country.

The practical results are discovered by the student from the very beginning, and the particular gains reported at once are: (1) Increased will power; (2) Concentration created and maintained; (3) Nervousness and self-consciousness overcome; (4) Power of correct observation and judgment, etc., etc.

It should be understood that my system, although yielding such priceless results to the student, does not entail any irksome restrictions or departure from everyday life. When revealed, it is astonishing in its simplicity.

There are, I am sure, still a great many readers who are interested in the subject of mind training, and to those who will take the trouble to write to me I will make a special concession. Upon request I will send not only my book, "How Failure Becomes Impossible," but also a lesson in Menti-Culture free. Those who wish to may enclose two penny stamps, for postage, etc., but in any case a mere request will bring the book and lesson. Simply write Mr. Frank Hartley, Room 72, London Institute of Menti-Culture, 35, Wellington Street, London, W.C

present God still beams, he is simply saying in the language of poetry what Spencer says in the language of Science, that the world of phenomena is sustained and energised by an Infinite Eternal Power."

Out of Carlyle's conception of the Universe and man grew naturally his conception of the duty of man. If, as in "Sartor Resartus," man's highest religious duty is worship of the Spirit of the Universe, his highest ethical duty is submission to the laws of the Universe—an attitude which is expressed by the word Renunciation. Where are these laws to be found? Passing by the idea of special revelation, Carlyle finds the spiritual laws of Nature and life written in the Universe, the heart of man, and in the great panorama of history as shaped and moulded by great men. The hero, as the symbol and incarnation of the Divine, becomes in the Carlylean cult an object of admiration; and thus, under the influence of hero-worship, and not of cold, calculating self-interest of the utilitarian type, humanity presses forward on the path of the Ideal. How scathingly he deals with the gospels of Utilitarianism and Epicureanism! "Is the heroic inspiration we name Virtue but some passion, some bubble of the blood, bubbling in the direction others profit by? I know not—only this I know: if what thou namest Happiness be our true aim, then are we all astray. With stupidity and sound digestion man may front much. But what, in these dull, unimaginative days, are the terrors of Conscience to the diseases of the Liver? Not on Morality, but on Cookery, let us build our stronghold; then, brandishing our frying-pan as censer, let us offer sweet incense to the Devil and live at ease on the fat things he has provided for his elect!"

Carlyle restored to science, history, and literature, under the term natural supernaturalism, the primitive elements of wonder and worship. His genius was many-sided, and touched and ennobled modern life and thought in various aspects. Into the region of the Ideal he raised a whole generation of eager souls out of the stifling atmosphere of materialism and conventional orthodoxy. In the words of Edward Caird, the late Master of Baliol, "No English writer has done more to elevate and purify our ideals of life, and to make us conscious that the things of the spirit are real, and that in the last resort there is no other reality." If in the sphere of sociology Carlyle did not contribute to the settlement of the theoretic side of complex problems, he did what was equally important—he roused earnest minds to a sense of the urgency and magnitude of the problem, awakened the feeling of individual responsibility, and quickened the sense of social duty, which had grown weak during the reign of *laissez faire*. In the form of a modern John the Baptist, the Chelsea Prophet, with not a little of the wilderness atmosphere about him, preached in grimly defiant mood to a pleasure-loving generation the great doctrines which lie at the root of all religions —Repentance, Righteousness, Retribution.

* * *

## THE PEARL.

THERE was a sweet softness in the air. The water splashed gently as it crept in over the sand. Far away in the distance the hills faded into the mist of a forgotten day. A light wind murmured through the star grass, and a bird called softly from the neighbouring trees. There was an all-pervading spirit of rest and tranquillity, and, lying before me, half-buried in the sand, I found the Pearl. As I held it, the sea, the hills, the call of the bird, and myself all seemed to be one.

DOROTHY EYRE.

## THREE YEARS IN THE LIBYAN DESERT

THIS is a record of the main incidents and impressions, though not of the detailed results, of a highly successful German expedition which, some years ago, went in search of the long and vainly sought early Christian sanctuary, the tomb of St. Menas, in the heart of the Libyan Desert, a mysterious region situated in the eastern portion of North Africa, between the Mediterranean, the Sahara, and Egypt. The temple of Menas, "the pride of all Libya," which, with the exception of Jerusalem, is without a rival among the sanctuaries of the early Christian East in point of romance and mystery, stands in the centre of what appears to have been in early Christian times a flourishing town.

This was the scene of the operations of the expedition led by Monsignor Kaufmann, of Frankfort, who invited his cousin, the writer of this book, to accompany him. The excavations lasted the greater part of three years, and yielded important archæological results. Not only were the remains of a town of considerable dimensions laid bare, but these were thoroughly explored. But the most important discovery, as already indicated, was the tomb of Menas, which "lies deep under the floor of a Constantine basilica, and is in the shape of a large hollow chamber, its lowest parts architecturally decorated, with a semicircular opening at the top." The author has wisely recounted all the available facts concerning Menas, "to whom early Christianity dedicated one of its finest sanctuaries, to whose tomb in the oasis troops of pilgrims travelled, and to whose temple Athanasius and Constantine, two of the greatest figures of early Christianity, stood sponsors."

Monsignor Kaufmann's design, it need hardly be said, was not carried out without encountering many difficulties. He had to lead an ascetic life on the edge of the desert, and was continually harassed by want of money, hostility, and jealousy. But he went bravely on, and won in the end.

Besides the narrative of the discoveries and excavations at the pilgrim city of the desert, the book furnishes pleasant glimpses of a land and a people about which comparatively little is known. There are vivid word-pictures of the journey over the desert tableland to Wadi Moghara, of the salt valley of Wadi en Natrûn, of the land of the Auladali, and of the Coptic monasteries scattered up and down the great desert. A chapter is also devoted to describing the religion and customs of the Beduins, who, it may be added, did most of the excavating in and around the temple of Menas.

The dregs of slavery are found in the Libyan Desert. The nefarious traffic still exists in the oasis of Dscharabub, in Northern Egypt. The Turks, we learn, are large buyers of these human goods, and once a month Turkish ships touch at night on the shores of Tripoli for the purpose of taking the finest slaves to their destination. But now that Italy has brought this region under her rule we may confidently hope that slavery in Northern Africa will soon be, if it is not now, a thing of the past.

The work has sixty-one illustrations from photographs, but no map, an omission which it is impossible to overlook in the case of a book of travel. We hope it will be rectified, should the work in its English dress reach a second edition.

* "Three Years in the Libyan Desert: Travels, Discoveries, and Excavations of the Menas Expedition." By J. C. Ewald Falls. Translated by Elizabeth Lee. 15s. net. (Fisher Unwin.)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# THE OLD BELL-RINGER: A Spring Idyll

*(From the Russian of W. Korolenko, translated through the German)*

It was dark.

The little village lay silent in the starlight spring night, in the shadow of the pine-wood, on the bank of the gently flowing river. A slight haze rose from the ground, that had just awakened out of its winter sleep, and made the shadow of the wood stand out more strongly, and covered the open surface of the river with a dull silver shimmer. Silence, grateful stillness all around. . . . The inhabitants of the village are asleep. . . . The outlines of the miserable houses can only be distinguished with difficulty; here and there a little light peeps forth, and occasionally is heard the noise of doors opening, the barking of watchful dogs, and then again the same blissful stillness. Now and again, the forms of solitary wayfarers pass out of the darkness of the wood, a horseman appears, a peasant wagon drives past with creaking wheels. These are all inhabitants of the village, who are hastening to church, in order to begin the dawning Holy-day worthily.

In the middle of the village, the little church rises solitary on the hill, the windows shine brightly, and the old grey tower is hidden high up in the mist. The crumbling stairway creaks. The old bell-ringer mounts it with tottering steps, and in a short time a new star sends forth its light in the sky—the lantern in the bell-ringer's hand.

It is difficult for the old man to climb the steep stairway. The old feet are no longer obedient, Life has treated him harshly, his eyes now see but feebly. . . . Time it is for the old man to go to his eternal rest—still Death comes not! He has seen his sons, his grandsons, fading away; he has tolled at the funerals of the old and young; Death appeared to have forgotten him; still life is not easy for him.

Often before he has rung in Eastertide; he no longer knows how often he has waited the appointed hour, up here in the bell-tower. And now, to-day, it will happen again, as God wills.

With heavy steps the old man approaches the frail railing of the tower, and leans upon it. In the shadows round about, he descries with difficulty the graves of the churchyard. The black crosses with extended arms look like watchers guarding their dead. Here and there, too, the still naked birches, with their white shimmering trunks, move a little.

From below arise to the old man, like warm spring zephyrs, the refreshing scent of the young buds of the trees, and the still, peaceful air of the churchyard. . . . What really will this new year bring him? Will he, indeed, a year from to-day, up here as usual, greet Easter with solemn peals, or will he sleep down there below . . . far yonder in that corner of the churchyard, and will a cross adorn his mound also? As God wills. . . . He is ready, but now he must again announce the sacred festival. "Glory and thanks to God!" his lips whisper; he looks up to the heavens, where millions of stars shine; he crosses himself. . . .

. . . . .

"Micheitsch!" an old trembling voice calls up from below. The old sacristan glances up at the tower, yea, holds his hands to his straining, tearful eyes, but, nevertheless, he cannot see what he seeks.

"What do you want? I'm here!" replies the bell-ringer, and bends over the rails of the tower. "Do you not see me, then?"

"No! Is it not already time to ring? What do you mean?"

Both look up at the stars. Thousands of these heavenly bodies look down from on high. Far above sparkles the fiery "Plough."

Micheitsch considers.

"No, not yet!—I know well——"

. . . . .

He indeed knows. He needs no watch. The stars of God tell him when the time has come.

Heaven and earth, and the white clouds that float away yonder in space, and the dark pine-wood rustling below, and the murmuring of the unseen river—all these are old and dear to him, and known. A whole life hangs thereby. The long since past rises before him; how he, with his father, ascended this bell-tower for the first time. . . . Good God, how long since that is now . . . and still so short! He sees himself as a boy, with his fair curly head, with bright eyes, how the wind—not that which swirls up the dust of the highway; no, another, far higher, fluttering one—playfully tangles his curls. Far, far below, he sees many tiny people, and the houses of the village also seem small to him, and the wood lies so distant, and the round open space on which the village stands seems so big, so infinitely big.

"That is because it is so near," smiles the old man, and points down to the village below.

So also is Life! So long as one is young, it seems to be so infinite; there it lies before him, quite plain as it were, from the cradle to the grave, that he has chosen yonder in that corner of the churchyard. . . . Now, thank God, it is time to rest! He has gone honestly along the difficult road through Life, the damp earth is mother to him. Soon, God grant, he will rest in her lap.

Now it is time! Once again Micheitsch looks upwards to the stars, bares his head, crosses himself, and seizes the bell-ropes. . . .

Then there resounds through the air a shrill peal. . . . Then a second, third, fourth. . . . One after another and into the solemn night are poured forth these ringing, swelling notes, sometimes shrill, sometimes soft, in harmonious peals. The bells become silent, worship commences. In former years Micheitsch used also to go down and seat himself in the corner at the door, in order to listen to the service, and to pray. Now he remains above, he bears the burden of his years with difficulty. To-day, especially, he feels a peculiar heaviness in his limbs. He sits down, and while he listens to the dying notes of the bells, he gives himself over to his thoughts. Of what? He could himself hardly tell. The bell-tower is but dimly lit by the lantern. The bells themselves can scarcely be seen in the prevailing gloom; from the church beneath there is heard only the muffled singing of the congregation, and the wind sighs gently through the ropes that are fastened to the iron bell-clappers.

The old man lets his head sink on his breast, whilst disconnected pictures of a past life follow each other. People are singing; . . . he thinks he sees himself in the church. At the altar are raised the voices of

children singing, the old priest, the blessed Father Naum, raises his voice loudly. Hundreds of peasants lower and raise their heads, and cross themselves. . . . All known faces, and all dead! . . . There, the strong face of his father, beside whom the elder brothers cross themselves, and sigh; there, he himself stands, in blooming health, full of unconscious title and hope for happiness and joy, and the future.

And where is this happiness? The thoughts of the old man flash up brightly, like a dying fire, and illuminate all the secret nooks and corners of a past life. Excessive labour, suffering and sorrow. . . . Where is it, this expected and hoped-for happiness? A hard lot has wrinkled the young face, bent the strong back, taught to sigh so, as the elder brothers had sighed. . . .

And there, at the left, amongst the wives of the village, stands his also, devoutly praying, the head bowed down. She was a good, faithful wife to him—God bless her! And she, also, had to sorrow not a little. Trouble and toil, and hard unwomanly work soon made her old. Her once clear, sparkling eyes lost their brightness, and the expression of fear and horror of unexpected blows of Fate took the place of the former self-consciousness and pride of the pretty young wife . . . and her happiness, where was it? A son had remained to them, the joy and hope of their old age, and he ruined by the lies of men!

And yonder stands the village usurer, and bows his body down to the ground, kisses it zealously, strikes a cross, in order to dry the tears of robbed orphans by a hypocritical prayer, and as to men, so also to lie to God. . . .

Old Micheitsch's heart boils; solemnly and angrily the sacred pictures look down from the walls on human misery, and human lies—all this remained behind him, far, far back. . . . Now his world is high up above here in the dark bell-tower, where the wind howls, and sweeps through the bell-ropes. "God will judge, vengeance is His!" whispers the old man, and silently the tears trickle over the wrinkled cheeks of the bell-ringer.

. . . . .

"Micheitsch, has sleep overcome you?" calls a voice from beneath.

"Who calls?" asks the old man, and jumps quickly up. "Good God, have I then really fallen asleep? Never has this disgrace befallen me!" . . .

Quickly, with accustomed hand, he seizes the rope, and casts a glance down below, where, like ants on their hills, the peasants busy themselves in groups. . . . Then the solemn procession goes round the church, with the cross and the sacred pictures in front, and to Micheitsch up above rises the joyful shout: "Christ is risen from the dead!" Blessedly this shout re-echoes in the overflowing heart of the old man; . . . the church lights seem to him to burn brighter, the peasants to move more lively—he rings—and the re-awakened wind quickly seizes the swelling notes, and in great gusts bears them away heavenwards, and the echo of the solemn pealing music bursts forth again and again. . . .

. . . . .

Never before had the old bell-ringer played his chimes so wonderfully. His overflowing heart seemed to have breathed life into the cold metal, and this seemed to sing, and to laugh and weep with gladness and joy; the living notes mount to Heaven, upwards to the twinkling stars. . . . These shine brighter while the notes pour forth again and again, and echo from Earth to Heaven in love and gladness and blissfulness. . . . The heavy bass sounds deeply, and its notes mount powerfully upwards and leave Heaven and Earth resounding with the melody: "Christ is risen!"

And the two tenors, trembling from the uniform strokes of the iron clappers, join in the joyful sound: "Christ is risen!" Yea, and the smallest trebles, simultaneously in haste tumbling over each other, in the play of the notes, in order not to be left behind, and intermingling their melody in the melodies of the great and powerful, like children, and lisping joyfully: "Christ is risen!"

Even the old bell-tower seems to feel the joy of the people, and the wind also that gently fans the bell-ringer's face—all things exult, and sing: "Christ is risen!"

The old heart forgets his sorrow, a life full of care and toil. . . . The old bell-ringer has forgotten that his life and his hopes for happiness were nothing but an empty dream, that he is alone upon the Earth. . . . He hears the notes that sing and weep rising through dark space to the star-sown heavens, and, sinking back to the lowly Earth, he sees himself surrounded by sons and grandsons, hears their joyful voices, the voices of small and great, joining together in a choir, and singing to him of happiness and joy, of which his long dark life had offered nothing. . . . The old bell-ringer pulls the bell-ropes, tears flow over his wrinkled face, his heart beats quickly, intoxicated with imagined happiness.

. . . . .

The people stand below and talk with each other; the bell-ringer never played so beautifully before. . . .

Suddenly the big bells vibrate in mighty peals—and become silent. The little bells, confounded, end their play with a shrill false note, as if they would listen silently to the dying sound of their powerful sisters, that ever again echo and tremble and weep, and gradually die away into space. . . .

Powerless, the old man sinks on the bench, and two last tears trickle gently over the pale cheeks growing cold.

Let us withdraw! The old bell-ringer has rung out.

* * *

## EVE

(After Rodin)

MOULDED with matchless art, she stands alone.
Her head half-bowed beneath one circling arm;
Tense flesh, and muscle, sinew, very bone
Waiting expectant, whilst a mute alarm,
A spell of guilt, seems to enwrap with shame
Those mighty limbs—leaving her inmost soul
Naked and bleeding, now that wind and flame
Have passed and taken innocence as toll.

And on her face a look half-sad, half-wise;
The look of one beneath the chastening rod;
The look of one whose wearied feet have trod
On flowers and found them thorns. With drooping eyes
She, upon whom the unborn future lies,
Awaits the still small voice of angry God.

"SYNED."

# THE WOMEN'S PAGE

## The Conference Habit ✍ ✍ ✍ By Evelyn Burke

There is still more than a hint of frost in the wind, and although as I write an apparently genial sun rides the heavens, there is little warmth at the core of it, and the few flowers that have ventured out into the cold March world seem to look upon its tepid advances with some suspicion. Yet already my desk is littered with programmes of spring and summer conferences upon almost every imaginable subject, many of them taking the form of summer camps, with the recreational element well sandwiched in between the more serious business of the day. There are camps for boys and camps for girls; camps for men only and for women only, and for men and women in common. There are students' camps and workers' camps; religious, social, educational, political, and scientific conferences. One charming Derbyshire village—Swanwick—has become the home of summer camps, mostly of a definitely religious type, and offers ideal surroundings to city folk who wish to escape the treadmill of work-a-day life where "things are in the saddle and ride mankind," and to "make their souls," not so much, indeed, by means of the set discussions and meetings, as through those camp-fire friendships which count so much more. Those rambling walks and interesting games of golf in the afternoon, and those long, frank talks at night when artificial barriers recede and one grips reality with naked hands—those are the solid, incommensurable gains of conference life; and Swanwick has set a wholesome example in the abolition of all formality in dress, speech, and general habit.

But delightful as all this is, it has given rise to a conference habit which is threatening to become a mania. Leisured folk, and especially women, rush from conference to conference, and those who have no leisure make it, to the neglect not only of those salutary occupations we call "duties," but also of many of the finer engagements and relations by which the human soul lives. I have a friend whose somewhat fastidious and exclusive turn of mind led her to weed out from her list of acquaintances every person who had at any time in his or her life been a member or delegate at some conference. In the end she was reduced to the society of a deaf charwoman and an Italian organ-grinder. Wherever there is any semblance of mental life, the conference habit has crept in. It is part of that lust for talk which is debilitating our own generation; it is also part of our almost insane gregariousness—of that crowd-spirit which afflicts the social and religious worker, the man and woman with artistic and literary interests, and the so-called thoughtful person in general quite as much as it afflicts our "smart set." We are diffident, fearful, apprehensive when left alone; we feel sheepish in the quiet room where the "two or three" are gathered together; we are only really at our ease with a chairman and a committee at the helm and a babel of voices around us. Even our "social functions"—our *conversaziones*, receptions, at homes, call them what you will—partake of this "conferential" nature. There is always a master of ceremonies somewhere in the background, who has planned out our evening's "pleasure" for us; there is always the inevitable crowd to save us from the ordeal of being honestly and intimately ourselves.

But, it is urged, these conferences promote thought. My friend, William Smith, tells me he has derived great benefit from his attendance at the Hand-sewn Bootmakers' Congress. It has made him think, given him ideas. That is certainly satisfactory, and yet one suspects a state of affairs in which it takes five hundred men to make one man think. We seem to be fast approaching the stage when we shall not be able to think without a chairman, or act without a committee, or live except in conference. The modern woman, especially, once her mind has woke up to the myriad interests and responsibilities of life, goes about either attending existent clubs, conferences, and associations, or else founding new ones in the interests of whatever movements or cults happen to appeal to her most. She acquires the conference brand of conversation—the talk which is little more than a tame, stale echo of cut-and-dried platform dictums and catchwords. She develops the conference type of mind, the habit of imagining that a thing is settled because so and so many people have talked round it. She is in danger of growing the conference type of soul, to which even the most sacred movements of the human spirit resolve themselves ultimately into so and so many more or less successful endeavours to be numerous and communicative.

But perhaps the most immediately apparent danger of the conference habit is the paralysis it puts upon action. I know a capable, sympathetic woman who once upon a time did admirable service in taking a very practical and personal interest in a limited number of poor families. Without the slightest assumption of patronage or superiority, she cared for the welfare of her poor friends—and the friendship was warm and genuine—influencing them for thrift and independence, winning the confidence of the boys and girls at their most critical juncture in life, and altogether bringing a new idea and standard of life to them. For some time I did not meet her, and when at last I paid her a tardy visit I found her surrounded by a litter of particularly unattractive-looking books and pamphlets. When I asked her how her families were getting on, she blushed. "I don't engage in *amateur philanthropy* any longer," she said, in the flat and vacant tone of a dull child repeating a lesson. "You see, I've been attending some conferences on poverty and vice, and it has become quite clear to me that it is worse than useless, that it is positively disastrous, to interfere with poor families until one has mastered the subject in all its bearings and from the scientific and economic point of view." She waved her hands towards her agglomeration of books—mostly blue—and assumed a frown of deep learning. "Never again will I go near a poor person," she concluded, with a sublime lack of humour, "until all these"—another vague wave of the hand—"have become part of my very being." She offered to show me the books in detail, and even to lend me some of the less technical manuals which she deemed would suit my limited intelligence, but I fled.

I believe in the pooling and socialising of our thought and experience, if done in moderation, and I believe in getting the most thorough grip possible of a problem, but I believe still more in "hoeing one's own patch." And one of the reasons why the modern woman is often so woefully ineffective is that the conference habit—be the "conference" a club, a cult, a committee, or a congress—has turned her into a "slacker." And that word sums up the situation more accurately than we care to admit.

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# CORRESPONDENCE

## ANGLO-GERMAN RELATIONS.

*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

SIR,—With your permission, I would like to take exception to two rather sweeping assertions made by Mr. Austin Harrison in his very interesting article "West or East" in your last week's issue. He says, "if Germany does not alter her course within the year the Anglo-German war will have become inevitable," and that "the longer we allow Germany to prepare, the fiercer will be the struggle when it comes." I do not believe any war is inevitable, until it is actually declared. I also believe that the longer war is averted between Germany and Britain the less likely it will become. It is true that a policy of rivalry leads to growing distrust, vexations, and, in the end, exasperation conducing to the breaking of that peace which it should be the aim of all statesmen to maintain. The experience of the past few years, however, and the events of the past few weeks, more especially, go to prove that, amid all this warlike and bombastic talk, amid all the jealousies, suspicions, the incitements to aggression and conquest, there is going on, unceasingly, a noiseless pressure, a silent compulsion of financial ways and means; little apprehended, perhaps, by the Chauvinists, but more pregnant of decisive influence than the pomp and panoply of armies and navies. It is being brought home with what will soon prove an irresistible force, that the world's commercial structure to-day is so finely balanced and dovetailed together that no one part can be affected without disturbing the equilibrium and stability of the whole. Someone has said that there are three great requisites for waging war. The first is money, the second is money, and the third is money. We have been spending money in latent warfare with Germany for the past ten years. Germany is finding out that there are limitations to everything: if some things must be done others must be given up. Apparently she is not unwilling to call a pause so far as her aspirations for a big navy are concerned. We may, therefore, look upon this as the end of the first round, and it will be interesting just to take stock of the trend of things from the especial point of view of finance. Since 1904 we have reduced our National Debt by 126 millions; Germany has increased hers by 110 millions. Since the same year taxation has been remitted by us on corn, tea, sugar and incomes to the extent of 23 millions. True, taxes to the extent of 23½ millions have been imposed on spirits, tobacco, estate duty, etc., thus neutralising the benefit of the reductions, but we have carried out such social reforms as old age pensions with some of the proceeds, and at any rate are not more heavily taxed, on balance, than we were ten years ago. Germany, on the other hand, was compelled to increase taxation in 1909 to the extent of 25 millions annually, on such articles as beer, wine, spirits, tobacco, tea, coffee, sugar, matches, railway tickets, etc. To-day German Three per Cents. stand at 76, which is equivalent to about 63 for Consols, and has to offer at least 4 per cent. for the loans she is just about to place upon the market. I think that, owing mainly, as I believe, to our fiscal system of freedom of trade, it must be admitted that old England emerges from this "first round" with considerably the best of it, and, if our statesmen have the coolness and courage requisite to enable them to take a firm stand against our panic-mongers and refrain from any provoking addition either to our navy or army, we shall be taking the first step towards

that agreement as to limitation of armaments which all Christians must desire. In all these agitations for increase of armaments, as a sort of lip-service to the Christian ideal, I suppose, all idea of aggression is disclaimed. It is always the "other fellow" who has this blameworthy intention, and, to Germany, this country is the "other fellow." Let us, then, take advantage of the opportunity afforded by the unhappy necessity Germany feels herself compelled to face in other directions owing to recent events in the East: give proof of our disinterestedness by reducing rather than increasing our military and naval expenditure, and we shall find, I feel confident, that our more sympathetic attitude will be quickly reciprocated, and that every year that passes will make war between us less possible.—I am, sir, etc., W. F. WALLIS.

Maidstone.

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*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

SIR,—The materialist's view of Anglo-German relations has been clearly put by Austin Harrison in this week's issue of EVERYMAN. He says: "This year the Britain and Germany question will be decided; that is to say, either Germany will come forward as our friend, and we shall be able to discover what deal we can make with her about boats, or she will not do so, in which case the Anglo-German war will have become inevitable." And he goes on to say that if Germany does not show signs of a "reasonable understanding with us" (whereby he appears to mean a concession to England's naval supremacy), the only course for England is to have a War Loan, and to begin building such a navy that Germany cannot dare be allowed to attack us.

This crude assertion cannot be allowed to pass unchallenged: it is just such statements as this that inflame anti-Teutonic feeling, excite panic, and prevent people from listening to their own better judgment. Let us realise that the attempt to serve God and Mammon simultaneously, by preaching peace and preparing for war, is doomed to failure, and that the world's peace can never come so long as we continue to increase our armaments.

If men support a policy of armed defence, let them honestly declare that they believe in war as a means of settling international differences. If, however, it is peace that we desire, let us prove it by the way of peace, and by showing that it is a gain for which we are prepared to sacrifice naval supremacy, and even more. To quote the Rev. William Temple: "... war will never cease, nor international civilisation arise, until some nation has chosen to perish rather than stain its soul with the passions of war."

If England as a nation were prepared to do this, the suspicions and fears which mar her relations with Germany would probably be found vain and groundless; but so long as she opposes force to force, and meets Germany's military and naval policy by increased armaments, so long will the danger of war continue a real one.—I am, sir, etc., E. RYLE.

Liverpool.

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*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

DEAR SIR,—All readers of EVERYMAN must have followed with the greatest interest the series of articles and letters which have appeared therein on the subject of Anglo-German rivalry. These articles have until last week been almost exclusively dominated by the now popular pacifist theories. But at last we


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have a confident and outspoken article which dares to ignore the views of Mr. Norman Angell and his disciples.

We have all read the "Great Illusion," and been convinced by its vigorous reasoning. We are now quite convinced (if we were not in that delectable state before the perusal) that the economic interdependence of the various peoples of the world is altogether too close for one nation to injure another without suffering to at least an equal degree with its victim.

Now, the pacifist concludes that, as soon as this great principle is grasped, war becomes visibly merely the most stupid of suicides. We may allow that war is supremely undesirable; we may allow that a nation engaging in war is committing some degree of self-destruction. But, granting that we have to deal with a militarist nation (and perhaps that needs demonstration), the directors of whose policy are inspired with a passion for political expansion, who does not understand that it is the most certain of our duties to see to it that it shall be impossible for another nation to meddle with our national methods of political behaviour? German ideals of civic conduct are sometimes far from palatable to Englishmen, and why should we allow ourselves to be persuaded into a position of such inferiority as to be unable to prevent the imposition from outside of such an uncongenial system?

Interference is surely a bad thing in itself, scarcely to be defended when in operation between the members of a single state for their mutual benefit. But what is to be thought of a nation which consents to tolerate interference coming from without and without pretence for the benefit of those who suffer the curtailment of liberty?

From this point of view it will be seen that the principles so well established by Mr. Norman Angell are considered to be somewhat beside the point in reviewing the Anglo-German situation, and this is the attitude which Mr. Austin Harrison so satisfactorily assumed in last week's issue of EVERYMAN.—I am, sir, etc.,

G. R. B.

## EDUCATIONAL REFORM.

*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

SIR,—I have been very much interested by Professor John Adams' article on Educational Reform in your issue of February 28th.

As a school medical officer, and as a doctor who has devoted a good deal of time to the study of children in health and disease, I feel that I may claim some knowledge of our system of Elementary Education, but what is more important, of the psychology and physiology of childhood; and for these reasons, and because I feel the education of our children almost the only path to social or any other regeneration, I would respectfully criticise some of the statements made by Professor Adams.

If our elementary schools can stand comparison with those of any of the other great countries, one can only feel sorry, I think, for the other great countries. I cannot think there has ever been a previous state of man when the education given to his children stood in such appalling contrast to the light of his knowledge; I cannot think of any system of education (I refer more particularly to the mixed departments, the infant departments being more alive) more fitted to keep enlightenment from the minds of our future labourers and citizens, or more suitable for crushing the finest qualities in man, his inherited love, of danger for the sake of overcoming, and of injustice righted; nor can I conceive any system more fitted to make early life a boredom and a weariness to the flesh.

What can anyone capable of thought think of a system which expects children of three to six or seven years to go daily through a more or less rigid curriculum of five hours' duration—rigid because it omits most of those avenues of elasticity, of ceaseless probing, of endless intaking and outpouring, which are the characteristics of every child, and can only be satisfied by spontaneous song, dance, and dramatic action, the three fairy sisters of Castle Make-believe?

What can one say that is sufficiently condemning of a system which at a given age, irrespective of individual physical or mental fitness, suddenly bustles these unfortunate children into the still more rigid, still more foreign, prison-house atmosphere of Standard I.?

If, as I think, the infant department is the Alpha of our educational system up to the present, Standard I. is, indeed, the Omega—it is the limit of uncommonsense.

What can one think of a system which, against the will of our true philosophers, the working classes, imposes a distaste for the magnificent poetry of the Bible, and at the same time ignores the more important, because more suitable, teaching of the poetry of the body and its various appetites?

Has Professor Adams asked himself *why* the great mass of pupils in our elementary schools have neither ability nor desire to go on to a higher academic course? Why, it must be Nature's wise protection against further mummification. Why, long before the child has reached the age of twelve and the glorious freedom of half-timerdom he is too tired, physically and mentally and spiritually, if, indeed, he has been so strong as to retain some of his spirit-inheritance, to will or to wish anything for himself; if he has not ability, if he has not desire, it is not because he has emerged from the so-called "lower classes," but because the soil in which he was planted has missed the rain and sunshine of God.

Again, urgent though the need is for the reduction of the size of classes, it is not in this that we shall find salvation; this in itself will not excuse or redeem the fundamental wrongness of our educational methods.

Mr. G. K. Chesterton, in criticising the Montessori system, hinted, with more truth than perhaps he knew, that apparently the children who were receiving the sane education were the idiots.

Does another of your contributors—Charles Jones—know what might arrest the degenerating influence of third-rate music-halls? He might know, as also his fellow-teachers and our educationists, could they remember, that children, even more than men and women, are "merely players," and that every school should, like the world outside it, be a stage for these little men and women to rehearse, without the bitterness that may await them, the romance of a childhood that has grown up.

Every little girl is an immature, but otherwise complete, mother; every little boy is, if you give him tools, an immature, but otherwise complete, workman.

Have we completely forgotten what the child is like? Have we forgotten the unspeakable importance of those characteristics which are the certain inheritance and the privilege of every childhood, which it is our duty to succour and multiply, and without which

*(Continued on page 732.)*

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it is impossible for a man to enter the kingdom of heaven? I think we must have forgotten.—I am, sir, etc., AUSTIN PRIESTMAN.

Bradford.

*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

SIR,—Professor Adams' article on this subject shows a very fine grasp of the problem as a whole, and is full of suggestions of the greatest value. Not the least, from the point of view of elementary schools, is the indication which he gives that grading from top to bottom is necessary, in order to divide children who show some aptitude for mental work from those who manifestly do not. But one sentence made me start! "Fine buildings are the most fatal lure." The expression would be less dangerous if it did not encourage an already existing policy, and if it did not go to the root of all educational reform. Public schools and secondary schools, also the "civic" universities, may hear that dictum with equanimity, but to the elementary school it means, if carried out, the loss of a most valuable asset in education. There is a tradition among the public schools that a certain amount of discomfort, even of hardship, is necessary to act as discipline. Home may be too comfortable for a boy who is to do his work in the world. But the child in the elementary school has hardships enough and to spare in his out-of-school life. To him his school is the one warm, comfortable place in the world; there he is nursed and washed and fed, given new boots and stockings, taught manners, and, generally speaking, shown what clean, wholesome life means. Incidentally—quite incidentally really—he is taught something, if he is not too sleepy to listen.

Even to the child of well-to-do parents the elementary school is still, and ought to be, a place where he is not merely taught, but influenced for the good of the nation at large. And a beautiful school is a thing with which to work miracles—and would we had more of them! To-day, in a neighbourhood which is intended by the builder to house the elementary school child and its parents, the most prominent, and certainly the most attractive-looking, secular building is the public-house. Is it too much to ask that the school shall go one better than the public-house, instead of several points worse? Cannot we emphasise the importance of teaching by housing it worthily? We ask teachers to undertake work in the slums, and yet, apparently, we are to grudge them their due, which is to have the ugliness outside barriered off for the time being. We plan our schools now with great care, certainly, so that they are suitable for the work, and surely the slight extra cost could be incurred. And it is not entirely a question of economy, this disregard of beauty, but a failure to understand its value in teaching. Children are very sensitive to it, and appreciate it; it is good for them to understand that it exists, and to be taught to take care of it. In time they will realise that things outside the school are ugly, and needlessly, preventably, ugly; and there will arise a demand for better, more beautiful, and more healthy accommodation. And with this will come an end to the waste and destruction of beauty from sheer inability to see that it exists.—I am, sir, etc.,

T. M. CHALMERS.

Whyteleafe, Surrey.

## NATIONAL EDUCATION.

*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

SIR,—Lord Haldane's speech at Manchester on January 10th leads us to hope that in the near future we may be in possession of a really effective system of national education. If Lord Haldane succeeds in doing away with the weltering chaos that exists at present, he will have deserved the gratitude of the whole nation. We want a system in which the Church will cease from troubling, a system which will not be controlled by small local bodies composed of men who are for the most part utterly unqualified to express adequate opinions on educational needs, and in this system the teacher must have a definite and honoured status, with more liberal remuneration than he at present receives.

In your issue of March 7th your contributor H. H. makes a suggestion to the effect that the series of articles on "Countries of the World" might be followed by one on "Education in the Different Countries." This, I think, is a most valuable suggestion, the adoption of which would go far to remove the abysmal ignorance that prevails in this country regarding the educational systems of foreign countries. The average school board member doesn't trouble his head about such things; his chief concern is economy. The memorial presented to the Prime Minister by the National Education Association, signed by so many men of distinction in the educational world, is a hopeful sign, and may do something to hasten on the accomplishment of a work which, in the minds of all unprejudiced people, is as necessary as the maintenance of a fleet for the preservation of Britain's pre-eminent position among the nations. As a Scotchman I trust that reform will not be confined to England.—I am, sir, etc., STUDENT.

## THE ARMY AND UNEMPLOYMENT.

*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

SIR,—May I be permitted to add a suggestion to Dr. Percy Dearmer's first point in his article on "Out of Work," published in EVERYMAN for February 28th?

He very clearly and concisely points out the grave danger of the blind-alley occupations for boys; but has it ever occurred to him and other readers of your paper that the army system of our country is a blind-alley occupation for the youth and manhood of our country?

It is perfectly true that many of our army men are enabled and assisted into positions, such as commissionaires and similar occupations; but how about the large number of men who are not able to obtain such posts? Do they not, as a matter of fact, drift into the unskilled labour market, and often, because of their small pensions, which enable them to work cheaper, displace men who have no such annuity? Again, how often do we come across unemployable men, who date their misfortunes from the time of their retiring and attribute their unfortunate position to the fact of having spent the prime of life in the service of their country! They are fit and skilled, it is true, but for army work alone; but as their time has been completed they are thrown upon the unskilled labour market, unless they are fortunate enough to obtain a position where their disciplined lives and physique *alone* are needed.

Surely, sir, this is a blind alley of employment which is almost as detrimental to the life of the nation, from a commercial, and thereby moral and physical, point of view, as in the case of boy labour. What I would suggest is that the Governmental or military authorities should reserve a department, of a military or allied nature, and recruit its staff from retired military men. It could be so regulated that the same number (or thereabouts) of men could retire from this department as were retiring from the army,

*(Continued on page 734.)*

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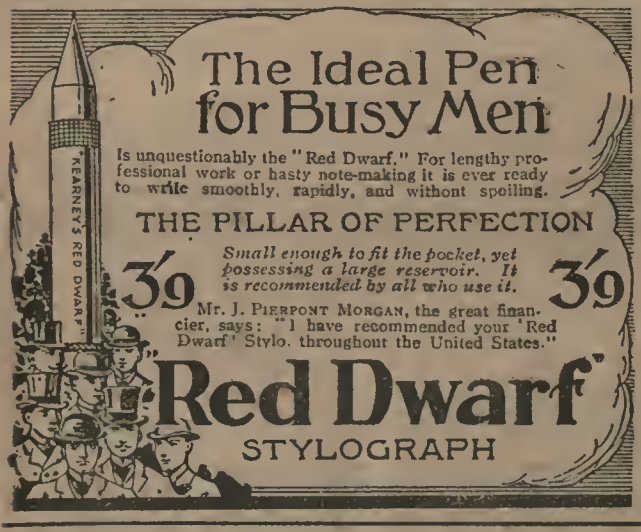


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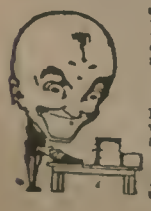

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so that the men retiring as reserve men could be drafted into positions, according to rank and ability, in this work, more within their scope and for which they have been prepared while serving in the army. Then, when their turn came to retire from this departmental work, we should find their age and pension enough to make it desirable and possible to live independently and comfortably.

Surely some such scheme could be devised, and would relieve very considerably the flooded state of the unskilled labour market, and provide more satisfactorily and worthily for the men who give up their trades in their earlier years to serve their King and country, in a service that they know must necessarily prove to the vast majority an early and blind alley.

—I am, sir, etc., H. W. Finch.

Walmer.

## CHRISTIANITY, PROGRESS, AND THE CLAIMS OF THE BIBLE.

*To the Editor of* Everyman.

Sir,—Many conflicting opinions have been advanced by your correspondents on the relations between progress and Christianity, and on the nature of the claims of the Bible. It would take volumes adequately to discuss these subjects, so that possibly a slight seeming dogmatism of tone may be excusable when they are discussed within the limits of articles and letters. But the dogmatism of some of your correspondents is by no means slight. Mr. Miller compresses the conclusions of Voltaire and Buckle within about twenty-four lines, without, however, supporting them by any convincing, or even reasonable, arguments. Mr. Cludell rules out, by a drastic *à priori* method, the possibility of progressive revelation.

The first of these two gentlemen to discredit Christianity reverts to the time-worn practice of identifying the corruptions and abuses perpetrated in the name of Christianity with the Christian religion itself. His acquaintance with Christianity must be extremely limited if he is not aware that violence, murder, persecution, "fiendish torture," and the "imprisonment of thousands for opinons . . . ," have no part in, and are diametrically opposed to, and condemned by, the Christian religion, as distinct from the acts committed in its name by those who use its name unscrupulously in the interests of political power, or those whose unstable minds hold a perverted interpretation of it. The "persecution, the fiendish torture," which Mr. Miller mentions has, in the majority of cases, been used rather against those who have been seeking a true interpretation of Christianity than against those who have been opposing it altogether. Mr. Miller would do well to read Lord Morley's lives of Rousseau and Voltaire, where he will find the admission made by a man whom it would be absurd to accuse of any bias in favour of Christianity, that the early Churchmen alone "kept alive the flickering lights of civilisation." But for Christianity, it is difficult to believe that there ever could have been any such civilisation as we have to-day. Mr. Miller, however, will probably not see the force of these remarks. He is evidently a rationalist, and I am content to believe with you, sir, that "progress is irrational, it is supra-rational, it is metaphysical, it is mystical and transcendental."

In Mr. Cludell's strange letter the edifying analogy between the Bible and the beetle speaks well for his knowledge of the former. With respect to the

inspiration of the Bible, some words of Archdeacon Wilkinson's may not be amiss:

"Finally, then, what do we mean by saying that the Bible is inspired? We mean that it consists of writings which have affected, and do affect, the world as no other writings have done; that they have revealed, in forms that were suitable and in language that was intelligible, to those to whom they were addressed, and that they still reveal, the will of God and His aims for man, comfort his sorrows, guide his life, inspire him with the love of God and man as no other writings do; and that this opinion of their value rests on no arbitrary choice made by someone at some time, but represents the verdict of the world."

This expresses the position exactly.—I am, sir, etc.,

Plymouth. P.

## THE CHURCH AND SOCIAL PROBLEMS.

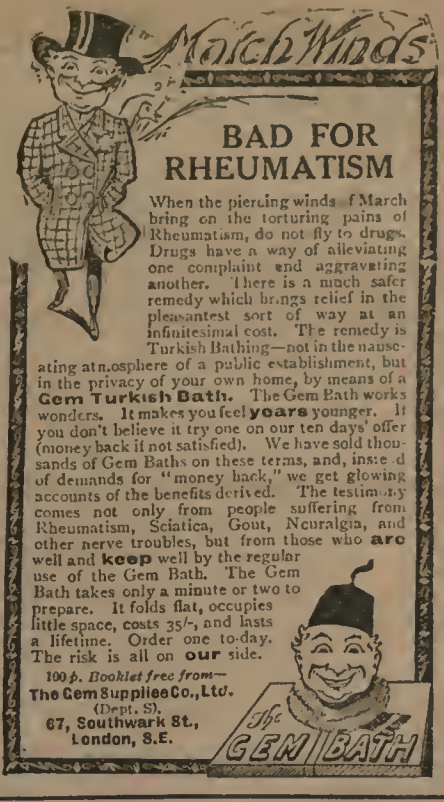
*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

SIR,—Mr. Hector Macpherson's article on "The Church and Social Problems," in addition to a great deal of truth, contains several examples of confused thinking, several contradictions, and at least one statement which is, in Ruskin's phrase, "accurately and exquisitely wrong." He says, "Salvation is no longer viewed as a mystical something which could be possessed by the individual apart from social institutions and social influences." The truth is that salvation is still viewed as such by nearly every branch of the Christian Church, from the Greek Church to the Salvation Army. This is the central point of the Christian religion, and therein lies its strength. The Christian preacher can say to every man, "No matter what your environment, no matter what injustices you may suffer from, no matter how wretched a slave you may be, you may still possess that priceless treasure, that 'mystical something,' called salvation."

There is also very little truth in the description of the Church's conception of its mission given in the first part of the article. The Church has always denounced usury. It has always said that the rich should look upon themselves as the stewards and not the owners of their wealth. It has always preached contentment to the poor. It has been the greatest charitable and educational institution ever known. What really distinguishes the Church of to-day from the Church of the past is that it has abandoned that particular theory of Social Reform which was its own (and which, of course, may have been wrong) and has adopted that theory which is largely the outcome of the materialism of the last generation.

Section II. of the article opens with a confusion of ideas which is almost distracting. Take one sentence: "The Founder of Christianity is claimed as a Socialist, and the clergy are told that, to be true to the example of the Master, they must side with the poor against the rich." The implication here is that to be a Socialist is the same thing as to side with the poor against the rich. It is true that Karl Marx thought that a class war was the best means of bringing about Socialism, but there is no essential connection between the ideas. It is quite possible to be a Socialist and to side with the rich against the poor (as many Socialists do). It is also quite possible to side with the poor against the rich without even thinking about Socialism.

There is also much confusion and contradiction in the teaching of the article with regard to "rights" and "duties." The teaching of duties involves the teaching of rights. If it is A's duty to do justice to B, then it is B's duty to demand justice of A. The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"duty" of charity involves the "right" of begging, and that is why the laws against begging are morally unjustifiable. "The setting up of the moral law as the standard of national life" of necessity involves "taking sides with the poor in the assertion of their rights," if those rights are denied them.

We are told that "The cause of social reform is not helped by indiscriminate denunciation of the rich or indiscriminate adulation of the poor." That depends. If we find that society as a whole is addicted to indiscriminate denunciation of the poor, and indiscriminate adulation of the rich, we may possibly be justified in doing something to redress the balance. One thing is quite certain. The Church must either leave social reform severely alone, or it must take the part of the poor against the rich.—I am sir, etc.,

K. L. Kenrick.

## BOOKS OF THE WEEK

Miss Alice Jeans has not been successful in her historical novel, Mingled Seed (Cranston and Ouseley, 6s.). The author has the capacity for creating a certain dramatic interest, but her gifts do not lie in the direction of characterisation; the introduction of an historical personage into a romance calls for the power of painting past scenes in such vivid colours that the dry bones of dead years live again. This power is lacking in Miss Jeans. It needs more than a little courage to introduce names such as Napoleon, not to mention Cavour, and certainly the author does not suffer from an undue lack of modesty. The pity is that she does not content herself wth the writing of a story as such, and leave to others better fitted for the task the attempt to portray men of European reputation. The book itself consists of plots, intrigues, a certain amount of fighting, and long-drawn-out interviews between subsidiary characters and the eminent personages before referred to. "The struggles of a strong nature torn between patriotism and religion," which form one of the chief items of interest in the story, are not convincingly reproduced. Interspersed with moral reflections, the stream of the narrative ebbs and flows. As thus: "He who in his old, happy, careless days had accepted lightly the teaching of the most materialistic school of psychology was a prey to this unreasoning misery, and . . . despite the most strenuous exertion of will, was obliged to think of his victims." With very much more of the same sort. We would advise the author to choose a less ambitious theme, or at least confine herself to the simple chronicles of everyday occurrence.

There is undoubted power in The Night Nurse (Chapman and Hall, 6s.), by the author of "The Surgeon's Log." The construction is weak, and the attempts at a plot sketchy and ill-considered; but certain of the characters are well drawn, the descriptions of hospital life convincing, and the story has a certain swing that carries one along. The heroine is one of those impossibly beautiful people that have "a strange, indefinable attraction," the sort of woman about whom other women say, "I can't imagine what he sees in her, my dear!" One is a little puzzled in Nora's case to discover the extraordinary charm which sets the studio and the hospital wards alight with admiration. For this young person is not only a ministering angel, but possesses a face of such entrancing loveliness that artists compete to paint her portrait. At times the author grips you with the undoubted reality of the scenes, notably the operation in the theatre, which is written with admirable restraint and force.

"Sir John glanced quickly at the square of exposed skin. He measured it with his eye.

"'Knife,' he said abruptly, swinging his arm behind him.

"The nurse put it into his waiting fingers; there was a flash, and a long, raw, red ellipsoid appeared in the area of breathing, iodine-stained whiteness. Automatically Fitzgerald's swab covered it, the red creeping quickly up the virgin purity of the sponge. He raised his hand sharply, a little vessel spurted six inches high, and his artery forceps, coming down with a clipping precision, stopped it instantly. Swiftly, steadily, working in the absolute knowledge and mutual practice, the four sets of fingers manipulated the wound."

The Mystery Woman (Cassell, 6s.) is "a strange creature . . . a curious mixture of upper heaven and lower earth. All her life she had longed for mundane advantages. . . . Beneath her cold calm there lay a passionate yearning for power, the power to sway men's hearts, to govern men's intellects." After reading this, one is not surprised to learn that Althea Stanmount knew herself to be potentially great, and that at times there shone in her strange, pale eyes a light which might have illuminated the face of some seeress of ancient days! This remarkable and somewhat terrifying lady, as might be expected, does many strange and wonderful things. It is, we feel, a decline from her greatness that she should become a palmist, though the author somewhat rehabilitates her in connection with the Sixth Sense Society, the members of which insist on the distinction between the Initiated and the Unendowed. It is difficult to understand the precise significance of this distinction, but one is glad to learn that there is a half-way house for "ripening souls." Mrs. Campbell Praed is just a little out of date, both in her heroine and the background of the marvellous events that fill her crowded canvas. The end, however, is entirely in keeping; there could be only one such ending for an aspirant of the Sixth Sense Society. "Two misty shapes . . . rose from the river and floated up into the early morning sky. Against its purplish, star-strewn canopy they arose, clinging together, and soared towards the east, where a sheet of pale, pearly light was spreading softly, illuminating the far-distant reaches of space. And the happy Shapes soared on, never dreaming they were dead." It is wonderful what the sixth sense will do!

Messrs. Jarrold and Sons are to be congratulated on their issue of a book that adds considerably to the literature of the river of London. Books innumerable have been written on the scenery and certain features of the Thames, but hitherto no serious attempt has been made to treat exhaustively of its history. In On and Along the Thames (10s. 6d. net), Mr. W. Culling Gaze tells the story of the picturesque days of James the First. The author sketches in vivid colours the course of the river flowing through the Gloucestershire meadows. The literary and historical associations of the villages upon its banks are told in graphic language. One of the most interesting chapters deals with "Court life along the river." Starting with the death of "that great sovereign, but vain and wretched woman, Queen

(Continued on page 738.)

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Elizabeth," the author passes on to the audience of King James the First to the Venetian Secretary, who, in a dispatch to the Doge and Senate, gives his impressions of the scene. "I was received . . . yesterday at Greenwich. I went there and found such a crowd as I never saw the like even in Constantinople in time of peace. There were upwards of ten or twelve thousand persons about. All the efforts of the guards hardly enabled me to reach the first, let alone the inner chamber, owing to the throng of nobility." Mr. Gaze recalls Sir Anthony Welldon's description of the King. "He was of middle stature, more corpulent through his clothes than in his body. . . . He was naturally of a timorous disposition, which was the reason of his quilted doublets. . . . His tongue was too large for his mouth, which ever made him speak full in the mouth, and made him drink very uncomely, as if eating his drink, which came out into the cup on each side of his mouth. . . . His walk was ever circular, his fingers ever in that walk fiddling about." These are only two of the many passages of interest and historical association in Mr. Gaze's notable production. The volume will be welcomed by all lovers of the Thames, and no one can read the book without adding to the pleasurable associations of a river loved by poets and painters, and enshrined for ever in the heart of English literature. We congratulate the author on his achievement.

❀ ❀ ❀

Mr. Menzies Fergusson, in THE OCHIL FAIRY TALES (D. Nutt, 3s. 6d. net), shows certain of the qualities necessary to their telling. He uses the one and only possible beginning, "Once upon a time," and gets to the heart of the matter in the opening paragraph. "The Ochil Rose" is the best example of his style. "Once upon a time, when the Queen's sheep were pastured on the Ochil Hills, there lived a pretty little girl called the Ochil Rose at the farm of Fossachy." The description that follows is convincing enough to satisfy the most exigeant child, while leaving sufficient scope to the imagination—a necessary part of the telling of a fairy story. In other numbers of this volume the author loses this sense of simplicity. He uses words unknown to fairyland. No child could possibly believe in the little people when they are spoken of as meeting at a "rendezvous," and the introduction of aeroplanes and steam-engines into a simple legend is an artistic error which the mind of a child would instantly detect. With these exceptions, Mr. Fergusson is to be praised in that he does not invest the familiar things of everyday life with magic, save at the will of the fairies. The modern child has been surfeited with supernatural carpets, talking tortoises, and highly endowed steam-engines. The wishing-cap, that by a wave of the fairies' wand brought luck to its possessor, is worth a thousand of them all, and the author, in realising this, has gone far on the road that leads to the perfect fairy tale. "The Brownie" is told with a due regard for detail, and the sense of mystery that children love. "The door opened gently, and a strange, quaint little figure stole into the room. It was a wee man, with a red cap upon his head, green shoes upon his feet, and a tight little jacket of greenish leather closely buttoned round his body." One realises the Brownie in a flash. You can see him sweeping the hearth and the floor, setting the dishes on the dresser. "Going out again, he brought in some peats, which he placed upon the fire, and, bending down upon his knees, he blew the embers until the fire blazed quite cheerily." The picture is complete; not a child but would realise and appreciate its truth.

Of all modern writers, Mr. E. F. Benson is notable for finished literary style and careful characterisation. These qualities are notable in THE WEAKER VESSEL (Heinemann, 6s.), but the sense of drama that characterises "Sheaves" and "The Climber" is not so present in his latest novel. The story opens in a country vicarage, and the description of Mrs. Ramsden, the vicar's wife, is inimitable. "Mrs. Ramsden's temperament was as angular as her person, which was as angular as a turnip-ghost. In neither (if, indeed, in any of them) was there a rounded corner; you could no more pass close to her without being pricked by her knee or elbow than you could live with her without coming in contact with similar acute and long slight projections of her mind . . . either a thing is right or it is wrong, for, if not, as she sometimes remarked, 'Where are we?' She, it may be mentioned, was usually there." Her husband was of the feather-bed variety of temperament, a peace-at-any-price man, who occasionally relapses into sentiment instantaneously suppressed on the approach of his wife. In these inauspicious surroundings Eleanor, Mrs. Ramsden's stepdaughter, grew up. Possessed of the artistic temperament, warm-hearted and impulsive, she escapes from her stepmother at the earliest possible moment, and in the most conventional fashion. She obtains a situation as governess, falls in love with a tutor who develops a genius for writing plays; Eleanor finally marries Harry Whittaker. The study of the influence of alcohol on the production of his plays is not entirely convincing, and it is difficult to feel convinced that a pen so brilliant and caustic, when assisted by a whisky and soda, should be so utterly flat and uninspired when removed from its inspiriting influence.

❀ ❀ ❀

THE CELIBACY OF MAURICE CANE (Holden and Hardingham, 6s.) is an example of slipshod writing, colourless characterisation, and exaggerated point of view. The story devotes certain chapters to the description of a monastery. We can only hope that monks do not talk in the impulsively prosy manner described by Mr. Conway Gordon, who appears to think that the contemplative life consists in interminable exordiums. Maurice, a hero brought up in this enlivening atmosphere, develops into a morbid, weak-kneed youth. The story, such as it is, centres round the taking of an oath of celibacy by him, his breaking of the same, and, finally, his marriage to an entirely eligible young person.

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BY

VIDA SCUDDER

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# HISTORY IN THE MAKING

## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THERE is reason to hope that the problem of the delimitation of Albania, upon which the prospect of peace in the Balkans virtually depends, is nearing its solution. Austria has at last agreed that Djakova be given up to Servia on condition that the Russian Government shall insist upon the abandonment of the Montenegrin claim to Scutari. The result of such an agreement will be, of course, the creation of an Albanian State, nominally independent, but really under the protection of Austria. Needless to say, the Austro-Hungarian Chauvinist organs have been loud and vehement in their denunciation of the surrender of Djakova, which they described as a piece of living flesh torn from the body of a free Albania to please Russia. But those who are acquainted with the inextricable entanglement of races in Albania know that any delimitation must be purely artificial, and every sane student of the situation must rejoice that the perilous Austro-Hungarian difficulty is solving itself, and there is now every chance of the ending of a sterile war.

Political murders are in the air once more. Last week the King of the Hellenes was shamefully assassinated by a mental degenerate. Now news comes from China of the murder of Sung-Chiao-Jen, ex-Minister of Agriculture and Forestry, who was assassinated while boarding a train. He was President of the Kuomingtang, or United Nationalists, who can claim 368 out of the 546 members in the coming Parliament, and who are pledged to vote for a party Cabinet and provincial rights, in opposition to Yuan-Shi-Kai's policy of a Pekin dictatorship. This fact lends special significance to the assassination, which is likely to have a drastic effect upon the Convocation of Parliament on April 8th. Many Kuomingtang members who had already assembled at Pekin have left, and there is a widespread opinion that the whole party will assemble at Nankin, which would create a position sown with every eventuality of grave civil strife. The present murder is not an isolated event, but the last of a chain of political murders which have electrified the atmosphere since the Revolution. Whatever the outcome may be, one thing is sure—the day is past when China could be intimidated by the assassin's dagger, and murder as a short cut to rule has become impossible in the country of Sun-Yat-Sen.

At a conference held in Manchester the other day the economic effect of raising the school age was discussed, educationalists and economists alike advocating some degree of State compulsion. Professor J. J. Findlay, of Manchester University, emphasised the difficulty of dealing with the great mass of neglected youth, who were roped in neither by the official night-schools nor by the boys' clubs. He saw no remedy for the evil short of the right of the State to exercise some amount of definite control over youth up to the age of eighteen in every rank of society—a compulsion which must clearly be accompanied by interference, not only with the freedom and licence of youth, but with the rights of the employer. The same suggestion is urged in the memorial recently presented to the Prime Minister by a number of representative educationalists.

With the death of Lady Dorothy Nevill, at the advanced age of eighty-seven, another link with the great Victorians has been severed. She counted among her friends the best Englishmen and women of her time, including the Duke of Wellington, Lord Palmerston, Cobden, Bright, Disraeli, Gladstone, G. F. Watts (who painted her portrait), Bulwer Lytton, and many others. Her catholicity of spirit, intellectual power, and charm of personality made her salon a *point de repère* for the great and wise, of whatever party, and her published reminiscences show her a past-mistress of the lost art of the diarist.

# AN AWAKENING IN NEW ENGLAND

## BY VIDA D. SCUDDER

Over-intellectualised New England, at rest in its fine traditions, has had a rude awakening. Through the textile industries, the chief source of its prosperity, has swept a revolutionary flame. From these industries are derived the comfortable fortunes of many of our best citizens, including leaders in education and religion. It does not appear that these high-minded men ever took any special interest in the mill towns. There is no evidence that they had been aware of the conditions among the throngs of labourers from Southern and Eastern Europe who surged through those old streets where frame houses and white churches still speak of Puritan days. Toward the industrial situation which had silently arisen everybody alike was ignorant, baffled, and helpless.

Helpless and baffled we may remain; but we cannot be ignorant any longer.

A year ago everything seemed quiet. Trade unions existed, but in apathetic fashion, American unions having imperfectly adjusted themselves to the invasion of labour by non-English speaking peoples. The operatives, representing nineteen or more nationalities, possessed no common will, no common speech. But beneath their silence there was misery and unrest. Then came a labour law, limiting the hours of work for women. The manufacturers, automatically as it were, lowered wages; in Lawrence, Massachusetts, they stupidly sprang the cut-down without warning, and, also automatically if you will, without premeditation or organisation, the people struck.

All conditions for a successful strike seemed lacking. But suddenly two Italian leaders appeared—Joseph Ettor, New York born, son of the people, and Arturo Giovannitti, ex-theological student and poet. These men were imbued with a philosophy strange to us then, now familiar as Syndicalism. They told the strikers that "they need but remain motionless to control the world," preached "direct action," had much to say of international fraternity, and organised the strike under a revolutionary association opposed to the old trade unions, the Industrial Workers of the World. Slavs, Italians, Hebrews lifted their heads with brightening eyes, and the great strike was "on."

Such a strike as the United States in the East had never witnessed. For the leaders, while using in the main pacific tactics, did not hesitate to say that no paltry rise in wages, but "the abolition of the wage system" was the end of the struggle. Fine men, these leaders. The public heard only of agitators from without, but the situation developed admirable local talent. Franco-Belgians, trained in co-operatives at home, were the backbone of the strike; though speaking no English, they had to work indirectly. Their ideas had been current enough among us in the old days of Brook Farm. In their hall, a *maison du peuple*, modelled on those at home, were the strike headquarters; here delegates from the nineteen nations, singing "L'Internationale" to many sets of words, but to one tune, engineered affairs with marked ability, while they gained a new vision and a new sense of brotherhood.

Meanwhile the parades—not always tranquil—the enthusiasm and eloquence, the European methods, in short, alarmed the town. That there was also violence, though not in serious amount, cannot be doubted. Militia and State police were summoned. Streets were full of soldiers. Pressmen swarmed—often complaining, by the way, that their stories were suppressed or mangled by the capitalist papers—and their alert gaiety concealed the seriousness of war correspondents. Lawrence was the scene of a miniature revolution: one wondered if round the corner one would come on a barricade.

There were no barricades and there was no real fighting. There were riots. In one a woman striker was killed, and Ettor and Giovannitti, neither of whom had the slightest relation to the deed, were clapped into prison, charged with murder in the first degree on the ground of inciting speeches. The idea was to get them out of the way; but a chimera can always sprout a new head. "Big Bill Haywood," notorious in Western labour wars, a name of terror to New England, came on and took the lead.

Dynamite was discovered in several places. No evidence connected it with the strikers; and in due time a member of the school committee, one Breen, son of a former mayor, was convicted of planting it. He was obviously suborned—by whom is not known. Investigation is pending. When three people, one of them William Wood, head of the American Woollen Company, were indicted on the charge of planting the dynamite, one of the three, a Mr. Pitman, the contractor who had built the mills, and who was said to have betrayed the plot, committed suicide. The workers believe that the dynamite was deliberately planted to cast suspicion on them. Should the investigation drop, this belief will become fixed.

Following methods familiar to industrial disturbances abroad, the strike committee sent bevies of children away from the besieged town to be cared for by comrades elsewhere. The policy was vigorously opposed. Philanthropic societies protested. There was a disturbance at the station, where it is claimed (responsible newspaper men, eye-witnesses, assure me truly) that mothers trying to put their children on trains were clubbed by the police. That women were on other occasions brutally treated is certain, if bruises can speak. This episode turned public sympathy. Of social freedom we have as yet small conception in New England, but of personal freedom we are extremely jealous; and that parents should be interfered with was more than the public would stand.

A Congressional inquiry was discussed and advocated. One heard little more of it. It vanished softly and silently, like the Snark; why, who shall say?

But suddenly, behold! the strike was settled! And the strikers won. A rise in wages from five to fifteen per cent., aggregating throughout New England no less than five million dollars, was the result. Why did the owners yield? Was it the whispered threat of that inquiry, or was it, as they claim, a sudden rise in the market for textiles? Such a rise certainly and opportunely occurred last spring.

Meantime fresh disturbances break out, now here, now there. New England is awake; everybody is awake. And those Christian citizens in high places, representing the best traditions of the country, they whose revenues are derived from the mill towns, may there be any power of leadership in them? New England is waiting to discover.

# LIFE IN A LONDON BASTILLE BY THOMAS HOLMES

## PART III.

WE left the blood-stained roof and sat again in 246. The husband was quietly at work, and the wife briskly joined him, as if determined to make up for lost time. Their work was eminently fitted for the place—it was monotonous, degrading, and life-destroying. They had piles of steel "bristles" before them, and their work consisted in picking up the "bristles" singly and inserting them in oval-shaped pieces of rubber the size of small hair-brushes. The rubber was perforated with small holes; at the back of the rubber the wooden portion of the brush was fixed, this also being perforated. The puzzle was to push the piece of thin steel wire through the hole in the rubber and find its corresponding hole in the wood. When every hole was filled and every bristle stood erect and of proper length their task was finished and a penny earned. If the holes corresponded, their task was simple; if the underneath holes were out of place, they took some finding.

For five years they had sat together at this exhilarating task, their children helping them after school hours. They considered themselves fortunate when their combined earnings amounted to ten shillings for a week's work.

Sometimes the tiny bits of steel proved refractory and entered their fingers instead of the rubber and wood. I have seen women engaged in this particular industry with fingers bloody, covered with sores, and presenting an altogether sickening appearance.

Both husband and wife's fingers were happily sound. Still, a convulsive movement occasionally told that a piece of wire had done a little business on its own account.

Such was their life, week in and week out, as the years went by. The girl of eighteen bringing home her earnings to swell the family exchequer and sleeping in the unwashed rags. The clever boy of fifteen bringing home his earnings, sleeping on the living-room floor, rising first, lighting the fire, and filling the kettle.

"They are good children—look at their certificates!" said the mother. "What will become of them; what will become of them? We can't get out!"

Yet they are the "aristocracy" of the Bastille.

Surely Death did a kind action when he carried off the blind matchbox maker; surely the "big lump" for which he was insured was well spent when it enabled a family to flee from the City of Destruction! Money was never better spent. It was infinitely better than an orgy of flowers, ever so much better than a "nice funeral," at once the admiration of children and the envy of adults. Yes, insurance was justified for once!

I made the acquaintance of the matchbox making family nine years ago, and they introduced me to the Bastille.

A boy of eleven had been charged with the heinous crime of stealing some wood paving blocks that had been removed from the street to be replaced by new ones. He told the magistrate that he was going to take them home to burn, that his father was blind, and his mother a matchbox maker.

Their address was 240, Bastille. I will not describe their rooms, I only say that the Bastillians are quite justified in considering the wire hairbrush makers as "aristocrats." I bought sheets and blankets, towels and clothing, had the rooms cleansed, and generally helped them for a time. I called on them one afternoon about three o'clock. The blind man had gone to the factory with seven gross of boxes.

In the room, on the bed, on the table and floor lay hundreds of boxes in part made or completed. The smell of the glue, combined with the atmosphere of the room, made me feel sick and faint.

The woman at one end of the table was working with the movements and precision of an automatic machine. At the other end of the table sat a child of four pasting bits of sandpaper, for "striking" purposes, on the boxes his mother threw across to him as she completed her part. The child, big-eyed and wan, was working with the finished movements of an adult. I gasped and remonstrated. "He has been very poorly, so I am keeping him from school this afternoon, and he is helping me a bit; I have to get all these into the factory before seven o'clock," so she told me.

The child's early death did not enable them to "get out." Four times daily that wilted bud of humanity had climbed those seventy-four stairs; sometimes, when he was not well, "he helped his mother a bit." His sacrifice was not sufficient; but, thank God, his blind father completed it, for the remainder of the family are "out."

Truth to tell, I could be well content for the wire hairbrush maker to make a quick and happy dispatch, and allow his child-bearing slave wife to realise the "good lump."

In his life he will never save his children, but, horrible though it be to say it, his death might prove their salvation. Yet, I suppose, he is a decent, respectable fellow; but he is so content to go on sticking in those little bits of wire, so content that his daughter should sleep on a bed of rags, and his clever boy upon the living-room floor, that I hate him!

A boy of five, entirely naked, is running about on the broken pavement of the courtyard, evidently enjoying his freedom from clothes, although the month is January. His mother, a widow and a decent woman, is engaged in washing, drying, and repairing the graceless urchin's only garments. The "aristocrat" in 246, looking down from her altitude, is scandalised, so she descends the seventy-four stairs, carrying with her a boy's overcoat very much worn, covers the nakedness of the freedom-loving child, calls out to the widow, "I thought the dear child might take cold; you can keep it till to-morrow." Then she climbs the seventy-four steps and falls to her steel bristle sticking. Even the hot breath of the Bastille cannot wither all good impulses in its "aristocracy"!

The Bastille, February, 1913. I am seriously reversing my opinion of the male steel bristler in 246. He has got more pluck than I imagined. He has encountered and defeated a good-sized desperado who was attempting to rob his penny-in-the-slot gas meter; he caught him in the act, punched his head, and made him run. I don't believe that I quite hate him; I hope he will live to "get out." But I cannot help hoping that there will be no additional young "bristlers" and no further use for little coffins in 246!

*(To be continued.)*

# ENTERPRISE IN BUSINESS

## AN OMISSION IN THE SOCIALIST ARGUMENT

I.

It is generally assumed that Socialist books are preternaturally clever, and that most Socialist writers are endowed with some of the scintillating wit of Mr. Bernard Shaw, and of the corrosive irony of Mr. Wells. My own impression is that Socialist writers of the average Marxist type are extraordinarily dull, only a shade less dull than the representatives of the orthodox dismal science. It is equally assumed that Socialism is a bad case argued by very brilliant men. My own impression is that it is a very good argument, spoiled by superficial and bigoted advocates. Socialist debaters are generally so ignorant that they invariably stumble against the most obvious obstacles. They are so cocksure that they never trouble to meet the argument of their opponents, and they are intellectually so dishonest that they are always ready to impute moral dishonesty to their opponents.

II.

Perhaps the best and simplest example of Socialist sophistry is the eternal repetition of the dogma that Capital and Labour are the only producers of wealth. The obvious answer is that there is a far more important factor in the production of Wealth than either, namely, Management and Organisation, that no matter how abundant the Capital, no matter how inexhaustible the supply of Labour, if Management and Organisation are wanting or inferior the result must be failure or bankruptcy.

The Socialist may, no doubt, retort that Management and Organisation are only a form of Labour, namely, Intellectual Labour, or that they are only a form of Capital, namely, the Capital of Skill accumulated as the result of training or heredity. That may be true in a metaphysical or a metaphorical sense, but if you go to the root of the matter, and if you drop metaphor or metaphysics or sophistry and casuistry, you will find that Capital and Labour on the one hand, and Organisation and Management on the other hand, are different, not only in degree, but in kind. And you will find that whereas the one is always available, the other is lamentably scarce; that whilst Capital can be democratised quite as much as Labour—a huge Capital can be owned by a crowd of small investors—Management and Organisation must remain the monopoly of an élite.

III.

But there is another factor in the production of Wealth far more important than Capital and Labour, far more important than Management and Organisation, and yet one which Socialist writers and orthodox economists consistently ignore, namely, Enterprise and Speculation. Again and again we see a new form of Enterprise revolutionising business and trade. A Genoese adventurer believes in the sphericity of the earth, and discovers a new world. A Frenchman sees the means of putting the Mediterranean into communication with the Red Sea and the Indian Ocean, and lo! the Suez Canal diverts the trade of Europe. An innkeeper sees the possibilities of Zermatt as a health resort, and makes the prosperity of a district. A newspaper proprietor sees the future of the penny paper, and the *Morning Post* is launched on a career of unexampled prosperity. A publisher anticipates the needs of popular education; he believes that the future lies in producing cheap books for the million rather than in producing expensive books for the few, and he stakes his own future on a chance.

Whatever form Enterprise may take, it is the soul of business. It is its driving power. It is its vital principle. Where such enterprise does not exist, as in France, however rich the people may be, and however industrious, however gifted as organisers, they cannot become an industrial power. On the contrary, where such spirit does exist, the people will achieve wonders, and build up a gigantic trade. Thus, modern Germany owes her industrial expansion, not to Capital and Labour, nor to Management, but to ENTERPRISE.

It is the function of Enterprise not only to develop an industry, but to call it into existence. For there is this essential difference between Capital and Labour and Enterprise, that Capital and Labour merely reproduce or multiply or develop what already exists. Enterprise creates what did not exist. It launches forth on the high seas of the unknown. Like genius, it initiates. Like heroism, it conquers. Like religion, it performs miracles.

IV.

And the reason is obvious. Enterprise initiates like genius, simply because it *is* genius. It conquers like heroism, simply because it is a form of heroism. It performs miracles like religion, simply because it is a form of religion.

Few people realise the combination of qualities which are indispensable for the success of any great enterprise. In the first place, it calls forth the intellectual qualities, the clear vision, the prophetic eye, the synthetic mind, and human language has appropriately given the same name to the operations of the philosopher and to the operations of the financier or company promoter. Both activities are termed "speculation." And, in the second place, Enterprise calls forth the highest moral qualities, not only tenacity of purpose, but the qualities of daring and valour, the qualities which make the adventurer and the explorer. Well may the leaders of business be called "Captains of Industry," for their activity does call for exactly the virtues of the soldier. Like the hero of Balzac's novel, "The Quest of the Absolute," the Captains of Industry must be prepared to face ruin and bankruptcy in the Industrial battle. Like the Polar explorer, he has to choose between victory and ruin. Nor is he daunted by the knowledge that for every one triumph there are twenty failures. And, finally, Enterprise demands some of the qualities which, in their highest form, constitute the religious temperament: the visionary enthusiasm, that optimism and confidence which stakes everything on a venture, and, above all, the theological virtue of faith, a faith beyond reason and beyond calculating prudence.

V.

Enterprise is so vital a factor in the production of Wealth that if it were proved that Individualism is necessary to its existence, and that Socialism is fatal to it, I, for one, would prefer Individualism, with all its dangers, to Socialism, with all its security.

But I emphatically deny that Socialism would paralyse Enterprise, and that Individualism does foster it. For Enterprise is essentially courage and heroism as applied to business. And courage and heroism are not economic or political qualities; they

are moral and vital qualities. Politics and economics may crush Enterprise. They do not produce it.

Enterprise has been found compatible with the most different political conditions. It has even been found compatible with despotism. One of the most gigantic industrial enterprises of modern times, the Trans-Siberian Railway, has been accomplished by an absolute Government and a bankrupt State under the impulse of Count Witte. An equally gigantic industrial undertaking, the Suez Canal, was obstructed by the British Government, and was only made possible with the financial assistance of an Oriental despot, even as four centuries ago the enterprise of Columbus was discouraged by the free Republics of Italy, whilst it was furthered by the Spanish Kings.

And if we compare the attitude of the private individual and of the community with regard to Enterprise, we shall find that the modern State is much more likely to encourage Enterprise than Capitalism.

Capitalism only looks at immediate returns and from the point of view of immediate gain. Capitalism is essentially short-sighted, and even where it does encourage Enterprise it perverts it for its own ignoble purposes; it transforms even the noblest undertaking into a reckless gamble. On the contrary, the modern State can afford to experiment, to look at distant aims, to entertain high ideals, to forgo immediate profit. We can see how scientific investigations have been thriving under the fostering care of the State. The most far-reaching discoveries, those of Helmholz, of Pasteur, of Lister, emanated from University men, that is to say, from State officials. Why should the same not hold true with regard to commercial and industrial enterprise? To assume that without the incentive of immediate gain industrial enterprise would collapse is to ignore the deeper motives which drive the enterprising genius. It is like saying that the courageous man would become a coward if he were not rewarded for his courage. Enterprise which is really creative does not originate mainly in a desire to make a fortune; rather does it proceed from a vital impulse. It proceeds from instinct rather than from conscious reason. Enterprise is the expression of a strong personality, of irrepressible vitality, and, therefore, it will best thrive in a state of society which respects personality, rather than in a state of society where the majority of the people live in a practical state of slavery.

* * *

## AMETHYST.

It was only a summer idyll. It lasted no longer than the sunshine: it was as fleeting as the life of a butterfly.

They gathered scabious in the fields when the sun shone smilingly down on their happiness. That summer was one sweet joy between two dreary winters. The scabious died in the girl's hands; the man remembered that her eyes seemed to reflect that wonderful colour.

In after life, when the girl met sorrow and pain, she thought of her amethyst holiday, and a smile came into her face and light to her eyes.

VOLUME I. OF "EVERYMAN"

Handsomely bound in cloth at the price of 3s. 6d., the first volume of Everyman will shortly be ready. Applications are already being received, and all those desirous of obtaining the first of what should prove a long series of interesting volumes should write to Everyman Publishing Department, Messrs. J. M. Dent and Sons. Cases for binding can be obtained at 1s. 6d. A complete and detailed index to Vol. 1 (Nos. 1-26) is now in preparation, and will appear as a Supplement to the first number of the new volume (No. 27).

# EDUCATIONAL REFORM

By Prof. J. J. FINDLAY

It is probable that the views I am invited to express on the text provided by Lord Haldane in his Manchester speech will coincide largely with those already published (February 28th) in Everyman by my friend, Professor Adams; but I shall approach the theme from a different angle. If my exposition appears more revolutionary, I can assure the reader that it is only an appearance. Revolutions do not happen in education; but the seeds of revolt can be sown! In sowing, planting, and watering I imagine that we are anticipating pretty much the same harvest—we shall leave the reaping to other hands.

When a nation seriously proposes to tackle its educational system it must take long views; the mind must detach itself somewhat from immediate problems; we must look backward over an epoch, and forward a generation or two ahead, in order to grasp the significance of what is proposed for schools and teachers. Our purpose will be served by turning the page of history for a hundred years: roughly speaking, the educational systems as we know them to-day in the civilised world are about a century old.

Roughly speaking, the schools have been developed—with enormous rapidity—side by side with the modern industrial system, which has transformed human relations in every sphere of life. Immense increase of population, immense increase of wealth and of the means of subsistence, immense increase in the means of communication and exchange have been accompanied by an ever-increasing pressure on the individual to compete with his fellows—a tragic struggle to secure the good things of life. These are the outstanding phenomena of the epoch; minor movements in politics, art, society no doubt may be noted, but here surely are the governing factors which have marked the life of every man and woman who reads Everyman. Inevitably, therefore, a system of schooling has had to be created which will meet these imperative demands. And the system displays two outstanding features: with these every educational reformer has to reckon.

Firstly, schooling has had to be organised wholesale: a minimum has been provided to meet the bare needs of an incessantly increasing population. Just as manufacturer and merchant toil to produce food and clothes, of a sort, in stupendous quantities to satisfy the material needs of a universe, so an educational machine has been devised to equip children *en masse* with the gifts of culture and character. And the failure of public education—so far as it has failed—is due to the bare fact that this work *cannot be done* on the factory system. Before this industrial era there had been a few great systems of schooling, recognised as great by the common verdict of mankind; but all of them (in sharp contrast to our modern plan) were marked by one feature, viz., the pupil was treated as an individual, in personal contact with his teacher and with a few comrades, gaining thus an experience in which his own personality had scope, although no doubt the teacher's authority and influence were oftentimes excessive. The teacher of to-day struggles, in many cases with hopeless devotion, to an impossible task, trying to help the individual life of the scholar, but forced by the pressure of the wholesale machine to produce the impossible. Often he abandons the struggle and becomes a factory hand, turning out pupils by the dozen, equipped more or less with the superficialities of culture, but influenced,

very slightly, in the matters that count as fundamentals.

Secondly, the school system thus rapidly evolved has lent itself with fatal facility to the pushful competitive spirit, which is our special inheritance from the industrial epoch. The report of President Wilson's Inaugural Address, recently cabled from Washington, supplies striking evidence of what this spirit stands for, and of the new forces working in the common mind to expel it. These forces have not yet turned their searchlight on the school system; it is time they did. For example, the educational ladder, in itself a noble outcome of the belief in human brotherhood, is degraded to the service of class competition and rivalry. The curriculum, designed in earlier ages to serve the supreme needs of the scholar as a spiritual being, is avowedly directed in many quarters to enable the child to get on, to equip the rising generation more effectively to scheme and organise for wealth and position. Our fierce energy for discovery and invention, in rivalry with Germany or America, is transferred to the schools; the salvation of our little ones, it is believed, depends upon their being precociously imbued with these same sentiments. It being the common belief that mankind has benefited by the portentous effects of the steam engine and the rubber industry, our children's upbringing must be governed by ideals and practices which will increase the pile.

Space will not permit of presenting evidence to prove this diagnosis correct. Many minor movements might be referred to by a critic as evidence on the other side; but the schools, as controlled and fashioned by the will of the people, appear to me, on a broad survey, to have succumbed to the social maladies of our age.

Hence any real "reform" in education must be based on our willingness to shape our system in accord with a finer ideal of life, of the things that are worth while. Our fathers adopted, from earlier times and from foreign lands (ancient and modern), an instrument of progress which was designed to serve the noblest ends; but in the welter of social and economic struggle which the industrial epoch has evolved we have degraded this instrument, until it turns in our hands and threatens to perpetuate in the young those very qualities which are poisoning our social system. Our malady is a malady of the spirit, and while we cannot put back the clock and revert with piety to the simpler code of an earlier day, we can at any rate clear up the issue by recognising our kinship with the great teachers of the past. Before making our plan for the future we, as Ruskin put it, become backsliders—back to Socrates, back to Pestalozzi, back (I write with all reverence) to the New Testament.

All of which, the reader may say, sounds excellent as pulpit talk, but leads nowhere! Lord Haldane and his colleagues are offering to spend millions of public money on education, and it is our business to advise them how to spend it, instead of discussing ideals.

Now, on the contrary, I have looked backwards because I am convinced that such a survey will lead directly to practical proposals, *in line with the whole trend of social progress.* For I hold that these distinctive ugly features of the industrial epoch are temporary, and hence teachers and schools need to be so adjusted and improved as to respond to the saner, steadier, brighter ideals of life which are in store for the children of to-morrow. The achievement of these, the endeavour to realise them, will absorb not only the few millions presaged by Lord Haldane, but all the lavish excess of wealth which we now squander in vanity and pride. This new estimate of life values—call it, if you like, a new religion—will carry with it a passionate devotion to posterity; we shall discern, as the world has never hitherto discerned, that to cherish our children is the highest, happiest duty that a race can perform; this devotion, hitherto displayed as an exclusive trait of family or caste, will enlarge itself until it embraces the children of all ranks in the community. We shall, in a sense, worship posterity and dedicate ourselves to its service; we shall realise that the survival of our city, our people, our Empire depends not at all upon its wealth or its prestige, but upon the virtue and the wisdom of its young; and, therefore, we shall be ready to spend our all upon their behalf.

Animated by such a purpose, where shall we begin our educational reform? Clearly the teacher and his office will be a matter of vital concern. The nation will see to it that the wisest, broadest, kindliest folk are entrusted with the duty, and will provide without demur all that is needed for leading a secure and tranquil existence.

Ridding itself, as the nation is bound to do, of the excesses of the competitive era, the first anxiety will be to banish these doctrines from the school by relieving the teacher from the grosser forms of competition with his comrades. Here is a task for statesmanship in line with the tendencies of our time—to devise means by which every man or woman entrusted with the care of the young is secure of a modest means of livelihood, adequate to enable him to pursue his calling and support his individual and social life without distress.

This reform means much more than a rise in the salary scale; it implies a new conception of the teacher's function in the body politic. In medicine the essential factor is the physician, and in school the educative process is substantially achieved when you have secured your teacher and put him into such a position that he can actually guide young children with effect.

Our legislators must have this fundamental position always in their minds: the selection, equipment, character, training of the teacher, and therewith his freedom (economic and spiritual alike)—these are the topics which present the task for statesmanship in education.

For when this is granted much else will follow: smaller classes, of course; more rational teaching, with study of child-nature, equally of course; the control of adolescence, by the reform of the Continuation School, equally of course; for all these are matters which a teaching profession, respected by the nation and with some leisure to think out a policy and advise the country, will press upon our attention.

On the last, the Continuation School, a final word may be added, for it is in dealing with the adolescent that our industrial epoch has shown itself once more in striking contrast with the world of earlier days.

Until the era of the factory, youth in all civilised countries was controlled by apprenticeship. The industrial era has abolished the severe, but wholesome, discipline of the apprentice system, and *has substituted nothing in its place.* Yet the educators of an earlier day, from Plato to Vittorino and Arnold of Rugby, won their greatest triumphs in the training of youth; the modern world, under new conditions and with a vastly increased obligation, must revert to their example. The problem is not merely a scholastic one: it touches the world of commerce and industry in its tenderest spot; all the more opportunity, therefore, for statesmen to rise to a great occasion and help to heal this open sore in the body politic.

# A SCOTTISH THEOLOGIAN*

ACCORDING to the proverb, if one keeps an article for seven years one finds a use for it. The proverb, however, referring to things whose immediate use is not discernible, does not apply to Professor Paterson's lectures. Seven years ago, on their delivery, their value was at once acknowledged. Now, on their publication, they constitute a book unique of its kind. In the preface the regret is expressed that the improvement effected on the lectures during their *in retentis* period "has not been commensurate with the delay." Surely that regret may be dismissed. Professor Paterson has given us the best introduction to Dogmatics that we possess.

Those who have tried to write on theology will marvel most at the ease and mastery with which Professor Paterson handles his material, at the unfailing adequacy and sobriety of his expression, and at the balance maintained throughout the whole work. During his long journey the author never loses himself, is never out of breath or ruffled. Amid contending systems and jarring voices he remains deliberate and calm. Every phase of the long travail of theological thinking is exhibited; it appears at the proper stage and vanishes at the appropriate moment, with just the needful word of description, interpretation, or criticism.

Yet Professor Paterson is not merely a curious onlooker at one aspect of the spiritual drama of twenty centuries, though, at times, his work leaves on one the impression of something extraordinarily impersonal. There is present what he calls a "governing idea." This is that "we have to approach theology with an intense realisation that our primary datum is a religion, which, as such, undertakes to produce practical results, and that our primary attitude is that the Christian religion is an effective instrument for grappling with the heavy spiritual tasks which it undertakes to accomplish." Throughout the whole discussion this governing idea retains its authority.

There is a fine impartiality, but never mere scientific detachment. The reader is never allowed to forget that it is a religion that is being dealt with, and not a collection of more or less justifiable speculations.

It is perhaps needless to say that the *odium theologicum* is absent from Professor Paterson's volume. He is in sharp antagonism, at times, with Roman Catholicism and Rationalism, both as regards the "Seat of Doctrine" and the "Substance of Doctrine," and has to adopt a critical attitude towards the speculative efforts of the Hegelian school and the "Ritschlian Revision." But there is no hint of rancour. Theological questions, as he remarks with quiet humour in his interesting chapter on Ritschlianism, are not now "argued from the eschatalogical point of view."

The new terms employed indicate the new attitude. Roman Catholicism and Rationalism are "pathological developments," the one of Patristic and the other of Protestant Christianity; the speculations of the Hegelian school and the revision by the Ritschlians present "meagre types" of Christian doctrine; there may be "decadence" in theology as in other spheres of spiritual effort. These terms would not have satisfied the combatants of a past age.

They would have been regarded as deplorably weak in zeal for the faith. On Professor Paterson's page they carry a criticism whose significance is enhanced rather than lessened by the restraint of expression. If Professor Paterson is frank with the Roman Catholic or the Ritschlian it is because he believes that "there is a groundwork of the Christian religion which is traceable in the divergent forms, and which invests all with an unmistakable family likeness."

The theses which Professor Paterson maintains may be stated in his own words. As regards the Seat of Doctrine, it is held that "Protestantism truly laid the foundation of the theory of the Rule of Faith."

In the second place, as regards the Substance of Doctrine, the position is that "Protestantism penetrated to the core of the Christian Religion, that it did justice to the main aspects of that religion as a God-guaranteed salvation resting on the basis of grace, and in particular, that it worked out the theory of the individual appropriation of salvation with remarkable consistency, profundity, and impressiveness." In other words, Professor Paterson discusses the two questions: What is the seat of Authority in religion? and, What is Christianity? and finds that Protestantism puts us in the way of the most satisfactory answer. This is not the place, even if space permitted, to consider the matter at length. To do so would involve a visit of some duration to each of the chapters, so closely does the argument hang together. It is sufficient to indicate the spirit in which the author deals with these great questions.

Nowhere will one find a more persuasive and attractive presentation of an enlightened Protestantism, a Protestantism conscious of its limitations and of the need for further theological work, conscious, too, of its indebtedness to the piety and reflection of the past, a Protestantism, one may add, wonderfully free from dogmatism and scholasticism, and sensitive to the value of varying types of religious experience.

W. R. THOMSON.

* "The Rule of Faith." Being the Baird Lectures for 1905. By the Rev. W. P. Paterson, D.D. (Hodder and Stonghton. London: 1912.)

* * *

# WELSH CLOUDS

TO-DAY it is hot and sultry, oppressive clouds hide the sun, and the very world seems heavy; it will thunder to-night, for the clouds are all meeting together from every direction.

Across the river, which in this light looks leaden and black, I can watch the lightning flashing among the purple valleys and dull blue mountains of Wales, and dully comes to my ears the faint roar of distant thunder.

I am glad I am alone, for I shall wait until the storm has passed. I shall feel the sweeping rain beat against me in its fierce madness. I shall hear no sound save the crashing clouds overhead, and, for the moment, I shall belong to the great passionate spirit of nature.

I shall wait for the storm, as I shall wait for the overwhelming life when it comes. I shall hold out my hands from the sandy waters to the mountains and the sunset, for out of the fire and sea it is coming.

DOROTHY EYRE.

*Owing to pressure on our space the Women's Page has had to be held over this week.*

# VICTOR HUGO

By E. Hermann

The story goes that one day Victor Hugo wished to acquire a certain house in which he had been very comfortable. The proprietress mentioned a prohibitive price, and met the great man's exclamation of surprise by explaining that the great Victor Hugo had once lived in that house. "Ah"—said the author of "Notre Dame"—"but I cannot afford to buy a house in which the great Victor Hugo once lived." The little tale suggests much. A world easily attracted by the opulent, the striking, and the heroic, giving a facile worship to what makes a quick and broad appeal to its elementary emotions, and knowing its geniuses by their mannerisms and eccentricities, built a house of superlative adulation for Victor Hugo. And now that the wave of Hugolatry has ebbed, and even France views him with soberer, drier eyes, it is as though the soul of the great dead whispered across the disenchanting years: "Ah—I cannot afford to buy a house in which the great Victor Hugo once lived." And the soul is right. Only, the question remains, Is there not a better house awaiting him than one made with hands of feverish praise on the sands of flattery? Surely there is!

I.

The reaction from the first excessive estimate of Victor Hugo's genius has been marked by a tendency to exaggerate his egotism, to dwell upon the ignoble episodes of his life, to emphasise the element of theatricality in his writing, and to be witty at the expense of his colossal seriousness. But already the small dust of petty pseudo-criticism is going the way of the preceding incense-cloud of adulation, and the purged atmosphere reveals an essentially kindly and noble personality, a writer of commanding genius, and, above all, a soul aflame with the passion of humanity. True, that passion was expressed with a superfluity of aplomb and gesturing. A Michelangelo of the pen, Victor Hugo could not speak the truth without rhetoric. But truth it remained, and truth coming from a true heart. His books found their way not only into every land, but into the heart of the people in every land. And while the *attention* of the people may be captured by flamboyant heroics, crass contrasts, and grotesque incongruities, the *heart* of the people responds to nothing short of the great things by which men live. And the heart of the people gave Victor Hugo his passport into immortality. His artistic sympathy may have lacked that instinctive and convincing quality which creates great characters; his moral sympathy with the world's disinherited gave him that invincible dignity, that irresistible appeal which the most flawless artistry cannot encompass.

II.

Classicism, romanticism, naturalism—how many persons in England outside a small literary coterie are greatly excited at the mention of these things? To the cultured Frenchman, to whom a literary canon is as sacred as an article of the creed to the orthodox Christian, they savour of storm and battle. The bitterness of literary revolutions in France amazes us, and to our British sense of things the account of Victor Hugo's battle for romanticism (so soon to be slain in its turn by naturalism) reads as weird and remote as some old-world legend. That historic first performance of "Hernani," with its prelude of scheming and plotting, and the wild competition for seats and boxes; the young romanticists taking the place of the claque led by the nineteen-year-old Théophile Gautier in his historic red waistcoat; the ceaseless fusillade of thrust and counter-thrust, attack and *riposte* on the part of the rival camps during the performance; the bitterness of invective and irony, the volleys of sheer abuse and vituperation, the final triumph for romanticism—who can imagine such a battle fought on British soil? Yet all the stormy days of Victor Hugo's subsequent Parliamentary career, cast though they were in times of change and crisis, were languid and colourless beside the headlong, strident passion of that youthful battle of the gods.

III.

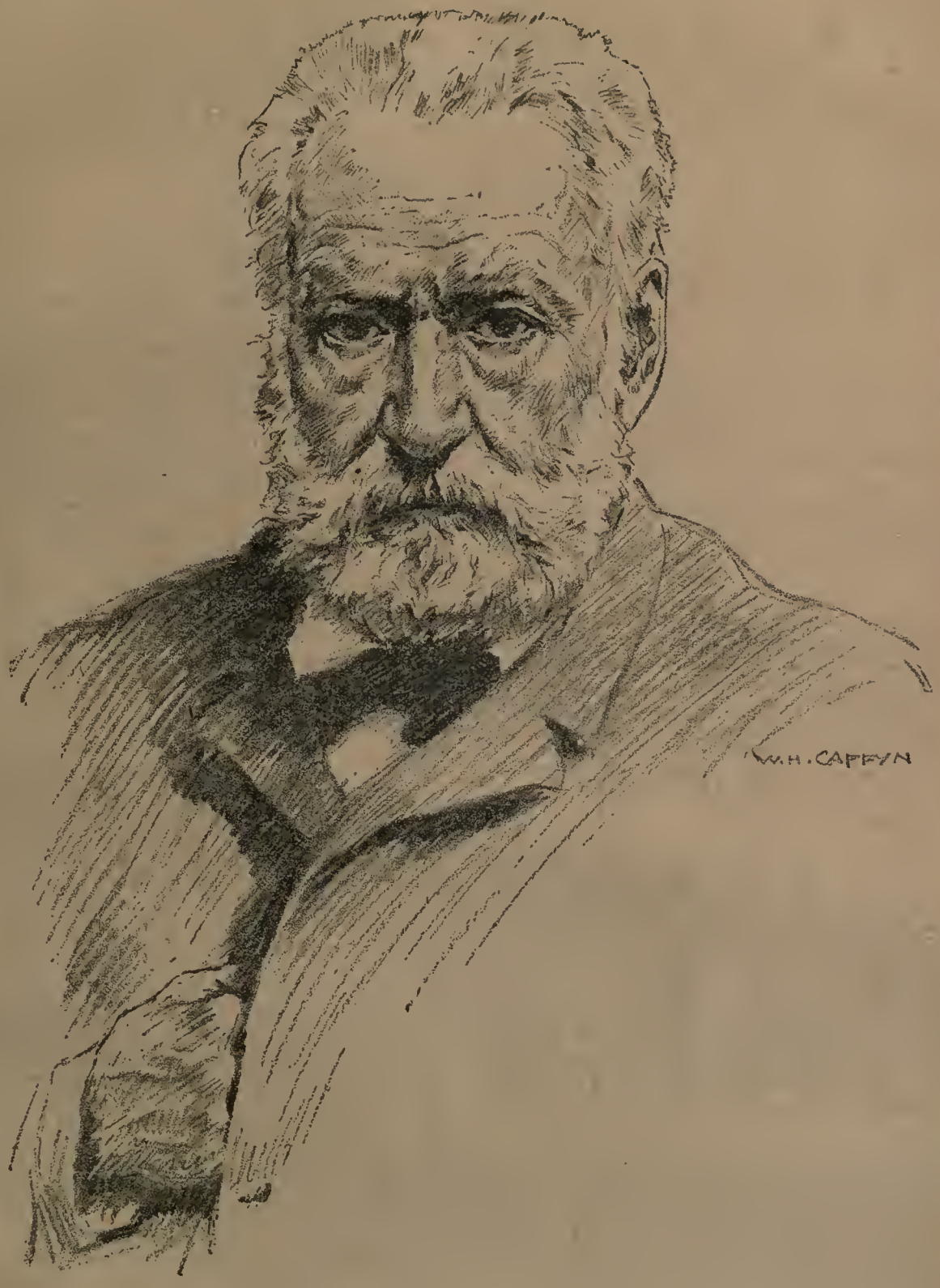
"Les Misérables" was published simultaneously in Paris, London, Brussels, Leipzig, Milan, Madrid, Rotterdam, Warsaw, Budapest, and Rio Janeiro, and marked one of the most wonderful literary successes ever known. It made an immediate and universal appeal. It was read over camp fires in the American Civil War; it was found in a bookseller's shop in the half-Tartar town of Kazan, in the extreme east of Russia. Its characters seized the popular imagination: Bishop Myrial and Jean Valjean, Cosette and Marius, Javert and Gavroche became the inalienable possession of countless readers. Its passionate advocacy of the cause of the poor and downtrodden woke countless souls to a noble chivalry, and gave hope and comfort to thousands more. Yet not "Les Misérables," but "Notre Dame de Paris," is the crown of Victor Hugo's work. In it he stands in the outer circle, at least, of the immortals.

IV.

If "Notre Dame" is a great achievement, it is also, in a quite inevitable sense, a noble failure. For as the Scottish Border is greater far than Scott, and ever eluded his grip, so Notre Dame rears its head beyond the highest reach of even a Victor Hugo. How far beyond that reach may be gauged by comparing Victor Hugo's word-painting with the potent and sinister etchings of Méryon—if a comparison of two different arts be legitimate. Look at Paris through Méryon's keen and sombre eyes—see its huddled buildings, tenebrous arches, desolate bridges, and grim, sluggish river, redolent of mystery and guilt, of crime, despair, and nameless deeds of night. Look at his incomparable "Le Stryge"—that face of lust brooding horribly over a demon-ridden city. Then turn to Victor Hugo's masterly evocation of the past, and, with all its fine and memorable qualities, it is something a little less compelling and vital than Méryon's vision, and even Méryon only caught a fraction of the meaning of that great enigma symbolised by Notre Dame. But, granting the subject evades human grasp, how superb Victor Hugo's work is, how enchanting the world through which Esmeralda and Quasimodo, Claude Frollo and Pierre Gringoire move, and what a triumph of genius within its limits!

V.

One would like to dwell upon the charm of "Les Travailleurs de la Mer"—a charm overlaid by an intolerable burden of digressions and technicalities (to quote Mr. A. F. Davidson, the book "bulges with omniscience"). Few have written of storm and shipwreck with such exuberant and haunting power—a power which over-emphasis can cheat of its effect. His excessive art, stained with the dross of grandiloquence, lapsing ever and anon into the meretricious and the grotesque, may exasperate; but in the end one yields to the spell of a world-genius, second to none in his power to fascinate, to move, to thrill.




VICTOR HUGO, NATUS 1802, OBIIT 1885

# A PLEA FOR ESPERANTO

I.

It is one of the paradoxes and contradictions of modern civilisation that whilst science is daily working miracles to improve material communications amongst men, little or nothing has been done to improve intellectual or spiritual communication. Indeed, it may be boldly asserted that so far as spiritual communication amongst nations is concerned, the present generation is far worse off than the preceding generation. A hundred years ago Latin was still largely used as the international language of science, religion, and philosophy. Fifty years ago several of the world-languages—English, French, and German—occupied a vast international area. English was the commercial language, French was the social and diplomatic language of the world, German was the official international organ of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, and was largely spoken in Northern, Central, and Russian Europe. But for the last thirty years, with the increasing political jealousies, with the growing spirit of patriotism, national languages almost everywhere have supplanted the international languages. A fierce battle of the tongues is raging all over Europe with disastrous political consequences. At this very moment the Hungarians threaten to sever their political connection with Austria because they object to the use of German as a common language. If the Hungarian separatists are successful, as seems highly probable, this language question must necessarily involve a change in the balance of power of Europe. The Magyar incident is not an isolated case. Everywhere the small nations—the Flemings, the Welsh, the Provençals, the Czechs, the Poles—claim the right and the duty to speak their own national tongues, where formerly they would have been contented to speak English or French or German.

II.

Yet so clamant are the demands of science and commerce, of foreign travel and colonisation, that the necessity for a linguistic bond amongst nations is becoming every day more urgent. Men are either groaning under the burden of so many additional languages, or they are suffering from their ignorance of such languages. We feel the difficulty even in Great Britain. But it is not easy for an Englishman to understand the linguistic position of citizens of less favoured nations. Take, for instance, a young Pole. In addition to his native tongue, Polish, he will have to learn Russian the language of his political rulers. If he happens to be attending a classical school, and if he goes in for one of the liberal professions, that Polish schoolboy, in addition to Russian and Polish, will have to learn Latin and Greek, French, English, and German—namely, seven difficult languages. Similarly, a Dutch, a Danish, a Hungarian, a Bohemian, a Russian schoolboy will have to learn six languages. If I may be allowed to adduce my own experience, I myself, as a Belgian, had to learn at school at twelve years of age six languages, like every one of my fellow-schoolboys of the classical side.

III.

Well, personally I do not object, and did not complain. Take the study of foreign languages. It has been my privilege to learn eighteen different languages, dead and living, eastern and western. It has been glorious sport. It is a splendid discipline for the reasoning faculties even more so than for the memory. But teaching languages has been my professional business, and, after all, that can only be the business of a very few. And for the enormous mass even of students, to whom philosophy or literature is not the main pleasure or occupation of life, I do not hesitate to say that it is monstrous, it is baneful to have to devote most of their time during these best years to the "mastering" of four or six or seven languages. And it is impossible that the present tower of Babel and confusion of the tongues should continue much longer. Unless the progress of the race is to be seriously handicapped, unless we are to come to a deadlock, this imperative necessity for an international medium of communication will have to be met.

IV.

Some readers will at once reply, "Such an international language is no doubt useful, nay, imperatively necessary; but it is an impossible dream, it is the Utopia of a visionary. *A priori*, it is impossible to manufacture a living language, just as it is to manufacture a plant or an animal. Language is an organism, which grows and develops and decays—it is not a mere piece of logical machinery. If we must have an international language, why not simply take one of the existing world-languages, say English or French?"

To this objection we reply, in the first place, that the adoption of one of the existing languages must be at once ruled out of court. Of all dreams, that surely is one of the wildest. To expect that the Germans would ever submit to adopting French or English as *their* auxiliary language seems a hypothesis almost too absurd for discussion.

And we reply, in the second place, that to compare a scientific or literary language to a living organism, is merely to use a specious but misleading metaphor, which has already done unspeakable harm to the science of philology. "De la métaphore et du malin, délivrez-nous, Seigneur!" All cultured and literary languages are essentially works of art; they have been elaborated consciously and artificially from the raw material of dialects. Classical Latin, for instance, is in a high degree artificial. So is modern French. So is modern Greek or Bohemian or Russian.

V.

A close observation then shows us that an artificial language is possible, but the further question arises: On what terms is such an artificial language practicable? I would lay down three fundamental conditions. (1) The language must be politically neutral and strictly international, so as to commend itself to people of all civilised nationalities. (2) It must be perfectly simple and easy, rigorously logical and phonetic, adhering to rule, excluding exceptions. (3) The language must be pleasant and flexible, harmonious, and beautiful. It must satisfy the higher needs of the scientist and the philosopher and the man of letters, as much as those of the business man. An ugly and barbarous language, however simple and useful, would be doomed to failure.

VI.

Now, it must be obvious to anyone, that none of the existing languages, living or dead, satisfies all three of the above conditions. Amongst the dead languages Latin has been tried and has been found wanting. Classical Latin, and even the Latin still used by Jesuit fathers in their schools, is too difficult to be adapted to the needs of scientific or business intercourse.

Amongst the living languages, English, French, and German—even if the adoption of any one of them did not rouse the jealousies of the others—would still labour under the fatal disadvantage that they are neither simple, nor strictly logical, nor strictly phonetic.

VII.

We are therefore compelled by a process of elimination to restrict our examination to the so-called "artificial" languages. And here the first apparent difficulty seems to be one mainly of choice, for we are confronted with a very large number of schemes. The necessity for an "artificial" language has been felt already for so many generations that one plan after another has been submitted to the world. Two distinguished French mathematicians and philosophers, M. Couturat and M. Ledu, have submitted these plans to a critical examination in their admirable work, "Histoire de la Langue Universelle," a work which everyone interested in this question ought to study. Great philosophers like Leibnitz, illustrious philologists like Jacob von Grimm, have devoted their genius to the solution of the problem. But it is especially during the last thirty years that "artificial" languages have multiplied in geometrical ratio, as the need for them has been felt more imperatively. We have all heard of Volapük (vola=world; pük=speak; volapük =world-speech), the language invented by Johann Schleyer. The failure of this Volapük has often been alleged by sceptics as a proof of the impossibility of any international language. I would rather point to the extraordinary success of such a clumsy scheme—as being the best evidence of the need of an international language.

VIII.

Examining, then, one after another, each one of the numberless claimants for the great world inheritance, we are again, and finally, driven by a further process of elimination to the recognition of Esperanto as the one language which stands out above all others by virtue of its wonderful intrinsic qualities, and by virtue of the extraordinary success it has already met with. Of all the "artificial" languages, it alone responds to the three indispensable conditions. (1) Esperanto is absolutely neutral. The principle of internationality is strictly adhered to. The words have been chosen on the principle that each root shall be common, wherever possible, to two out of the three groups of world-languages (Latin, Anglo-Saxon, and Teuton), so that before learning Esperanto we already know at least two-thirds of the roots. (2) Esperanto is ideally simple and phonetic. Its grammar can be mastered in a couple of hours. Its vocabulary is restricted to a minimum of roots, and from these roots all other words are derived by a most admirable system of prefixes and suffixes. Its phonetics have excluded all sounds not easily pronounceable by every nation. Phonetically Esperanto is very much like Italian, which is the only one amongst living languages which contains nothing but "international" sounds. (3) Esperanto is harmonious and beautiful.

IX.

And not only does Esperanto satisfy all the *a priori* conditions of the ideal international language, but it has been submitted to the *a posteriori* test of experience, and it has not been found wanting. Esperanto has emerged triumphantly from all its ordeals. Founded in 1887 by a young Polish-Russian doctor of twenty-eight, M. Zamenhof, it at first grew slowly but steadily. After striking deep roots in most countries of Europe and America, it has lately developed with phenomenal rapidity. Thousands of scientists and professors, tens of thousands of business men and travellers, have adhered to it. Scores of journals and magazines, hundreds of books have already been issued in Esperanto. Yearly Congresses, attended by thousands of delegates from every part of the world, ought to convince even the most sceptical that a new international organ has been born which will make for enlightenment and for progress.

X.

The principles of the language will never change, because they are based on necessity and reason and beauty. But the vocabulary will be adapted to every new need in the world of thought and science and commerce. There will be an Esperanto vocabulary for the scientist, another Esperanto vocabulary for the literary man, another Esperanto vocabulary for the business man. Esperanto is not a cast-iron, mechanical tongue. Flexibility and vitality are amongst its essential qualities.

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## "THE GREAT ADVENTURE" BY MR. ARNOLD BENNETT

*Produced at the Kingsway Theatre by Mr. Granville Barker*

THE plot and characters of "The Great Adventure" are based on that excellent story "Buried Alive." Mr. Ilam Carve, the great painter, allows himself, from mere shyness, to be mistaken for his valet, and when the valet dies it is as Ilam Carve that he is buried in Westminster Abbey. Also from mere shyness and helplessness the painter withdraws himself from the public gaze, and marries a little Putney widow. He remains concealed for a long time, and not even his wife can be made to believe in his real identity. It is revealed at last by a series of complications, and the great painter is compelled to disclose himself in consequence of the transactions of an expert Hebrew art dealer, who buys his pictures for £4 and sells them for £500, and who is called upon to prove the origin of the pictures he has sold.

"The Great Adventure" will add nothing to and detract nothing from the author's reputation. Not even the most enthusiastic admirers of Mr. Bennett would think of putting the new play on anything like the same level with "Milestones." Not even the most carping critic would fail to enjoy its sparkling dialogue, its unexpected situations, and the ingenuity with which the original idea is worked out.

There is some attempt at characterisation. The two main characters—the sensitive, shy and nervous Carve, and the sensible, practical little widow—may be said to represent the eternal opposition between the artistic and bourgeois temperaments. But the whole situation is so wild that the characters themselves must need remain unreal and unconvincing. And a few superficial psychological touches, combined with clever dialogue and absurd though amusing situations, are not sufficient to make good comedy. "The Great Adventure" is not comedy; it is an entertaining farce and an exhilarating extravaganza, which will gain considerably by condensation and concentration.

Mr. A. Bennett owes a great deal to his interpreters. Mr. Henry Ainley is a splendid Ilam Carve. Miss Wish Wynne is a perfect cockney Putney widow. And if "The Great Adventure" will do little for the author's fame, it has revealed an accomplished actress, who may have a brilliant future on the stage.

# LITERARY NOTES

The death of Mr. William Hale White, better known by his pen name of "Mark Rutherford," removes a writer of singular originality and power. The half-dozen volumes, beginning with "The Autobiography of Mark Rutherford" in 1881 and ending with "Clare Hopgood" in 1896, marked a new era in fiction. What gave the stories of "Mark Rutherford" their wide and enduring interest was not so much their constructive ability and purity, almost severity, of style as their subtle analysis of certain types of religious character. He had, as has been well said, "an intimate knowledge of orthodoxy and a warm sympathy for heretics." A Puritan by training and descent, he knew the atmosphere of Nonconformity as few have known it.

* * * * *

Never has stern, unbending Calvinism been portrayed with more masterly skill than by "Mark Rutherford"; never have the strength and the weaknesses of the "chapel-goer" been so unerringly set forth. Those who wish to penetrate to the core of Dissent ought to read "The Revolution in Tanner's Lane," the most autobiographical of "Mark Rutherford's" novels, where his father (printer, preacher, and Liberal politician) appears as Isaac Allen, and his minister (Mr. John Jukes, of Bunyan Meeting at Bedford) as the Reverend John Broad. One writer, I observe, lays stress on "Mark Rutherford's" "extraordinary knowledge of loneliness and depression, of self-deception and humbug." This, unquestionably, is a marked feature, and accounts for that sombre note which pervades most of "Mark Rutherford's" books.

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Besides writing novels, "Mark Rutherford" made some notable contributions to literary criticism and philosophy. His monograph on Bunyan is a gem. By temperament he was of all Bunyan commentators the best equipped, and it is no exaggeration to say that he penetrated deeper into the spiritual significance of the author of the "Pilgrim's Progress" than any other writer. He had also a profound knowledge and admiration of Wordsworth. I remember writing him on one occasion soliciting an article for a journal in which I was interested. Swift came the reply that he would like to write on some Wordsworthian theme, and in a few days I had the pleasure of receiving a charming essay on Dorothy Wordsworth's "Journal" of the Scottish tour.

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My recent remarks on the reading of poetry has brought me an interesting letter from Mr. Galloway Kyle, an editor and hon. director of the Poetry Society. He does not agree that there is a steady decline in the reading of poetry; but I am glad to have his weighty testimony in support of another point which I tried to drive home. "There are," he writes, "an extraordinary number of people who do not read poetry and know nothing of it, who nevertheless take to scribbling verse, and who would be better employed in fostering an intelligent interest in and proper appreciation of poetry that really counts. Their lack of real interest in and concern for poetry is a remarkable phenomenon." In referring to the *Poetry Review* I inadvertently stated that it was a shilling monthly. The price is sixpence.

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Mrs. Meynell, who has long enjoyed an enviable reputation as a writer of verse, is collecting her poetry for publication in a single volume. I am glad that the contents are to include the early "Poems," which have passed through no fewer than ten editions—a triumph which falls to the lot of few twentieth-century versifiers. The volume, which will also contain more recent compositions, is being printed by the Arden Press. It will be prefaced by Mr. Sargent's drawing of Mrs. Meynell, and will be published next month by Messrs. Burns and Oates.

* * * * *

I regret to record the death of Mr. Andrew Chatto, of the well-known publishing firm of Messrs. Chatto and Windus. Mr. Chatto, who had reached a ripe old age, was a very good judge of literary wares, and, in the course of a long business career, he had associations with some of the most popular authors of the Victorian era, including Swinburne, Stevenson, Wilkie Collins, "Ouida," Charles Reade, and "Mark Twain." He was, if not the first, one of the first, to discern the genius of Stevenson, most of whose earlier works he managed to secure. Swinburne published all his works through Mr. Chatto's firm, as did also "Mark Twain."

* * * * *

Mr. Henry James, whose industry of late has relaxed somewhat, has written an account of his early years, together with those of his brother, the late Professor William James, the brilliant exponent of Pragmatism. The book is entitled "A Small Boy and Others," and will be published immediately by Messrs. Macmillan.

* * * * *

Professor J. G. Frazer has been very active of late. In addition to piloting through the press a new edition of "The Golden Bough," a formidable piece of work in itself, he has written a new work on "The Belief in Immortality and the Worship of the Dead," which Messrs. Macmillan are publishing. It deals with the belief among the aborigines of Australia, the Torres Straits Islands, New Guinea, and Melanesia. Later on Dr. Frazer hopes to pursue the theme in regard to the other principal races of the world.

* * * * *

We are to have one more proof of the amazing industry of the late Andrew Lang. Next autumn Messrs. Longmans will publish a new volume of the well-known Fairy Book series. Written by Mrs. Lang, "The Strange Story Book" was edited by her husband shortly before his death.

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Johnsonians will be glad to learn that a new volume of unpublished extracts from Mrs. Piozzi's commonplace book, familiarly known as "Thraliana," is to be published immediately by Messrs. Longmans. Numerous passages from this work are included in the "Autobiography, Letters, and Literary Remains of Mrs. Piozzi," which appeared in two volumes in 1861. But it contained many more good things, and a collection of these will find a place in "Mrs. Piozzi's Thraliana."

* * * * *

In good time for the forthcoming British-American Peace Centenary celebrations a volume is shortly to appear from the pen of Mr. H. S. Perris, the secretary of the British Committee, tracing the development of British pacification from the earliest times, and concluding with a sketch of Anglo-American relations down to the present date. The volume is to be entitled "Pax Britannica: a Study of the History of British Pacification," and will be published by Messrs. Sidgwick and Jackson. No one knows more about the subject than Mr. Perris, and the volume should have a wide appeal.

X. Y. Z.

# THE GREEK DRAMA BY PROF. J. S. PHILLIMORE

## II.—SOPHOCLES

THE occasion and circumstances for which a man writes, and the (rather vaguely) prescribed subjects, are a block of *matter* cut out, awaiting its form at the hands of the master. Through experiments and discoveries, bit by bit, partly realised, partly divined as an ambition, the form defines itself; and criticism comes into play, guiding and correcting the process, helping a successor to develop duly the craft as it comes to him from the pioneers. We see Æschylus taking a lesson from Sophocles, and Sophocles from Euripides. Sophocles owes his admitted perfection partly to his central position.

I.

As early as the middle of the fifth century B.C. it was possible to agree, more or less, what the word *tragic* implied, as a literary term; what a *tragedy* ought to be or not to be. The cycle of appropriate legends was restricted: success must be looked for in the chronicles of a few royal houses, foreign-born dynasties whose sinister fortunes had impressed popular imagination, such as the Pelopids at Argos, or the Theban Labdacids. Crime intended and not performed is the most *untragical* thing possible; so is the display of successful villainy, for that is a spectacle "neither humane nor pitiful, nor terrible." Catastrophe is the true end of a tragedy—this is Euripides' great forte; but it must be undeserved, in the sense that our pity must be excited; and the person whose downfall makes the tragedy must be recognisably like ourselves, else we shall not feel terror.

All this is but Aristotle summarised; for he analysed, not a priori but by experience, why the great tragedies (everybody knew which they were) achieved their greatness. The essence, then, is the punishment not of a bad man, but of sin in a good man, and, of course, in order that the case may be sufficiently conspicuous, in a great man. To sin without meaning it, in spite of greatness and goodness: you have only to state it, and you recognise how absolutely "scientific" and "artistic" are the same to the Greek genius: beauty is truth, beauty is justice. "Great" and "good" men go down, but the Law abides, vindicated, like Wisdom, by all her children.

II.

History may borrow tones and colours from Tragedy, but Tragedy will not deal with historical personages. History asks, "What did Pericles do?" Well, but Pericles was . . . Pericles. We shall go to Tragedy to inquire, "What will such and such a character do in such and such circumstances?" Semi-historical personages are chosen, because mythology gives a useful outline of convention which saves explanations and starts the poet with the advantage of having his audience's imagination awake and prepared.

The more really ideal the characters are, the more necessary is it to good craftsmanship to base them solidly in a realism and particularity of name and place and scene. The historical novel is the modern form of tragedy, in some ways; and for it to succeed, the persons must be some way remote. You cannot do anything with Napoleon, except burlesque him. Real persons, but storied in legend, remote and vague: of such the Greek Epic, and especially (as Sophocles and Euripides saw) the non-Homeric legend, had great store.

III.

Sophocles said that he had humorously reduced the cumbrous pomp of Æschylus, and brought the absurdities of his convention to an easier and more reasonable style, which gave suppleness for characterisation. The *Oresteia* was a unit, but on a vast scale, really one tragedy executed in three pieces: Sophocles did not need all that elbow-room in which to work out his conception; the single play now succeeded to the Trilogy. The supreme Attic principle of artistic frugality is well seen in his work: a little stuff cunningly economised. Instead of that gorgeous prodigality of words, a language drawing nearer to good prose speech, the natural music of common phrase detached and allowed to be heard. He also claimed that he "depicted men as they should be, Euripides as they are": not that his persons are abstractions, for he excelled in indicating men in their humours, not always heroic; but he was averse by the sweetness of his temperament from cynically emphasising human meannesses.

The conflict of Irreconcilables, which is in all tragedy the contradictory appeal for our sympathy and approval, the riddle which finds no solution in the mortal life of individuals—to express this, he invented the medium of *Irony*, making men speak in the fullness of their wisdom and the public applause, and all the time know not the meaning of what they say. Œdipus's involuntary confessions thrill the audience with horror because Sophocles puts them at the point of view of the Divine Law, making the man condemn himself out of his own lips.

Also he continues an Æschylean thread, when he spends such humour and sympathy in delineating the common nameless persons, nurses, watchmen, etc., who relieve the kings and queens and prophets. In such as these we foresee the drama of the future, the "New Comedy," which has been the Comedy of all nations since. That is always the summit of a literature when the poetical and prose forms draw most nearly together, for the civilised mind of humour and irony is quick to see the burlesque side of grandiloquence and a too artificial convention. Tragedy has its own diction; convention there must be; but only great poetry saves it from appearing absurd, as only great music blinds an audience to the ridiculous conventions of opera.

IV.

Though he is a most impersonal, unegoistic poet, we have in the seven surviving plays enough to survey Sophocles in his successive moods, to trace the stages of his ambition from period to period. Moralising never defaces his art, but his art is always moral; the sins he hates and holds up to reprobation are pride, anger and the inhuman bureaucratic doctrine of government as a law to itself. He is the poet of Charity before Charity was; of Humility, as no other Greek was, notwithstanding their acute, almost superstitious sense of *Hubris;* but, most wonderful of all, we find in Sophocles' Neoptolemus the embodiment of Honour, boldly set before a people who admired

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successful ingenuity above all things, and whose moral instability became a byword with the Romans as soon as the two nations met. Neoptolemus is chivalrous in the full Christian sense of the word, romantic without the foolish sentimentalities of mediæval romance, noble without the savagery which disfigures the Homeric Achilles and the historical Alexander. Well might Newman call the *Philoctetes* one of the two "most beautiful" plays of Sophocles on account of "the contrast between the worldly wisdom of Ulysses and the inexperienced frankness of Neoptolemus." Neoptolemus can play the game of deception, as a game, but when it comes to making something by it, all that native generosity which Ulysses has striven to sophisticate breaks loose. Ulysses in *Philoctetes* and Creon in *Antigone* are politicians, official minds: Sophocles had no illusions about politics.

But *Philoctetes* will never be a favourite play: critics will always be questioning (like Aristotle and Lessing) whether extreme agonies of bodily suffering be a proper subject for representation. It and the *Œdipus up at Colonus* are the work of his old age, perhaps his greatest works, viewed on the religious side, but certainly not to compare as dramas with *King Œdipus* and *Antigone;* the ripest meditations of a great soul need not be his masterpieces at his trade. Who but the author has preferred *Paradise Regained* to *Paradise Lost?*

V.

*King Œdipus* has been hailed ever since Aristotle as the type of a Greek Tragedy. Merely for workmanship, all is so perfectly planned and executed; the lyric part not allowed to encroach; the characters not so over-modelled as to obscure the situation by excess of psychological analysis, and yet the vanity of the triumphant adventurer in Œdipus and the gruesome motherliness of the fond elderly woman towards the husband whom instinct compels her to treat as a spoilt only child: all so delineated as to entail the true conclusion, "How frightful and yet just!" But the tragedy is one of situation; persons engaged in a machinery of events and the closing of the trap which crushes them.

In *Antigone* the conflict is between the "unwritten law" (Sophocles invents the phrase) and the law of police: Antigone is a martyr in the cause of the elementary pieties of natural affection. The intrigue is complicated by her love for Haemon, which is no mere byplot, for it excuses the king's suspicion of a political plot against his throne. But rather than any terrible tangle of circumstance, what makes the glory of this play is the beauty of Antigone's *exaltée* nature, relieved against her sister, whose timidity only rises to the martyr pitch when refusal means . . . saving her life. It has not, as *King Œdipus* has, the Æschylean secret—produced by much subtler means than Æschylus used—of an atmosphere of boding, increasing horror.

VI.

Sophocles and Euripides are close contemporaries who rivalled each other for forty years. Sophocles' perfection is motive enough for driving Euripides into a divagation from the high-road of tragedy. Great poets and great artists both, there was no room for both to do just the same thing; but even before Euripides began to force the frames of the craft into something new, there were sharp differences of temper, accentuated by training, between the two. My next paper will give a sketch of the curious half cynic, half sentimentalist, who was finally to close the Attic Tragedy and open a new form of literature.

## WAGNER AND BAYREUTH*

"NEXT to my family, the dearest of all things to me is Bayreuth." So wrote Wagner to his faithful henchman, Friedrich Fenstel. "Bayreuth," we may explain for the benefit of the uninitiated, symbolised an idea which dominated the mind of the great composer for more than twenty years. He wished to see reared in the little Bavarian town of that name an opera house where the Wagnerian music drama might be rendered under ideal conditions. The letters contained in this book tell for the first time in English the history of this project—how it originated and gradually took shape in Wagner's mind, and how it culminated in the erection of the Festival Theatre at Bayreuth.

Wagner's autobiography, which was published in English quite recently, stops short before this epoch in his life, so that these letters supplement and to some extent correct the impressions of the composer's character conveyed by the autobiography. We cannot say, however, that we have found the letters particularly interesting. They are largely of a business character.

No doubt the enthusiastic Wagnerian, by wading through much wearisome reiteration, will get to know all about the Bayreuth idea, but we cannot imagine any person reading through these letters for their own sake. We think the editor would have been well advised had she written the whole story and only quoted extracts relevant to her theme.

The germ of the Bayreuth project, as Miss Kerr points out, was indissolubly connected with the creation of the heroic tetralogy, "Ring of the Nibelung." Though the project eventually was a pronounced success, the first Festival, in 1876, was a gigantic failure.

The fact is, Wagner had very little business capacity. He was obsessed by a glorious vision, and he thought he had only to give it visible form in order to call to his aid enthusiastic patrons and the cream of musical talent. As for singers and musicians, they were to receive compensation, but no salary.

"He who does not come to me from glory and enthusiasm can stay where he is. A lot of use to me a singer would be who came to me only for a silly salary! Such a person could never satisfy my artistic demands."

But what the "Ring of the Nibelung" failed to accomplish for the realisation of the Bayreuth idea, "Parsifal" did.

The first performance of this work took place in the summer of 1882, and in spite of the fact that its religious atmosphere was so radically different from the previous trend of Wagnerian drama, it was an unqualified financial success, the receipts exceeding the most sanguine anticipations. Not only were all expenses covered, but there was a balance of six thousand marks. Unfortunately, Wagner did not live to see the final triumph of his idea. It was not given him to know that Bayreuth ere long would fulfil his fondest hopes and become the Mecca of thousands of devoted Wagnerians.

It was the Master's idea that "Parsifal" should become the peculiar possession of Bayreuth. "Never" (he wrote when nearing his end) "is the 'Parsifal' to be presented in any other theatre, nor offered any audience as a mere diversion." But whether Wagner's wish will be respected will soon be made apparent, for the copyright of "Parsifal" expires this year.

* "The Bayreuth Letters of Richard Wagner." Translated and edited by Caroline V. Kerr. 6s. net. (Nisbet.)

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# BOY'S LOVE

By Beatrice Marshall

A DELICIOUS old-world perfume was wafted through the carbolic-laden air of the hospital ward, stealing softly on the senses like a greeting from the past. A little old woman in rusty black was distributing from her reticule, not tracts to the patients, but nosegays. Tiny compact posies, into which were tightly crammed bachelor buttons, clove pinks, sweet-williams, heartsease, a moss rosebud or two, and other fragrant old-fashioned cottage flowers, their fresh little faces laid close to one another in a framing frill of feathery boy's love.

"Do you like southernwood?" the little old woman asked, as she put the welcome nosegay of homely blooms on the man in bed 9's counterpane. "But perhaps you know it by one of its other names—'old man,' 'lad's' or 'boy's love'—eh?"

She glided on, her hand, in a shabby cotton glove, already seeking in the reticule for another posy for the occupant of the next bed. He was the one child patient, and the pet of Ward B, a small victim of tuberculosis, with a closely cropped moleskin head. He was singing a music-hall ditty with the joyous *élan* of a lark.

"Hush, Georgie! that's naughty," said the nurse with carroty hair and dimples. "You'll disturb No. 9."

"Sing a nice hymn, my darling, instead of that dreadfully low song, which will make the Lord weep to hear," said the little old woman in rusty black, "and you shall have this bunch of pretty flowers."

The small victim of tuberculosis with moleskin head snatched the flowers from the hand in the shabby cotton glove, and tore them to pieces, petal by petal.

The little old woman shook her head sadly and moved on, with a nosegay and text for the next bed.

* * * * * *

"Boy's love"; yes, that was the name he knew it by. The man in bed 9 sniffed the little quaint nosegay greedily, and soon he was no longer in bed 9, no longer in Ward B, with the sunlight glaring on the walls. Once more he walked with his sister and his sister's governess through the quiet streets of a grey cathedral city, set amidst emerald fields, the home of his childhood. Dear home, where rooks cawed in majestic elms, and where deep-toned bells chimed deliberately the fleeting hours. From the quiet streets they passed into the green country lanes. It was June. Haymaking was going on, and the hedges were wreathed with wild roses and honeysuckle. And how the birds sang! They came to a gabled, thatched house on the top of a hill. It belonged to a lace-maker, had diamond-paned windows and an ivy-covered porch, and stood at the end of a long garden.

The governess lifted the latch of a rustic gate, and they went up the flagged path through the lace-maker's garden. It was full of bees and flowers. All the flowers of the tight little nosegay grew in it, not in single blossoms, but in battalions, rampantly at their own sweet will. Cushions of snowy clove pinks bulged over the stones; hosts of velvety magenta and white sweet-williams on either side of the narrow flagged path nearly met across it. A drowsy hum of repletion came from the bumble bees as they gutted the snapdragons and Canterbury bells of their honey. Over all waved the sober grey feathery spikes of the southernwood bushes, outscenting the sweetest of their sweet-scented neighbours. He plucked off a spray of the shrub and put it in his buttonhole. One of the girls who sat making lace in the ivy-covered porch glanced up from her pillow and bobbins and chaffed him good-humouredly about his choice of a buttonhole.

"He doesn't understand," said the girl next her, without taking the trouble to glance up from her pillow and bobbins. "He's too young."

He didn't know why, but he was indignant with the girl who said he was "too young," and who hadn't taken the trouble to glance up from her work. The head lace-maker invited them into the cool green gloaming of her best parlour. After the intense brightness of the sunlit garden, it was like entering the interior of a bird's nest. But there was one island of whiteness in the dusky room. Something that rippled over a surface of blue tissue paper, like a filmy waterfall, on the horsehair sofa.

"The Hon'ble Miss Hamilton's wedding veil," the lace-maker said with pride. "It's antique Mechlin, worth a king's ransom, and we have had the honour of repairing it. I am expecting Miss Hamilton and her intended this afternoon. They will take a cup of tea with us. There's no stuck-up airs about Miss Hamilton, though she is so high born."

Horses, held by a groom, were champing at the rustic gate. Their riders had dismounted and were making a lingering ascent of the flagged path between the cushions of clove pinks and the sweet-smelling southernwood bushes.

She led the way, beautiful Irene Hamilton, tall and distinguished, a vision of loveliness, in her dark blue riding habit, which she held up gracefully, high above her glossy riding boots. Never had his childish imagination conceived anything so ravishing as this girl in the riding habit.

She took possession of his senses with the perfume of the boy's love. The gold of the dancing sunlight, the azure of the cloudless sky, the brilliant colour of the flowers seemed to pale around her. A sensation he had never experienced, a new thrill tingled all over him. His eyes half-filled with tears. In his ears was a humming sound, as if the bees had deserted the flowers and were swarming on his straw hat. He would have liked to throw himself on the flag-stones at her feet and cry, "Send me to the end of the earth. Let me die in battle with your name upon my lips." Instead he stood hanging his head, and blushed a miserable, shy, consuming blush. She spoke a few courteous words to the envious governess; then she bent down and kissed his sister, who was a pretty little girl. Still bending, she turned to him. Oh, moment of agonised suspense and ecstasy! He saw her short teeth, white and firm between her curving lips, the russet bloom of her rounded cheeks, the smiling eyes of hyacinth blue set in coal-black lashes, the bridge of her aristocratic little nose—he saw these details plainly, though his sight was dimmed and he felt sick and dizzy, though the garden of the lace-maker's cottage and the purple valley behind, out of which rose the cathedral towers, all were swimming and melting away.

He stood with his feet on a cloud. There was nothing and no one in the universe but himself and this face, fair and fresh as the flowers, coming closer to his. But it did not come. An almost audible sob of pain gurgled in his throat as she suddenly withdrew her face and ceased to bend over him.

"I forgot," she said. "Frank is too old to be kissed."

A little while ago he had felt annoyed at being

described as "too young" to understand something, he knew not what. Now he understood what it was, he was equally displeased at being considered "too old."

The young man, Irene's "intended," who followed her up the path, endorsed the latter view.

"Too old!" he exclaimed in a pleasant voice, with a pleasant laugh. "I should rather think so. By Jove, if you kiss him I shall be jealous."

He was as handsome as the Apollo Belvedere, with fair hair and honest blue eyes; yet, for all his good looks and winning ways, he bred in the bosom of his small, shy rival an instantaneous and deadly hate. He longed to fly at his throat and bite him.

"Beast! I am not too old!" his soul cried within him. "I am just old enough, I tell you, just old enough."

But he said nothing. He remained stupidly dumb and dazed, till his sister's governess had to remind him of his manners and prompt him to take off his hat when Miss Hamilton said good-bye. The pair went on up the narrow flagged path, admiring the clove pinks, and passed under the ivy-covered porch.

That night when he undressed he took the sprig of boy's love out of his buttonhole and twirled it between his lips as he fell asleep. He dreamt of her. He did hardly anything else but dream of her by night and think of her by day for the next fortnight. Her approaching wedding was the great topic of conversation. It was to be one of the grandest society functions of the season. He hated to hear about it, for he loathed the thought of her being married. It turned him hot and cold, and made him feel dull and heavy. He would shudder and clench his fingers, and even was silly enough to contemplate such violent measures as travelling to London without a ticket to interrupt the wedding.

He pictured himself tearing the filmy wedding veil to ribbons, and stabbing Apollo to the heart. But fate all the time was preparing a scheme which forestalled and took the shine out of his.

One morning news came to the old grey cathedral town that Irene Hamilton, on the eve of her wedding, had been found, after a ball, dead in her bath. Everyone was shocked, and said nothing more terribly sad could have happened. Her health had never been questioned. Who could have imagined there was anything wrong with her heart, and that she would be cut off with such awful suddenness in the flower of her youth and beauty, just at a moment when her happy young life was to receive its crown of bliss?

But *he* didn't say how sad it was. Could it be that he wasn't sorry? The dull, heavy aching feeling inside him was gone. On the contrary, he felt almost light-hearted and elated. He ran upstairs to his little room and sought for the sprig of boy's love which he had pressed between the leaves of "Treasure Island." It was dry and withered, but still sent forth its quaint delicious fragrance.

He wondered shyly how she had looked when they found her, and the new thrill ran through him again. No, he wasn't sorry, not a bit sorry! He was glad, because now she couldn't marry Apollo.

* * * * * *

"I haven't received any instruction to admit you," said the hospital porter, not stirring from his box inside the hospital gates. "Visitors should come on visiting days. 9 Ward B is not on the danger list."

He spoke to a young woman in a big hat and white gloves. She carried a big bouquet of white flowers, and had a brazen, defiant air.

"I call it an abominable shame," she said, stamping her foot, which bulged out of a cheap, showy shoe. "I can't get off on your visiting days. You know my profession won't allow it."

The profession of the young woman in the hat was that of a barmaid in a Strand restaurant.

"I suppose if I tipped you a tanner, you'd let me in," she went on; "but I'm not going to do that. I've spent a tidy fortune already on these flowers. Aren't they choice?"

The porter composed himself to take no further notice of the young woman, a line of action from which he did not depart even when she launched out into uninvited confidences.

"He's not my beau, as you might think," she explained. "He was down on his luck, and could only stand a theatre once in a blue moon. As for presents, he gave me books. Queer, wasn't it? What did he think anyone in my profession could do with books?"

"Read 'em, I presume," suggested the porter with a yawn at the obviousness of the question.

"A likely thing. I've no time for reading. I pawned the books except one, which he said he wrote himself. I'm blessed if I could read that either. Women have been his ruin, he says, since he was a kid in knickers. He's loved lots."

She paused to bridle and make eyes at the porter, off whose back her blandishments slipped like water from a duck's.

"Well, if I wasn't his first, at any rate I'm his last," she simpered. "Won't you let me in?"

"He's not on the danger list," reiterated the porter.

"You seem sorry he isn't," retorted the young lady. "See that he gets these flowers, anyhow. They cost too much to be wasted."

She laid the huge bouquet of wired arum lilies, stephanotis and maidenhair, which, though it was white, looked vulgar, on the ledge of the porter's box, and turned on her high heels.

"Surly brute!" she said. Then, as she minced away, she flung back triumphantly over a shoulder immersed in hat-brim—"I'm the last."

She was in happy ignorance of nurses with carroty hair growing in entrancing rings round a white forehead, and with dimples that came and went like April sunshine.

* * * * *

"Shall I put your flowers in water?" asked the nurse with carroty hair and dimples.

She had just placed the barmaid's huge white bouquet beside him in a vase, but the flowers she asked if she should put in water were those of the little homely nosegay which the man in bed 9 still held tightly locked in his cramped fingers.

The man in bed 9 made no answer. She stooped, unlocked the fingers, and the flowers fell on to the sheet. The nurse with the carroty hair and dimples bent lower over the man in bed 9, then she straightened herself with a slight shudder. At that moment the small victim of tuberculosis with the moleskin head burst into ribald song with the joyous *élan* of a lark.

"Hush, hush, Georgie, that's naughty," rebuked the sister of the ward, frowning. "No. 9 is very ill to-day. You'll disturb him."

"It doesn't matter," said the nurse with carroty hair; she hadn't a dimple visible as she spoke. "I don't think anything will ever disturb No. 9 again."

She picked up the little nosegay and fastened it under her starched cap strings.

"Boy's love," she murmured. "Boy's love. How sweet it smells."

# MASTERPIECE FOR THE WEEK

## Huxley's Lay Sermons

I.

In the delightful autobiographic preface to his collected Essays, Huxley relates that Herbert Spencer detected in him clerical affinities. These affinities showed themselves at an early age, when, as Huxley tells us, in childhood he turned his pinafore wrong side forward to represent a surplice, and held forth to his mother's kitchenmaids. So pronounced in later years were the clerical affinities that, referring to him in a letter to a friend, Bishop Thirwall playfully speaks of Archbishop Huxley. All through Huxley's controversial life there was the flavour of the pulpiteer. One result of this was that he came to be regarded, not as an original worker in the field of Science, but rather as the brilliant defender of Darwinism, as the popular expounder of the theory of evolution and the sworn foe of obscurantism. It should be noted that Huxley was more than a brilliant expositor; he did enduring work as a discoverer. His claim to popular renown rests on the fact that he democratised science; he brought it, so to speak, from the museum and the laboratory into the market-place. By virtue of his genius as a lecturer and his incomparable style as a writer he rescued Science from the narrowing influence of specialists just when it was in danger of being buried under the débris of technical terms. While engaged in this laudable task Huxley found time for original work in his own department. Testimony is given to this effect as follows by Professor Ray Lankester and Sir Michael Foster in their preface to Huxley's "Scientific Memoirs": "Apart from the influence exerted by his popular writings, the progress of biology during the present century (the nineteenth) is largely due to labours of his of which the general public knew nothing, and that he was in some respects the most original and most fertile discoverer of all his fellow-workers in the same branch of science."

II.

In the public mind, however, Huxley's name and fame will always be associated with the early struggles for recognition of the new ideas which Darwin gave to the world in his epochal works. In Huxley's early days two rival theories of Nature came into violent collision—the theological and the scientific—or, as they might be called, the supernatural and the natural. Round the question of the origin of species fierce controversy raged. Scientific opinion, as foreshadowed in works like Loyell's "Principles of Geology," were familiarising the public mind with the idea of evolution, which, in a vague kind of manner, as in the once famous "Vestiges of Creation," was being extended so as to include the origin of species, human as well as animal. With the appearance of Darwin's works the conflict between the old and the new views increased in violence. Huxley came forward as the champion of Darwin, and in the gladiatorial arena found himself at home. For the task he had qualities admirably fitted. Gifted with a literary style of the highest order, the master of a controversial method flavoured with inimitable raillery, Huxley did splendid service as a populariser of Darwin's views.

To Huxley it soon became evident that a new theory of man in his relations to the universe was following in the wake of Science and its discoveries. Science and Theology came into deadly rivalry, and in the conflict which raged Huxley's pulpiteering proclivities found ample scope. In a general way it may be said that Theology stood for authority and Science for reason. Accept nothing on trust, nothing that will not successfully submit to the scientific test of verification; eschew pious make-believe, and, when the limits of knowledge are reached, frankly admit ignorance—these were the texts from which Huxley preached. Not justification by faith, but justification by verification, was his watchword.

III.

What lies beyond the boundary of scientific knowledge? Huxley declared that to this question no answer was possible, and, in order to define the attitude of mind towards this region of mystery or ignorance, he coined the word Agnosticism. Study, Huxley seems to say, the material Universe, obey its laws, have done with the idols of the churches, and, if you must needs worship, let it be "worship of the silent sort at the altar of the Unknown and Unknowable."

A scientific theory which confined knowledge to the world of phenomena was sure to be confounded with Materialism, as Huxley found when he delivered his famous lay sermon on Protoplasm. To clear himself in this regard he felt it necessary to fall back upon Philosophy. In this sphere, it must be admitted, Huxley was provokingly unsatisfactory. In reply to the charge of Materialism, Huxley answers that, inasmuch as it is only known to us through mind, matter is simply the symbol of unknowable forces. Ask if he accepts the spiritual theory of existence, and his reply is that he knows nothing of spirit or mind apart from matter, and therefore there is no evidence of mind apart from brain function.

IV.

Huxley finds a way out of the difficulty by declaring that the "fundamental doctrines of materialism, like those of spiritualism and most other 'isms,' lie outside the limits of philosophical enquiry." In support of this view he quotes David Hume, forgetful of the fact that Hume's conclusions are as fatal to the claims of Science as to those of Philosophy. Science cannot take a single step without postulating an order of Nature invariable and necessary; beyond that Science, in Agnostic mood, says we know nothing. Hume went further. In regard to the so-called invariability and necessity of the laws of Nature he was a sceptic; in his view Science as well as Theology rests on assumption. Hume, as Mr. Arthur Balfour points out in his "Foundations of Belief," reduces our belief in the fundamental principles of scientific interpretation—such as the invariability of Nature—to expectation born of habit. In Hume's view the world of Nature resolves itself into an unrelated series of ideas and impressions. Science, as understood by Huxley, postulates as its fundamental basis the law of causation. Hume substitutes for this the law of association. Because certain phenomena stand related over a long period of time, we come to think of them as cause and effect. According to Hume, the phenomena are not connected by the bond of necessity. They have been so related in the past, but there is no guarantee that they will be related in the future. Summing up Hume's theory of causation, Leslie Stephen says: "Chance, instead of order, must, it

(Continued on page 760.)

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SHORTHAND.—THIS WEEK'S OPINION. Mr. Jack Lynch, a well-known Parliamentary reporter (himself an accomplished Pitman writer), who has had unequalled opportunities of meeting and [illegible] with all sorts of stenographic pressmen, gives this as his estimate: "Sloan-Duployan writers are by far the swiftest and most accurate, and they can read old notes without difficulty, whereas the Pitman writer must first recall the subject." SLOAN-DUPLOYAN shorthand is acquired in a few weeks, and is guaranteed the most rapid and reliable system in use to-day. Send for interesting illustrated handbook, with specimen lesson, free.—Sloan Shorthand Co., Ramsgate.

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would seem, be the ultimate objective fact, as custom, instead of reason, is the ultimate objective fact." In the hands of Huxley's philosophic master, Hume, the Universe becomes a Chaos, not a Cosmos. The truth seems to be that Huxley's Science and his Philosophy did not harmonise. I once asked Herbert Spencer his opinion of Huxley as a philosopher. He admitted his greatness in Science, but in Philosophy, he said, Huxley's views lacked co-ordination.

The lack of co-ordination is seen in his famous Romanes lectures, in which he places man and Nature in an antagonism which ill accords with his own theory of evolution. In that lecture Huxley leads us back to the theological conception which he has been supposed to have abandoned for ever, namely, the Pauline distinction of Nature and Grace. We are told that ethics are not a natural product in the evolutional sense, but the result of man's conflict with cosmic forces. On his own principles there was no need for the dilemma. Huxley might as well have declared that a conservatory in which delicate plants are reared is not a product of the cosmic forces, as assert that ethics are not a natural product. The conservatory is the result of cosmic forces under the guidance of intelligence, which Huxley, from his philosophic standpoint, was bound to consider a cosmic force. There is no impassable gulf, from the evolution point of view, between the wild flowers of Nature and the delicate plants in the conservatory under the gardener's care.

As a consequence of the wide gulf between Nature and man which Huxley assumes, he is driven to give a pessimistic interpretation of the Darwinian theory, or the struggle for existence. From his view of the essential antagonism between man and the cosmic forces, Huxley was naturally led, when treating of social evolutions, to write as follows:—"Life was a continuous free fight, and beyond the limited and temporary relations of the family the Hobbesian war of each against all was the natural state of existence." If man was bad, Nature was worse. In man at least lay the germs of ethical development, but "of moral purpose" Huxley could see "no trace in Nature."

Huxley was a valiant soldier in the ranks of progress. Naturally, his Agnostic creed compelled him to limit his activities to what he called "improving natural knowledge." With him Science was valued as a supreme factor in individual culture and social progress. No man was less of a pedant. In one of his Lay Sermons Huxley outlines his culturistic ideal as "one whose mind is stored with a knowledge of the great and fundamental truths of Nature, and of the laws of her operations; one who, no stunted ascetic, is full of life and fire, but whose passions are trained to come to heel by a vigorous will, the servant of a tender conscience; who has learned to love all beauty, whether of Nature or of Art; to hate all vileness, and to respect others as himself." Huxley well knew that, for the realisation of this ideal, literary and scientific culture are both necessary, and in his broad-minded recognition of this lies the charm of his treatment of the whole subject of education. Still, the question ever presses upon the mind, What avails Science, Literature, and all that makes for culture if, according to the Huxleyian creed, we are to confine our strivings and our hopes to the present world? In the name of Science, Huxley demanded that we should fearlessly face facts. Well, here is a fact to which universal history bears testimony—the fact, in all ages and among all races, of belief in a future life. Such a fact suggests the suspicion that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in the Agnostic philosophy.

## SILHOUETTE

*From the gallery of memory, mutascopic and fragmentary, there flashes at times a picture, many-coloured and complete; more often the screen gives back an outline, blurred in parts, yet conveying an impression so vivid and compelling that the mind holds only the salient points, and there emerges of scenes and emotions—a silhouette!*

ALL day long he waited in his office, watching the tape, and as he sat, the remorseless click of the machine buzzing in his ears spelt one word, and one word only—Ruin. It was written upon the ceiling and the floor, scrawled in prodigious letters on the wall, the very furniture repeated it, and he read its shadow on the sun! The shares in which he had invested, with the arrogant optimism that was his justification and undoing, were slowly falling—down and down and down.

The day closed, and found him bankrupt; and not of money only. He saw himself, young, ambitious, ardently worshipping the god of chance in the House of Rimmon, so that, unmindful of all else, love passed him by, and beauty also; the flush of dawn held for him no message; the scent of the trees in the gloaming, the note of the thrush did not quicken his pulse; and his eyes were blind to the gold of the laburnum, the glory of the almond blossoms and the nutsie may.

He had married a woman whose rank lent prestige to his wealth, who wore his jewels, ruled his house, and was oblivious of his business. He was proud of her, in a silent, secretive fashion; but at times there tugged at him a curious sense of something he had lost. Once, in the grey gloaming that cloaks the city in a garment of romance, he had chanced on one of his employees—a man of fifty, grizzled and worn. His bowed shoulders had straightened, the strained eyes were bright: a woman had come to meet him, neither young nor comely, but with a face made beautiful by love.

"And are you tired?" he heard her say.

"Not *now*, my own dear wife," the clerk had answered. And the rich man felt a wondering envy at the words. . . .

In the darkness of the unlit room, his hand—capable, cruel in its suggestion of strength and lack of tenderness—unlocked a certain drawer in his desk. He had played the game right to the finish—played and lost; and there was but one thing left to do. He could not live to face defeat in the arena, and for him there was no refuge outside—no woman's face grew radiant at his coming, no fond heart quickened at his step.

His fingers closed upon a phial marked poison. He had bought the drugs weeks, months ago—as a cure for sleeplessness. Well, he would sleep now—aye, and rest! And there swept over him a wave of loneliness, so that he shivered in the dark, and his hand trembled.

Somewhere in the great building a door banged, hurrying feet ran down the passage. It was curious to realise that was the last time he would hear familiar sounds, and he gave a quick, impatient sigh.

And then the door flashed open, bringing a stream of light. A hand was on his own, a face close pressed to his, and a voice—*her* voice—was whispering:

"And could you leave me—*me*, your wife?"

"I am ruined," he said hoarsely. You'll have to give up your house, your jewels, your——"

She was clinging tightly to him, her lips on his, her face alight with tenderness and love—love that dazed and almost blinded him.

"Money!" she laughed. "Jewels! What do they matter now I have found *you?*"


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Many serious writers view with alarm the tendency of the present day to disregard physical development, and prophesy that the future will bring forth a race of people whose motor muscles have disappeared and whose brain development is abnormal. Such a state of things, obviously, will not arise in the lifetime of this or the next generation; but the fact of such a possibility being seriously considered by the greatest authorities draws imperative attention to an insistent, undeniable fact—we are now turning from the age of Muscle to the age of Mind.

No advocate of any school of thought can afford to disregard the importance of physique in the formation of national character and destiny; but now the public recognise that *physical culture* is but the means to an end—the supreme efficiency and domination of the mind.

The lack of knowledge that has hitherto prevented mind-culture has been gradually and surely overcome, and it is now justifiably established that the mind can as surely be developed, strengthened, and made strong as can the physical organs.

Students of social questions are learning with delight of the widespread interest that all classes, both men and women, are taking in this important national question, and can discern the improvement in mental calibre that is taking place.

### The Work of an Enthusiast.

One of the most enthusiastic advocates of mind culture at the present time is Mr. Frank Hartley, who founded the London Institute of Menti-Culture. Although originally founded as an experiment, the immediate success with which his system has met has made it necessary for Mr. Frank Hartley to give up all his research work to devote his whole time and energies to the Institute of Menti-Culture. In a recent interview with a Press representative, Mr. Hartley explained the scope of his menti-culture movement:—As is now well known, I have devoted the best years of my life to the study of psychology and mental efficiency, and the outstanding fact that burnt itself into my brain was the lamentable lack of self-knowledge among the masses. While carefully collecting and sifting scientific data concerning the particular qualities that have led well-known men and women to success and power many interesting facts were revealed. For instance, mere knowledge alone has achieved, and will achieve, little or nothing; that misleading colloquialism, luck, is merely the envious explanation applied by failure to success. No, the gift that has brought all successful careers to the pinnacle of success lies much deeper.

It is the hidden power to apply the right force to their everyday affairs in a manner which will surely place them in a position of superiority in all their dealings with their fellow-men. It is only now becoming realised that this power is latent in everyone, and, with correct training, can be developed to an extent which will bring immediate and gratifying results in every case.

### How Mr. Hartley's Campaign Began.

As you know, I commenced my own campaign in Menti-Culture by adopting a bold course. At a cost of many hundreds of pounds, I have carried my message to thousands all over the world by means of a specially printed edition of my latest book, "How Failure Becomes Impossible." The public were quick to recognise the soundness of my teaching, with the result that the principles of Menti-Culture are being practised all over the country.

The practical results are discovered by the student from the very beginning, and the particular gains reported at once are: (1) Increased will power; (2) Concentration created and maintained; (3) Nervousness and self-consciousness overcome; (4) Power of correct observation and judgment, etc., etc.

It should be understood that my system, although yielding such priceless results to the student, does not entail any irksome restrictions or departure from everyday life. When revealed, it is astonishing in its simplicity.

There are, I am sure, still a great many readers who are interested in the subject of mind training, and to those who will take the trouble to write to me I will make a special concession. Upon request I will send not only my book, "How Failure Becomes Impossible," but also a lesson in Menti-Culture free. Those who wish to may enclose two penny stamps, for postage, etc., but in any case a mere request will bring the book and lesson. Simply write Mr. Frank Hartley, Room 73, London Institute of Menti-Culture, 35, Wellington Street, London, W.C.

# MARK RUTHERFORD

By HUGH SINCLAIR

I.

WITH the death of William Hale White there has passed from us a writer of subtle and individual force. Of his life and personality very little ever reached the public, so persistently did the creator of Mark Rutherford hide himself from the general view. After an early period of storm and stress, reflected in the pages of the Autobiography, he floated into calm waters, securing a post in the Admiralty, from which he retired after full service with a pension, and filling up his spare time with journalistic work of various descriptions.

The son of Mr. William White, at one time printer and bookseller at Bedford, and the prototype of James Allen in "The Revolution of Tanner's Lane," he spent his early youth in the town of John Bunyan, became a member of the historic "Bunyan Meeting," and was accepted as a candidate for the Congregationalist ministry, but subsequently expelled from college, along with two other students, for heretical views of inspiration. His expulsion led to the final severance of the family from Congregationalism, and Mr. White, senior, after making an unsuccessful experiment with a tannery, migrated to London, where he obtained the position of doorkeeper to the House of Commons, and published a book of Parliamentary reminiscences with something of the Mark Rutherford flavour about it.

II.

Of his journalistic work "Mark Rutherford" could hardly be induced to speak, of his novels not at all He was closely connected with that remarkable being John Chapman, of the *Westminster Review*, knew and admired George Eliot, had a warm friendship for George Jacob Holyoake, and contributed to many journals. Of books published under his own name there was the excellent translation of Spinoza's Ethic and a study of John Bunyan, full of piercing insight. He continued to preach, remained essentially a Christian, and never lost his sympathy with the Nonconformity whose weaknesses he chastised so mercilessly Above all, he retained his supreme interest in spiritual problems.

After retiring from the Admiralty, he lived first in Hastings, then in a country cottage in Groombridge, near Tunbridge Wells, where he died at the ripe age of eighty-three. "Claudius Clear" records some interesting personal impressions in the *British Weekly*. Mark Rutherford, he tells us, was "reserved and dignified in appearance, but essentially kind and modest. His great interest was in books—books as makers and helpers of life. He was a singularly exact student, mainly of the English classics. . . . He admired Gladstone, but with the reserves natural to a dissenter. He put Spurgeon and Bright first among English orators. . . . He kept no rubbish in his library, and all his personal appointments were of characteristic simplicity. . . . He was rather noticeably slow in taking up new authors, preferring to read old books over again." Interesting little sidelights these; slight enough, but bearing out one's impression of a singularly reserved but fascinating personality.

III.

If William Hale White set his face as a flint against the gratification of the incontinent curiosity of the literary public, "Mark Rutherford" put his naked

soul into his books. For, with all their high restraint, these books are a spilling of blood—a pouring out of soul as complete and poignant as anything we have in literature; and to read them understandingly is to feel something at least of the pain and awe which such confidences beget. For some critics Mark Rutherford is little more than a faithful and revealing chronicler of provincial Dissent in the middle of the mid-Victorian period. He is that, of course. He deals relentlessly, grimly, cruelly, if one likes, though never pettily or spitefully, with the exasperating meannesses of small towns and of small religionists of a certain type.

He gives us footnotes to religious history, vignettes of a passing evangelicalism, bitten in with the aqua-fortis of his keen and restrained irony. But he gives us far more than that. These things belong, after all, to the meaner streets of his spacious city of thought. He gives us timeless spiritual autobiography. He writes of the realities of poverty and labour, disappointment and defeat, love and death; and writes of them in a way which makes his books not only great literature, but the very stuff of life. "He can put into a very few words seventy years of pain," says Sir W. Robertson Nicoll, one of the earliest and most understanding lovers of Mark Rutherford.

IV.

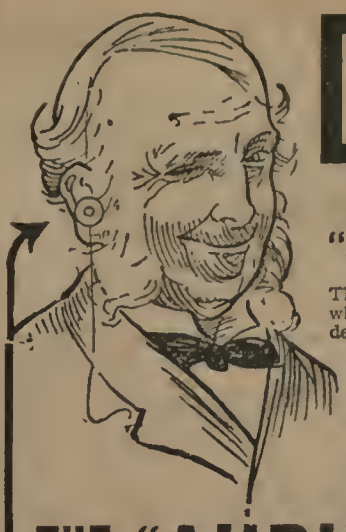
Mark Rutherford's candid yet baffling style is the despair of young authors who are advised to "study" it. Not the most hopelessly obtuse would venture to make it his model. Its perfect fitness sets its creator above all but a few lords of language. The word fits the thought, not as a garment fits the body, but as flesh fits bone.

Simple, limpid, all but colourless, his style might be described as grey; but what an exquisite, living, palpitant grey, tremulously responsive to every changing light of thought! Reticence, fineness, distinction, purity, precision—there is hardly another writer in whom these quiet qualities are more instantly present. Beside the broad pictorial manner of more immediately effective stylists his work has the unobtrusive delicacy of a pencil drawing, but with a purposefulness and virility of line that exclude the suggestion of weakness. To the latter-day worshipper of cleverness, with his cult of exotic phrasing and his staccato impressionist temper, such art has little to offer. It can, in fact, only give to those to whom much has been given already.

V.

If Mark Rutherford has a message to our generation other than the eternal message of the spirit, to which the timeless heart of man must ever vibrate, it is the recall to a wise and noble reticence. "Take heed to thyself that thou offer not thy burnt offerings in every place thou seest," is the unwritten warning behind all his books. He had a very scrupulous regard for the *tacenda* of life—things not unclean in themselves, but made unclean by being talked about. He observed an equally delicate reticence upon the great "commonplaces" of friendship, pain, love and death.

To call his restraint "artistic" is to miss the soul of it. His words were few, not because his artistic theory deprecated an overflow, but because he had seen far more than he dared tell. "From the horns of the wild oxen Thou hast answered me." The soul that has received its answer thus says very little about it—if speech is left to it at all; but that little will have a loud cry in the ears of every soul of kindred stuff.

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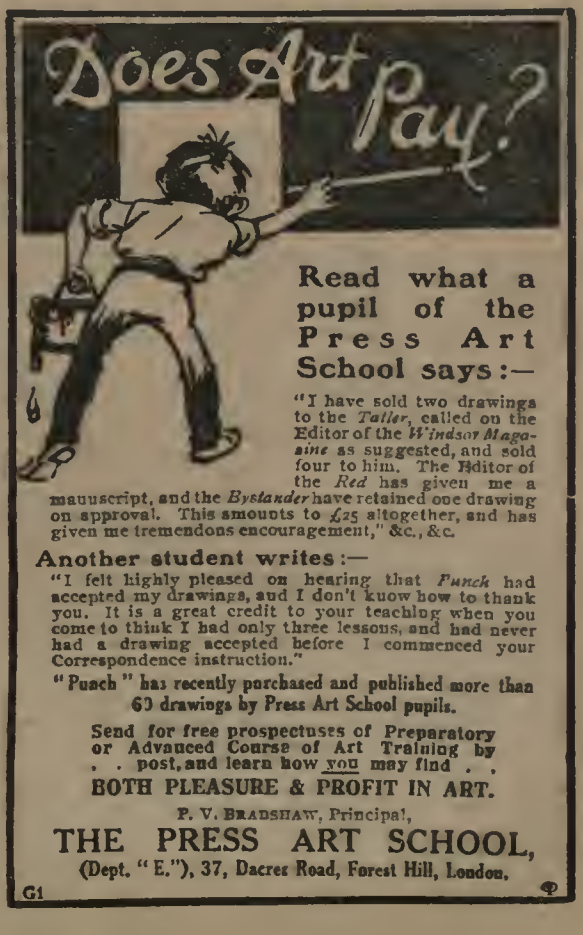


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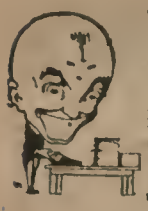

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# CORRESPONDENCE

## UNEMPLOYMENT AND OVER-POPULATION.

*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

SIR,—Your correspondent, "H. S.," is, I am afraid, sadly misinformed in tracing back unemployment to over-population (that ancient and exploded bogey!). What of the following facts?

1. There is a vast deal more unemployment in countries with low birth-rates (*e.g.*, England, U.S.A., France) than in countries with a very prolific population (*e.g.*, Germany, Holland, Sweden, Austria, Hungary).

2. There is enough wealth in England to enable every man to marry and bring up in comfort a family of six children—but the wealth is not *distributed*. While there are working-class couples in Bermondsey who try to raise a family on 18s. a week there are couples in Mayfair who have £20,000 or £100,000 per annum and no children. Is this a case of the population exceeding the available wealth? Why, sir, the wealth of one West End home is often sufficient to enable 500 workers to raise each a family of half a dozen children!

3. It has been stated on very good authority that the soil and industries of these islands could (under a system of proper distribution of wealth) support more than 150,000,000 persons at a very good level of comfort (see Mr. Chiozza Money and Prince Kropotkin).

4. Labour is the chief source of wealth. How, then, can a diminution of population (which is labour, of course) produce an increase of wealth? It is impossible. Every healthy and intelligent child is an asset. He or she is not a consumer only, but also a producer. Children *of the right sort* cannot be a burden to any country. These are the sources of future wealth. In Germany the population has doubled, while that of France has stood still. Yet in Germany the increase of wealth—per head too—has far exceeded the French increase!

It is exceedingly convenient for the upper classes of England to talk about the working classes being too prolific, while they keep from the poor the wealth which could make their homes happy and fruitful!—I am, sir, etc.,

GERMANICUS.

P.S.—It is often supposed that the available employment in a country is constant, and therefore the more people are born, the less chance of work for each! This is absurd, of course. An expanding population creates fresh work and fresh wealth.

## ANGLO-GERMAN RELATIONS.

*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

SIR,—It is with the greatest interest that I read the various articles in EVERYMAN on "Germany and the Anglo-German Relations." Permit me to pass a few remarks, which I trust might help to bring some light on the matter.

Mr. Harrison tells us that an entente between England and Germany would be for the benefit of the latter, but he forgets to say whether England would profit by it or not. Would it not be for the mutual advantage?

He advocates a "regulation of Germany's naval armaments" as a *conditio sine quâ non*, but he forgets to explain how a navy which is much smaller can be a menace to England, for Mr. Harrison should be

aware of the fact that an attacking navy must be of at least twice or three times the size of the attacked one, if she will be likely to succeed.

It seems that England has made far too much of the German fleet, and that she has lost sight of some other very important business. Many books and articles have been written during the last years on Anglo-German relations, but it strikes me that no one has touched, or even attempted to touch, the chief point, in comparison to which the talk about armaments must seem premature. The two countries have mutual interests, and various interests in common, and thus they could go a long way together.

But there is the growing German industry, and the axiom here is that this factor is taking the English workman's bread. Now, then, this is the main point, and this question will have to be settled first, before it is of any use to go into negotiations about reductions, or even regulation, of armaments. There are only a few industries where a friction exists at all, and in these cases an agreement between the two countries could only be to the mutual advantage.

Take, *e.g.*, cement: the English and German combines have settled the question of markets and prices, and the relations between these two industries are as friendly as possible. Could not this result be reached in every instance?

It is not for me to say whether the English diplomacy would be able to deal with the matter, but I do doubt that German diplomats will be fit for the task, and it will be better not to wait for their initiative. Besides, in any case, private persons should start the negotiations, and these private persons must be business men, who know the trade thoroughly.

Once this question is settled we shall find it very easy to come to arrangements in other matters, *e.g.*, armaments, etc., as well. Needless to say, that an alliance between England, with the biggest navy, and Germany, with the strongest army, would mean a weighty factor for the European peace, especialy so as on the same day when this alliance is declared the Franco-German tension would have disappeared.

And thus, but only thus, we should get at the beginning of the solution of the European question, viz., the international organisation of the European States.
—I am, sir, etc., H. VOGLER.
London.

## EDUCATIONAL REFORM.

*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

SIR,—I have read with great interest your correspondents' letters on the subject of Education, and am glad to see that Professor Adams advocates more efficient staffing. This is, I think, specially needed in the country, where, in the case of schools containing fifty to seventy children, there is often only one certificated teacher, assisted by absolutely illiterate "supplementaries." These latter have had only the ordinary elementary education (usually almost forgotten), and in many cases have a difficulty in keeping abreast of the knowledge they are supposed to impart. If set to teach a higher standard, they would find themselves hopelessly incapable of doing the work of that standard. Their speech usually reflects their degree of culture, being adorned with most of the common errors, *e.g.*, plural subject, singular verb.

One of the worst types of this class of teacher is that of the headmaster's wife who has taken up teaching *after* marriage, because the salary obtained more than pays the wages of a maid, whom she employs to do the work that she herself should


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properly do, and because the possession of the said maid lifts her into the eminently respectable society of those who "keep one maid."

I know of one case in which this occurs, and in the same school there are assistants who, although they have passed some professional examinations, and although they have only their salary to support them, yet receive *less* than the headmaster's wife, whose only claim to be a teacher is that she married a schoolmaster instead of a clerk or shop-assistant.

Such a state of things would not be tolerated for a minute if the country people would really awaken to their responsibilities, instead of shirking their obligations, and thereby allowing the squire and the parson to control every committee or board which nominally acts for the benefit of the village.—I am, sir, etc.,

Kent. "HAMPSHIRE."

## THE MILL GIRL.

*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

SIR,—Miss Hamilton's article on the Lancashire mill girl is interesting, more particularly on account of its very accurate description of the mill girl's character and her life at home and when on holiday. In these details there is very little at which one can cavil, but there are several passages referring to the life in the mill which are somewhat misleading and decidedly incorrect. These inaccuracies, if left unchallenged, would make the enigma as to why the Lancashire lass prefers mill life to home life still more incomprehensible, and, with your permission, I will show where I think the statements do not convey the actual facts.

The mill girl usually starts her mill life as a "half-timer" at twelve years of age. If she enters the spinning department she is engaged usually as a creeler. If she goes into the weaving-shed, she is taken in hand at once by a four-loom weaver as a "learner," and, as such, she is taught to weave. She commences at wages of about 3s. 6d. per week, though there has been a tendency in recent years to increase this amount. She is so employed as a "half-timer," and, as such, attends school in the mornings of one week and in the afternoons of the next week. At fourteen years of age, or at thirteen, if she can obtain the school exemption (or "labour") certificate, she commences full time in the factory. As a full-timer she can earn from six to eight shillings a week. She is, from this time until she is sixteen years of age, being taught the full process of weaving, and will be given one, two, three looms to tend, according as her skill improves, until she finally blossoms out into a fully-fledged four-loom weaver, and believes herself to have reached the stage of "a woman." But before attaining to four looms—for some skill is required to tend so many—she may be eighteen years of age. Miss Hamilton says that "ten shillings per week is paid per loom, and some of the smartest hands mind two or three." Whilst this certainly gives a slight idea of the wages earned, it will be seen from what I have said that the basis of calculation is wrong. A shed manager would quickly express his dissatisfaction with a woman who was only able to attend even three, and it is probable she would soon be discharged unless there was an improvement, if a more expert weaver turned up. The average weaver easily tends four looms, and is able to earn (for she is paid at piece-work rates) from six and sixpence to eight and sixpence per loom per week, or from twenty-eight to thirty-two shillings per week in all. I have seen "tally-boards" which showed as much as two pounds

three shillings per week; but this was, perhaps, in exceptional weeks.

Miss Hamilton's statements *re* the atmospheric conditions in cotton factories are distressing, but, I fear, grossly overdrawn. In spite of the "high" temperature (in weaving sheds 65° to 75°, and in spinning rooms 68° to 80° F.), it is a fact that considerably purer air is found in these factories than inside any other class of factories. I could easily supply figures to support this contention, and I must say that if our entertainment places and places of worship were half as well ventilated, it would be greatly to the benefit of the meeting-going community.

To the statement that "some of the rooms on the lower floors in certain buildings are inches deep in water" I can only give a blank denial, and it would be interesting to know on what authority Miss Hamilton makes an allegation so absurd, as well as the one that the "operative wears clogs to keep the wearer out of the wet." Has Miss Hamilton got confused between the reports regarding dye-houses or the wash-houses of laundries? Clogs are worn solely because they are more comfortable and more comforting (being better ventilated) than boots, and they are much better non-conductors of heat.

The statement that the *crèche* is an institution throughout Lancashire is scarcely correct, that is, if she refers to the *crèche* on the French model. *That* system is distinctly unpopular. The children are taken in the early morning, between 5 and 6 a.m. (a savage system surely!), to "foster-mothers"-or day nurses, generally living near their homes. These nurses, usually elderly women, will receive and tend to as many as four to five infants a day. Several attempts have been made to establish suitable *crèches*, but with ill-success, the prejudice against them proving so far too strong.

Again, the statement that one-third of the children born in Burnley die before they are twelve months old is exaggerated. The average annual infantile mortality rate of this town is not more than 150 to 170 per thousand. High, I admit, and one would wish to see it reduced to one-third its present; but still, it does not show that one out of three dies before it is a year old! And it is an improving figure at that. Neither is it correct to say that "the Lancashire mother goes back to the mill *within a month* after confinement." The mother stays at home *at least* the full month, and, from my observation, I can confidently say that this period is extending, and the probability is that, under the influence of the recently established Insurance Act, it will extend more rapidly in the near future.

You will notice I do not criticise Miss Hamilton's conclusions. To a great extent, I agree with them. But, at the same time, it would appear desirable, if the discussion you are seeking to promote is to be of any value, that the facts on which it is based should be accurate and reliable. It is an interesting fact, which Miss Hamilton has omitted to mention, that the woman weaver is paid at exactly the *same* piecework rates as is the man, a fact which also obtains in the woollen trade. I believe these two trades are the only trades in which this condition exists.

With apologies for troubling you.—I am, sir, etc.,
Northumberland. J. HIRST.

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*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

SIR,—Miss Hamilton has given an interesting review of the life and labour of Lancashire factory girls, but her account requires correction on one or two points.


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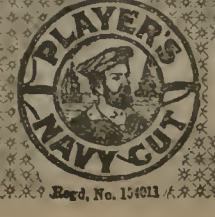


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"Displacement of male by female labour." There has been no displacement of male labour in the sense indicated by Miss Hamilton. From the very first certain branches of the Lancashire "power" factories have largely employed female labour. The first Factory Act ever passed in this country for the protection of female and child labour (1802) states in its preamble that "it hath of late become a practice in cotton and woollen mills . . . to employ a great number of male and female apprentices. . . ."

"Working in rooms inches deep in water." This is prohibited by law. Section 8 of the Factory Act of 1901 enacts that adequate means for effecting drainage must be provided in every factory where a process is carried on which renders the floor liable to wet to such an extent that the wet is capable of being removed by drainage. This provision of the law was first enacted (not in this precise form) as long ago as 1844.

"Clogs." There has been a tendency in recent years towards wearing ordinary boots and shoes. The clog, however, is a traditional form of footgear in certain parts of Lancashire and Yorkshire, and is worn mainly for the physical reason that a wood sole does not "draw" the feet as does leather during a prolonged period of standing at work.

"Mothers returning to work within a month of confinement." By the above quoted Factory Act no employer may knowingly allow a female to be employed within four weeks after she has given birth to a child.

"Infantile mortality." A "ghastly" mortality amongst infants is not confined to "mill" towns; places like Liverpool and the colliery centres of Durham have a mortality equally ghastly. And if infantile mortality was mainly due to the conditions under which women labour (as it is not, being rather due to the conditions under which they live, as the Local Government Board's reports indicate) the "affluent family budgets" mentioned by Miss Hamilton should tend to make the death-rate amongst infants in Lancashire the lowest in England.—I am, sir, etc.,

BEEDON WYMARK.

---

*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

SIR,—Having lived in the midst of the cotton mills for ten years, the article on "The Mill Girl," the fourth of the series under the heading "Women at Work," in EVERYMAN, was read by me with interest, but possibly in a more critical vein than the former contributions by the same writer. The discrepancies therein which I am taking the liberty to point out may be in part typographical, as instance: "Blackpool and Stockport, during 'Hindle Wakes,' the annual Lancashire holiday." Stockport is evidently a misprint for Southport, and the *play*, "Hindle Wakes," may be typical of the Lancashire holiday spirit, but can only be construed as "Oldham Wakes" by the initiated. Not only each district, but each town, has its own "wakes," when there is a general exodus. In the case of Burnley there are two annual holidays—at July Fair for ten days, and again in September, when the mills are closed for four days. No one who has not seen the change in a Lancashire cotton town at this time can conceive what it means. Railway station platforms piled with luggage, tin trunks predominating. Twenty-five to thirty crowded trains to Blackpool alone in one day. The amount of money saved up for and spent at these times is enormous. In Burnley alone at least £100,000 was taken out of the town and spent in the ten days' holiday in July of each year. At this time, looking over the town from one of the hills which surround it on every side, one marvels to see spots of green dotted all amongst the rows of houses, and beyond the serried ranks of streets hills and trees and fields, where for fifty weeks of the year an impenetrable cloud of smoke shrouds all from sight.

Quite recently, it will be remembered, there was a Government inquiry concerning the steaming in sheds. The statement that clogs are worn for the purpose of keeping the wearer out of inches deep of water in the weaving and spinning sheds may originally have been the reason for their adoption; but if such a state of things exists at the present time, it calls for immediate reparation.

The clang of the wooden shoon does resound, but it is not so much on cobble stones as upon granite setts.

The statement which appears to me to require either confuting or further confirmation is the question of the infant death-rate of Burnley. Ten years ago this had indeed become a public scandal; it was, if I remember rightly, about 260 per thousand under one year. During that decade, *i.e.*, from 1891 to 1900, the average for England and Wales was 154 per thousand of infants under one year, whereas for the decade 1901 to 1910 it had fallen to 127 per thousand; so that to have one town with a rate of 333 per thousand of infants under one year would have called for prompt inquiry and necessitated drastic measures to combat such slaughter of the innocents.—I am, sir, etc.,

Oxton. A. TOM.

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## THE "FACTS" OF IRISH HISTORY.

*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

SIR,—Your correspondent "Tyrone" objects to Professor Kettle's article for two reasons: (1) for its literary style; (2) for perverting the facts of history.

The facts leading up to the Wexford Rebellion would take up too much space, but this much may be said—that Wexford was one of the most peaceable and law-abiding counties in Ireland on the eve of the Rebellion. The principles of the United Irishmen—strong in the Irish Metropolis and in the North—influenced Wexford not at all. It was only when the brutal and savage yeomanry were let loose on its defenceless people; when free quarters, half hanging, pitch-capping, and scourging of innocent men became the order of the day; when rape, robbery, house burning, and the burning of Catholic churches became common throughout Wexford; when the skulls of men condemned to death by martial law for daring to protect the honour of their women against the foul brood who had been set loose on them rattled on spikes in the market-places of Wexford towns—it was only then that Wexford men ceased to be ignobly loyal and came forth (to their eternal honour) as rebels. And their record, when they did come forth and meet in battle the troops "formidable to everyone but the enemy," is one of the glorious pages of modern Irish history. The Orange yeomanry (fitting ancestors of the present-day Orangemen, who kick Papist factory girls, half roast Catholic workmen over fires, and make life a hell for the Catholic and Nationalist workpeople of the little corner of Ireland in which they hold sway) invariably disgraced themselves whenever they encountered the gallant Wexford rebels, who, untrained and miserably equipped with arms, won victory after victory over their opponents, until finally subdued by overwhelming numbers.

As to the specific instances of rebel cruelty which "Tyrone" brings forward, the facts are briefly set out by the North of Ireland Protestant historian, John Mitchell, in his "History of Ireland." In Mitchell's account of the Wexford Rebellion, which he verified

*(Continued on page 770.)*

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* **Dr. F. W. FORBES ROSS, late Civil Surgeon, His Majesty's Guards' Hospital,** in his recently published book, entitled: "*Cancer, the Problem of its Genesis and Treatment,*" maintains and produces evidence that appears to be indisputable, that the cause of Cancer is owing to a deficiency in the system of one of the chief salts contained in Vegetables, namely, Potassium.

**Concerning Vegetables, Dr. Forbes Ross, writes**—"Raw Fruit and Vegetables contain Potassium. But the idiotic process of boiling vegetables in water (instead of cooking them in their own juices with butter); the eating of fine white bread; the drinking of adulterated beer; are among the causes of this huge increase of Cancer. It would be less foolish to throw away the Vegetables and consume the water."

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by every means which make for historical truth, no mention is made of the rebels collecting men, women, and children for months on Wexford bridge and hurling them into the Slaney "off the points of their pikes," a feat, by the way, which, if true, would pay no great compliment to the physical development of the descendants of the Huguenots and Anglo-Normans, who were supposed to be affixed to the tops of the aforesaid pikes. On the contrary, instead of roasted heretics and murdered "Anglo-Normans," this Protestant North of Ireland historian has left on record the facts of that Rebellion, which are the very opposite of those put forward by "Tyrone" of Tobermory.

"The fact is incontrovertible," said Lord Holland, "that the people of Ireland were driven to resistance by the free quarters and excesses of the soldiery, which were such as are not permitted in civilised warfare even in an enemy's country. Dr. Dickson (the Protestant Bishop of Down) assured me that he has SEEN families, returning peacefully from Mass, assaulted without provocation by drunken troops and yeomanry, and their wives and daughters exposed to every species of indignity, brutality, and outrage, from which neither his (his Lordship's) remonstrances nor those of other Protestant gentlemen could rescue them." And the humane and gallant soldier, Sir John Moore, appalled by the unspeakable infamies of the Hessians, and the still viler Orange yeomanry, exclaimed, "If I were an Irishman, I would be a rebel."

In the interests of historical truth, and for the credit of Irishmen (whether professing the Roman Catholic religion, the Protestant religion, or no religion), I feel it incumbent upon me to protest against the production of one whose obvious prejudice and lack of knowledge unfit him to assume the rôle he has so unwisely adopted.—I am, sir, etc.,

MAURICE V. REIDY.

Forest Gate, March 17th, 1913.

❧ ❧ ❧

# BOOKS OF THE WEEK

MR. ARNOLD GOLSWORTHY is not clever in his latest volume, A LITTLE WORLD (George Allen and Co., 6s.). He treats of suburban society, and his portrayal of the people in the little villas in the stereotyped streets is not successful. The author has somewhat outwritten himself, and his padding is out of all proportion to his incident. In the old days, he could achieve certain comic effects, but in his latest production there is a small evidence of ability to reproduce the queer side of things. Take this description—one of many: "He wrote articles and stories for the magazines, and had his name in print almost every week; and, what was more to the point, he had enough to live on without being obliged to go and sit in an office and keep business hours." This is neither clever nor pungent, and, while we have every desire to give Mr. Golsworthy full appreciation for his former efforts in adding to the laughter of the world, we cannot hide the fact that in his recent book he has failed.

❧ ❧ ❧

Mr. G. A. Birmingham has well sustained his reputation for geniality of humour and crisp characterisation in DOCTOR WHITTY (Methuen and Co., 6s.). The story centres round Ballintra, a delightful Irish village, of which the hero is the moving spirit. His method of dealing with too insistent patients is one of the best things in the book. "He looked out of the window and discovered Michael Geraghty standing on the step. 'If it's your wife's rheumatism,' he said, 'I'll not dress myself to go and attend her at this hour. It'll neither be better nor worse after breakfast.'

"'It's not herself at all,' said Michael Geraghty.

"'Has Thady Glynn been beating you again? For, if he has, you needn't come here to be plastered up. I told you last time you'd have to learn to hit back. I hate a man who sits down and lets himself be assaulted.'

"'There's been no beating me.'

"'Then what the devil do you want? Has the baby swallowed a pin? If so, go home out of this and feed her on mashed potatoes and cotton-wool.'"

This is only one of the many extracts that strike the nerve of laughter throughout the book. The reception of the doctor on his return with his wife from their honeymoon is delightful. His grateful patients organise an ovation, arrange for bands, not to mention bonfires. There is one mistake in the programme. The number selected to play the newly married couple home is one for which the doctor has a rooted objection. It is none other than "Love's Young Dream."

❧ ❧ ❧

Mr. William Arkwright is notable among modern writers for literary style and finish. In his latest volume, KNOWLEDGE AND LIFE (John Lane, 6s.), he publishes a number of sketches. Under the title of "The Thief," he paints the torment of a little boy writhing under the accusation of dishonesty. The small child is the only son of a young widow, who sours her natural affections by determined adherence to the grim rule of Calvinism. The boy, invited to a party at the Vicarage, falls under the fascination of a youth years his senior. The two have a game with a toy poodle, and the child experiences the delightful thrill that comes when, for the first time, a junior is admitted to terms of equality with older people. In the middle of the game they are summoned to a magic-lantern show; the poodle, thrust hastily into his coat, is forgotten. He returns home with it still in his possession, and the next morning, indicted by his mother on the charge of theft, is too flurried to remember how it got into his pocket. The mother, determined at all costs to root out this hideous predisposition to dishonesty, conducts the trembling little creature through the village, bearing a placard, on which is painted in huge letters the word "Thief." The memory of that awful walk is burnt into the child's consciousness, obliterating the image of the mother he has so fondly loved, overshadowing his life, darkening the vision of God Himself. Mr. Arkwright touches a high level throughout the book.

## NOTICES


### EDITORIAL COMMUNICATIONS

Communications for the literary department, books for review, etc., must be addressed to—

THE EDITOR OF "EVERYMAN,"
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Owing to the very large number of contributions and articles submitted, it is advisable that all MSS. should be typewritten.

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*Telephone No.* 2542 Central. *Telegraphic Address:* "Templarian London."

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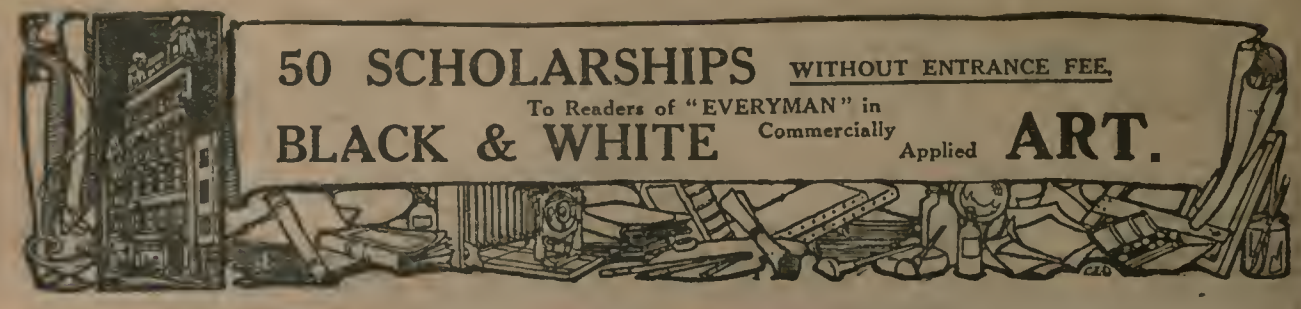


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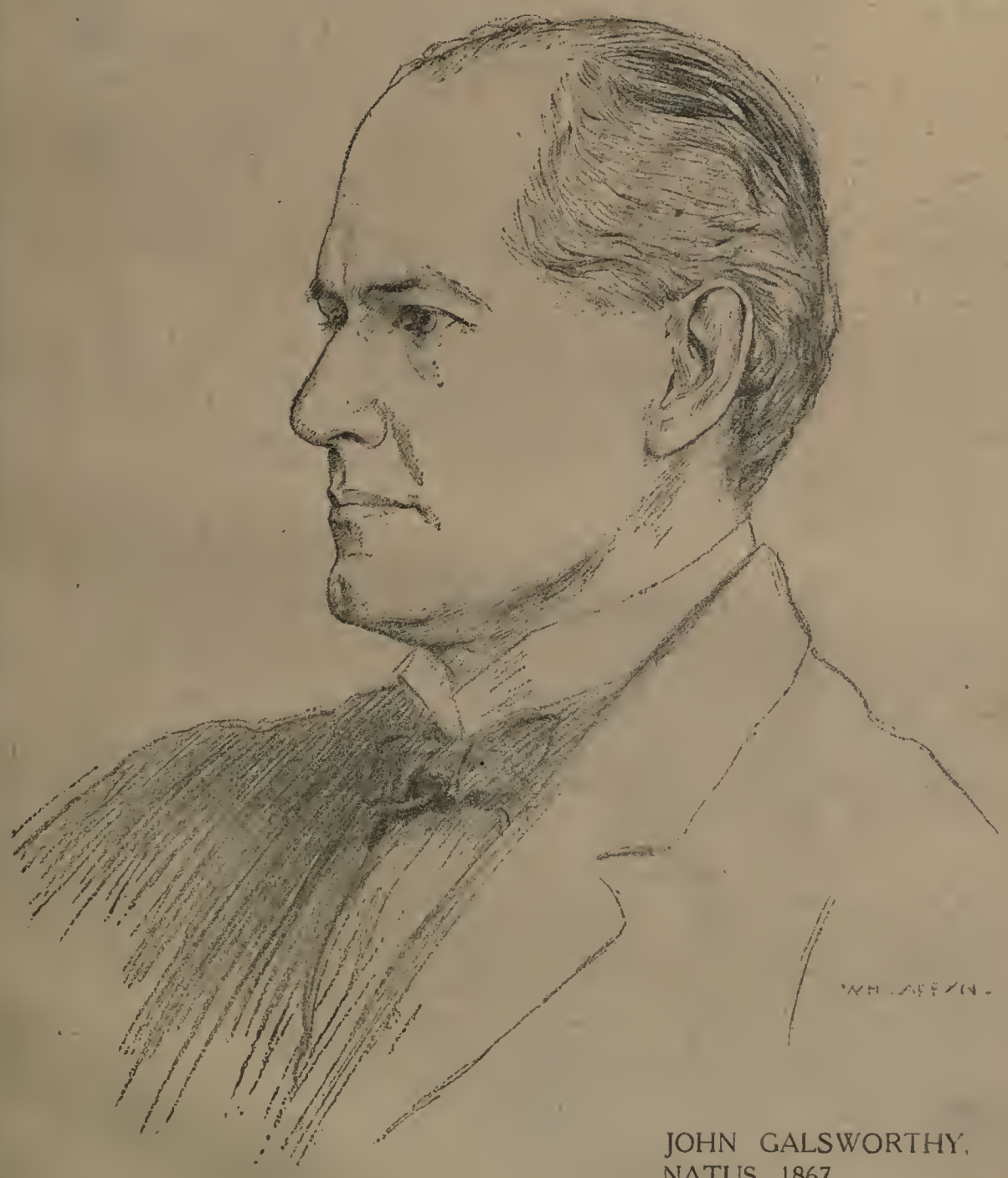

JOHN GALSWORTHY.
NATUS 1867

*For Biographical Sketch, see page 780.*

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# HISTORY IN THE MAKING

## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

IT does not take a very large pebble to ruffle the pools of political opinion, and the Marconi inquiry is producing some very formidable ripples. Viewing the mass of things said on the question by organs of every shade of political conviction, two things at least emerge. One is a general attitude of respectful sympathy towards a Cabinet which has been plunged into a situation of extreme delicacy and complexity. The other is a justly high and scrupulous regard for the best traditions of British honour. One of our contemporaries speculates as to what the result would have been had the American Marconi Company been styled the Wireless Company of the United States, and thinks the disturbing ripples might not have been quite so large in that case. But more probably the result would have been exactly the same—a repudiation from those concerned of any dishonouring suspicion and a wholesome revival of jealousy for the highest standard of public conduct.

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It is rumoured that the Marconi Committee intend to close the inquiry after hearing the evidence of Mr. Samuel, and without summoning the journalists who, in the earlier stages of the proceedings, were to have been heard. It is understood that Mr. Maxse will not be recalled, as his evidence in chief was concluded at his last appearance in the Committee room that the proceedings of the last months have rendered as politically famous as the historic battle-ground of Parnell and his followers after the repudiation of the former by Gladstone, immediately following that statesman's adoption of Home Rule.

The capture of Adrianople by storm is a feat which has no parallel in modern military history. It presents the solitary instance of a first-class fortress being carried by assault. The nearest approach to it was the storming of 203 Metre Hill by the Japanese; but it must be borne in mind that Port Arthur itself yielded only to bombardment. In the Franco-Prussian War no attempt was made to carry either Metz or Strassburg by assault, while Plevna, which was little more, indeed, than an entrenched camp, defied the Russian troops. But while the storming of Adrianople has secured a high place among the great military peoples of the world for two small and hitherto disregarded nations, it has no less crowned the last struggle of the Ottoman Empire with glory.

---

Events are progressing towards peace without any very considerable impediments. Montenegro is the problem, of course; but everything is hoped from the exercise—judicious exercise—of "pressure," which may mean anything, from an argument to a thumb-screw. It appears that the Powers have approved the expedient of a naval demonstration against Montenegro, and that Montenegro's ally, Servia, is adding her friendly persuasion to their insistence. Meanwhile the fall of Adrianople has released some ninety thousand men, and a march of the Allies upon Constantinople has thereby come within the range of possibility. Most students of the situation are agreed that a cessation of what has become a sterile war will in the end prove to be in the best interests of the Balkan States themselves.

---

For the third time in her history Belgium is threatened with a general strike based upon a political, not upon an economic grievance. Unless the Clerical Government concedes a more equal suffrage, the strike will begin on April 14th, and one of the consequences will be the ruin of the Ghent Exhibition, upon which vast sums have been spent. It is curious to note that one section of the Clericals, who are inclined to give concessions, are in favour of equal suffrage only if it is extended to women, whose vote, it is assumed, can be influenced by the clergy. The Belgian Labour leaders, headed by M. Vandervelde, have used all their influence to dissuade the workers from the strike—another indication that enlightened Labour is coming to reckon strikes among counsels of despair and survivals of a cruder age.

---

The death of Father Stanton removes a well-known figure from clerical circles, and deprives the poor of London of one of their staunchest friends and champions. A single-minded man, of singleness of purpose and a rare strength of will, he took the course he adopted undeterred by criticism, and knowing well that his views were not likely to ensure him promotion. It was pointed out to him in the early days of his curacy that if he persisted in the theological line he had adopted he must not hope for Church advancement; and, said Father Stanton, in recounting the incident, "I never have!"

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A startling discovery has been made in the course of the Home Office inquiry into the causes of the fire at Messrs. Bibby's Oil Cake Factories last November. The expert declares that the outbreak originated in the dust collected on the beams and other projections of the building. So highly inflammable is certain dust that ignition takes place with so tiny a flame as that of a match. The discovery adds a fresh peril to industry, and should entail the enforcement of protective measures.

# THE ABOLITION OF THE WORKING CLASSES

By L. G. Chiozza Money

## I.—THE WORK THAT MUST BE DONE

By way of variation of the well-worn theme of doing good to the working classes, let us talk of abolishing them.

What are the working classes? The answer is, in brief, a most ungentlemanly institution. Purely owing to the application of power to matter by the scientist, we (which means some of us) have learned how to produce a large amount of wealth with a small amount of labour. This being so, and the scientific instruments being in the hands of a relative few, we produce what is actually much, but, relatively to population, little material wealth by employing a certain proportion of the population in useful production. The rest of us—and the rest of us is an astonishingly large proportion of the nation—very carefully keep clear of this work, and have learned to look upon production as something that is not for us, but as reserved for a limited number of people we call the "working classes." The middle classes, and trading classes, and professional classes, and upper classes—the margins of these are very vague—traffic in, or use, or play with, the commodities outpoured by the working classes, and contrive to get the greater part of them into their possession, leaving for the working classes themselves little more than a bare subsistence. So there is a division between "classes" and "masses" *which is formed by the doing, or the avoidance of doing, manual work.* Every improvement invented by science, every means that is devised of getting more wealth out of a given amount of labour, becomes a means of swelling the size of the classes or the "avoid works," and this is the explanation of why it is as true to-day as when John Stuart Mill long ago mourned the fact that science and invention have not relieved the working classes of arduous toil.

Let us not deceive ourselves about it. Someone has got to make and repair our houses, and our clothes, and our furnishings, and the instruments of our comforts, our recreations, and what we call our culture. Material things do not accomplish themselves. Every addition to the "classes" means a subtraction from the ranks of those who do the Work That Must Be Done, and the price of the avoidance of work by some means now, and will always continue to mean as long as the system lasts, the performance of undue work by others. Every softly nurtured man and woman of to-day has a price, and that price is paid by the perpetuation of the "working classes."

All this can be put into the most startling statistics, but let it suffice here to say that in our population of about 45,000,000 of people there are about 26,000,000 between eighteen and sixty-five years of age. Yet the number of us actually engaged in factory or field or workshop *in producing material things* is only about 10,000,000. Making handsome allowance for necessary transportation and necessary work in distribution, it will be seen what an enormous margin of persons there must be engaged either in wasted labour or in avoiding necessary labour altogether.

So great is the number of those who avoid useful labour that it is possible to find districts where one can easily forget that production exists at all. You may travel on a Tube railway in London for hours without meeting a single member of the working classes, save the wretchedly paid man or boy who works the train or lift, and even he is, by his occupation, chiefly a servant, not of the working class, but of the well-dressed people who mainly use the Tubes. You may take a long walk in some parts of London and encounter scarcely a reminder of the necessity of production, unless it be in the passing of one or two useful transport workers, or the erection or repairing of a residence or hotel for those who escape work. You may stand in Cheapside and look in vain for the appearance of the dirty clothes of a working man. The working classes, for their part, accept their isolation as a matter of course. They keep clear of churches, and even of many of the parks. I was recently struck, in Kew Gardens on a Sunday, with the almost complete absence of working-class persons.

We have done the thing very well, but is it well this thing that we have done? Is it well for a nation that hard work, and that alone, should be the lot of some, and that soft work, and that alone, should be the lot of others? Is it good for either the hard-handed ones or for the soft-handed ones?

A parent writes to me, as a member of Parliament, naturally anxious for his child. He points out that he has given him a good education and spent a large sum of money in preparing him for a post. Therefore, he expects for the child a career, by which he means, although he has never thought about it in that way, the right to avoid hard work. That is what we always mean when we of the classes speak of "careers" for our sons and daughters. What shall they be? we put it to ourselves, and we put it upon the presumption that what they shall be excludes any possibility of their doing the Work That Must Be Done if they are to live. We talk of them as though there were an unlimited field for direction, for officering, for managing, for trafficking, for commissioning—as though genteel occupation and avoidance of work were things without limit.

When we are especially kind to, and thoughtful of, the working classes, we offer ladders of escape for their brightest ones out of the Work That Must Be Done into the unlimited trafficking which we vaguely believe to exist. The "educational ladder" is just that, and nothing more. The theory of popular education is not the conception of training the faculties of boys and girls to fit them to be useful producers, but of providing scholarships in order that the brightest of them may cheerfully climb out of work into some soft-handed "occupation."

And every really bright boy of the working classes soon learns that the sensible thing to do is to get out of the working classes as soon as possible. Why work when you can get a much better time without working? Why pursue the excellent craft of joinery when it means poor pay and unemployment, while, if you have a little common artfulness and care to exercise it, you can earn far more and be much more regularly "employed" in "earning" commissions? Why be hated and despised as a "working man" when you can "rise" into the sublime regions of the middle class?

What a caddish business it all is!

*(To be continued.)*

# COUNTRIES OF THE WORLD

## XI.—DENMARK

By CONSTANCE DE LA COUR

I.

DENMARK, the most ancient of European kingdoms, with a history receding 2,000 years into the mists of antiquity, was once extensive with entire Scandinavia. Yet, though her territory has been narrowed down to the sea-worn peninsula of Jutland and a group of islands, modern Denmark illustrates, by triumph over difficulties, the successful working of the law of limitations. "What we have lost from without we will make good from within," was the cry of the Danish patriot after the loss of Slesvig to Germany in 1864, and the people set to work to develop the resources of their country. The absence of minerals, and physical conditions generally, pointed to agriculture as the way of prosperity. The climate is temperate, with considerable variation between winter and summer, and is suited to grain-growing and pasture. The surface of the country is undulating, rising at two points only over 500 feet; and the general level is so low that, were it depressed 100 feet, half the land would be under water, while a corresponding elevation of the bed of the encircling seas would reunite the islands, as in prehistoric times, with Jutland and the South of Sweden.

There are no rivers of any size, but a number of lakes and fjords, by whose shores luxuriant beech-woods combine with low heather-clad hills in many a scene of idyllic loveliness. The islands, forming about one-third of the total area of the kingdom, are fruitful and prosperous, and in the south and east of Jutland there is good arable land. In the north and west of the peninsula wide tracts of barren moorland have been reclaimed, and leagues of dark fir woods give a shelter from the fierce winds. There are no natural harbours on the west coast, which, with its treacherous quicksands, offers an hospitable reception in storm or fog to the bold fishermen who there ply their dangerous trade. The port of Eslyirg has, however, by overcoming natural difficulties, become a great and growing centre for trade. On the more sheltered and friendly east coast are inlet and fjords, at the head of which towns have been built.

II.

The successful agricultural expansion of Denmark is attributable to three main causes: (1) the existence of a numerous class of peasant freeholders, strenuous, thrifty, and of independent spirit; (2) the abundant facilities for education in the science of farming; (3) the co-operative system, fostered by the State, whereby farmers combine to regulate the quality and the distribution and to share the profit of their produce in such enterprises as co-operative creameries, egg circles, slaughter-houses, etc. Thrift is encouraged by the agricultural banks, and loans are made by Government, and facilities given to those farm labourers who desire to acquire land. The well-organised State railway system is of great importance to the development of the country, as islands and mainland have been welded together by a chain of railways and steam ferries, which also unite Denmark with Sweden and Germany. One-fifth of the inhabitants live directly by agriculture, and a larger proportion by dependent trades. It is estimated that, as regards equal distribution of wealth, Denmark is the richest country in Europe. Food is cheap, but house rent dear, and municipal taxation in urban districts is high, though the burden is shared by all, even the servant girl having to contribute according to her income.

III.

Denmark, with a total population of two and a half millions, of which one-fifth live in Copenhagen, may be likened to a small body with a large head. There are no other towns of any size, Aarhus, the capital of Jutland, being next in importance, with 50,000 inhabitants. The abnormal development of Copenhagen is owing to its unique position on the main water thoroughfare between the Baltic and the North Sea. It is not only the centre of Danish import and export, but the seat of a considerable transit business, greatly increased since the opening of the Free Port in 1894. All institutions are centralised in Copenhagen, and it is the seat of the Government and the Law Courts; the Royal residences, with one exception, are there, or in its vicinity; the only university of the country is in Copenhagen, and all museums and colleges. Attracted by the interest and beauty of the town, foreign tourists visit it in large and ever-increasing numbers, and bring with them an atmosphere of cosmopolitanism which has differentiated the capital from the rest of Denmark, where manners and customs are still simple and distinctively Danish. The inhabitants of Copenhagen work and play with a will; their wit is more apparent than their sense of reverence. There is a good deal of restaurant-life, and theatres and music-halls are much frequented; but there is little drunkenness observable.

IV.

The political development of Denmark has proceeded rapidly. In 1788 the peasantry were released from villainage, and 1848 marks the granting of the present Constitution, on the basis of a limited Monarchy, controlled by an elective Assembly composed of an Upper and a Lower House. This Constitution is now about to undergo its third revision on more democratic lines. After stubborn resistance by the late King and his Ministers, whose appointment before 1897 was a prerogative of the Crown, the Liberal party captured political power towards the end of the nineteenth century, and have held it ever since. The former bureaucratic nature of legislation has gradually changed, and recent measures have been for the people and of the people. Trades Unionism is strong in Denmark; even unskilled labour is organised, and strikes have been of frequent occurrence. Farm labourers have become infected with the spirit of industrial discontent, and, in consequence, large farmers annually import bands of Poles for summer work. Powerful as is the Social Democratic party, actual Socialism has no real hold in Denmark, owing to the desire of the peasant to own his land, and, though Socialistic measures have lately become law, he probably does not realise in what direction his Parliamentary representative is leading him. There is a growing antagonism between the parties of the "Right" and the "Left." The Conservatives and moderate Liberals still strive to keep alive the spirit of Danish nationality among their countrymen resident in the conquered province of Slesvig. They desire the efficient maintenance of the naval and military services, and they have raised money for the repair and extension of the fortifica-

tions of Copenhagen, which they fear may, in the present state of European politics, become the object of a hostile attack. The advanced Radicals, with whom patriotic aspiration has been lost sight of in concern for the rights of the people, are openly antagonistic to any addition to the national defences, considering the matter settled by a party compromise of 1909.

V.

The influence of the "People's High Schools" is largely responsible for the rapid development of Denmark on democratic lines. The sturdy, country-bred pupils, inspired with democratic ideals, carry these with them into the Parish Council, the Rigsdago, the Cabinet. Yet such education has its limitations, and is apt to engender undue self-confidence on the basis of superficial culture. The University of Copenhagen also makes for democracy, as its lectures are free to students of both sexes, 2,000 of which attend its courses. Co-education has been introduced in the higher classes of the "Latin" schools, and girls enjoy equal educational advantages with boys. Danish women have little to complete their emancipation, except the political vote.

VI.

Episcopal Lutheranism is the State Religion, and prevails almost universally in Denmark. Old Catholic tradition blends with Protestantism in its worship; the Geneva ruff and gown are used for preaching, but the vestments of the Mass for Communion. The average Dane is not an assiduous churchgoer, as is to be inferred by the small number of churches in proportion to the population. The bye-paths of religious belief attract few, and Roman Catholicism is the only body of Christians palpably on the increase. Into all classes of society religious unbelief has found its way, and a tolerant, half humorous attitude to questions of morals is characteristic of many minds. A great wave of religious fervour passed over the country in the "Inner Mission," an evangelical revival stimulating to a strict standard of conduct.

VII.

The future of Denmark is menaced by two perils—that of annexation from without, and of over-hasty progressive legislation from within. Certain foreign statesmen entertain a theory that geographically Denmark completes the German Empire. They undervalue the fact that it is inhabited by a Scandinavian race, speaking a language akin to that of Norway and Sweden, over which it formerly ruled. The present one-sided democratic legislation is due to a reaction from the old system of privilege and supremacy of property, also to a reluctance among men belonging to the former governing class to concern themselves with what they look on as the petty wrangle of politics. There are signs to-day that the Conservative element is awakening to the danger of too rapid progress in one direction, and a brake may be applied to the political wheel.

# WOMEN AT WORK By Margaret Hamilton

## VI.—THE TYPIST

*The question of women's employment, with its attendant problems of the rate of wages, hours of labour, and the inevitable competition with men workers, is a burning one, affecting as it does the welfare of the entire community. The Editor invites his readers' views on this all-important subject.*

THE profession of shorthand typist is one that has grown up within the last fifteen years. All sorts and conditions of girls embrace the opportunity the calling affords to leave the shelter of the home and enter the ranks of commercialism, with an eagerness and avidity that becomes curiously dull and tamed after a few years.

The incursion of the middle-class women into office life is a phenomenon not to be accounted for by economic pressure. Public opinion fifty years ago expressed itself in vigorous terms against the employment of female labour in mines, demanded Government inspection of factories, with a statutory limitation of hours, and forced a whole series of reforms in relation to female employment generally.

But that same section of the public that had clearly seen the evils attendant on the advent of woman into industrialism took a different view of the daughters of the middle-class. The surplus woman—i.e., the unmarried spinster—was, for the first time, regarded as an important social factor. Her economic dependence on her male relations was deplored, and her emancipation from the restrictions of home and family eagerly demanded. The possibility of her admission into the learned professions was advanced, and a heated discussion for and against women doctors, women lawyers, and women barristers waxed fast and furious. When one reads the passionate protests of fifty years back, the eloquent demands for the equal education of woman with man, the triumphant prophecies of the heights to which she would attain with the dawn of freedom, the present-day solution of the matter strikes cold on feminine enthusiasm.

For the result of the movement for the economic emancipation of woman is to be seen to-day in the army of girls that pours each morning from the suburbs, journeying by tube and tram and motor-bus, to the centre of the town.

As I write, there rises before me the benignant face and stately figure of Harriet Martineau, one of the first and, in some respects, the most remarkable of the pioneers of the woman's movement.

In fancy one hears her voice, penetrating, silvery, declaim the rich harvest of attainment her sisters would achieve, given equal opportunities with man. And then athwart her eloquence, shattering her dreams, sounds a metallic and insistent click—the click of the typewriter.

It is estimated that there are some 200,000 female typists in London alone, and this army can be divided into three grades. At the top of the scale are to be found the girls who have had a superior education—high-school students, for example—who have acquired a distinct proficiency in shorthand and typing; they can generally also read and translate a foreign language. These girls are generally trained at a regular typing office, where they are taught their work for an inclusive fee, varying from about fifteen guineas upwards. Some of them remain in these offices, in the hope of eventually owning a similar establishment, and form the skilled staff, able to undertake the most difficult work, and also the higher branches of secretarial duties. The majority, however, enter business houses—legal and commercial.

Their rate of pay is good, amounting in some cases from £2 a week to £3, and even occasionally £4. The hours of work are, as a rule, short: ten in the morning to five in the afternoon, more rarely nine to six.

The second class consists of fairly intelligent and capable girls, proficient in ordinary typewriting and copying, and a fair rate of speed in shorthand. As a rule, they have received a fair education in the commercial side, but are unversed in matters of literary interest, and are unfitted for secretarial positions. They are generally trained in one of the large business colleges that of late have sprung into existence. Their salary averages from 20s. to 30s. a week, and the conditions under which they work are fairly satisfactory.

The third class is a grade without much intelligence or education. To quote from the report of Miss A. M. Anderson, principal lady inspector of factories: "The girls who compose this class are, for the most part, drawn into the occupation because they think it a higher class of employment than that provided by domestic service or the workshop. They have had some training in the big commercial schools, but they never become very proficient, and consequently their wages are low (10s. to 15s. a week)."

This grade finds employment in the cheaper type of copying offices, where all day long they sit behind their machine typing out articles, stories, specifications of patents, and legal documents. These are also found in the correspondence departments of mammoth businesses where they send out circulars, receipts, and stereotyped letters.

It is a notable fact that the average intelligence in the typist is lower than that of factory, shop, or domestic workers. And the reason is not far to seek. The faculty of observation is developed in those callings which call for individual enterprise, judgment, and decision. The tapping of a typewriter is neither inspiring nor stimulating; the intelligence of the operator falls into a mechanical groove, from which it is with difficulty aroused.

Woman is notoriously quick in the comprehension of detail, and applies her brain swiftly to the mastery of mechanical improvement in all departments of industrialism. The typist, however, is a notable exception to the rule. That her work develops neither her resource nor her initiative is borne out by the following facts.

Edison, the great inventor, originally applied his genius to the perfection of the phonograph for commercial purposes. It was his aim to ensure the saving of time and trouble to the business man, and he designed the wonderful machine with the idea of reducing the time and trouble of answering correspondence to a minimum.

The intelligence of the typist was not equal to the strain of understanding how to work the instrument, and, what was designed for the use of the business man, to simplify the routine of office work, has finally taken its place as a plaything—an amusing and scientific toy—having no commercial value for business purposes. When one remembers the nature of the typist's work, the long manuscripts she has to copy, the reams of paper she must fill, often working at a rate that precludes intelligent comprehension of the

matter she has in hand, it is not surprising that her initiative should fall to a lower level than the majority of women workers.

What happened to the phonograph holds true about the more modern adaption of the invention. The dictophone, with its admirable and ingenious device for saving time, is infrequently used in business, owing to the difficulty of finding an operator capable of grappling with the mechanism. It is not very hard to grasp: the letter is dictated through a speaking-tube, and an electric needle takes a record of the words spoken. The operator has then to fix the transmitter to her ears and type out what the machine says. From all accounts, however, the number of typists able to realise how to use the instrument are few and far between.

The infrequency of its employment among literary people is, however, due to different causes. Admirably adapted for business correspondence, the instrument does not lend itself to the exigencies of original composition. The majority of writers find it difficult to dictate without walking up and down, and require a certain space in which to move about while they co-ordinate their ideas. To speak through a tube when the imagination is at work is a difficult process, and one that does not lend itself to the literary temperament. These remarks, however, do not apply to the ordinary routine of commercial correspondence.

The period of training for a typist varies according to the grade for which the student is preparing. The large commercial colleges train students in shorthand from a fee of fifteen guineas, and commercial typewriting from five to twelve guineas, according to the length of time of study and the proficiency required.

The prizes of the profession are not many. Occasionally a girl of trained intelligence and quick perception obtains a post as secretary to a literary or scientific man, and, if she is clever and adaptive, and learns to understand his moods, to manage his papers, and to keep a careful record of his work, she will prove invaluable, and secure a good salary and ample appreciation. There are also positions to be obtained in City offices, where a woman's tact is eminently helpful, and her wages correspondingly high; but the outcome of even the best of these positions is the same. After a period of hard work, at a salary that does not, as a rule, allow a margin for saving, the typist finds herself faced with a future arid of ambition, and with nothing to hope for in the way of pension or insured competency when she can work no more.

The Government employs a limited number of typists in certain departments. These are chosen partly by competitive examination, and those who succeed in obtaining appointments secure short hours, a fair proportion of holidays, and a pension on leaving after a certain number of years' service. The salary, however, is not large; starting at £1 a week, the Government typist has to serve for a considerable length of time before she reaches 30s. The same holds good of the employées of the County Council; the hours are light, the holidays generous, a pension is assured, but the rate of pay compares unfavourably with the average of outside offices.

The highly trained and efficient typist suffers more and more from the stress of competition arising from the increasing number of what I may term the "third grade." An Association of Women Clerks and Secretaries was formed early in 1903, in order to meet a pressing need, in view of the evils arising from this form of overcrowding the profession. Its objects are:

(1) To raise a general level of proficiency and to encourage a higher standard of practical training.

(2) To secure a just remuneration for all grades.

(3) To establish a registry of shorthand writers and typists, and to watch for openings for members of the Association.

(4) To render legal aid and to give advice to members.

The Association has been successful in many of its objects, and while women remain in commercialism it is inevitable they should combine to obtain for themselves a better rate of pay and fair hours of labour. It is only through the agency of a trade union that women can hope to improve their position, and it is worthy of note that in those cases where women workers have so combined, they have immensely improved the conditions of employment.

It may not be generally known that typewriting offices are under the supervision of the local sanitary officials, and are inspected by them from time to time. Miss A. M. Anderson, in her Report, states that in most of the business houses in which large numbers of women clerks and typists are employed the accommodation is good; but the smaller firms often find difficulty in providing suitable and separate accommodation when female clerks are first employed. The employment of such clerks is, however, becoming so general now, that the conditions are steadily improving, and in new commercial buildings proper arrangements are, as a rule, provided.

The inspection of a certain class of copying office is highly necessary. Of late years the conditions under which a certain number of lower-grade typists work have notably improved; but some short time back it was no uncommon thing to find as many as nineteen or twenty girls, sitting as closely packed as the neighbourhood of their machines would allow, typing for dear life, with the aid of artificial light, in a basement office. One such I have in my mind at this moment. I was anxious to get an article typed upon the instant, and called at the first establishment I chanced upon. The room was narrow, and a long counter ran its full length. Some twelve girls, varying from sixteen to eighteen years of age, seated on high stools, were tapping out on the typewriter from MSS. before them. The din was deafening; the clatter irritated almost unbearably the nerves; one ached for a breath of silence, a cessation of the metallic, hammer-like effect. But there was no pause for the young and, in some cases, pretty creatures. Up and down before the counter walked the proprietor of the establishment, keeping a wary eye upon the girls, spurring them on to fresh effort, sternly rebuking any sign of slacking or fatigue.

It was not a nice sight, and once more my thoughts flew back to the inauguration of the emancipation of woman, when the horizon gleamed glorious with the promise of hope—hope that has found its ultimate expression in the click of the insistent machine!

The life from all points of view is a trying one. It entails a strain of the nervous system prejudicial to a woman's ultimate health; and exacerbated nerves, in the case of the typist, cause an uneven temper and a shortness of manner at variance with woman's traditional charm. Long, continuous hours of work result in what is termed "typists' fingers." This complaint is practically an irritation of the nerves at the tips of the fingers, so that the slightest touch sets up an agony difficult to bear. It is, at best, an arduous occupation, involving long hours, with but scanty time for leisure or repose. "I wonder," said a typist to me the other day, "what's the good of it?"

And, remembering the anticipations and prophecies of fifty years ago, one is inclined to repeat the question, to which, it seems to me, there cannot be found a satisfactory answer.

# JOHN GALSWORTHY ❧ ❧ ❧ By E. Hermann

I.

A calm, strong, assured man of sane and judicious temper—a man who, having found self-expression and success when little more than half-way across the bridge of life, looks out upon the world with clear, keen, appraising eyes, not smugly satisfied, but wisely contented with his lot—that is one's first impression of Mr. Galsworthy. It suggests more than a little of the harmonious and detached spirit of Greek wisdom; one half divines the wide-eyed onlooker at the game of life, who sees so much and possibly misses so much more. But a second look, while it does not altogether belie the first, reveals something far more quick and palpitant. If he has achieved a wise acceptance of life, he has also maintained a noble rebellion. Those straight eyes do not only observe and judge; they also question and challenge. The truth is, Mr. Galsworthy is too typically modern to be a man of single temperament. He is at once a dispassionate critic and a passionate agonist of life. To an intellectual temper, clear almost to coldness, he weds a vivid and intense human apprehension of the great mysteries that yawn beneath the feet of life. The two aspects are indissolubly intertwined in his work, yet now the one preponderates, and now the other. When the reflective intellect takes up the cause of the indignant and compassionate human heart, we get the blistering invective of "Justice"; when imaginative insight moulds the mordant intellect to its uses, we get the heart-shaking drama of "Strife."

II.

Like Ibsen, Mr. Galsworthy is a teacher—a preacher, if one likes. An acute and sincere thinker, he has brooded patiently and to purpose over the baffling tangle of influences and ideals which goes to shape human life and destiny. Sometimes the overmastering grip of a moral purpose turns him from the Socratic wisdom of teaching men as though one taught them not to a clogging and oppressive didacticism. "Justice" illustrates alike the strength and the weakness of this propensity. In a sense, it is the most powerful thing Mr. Galsworthy has done. It is a battering assault upon a grotesque and cruel judicial system—the virile, informed, unanswerable attack of one who was a lawyer before he became a playwright. For scathing denunciation, grim irony, relentless truth, it stands unequalled among his plays. It evokes indignation, protest, nay, sheer horror, with unerring touch. It is an acted tract, and one is glad that many of our present-day dramatists are not ashamed of writing "tracts for the times": it marks a much-needed reaction against the intolerable cant of "art for art's sake." But while its argument is of such convincing force that it induced Mr. Churchill to alter the prison regulations regarding solitary confinement, it is still a tract: it is not drama of the immediate, dynamic, compelling type of "Strife." It does not grip with the naked touch of reality, it does not flash its meaning straight upon the soul; it is trenchant with irrefutable logic; it is not quick with life, except in the last act.

III.

But in "Strife" Mr. Galsworthy stands revealed as an artist of the great, authentic type. Here is pure drama, making its vivid, outleaping, human appeal to all who can still be purged by terror and pity. It treats of the old, and all but worn-out, subject of the struggle between Capital and Labour; and it brings the commonplaces of that struggle before the playgoer in such a way that, as he listens, interest springs up in him, acute and searching—an interest with more of passion than of curiosity in it. Be he red-hot Socialist or stolid defender of Capital, he suddenly becomes aware of the supreme human problem behind the struggle, and is quickened with a wider, nobler sympathy. It is great art, and one is tempted to say that because it is great art it is great preaching also. It bites into the dulled and coarsened consciousness with all the insistence of life.

IV.

All Mr. Galsworthy's work revolves round the twin pivots of the didactic and the dramatic. His last-performed play, "The Eldest Son," is perhaps the least easily classified. It lacks the vital directness of "Strife"; it lacks also the single-purposed force of "Justice." It has the sad, ironic comedy, the gripping actuality, the clean and thought-provoking frankness which one has learnt to expect from him, but it supplies no really revealing clue to the inner personality of a man who, with his very first play, "The Silver Box," leapt from obscurity into the rank of compelling forces. His output has been remarkably wide in scope, and still more remarkably free from slipshodness and eccentricities. He has given us seven plays of high and distinguished quality. He has written novels of irreproachable workmanship and masterly characterisation. He has made notable contributions to essay literature, and his poems have a quiet and individual charm. And through all of them there move the critic, the reformer—shall we say the propagandist, in the most honourable sense of that term?—and the creative artist.

V.

Mr. Galsworthy very rarely talks about his work. When he does, he is eminently worth listening to. "What then," he asks in the current issue of the *Hibbert Journal*, "is there lying at the back of any growth and development . . . in our drama? In my belief, simply an outcrop of sincerity. . . . Nothing because it pays. Nothing because it makes a sensation. No situations faked. No characters falsified. No fireworks. Only something imagined and set down in a passion of sincerity. . . . It is not cant to say that the only things vital in drama, as in every art, are achieved when the maker has fixed his soul on the making of a thing that shall seem fine to himself. It is the only standard; all the others—success, money, even the pleasure and benefit of other people—lead to confusion in the artist's spirit, and to the making of dust castles. To please your best self is the only way of being sincere." That is the very spirit of John Galsworthy's own work.

VI.

Lucid, clear-cut, unequivocal, Mr. Galsworthy's style emphatically fits his message. He is one of the few who can speak the truth without rhetoric. He never tries to make it arresting by means of artifice. One could not imagine him an acolyte of the obverse, or a turner of Shavian phrases. Unrestrained and forcible, sometimes a trifle hard at the edges, like a picture by Cézanne, his manner is completely "natural," and has the dignity as well as the convincing force of nature. One thing is denied him—ecstasy. His genius is not a soaring thing, with the wind in its wings; it walks the earth with high seriousness of purpose and unflinching fidelity to life. But genius of the true stamp it is; and once, at least—in "Strife"—it has achieved greatness.

# LIFE IN A LONDON BASTILLE ⁂ ⁂ ⁂ BY THOMAS HOLMES PART IV.

THE voice of the gramophone is not heard in the Bastille; never yet have I heard the strains of a mouth-organ, or the droning of a concertina. If there is a caged bird, I have not seen or heard it. It is not exactly a place for melody, for "no lark can sing to sky so dull and drear."

"You are not troubled very much with mice in this place?" I once observed to the "aristocrat." "No," she grimly replied; "there is nothing for them to eat."

No confetti ever adds a touch of colour to the greyness of the broken pavement or brightens the gloomy portals, for weddings are unheard of. The young Bastillians do not indulge, dare not indulge, in love's young dream. A courting couple would, I fancy, make the grey walls burst into mocking laughter. The clergy fight shy of it; the rattle of tambourines, the noisy and oft-repeated chorus of the Salvation Army detachments never shake the walls or interest the children; no revivalist, in strenuous tones, warns the inhabitants to "flee from the wrath to come"; no public-spirited advocate ever chews the cud of intolerable anguish when contemplating the sorrows of the Bastille.

No one but the doctor ever gets mad about it, and he "would like to put some dynamite under it and blow up the whole place." Yes, the Bastille is left severely alone. Public welfare societies religiously ignore it; divines of high standing and popularity have made their fame and their fortunes within a stone's throw of it, but still the Bastille stands four square, with its gates and portals ever open!

And it greedily welcomes the poor and the wretched. It has no restrictions as to the number of children, no objections to numerous births, and not the slightest objection to unlimited deaths.

Its capacious maw is ever open, and poor indeed must the mortals be, with little flesh to chew and few bones to grind, if the great stomach of the Bastille refuses them. And, having once got them, it will not easily let them go, for they verily are captives. "We can't get out!" is their pitiful cry; for the credentials of a Bastille rent-book never form a passport to the heart of a decent landlord and to decent rooms—not though the rent-book be full receipted.

In many wretched streets I have seen the miserable wreckage of miserable "homes" lying on the pavements, guarded by miserable children, where tenants had been evicted by the order and with the aid of the law. I have seen the children "stand by" the household goods while their father sought the loan of a barrow and their mother sought a fresh refuge.

Again and again I have heard tenants plead, when standing before the magistrates, "We have nowhere to go," when the police have been ordered to see them ejected with no more violence than was necessary.

But I have seen no broken rubbish lying on the broken courtyard of the Bastille.

He would be a bold man that essayed to convey the beds, beddings, etc., belonging to the tenants in 246 down those seventy-four concrete steps, and place it outside the iron gates.

No! It pays so much better to be lenient on rent day, and keep them for tenants, than it does to evict them and lose the rent. The agent is not a hard man. He is very good, "the aristocrat" told me. Yes, the arrears of the rent mean fixity of tenants. The agent knows his business; nevertheless, the simple Bastillians feel grateful, for "he is so good!" His goodness notwithstanding, I rejoice when I look at the broken windows of the Bastille. I can see some practical uses for the broken pavement. I am glad to think that some of the "suites" are tenantless, so far as humans are concerned, and I am still more glad to think that some of the younger prisoners had pluck enough and strength enough to utilise broken pieces of pavement for a legitimate and praiseworthy object. "More power to them!" say I. That they may persevere till every window is broken is my hearty wish. Sometimes I stand and look at those broken windows till I can imagine captive Bastillians escaping through them, and almost expect to see strange beings issue forth, "with their upright hair carved like the image of fantastic fear," bearing with them children and goods. But, alas! there is no general exodus from the Bastille, though its gates and portals are ever open. It takes some pluck to enter the Bastille, and some strength to convey the wreckage of a poor home up those concrete steps; but to escape demands greater qualities, qualities which, if once possessed, the air of the Bastille has probably blasted. So the piteous cry, "We cannot get out!" is ultimately changed to the still more pitiful cry, "We do not want to get out!" For the inhabitants become perfect in their misery, their environments become natural. The outer world becomes too big and vague, so they settle down, with a deplorable contentment. For they are let alone, the Bastille conferring upon its prisoners a larger amount of freedom than can be obtained outside its walls. They have the freedom to live anyhow, in any fashion, the freedom to starve if need be, and certainly the undisputed freedom to die!

Who owns this property, with its rent-roll of more than £3,000, I do not know. I have inquired of the oldest inhabitants, but they cannot tell me. But the rents are collected: someone receives the money, someone is responsible, and it is high time that responsibility were brought home.

I am told that some years ago these dwellings were "condemned." They still stand to continue their work—nay, they seem to have secured a new lease of life, for some suites of rooms are now being turned into three single rooms, with a private entrance to each.

It is easy to imagine that life in the Bastille will grow steadily worse. But what matters, so long as the rent-roll increases? Are not these single rooms more remunerative than a suite? But I would like to know whether the local authorities have been consulted about these structural alterations. If not, why not?

In conclusion, let me say that I have given a description of these dwellings so exact that the local authorities who are responsible, if they chance to read these words, cannot possibly mistake the place described. But, should they doubt, why, then I shall be very pleased to personally conduct them to the Bastille, in the hope that its days may be ended.

VOLUME I. OF "EVERYMAN"

HANDSOMELY bound in cloth at the price of 3s. 6d., the first volume of EVERYMAN will shortly be ready. Applications are already being received, and all those desirous of obtaining the first of what should prove a long series of interesting volumes should write to EVERYMAN Publishing Department, Messrs. J. M. Dent and Sons. Cases for binding can be obtained at 1s. 6d. A complete and detailed index to Vol. I (Nos. 1-26) is now in preparation, and will appear as a Supplement to the first number of the new volume (No. 27).

# LITERARY NOTES

THE most interesting announcement of the week is that Messrs. Burns and Oates are to issue immediately the "Collected Poems" of Francis Thompson, in two volumes. Like Gray, with whom otherwise he had little or no affinity, Thompson has gone down to posterity with a very small folio under his arm. But his poetry is of such rare and uniform excellence that he ranks as one of the foremost of post-Victorian poets. "The Hound of Heaven," with its ecstatic fervour, its sublime imagery, and its wonderful mastery of expression, is now universally recognised as one of the great odes in the English tongue. Thompson's select band of admirers will therefore welcome this edition of the "Collected Poems."

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Besides the contents of the volume published in 1893, in which Thompson's indebtedness to Crashaw was plainly discernible, "Sister Songs" (1895), and "New Poems" (1897), all of which were published in the poet's lifetime, the "Collected Poems" will include an equally important body of entirely new material. The edition has been edited by the poet's literary executor, and will be much enhanced by hitherto unpublished portraits of Thompson.

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But Thompson was a really notable critic as well as a true poet. His essay on Shelley, which first appeared in the *Dublin Review*, was nothing short of epoch-making. Indeed, one critic, Mr. George Wyndham, has characterised it as "the most important contribution to pure Letters written in English during the last twenty years." I am glad, therefore, to learn that Messrs. Burns and Oates are also bringing out a uniform volume of Thompson's prose, entitled "Shelley, and Other Essays and Reviews." The poet in his later years wrote many excellent reviews for the *Athenæum* and other literary journals. A selection of these will find a place in the volume, together with several essays of a creative character, not hitherto published.

* * * * *

I note we are to have a biography of Mr. W. T. Stead, the editor of the *Review of Reviews*, who perished in the ill-fated *Titanic* almost a year ago. A man of marked individuality, a born journalist, and a distinguished, though not always a safe, guide in public affairs, Mr. Stead affords promising material for a popular biography. His family have entrusted the writing of his career to Mr. Harry Snell, the Labour and Socialist candidate for Huddersfield.

* * * * *

In the obituary notices of Lord Wolseley not much attention has been paid to his literary attainments. Of the four books he wrote, the most notable was a military manual. I refer to the "Soldier's Pocket-Book for Field Service." Published some thirty years ago, it was widely used in the Army, and ran through many editions. Lord Wolseley also penned voluminous studies of Marlborough and Napoleon. From a military standpoint, both books are naturally interesting and often illuminating, but neither says the last word on the genius of two of the world's greatest warriors. Nor is their literary style particularly impressive. Lord Wolseley's concluding volume was of the nature of an autobiography, and was published in 1903 under the title of "The Story of a Soldier's Life." It has proved an excellent quarry for journalists during the past few days.

Lady Dorothy Nevill, who died at a ripe age a few days ago, attained distinction late in life as a charming diarist. Her "Reminiscences," published in 1906, was one of the most successful books of the season. Throughout the Victorian era she moved in the highest circles of society, and knew everybody who was worth knowing. Disraeli was one of her most intimate friends. She had, naturally, a rich store of reminiscences, and being a woman of fresh and vigorous mind, she was able to weave a narrative full of shrewd observation, as well as of lively fancy and quaint humour. Two subsequent volumes, "Under Five Reigns" and "My Own Times," were less successful, partly because they traversed largely the same ground as the "Reminiscences."

* * * * *

The Archbishop of Canterbury is to propose the toast of "Literature" at the annual dinner of the Royal Literary Fund on May 27th. Dr. Davidson's literary claims are somewhat slender, being represented by a rather dull biography of his father-in-law, Archbishop Tait, and a volume of sermons. Lord Morley is to reply to the toast, and Lord Curzon presides. The Royal Literary Fund is administered by a committee composed chiefly of distinguished men of letters, who look in large measure to the appeal made at the annual dinner for raising money to carry on the work.

* * * * *

One of the best notices I have seen of Mr. William Hale White, better known as "Mark Rutherford," is that in the *Athenæum*. It compresses much illuminating criticism into very little bulk. "Mark Rutherford's style," says the writer, "presents his thoughts and stories as simply as if it were a hand extending them to us, and no one can read him attentively without perceiving that he is an idealist of the first order. He leaves heaven to other novelists; the bright side of his work is essentially the goodness, the high-mindedness of his protagonists: it is not a gate of pearl or even a god saying 'Well done!' Hence his novels vex the worldling who has not succeeded in idealising his worldliness." How true this is must be apparent to everyone who has read intelligently Mark Rutherford's stories.

* * * * *

I should not like to say how many critical studies there are of Tennyson, but I am not far wrong in saying that the number exceeds a dozen. Every aspect of his poetical achievement has been dissected by competent critics over and over again. But the reading public is always ready to consider a fresh point of view, and this we are entitled to expect from a discerning critic like Mr. R. Brimley Johnson, who has undertaken to write on "Tennyson and His Poetry" for Messrs. Harrap's "Poetry and Life" Series. Other volumes to be added to this series are "Poe and his Poetry," by Prof. L. N. Chase; and "Horace and his Poetry," by Mr. J. B. Chapman.

* * * * *

Among the ever-increasing number of monthly magazines it is noteworthy that *Harper's* holds its own, both in the high level of its matter and in the stress of competition. The fiction published in its pages is characterised by a literary style and finish too often lacking in ephemeral contributions. *Harper's* has, in a measure, founded a certain school of story-writing distinct and apart from the mass of amorphous fiction which floods the popular periodicals and caters for a taste at once indiscriminative and sensation-loving.

X. Y. Z.

# THE GREEK DRAMA BY PROF. J. S. PHILLIMORE

## III.—EURIPIDES

I.

It is difficult to give any idea of Euripides' place in the history of drama without digressing into remarks on his personality. Disciplined natures like Æschylus and Sophocles produce masterpieces of objective beauty behind which we peer curiously for any discoverable secrets about the authors; but Euripides is that instinctive egoist the rebellious poet, always thinking and talking of himself. Like some penetrating psychologists of the feminine in modern times, he found (and doubtless made) the matrimonial partnership intolerable. An Intellectual is naturally prone to be a misogynist; but Euripides, being a misanthrope by temper, uses a systematic *parti-pris* of glorifying woman as a means for showing his scorn for man. Men, especially "heroic" men of action, he is always belittling and ridiculing; women, if good, he represents with endearing partiality; and, if bad, with a poet's immoral admiration for a great natural force—like fire or wind—even when it devastates. For instance, Jason is the hero of the Argonaut legend, a hero of romance. Euripides, "assenting with civil leer," shows us a Jason as spiritually squalid as an "Anglo-Saxon" exploiting a new country for a Jewish syndicate; and throws all our sympathy towards Medea, since, savage witch as she is, the sheer animal ferocity of the mother who kills her children to spite their father (she is like the sow which eats her litter if annoyed), is somehow clean and noble in contrast with such a politician-missionary-bagman type as Euripides will have poor Jason to be. Individual and gregarious hysterics interest him deeply: Phædra stands for the first, the *Bacchæ* are the examples of the second. This fascinating play shows him at his likest to Lucretius; nowhere is there a more poignant contrast between the lyrical flights of the poet's imagination and the disillusioned scientific cynicism of his intellect. Woman always gets the best of it; that is Euripides' fixed principle. To vindicate Medea, the child-murderess—make Jason a cad; when Phædra procures by a slander the death of her stepson, whom she has failed to seduce—well, Phædra must be made quite irresponsible, and—"Love is a devil." So, too, in the *Bacchæ* you have Euripides' ruling passion strong to the last. The men are contemptible, as usual—old Cadmus almost a farcical figure. But Agave! How sublime she is! She comes home from her Bacchanalian militancies dishevelled and blood-stained, carrying her son's head (the sisterhood have lynched him, torn him limb from limb, with Dionysiac raptures, amidst the hills), which she brandishes as a glorious trophy of the chase. Cadmus meets her; and to his senile moans of horror she replies in this fashion: "*What tiresome, disagreeable things old people are! I do wish my son were a sportsman like his mother. Then he would come and try his hand at the wild game, with all the chivalry of Thebes. Instead of that, he's just a poor anticlerical. You ought to talk to him about it, father.*"

II.

He has been called "the rationalist"; but that is only a half-truth. He is a cynic on one side and a sentimentalist on the other. As a sentimentalist, his flash-point of emotion is very low; as a cynic, his sneer is often laughterless and shrewish. It is curious to reflect that it is this point in Euripides' temper which first brings into drama that critical, ironical element which has counted for so much.

How much vulgar error have those doggerel verses of Mrs. Browning's disseminated! For many people, the connotation of Euripides' name means merely that foolish, shapeless quatrain.

Naturally of a recluse, meditative disposition, we may suppose that Sophocles' dominance of the Attic stage gave him umbrage, and darkened the inborn tinge of irony and peevishness. He first competed when he was twenty-five years old, but it was another fifteen years before he gained a prize. Indeed, he gained few enough in the fifty years of his playwriting activity. The cause was in the undoubted superiority of Sophocles as an artist; but also in this, that Euripides was ahead of his times, as intellectuals will be, for better or worse. Athens was less decadent and uprooted than he: he was to find his public only in posthumous renown, a prophet in the general welter. Somewhat the same mortification befel Menander, often defeated by a poet whom all posterity judged his inferior, Philemon.

III.

We have a larger survival of Euripides' plays than of either Sophocles or Æschylus. He first freely allied Drama with the new power, Rhetoric, which was more and more to rule the world; and he remained the favourite poet of Rhetoric. We have enough to see how unequal he was, and where lay his greatnesses and pettinesses. Being in opposition, and having no way to get past Sophocles on the royal road, consciously or unconsciously he altered the rules, and eventually made that impossible which he could not himself excel in doing. The form of Tragedy was fairly fixed by tradition; but, while conforming, he was to disintegrate the Sophoclean unity. Specialisation must have its way. The musical function of his chorus becomes a mainly sensuous appeal to the fancy, dividing and not articulating the action: a mere *entr'acte*. The long-spoken prologue, exposing the subject of the play beforehand, is a clumsy palliative (clumsy only in itself, for Euripides executes his prologues beautifully enough) for imperfect skill in construction. The clever things that come into Euripides' head must not be lost, although they violate the rules of relevancy and of characterisation. Also, by choice as well as treatment of subject, he shows that he is not using an accepted form with loyalty, but deflecting it, spoiling the tools for his successors. His use of prologue meant that the moment of real "tragic" quality, which Æschylus had first disengaged, and which Sophocles could make coextensive with the whole play, was now narrowed—narrowed in range, but intensified so highly by Euripides' skill as psychologist and "subtlety" in rhetorical verse—that he gains from Aristotle the praise of "most *tragical* of the poets"; specifically so, because his (successful) pieces "end badly."

To keep the shell of a form, while altering the ideas and the point of view, results in burlesque: not the broad, merry, grotesque (this is, often enough, a quite religious mentality), but the slily ironical, the "solemn sneer" half-masked in flattery. A good deal of Euripides is mock-tragics. Every literary form which has something artificial in its conventions may be a butt for mockery: once well mocked, it dies. The Epic is only possible in innocence; once come the

age of mock heroics, and there is no more epic for that language. By his burlesquing touch, as by his self-complacency in his own exceeding verbal cleverness, Euripides comes near to another great poet, also bred in Rhetoric—I mean Ovid. And yet with a great difference of temper; for Euripides has nothing humorous about him, and Ovid is always at play. Intellectualised and sophisticated, Tragedy had yet other developments to suffer at the hands of this "*alumnus of Anaxagoras*"—as another poet called him 150 years later—"*of tart address, hating laughter, and incapable of a joke, even over the wine; and yet all his writing is of honey and sirens all compact.*" Let us look at his *Helena*—a work of his old age, but some years earlier than the *Bacchæ*. It has every Euripidean note except the brilliant power of his *Medea* and *Hippolytus*. Menelaus, being a Greek hero, is made out rather a ridiculous poltroon; the barbarian prince, being a barbarian, is less "guyed"—he is merely simple; Helen, graceful and pathetic, can do no wrong; the slave is almost a comedy slave; and, lastly, the plot is *romantic*—not the fatal working out of something in the situation and characters that will have its way, but a fanciful affair of stratagem and elopement, and a *deus ex machina* to wind up all.

Tragedy, in the pure Greek sense, died with Euripides: his immense influence broke into new channels in the next century. His melodramatic and sentimental bias determined the whole mood of "Alexandrian" poetry; and the drama, reduced, defined, lowered in pitch, lost itself for a generation or two, and then reappeared in the new comedy. Old comedy left no heir: to match Aristophanes you must wait for Rabelais. But in the new comedy, sentimental but humorous, chiefly of manners and types, Greek drama reformed a new and central stream, which, passing through Terence, and coming to light again at the Renaissance, has supplied the abundance of the modern stage. Melodrama and the drama of psychological analysis alike throw back to Euripides. Were he alive now, he would write a clever, excited prose like Mr. Shaw.

* * *

## BJÖRNSON IN ENGLISH

*"A Gauntlet," produced by Mr. Alfred Wareing in Glasgow*

It must be insular prejudice which makes such productions uncertain of success—some uneasy foreboding of the unknown and the disquieting; some vague feeling that to assist at their performance involves a plunge into an atmosphere altogether foreign, intense, and uncomfortable. And yet, were proof needed that the great regenerating force in modern drama is Scandinavian in its origin, it is furnished by such plays as "A Gauntlet"—written at a time when our own drama was mere stage journalism, concerned with superficial mannerisms and conventional sentiments. But these Scandinavians were big men, with a broad outlook and a keen perception of the essentials of life; and so this thirty-year-old challenge of Björnson's comes breaking in on our suffrage-haunted times with a discussion of radical inter-sex ethics beside which ballot-boxes and parliaments are the veriest mechanism.

Women in the mass may protest vehemently against their exclusion from the franchise, but the actual effect on the individual is trifling compared to the upheaval which follows a personal encounter with the convention—unspoken but powerful—which permits two codes of morality—one for the woman, and quite another for the man. It is this upheaval which forms the motive of Björnson's play. Alfred Christensen has sown his wild oats, but to him and to his father there is nothing unreasonable or unnatural in his refusal to admit that fact as a bar to marriage with Svava Rüs. The girl sees otherwise. She has taken an active part in the social campaign against vice, and her horror of the unclean makes its intrusion into her own circle unthinkable and impossible. After her betrothal to young Christensen, chance reveals an intrigue on his part. Her instinctive revulsion, and the efforts of both families to overcome it, result in a series of revelations—her own father's faithlessness; her mother's long, weary struggle to keep it from her knowledge; Mrs. Christensen's cynical condoning of *her* husband's lapses—in a word, in the utter destruction of the girl's conception of the circumstances of her life. Her revolt is immediate and uncompromising. All her intimates have taken on a new and sinister complexion to her eyes, and their arguments and counter-arguments serve only to accentuate the complete discord between her standards and theirs. In Mr. Wareing's production—under the direction of Mr. H. A. Saintsbury—Miss Ruth Mackay gave a remarkably effective study of the stricken girl. All the hopelessness, the turnings here and there in a vain search for her lost sense of security and happiness, were well displayed; and against this Miss Sybil Noble as the grey, disillusioned mother stood out in fine contrast. Miss Gertrude Sterroll's Mrs. Christensen displayed a third type with excellent effect. Cold and blandly cynical, she accepts the whole affair as inevitable: for her the only way out is tacit acceptance and the subservience of right to expediency. The male parts, too, were well cast. Mr. George Elton's Mr. Rüs, light, superficial, absorbed in trifles; Christensen, in the person of Mr. Richard Fielding, a man of the world, with confidence in its judgments and impatient of sentiment; old Dr. Nordan, played by Mr. Saintsbury, compelled by his knowledge of actuality to argue against his convictions; and young Christensen (Mr. Frank Conroy), bewildered by the wedge driven into his illogical conception of a man's duty—all worked together to a fine rendering of a remarkable piece of dramatic art.

And if the curtain falls on an unsolved knot, it is because only one solution is possible in any rational system of social ethics—and because that solution, however honoured in theory, is still disregarded in practice. The play remains, incisive, thought-provoking, disturbing, because it is fundamental and true.

NORMAN W. DUTHIE.

* * *

## THROUGH GATES OF SLEEP

Night stole across the spring-kissed upland mead,
Wrapped in her garb of silence: soft and still,
Her tender hand, laid on the furze-crowned hill,
Bowed its gold passion like a wind-bent reed.

She drew a veil o'er the tumultuous white
Of blackthorn sprays, and closed the primrose eyes,
Till nought was living save the calm sleep-sighs
Of happy Nature dreaming of the light.

Then the stars wakened, and the long, low call
Of wood-owl, roaming at the midnight hour,
Led on the dawn, and silence grew more deep.

It seemed a shrine for sound more sweet than all—
Your voice that breathed my name; with magic power
Stealing through sundering space and Gates of Sleep.

W. H.

# MASTERPIECE FOR THE WEEK

## William Law's "Serious Call" ⁂ By Hugh Sinclair

I.

On the surface, Law's "Serious Call" appears as the classic expression of an austere and somewhat pedestrian type of Christianity. It expounds the minutiæ of a religious discipline which has neither the stern grandeur of monastic severity nor the searching fire of mystic initiation. Thus it has come about that this masterpiece has been somewhat cavalierly treated, not only by rebels against a religious conception which seems to them "a subterranean conspiracy against life," but also by lovers of Law's later work, written under the influence of "the blessed Behmen." And it may be granted, without taking one jot or tittle from the peculiar and abiding merit of the "Serious Call," that such later writings as the "Spirit of Prayer" and the "Spirit of Love," with their flaming mystic passion, their intellectual strength, and their dignity and eloquence of expression, reveal a spiritual genius which the "Serious Call", only foreshadows. Yet the "Serious Call" remains one of the few specifically religious treatises in the language which make an abiding appeal to all lovers of noble thought and expression, whatever their religious convictions. It abounds in convincing logic, practical wisdom, and shrewd insight. Its style is an unflagging delight. Its sharp satire and consummate power of characterisation make the student of life and literature regret that Law did not follow Bunyan into the path of sustained fiction.

II.

Men of all types and convictions meet in their praise of this unique treatise. Says the aged John Wesley, who, be it remembered, had a life-long bitter quarrel with Law: "The 'Serious Call' is a treatise which will hardly be excelled . . . in the English tongue, either for beauty of expression or for justness and depth of thought." Says Dr. Johnson, in reminiscent mood: "When I was at Oxford, I took up Law's 'Serious Call,' expecting to find it a dull book (as such books usually are), and perhaps to laugh at it. But I found Law quite an over-match for me, and this was the first occasion of my thinking in earnest of religion." Says Gibbon: "Mr. Law's masterpiece is a powerful book. . . . His satire is sharp, but it is drawn from his knowledge of human life, and many of his portraits are not unworthy of the pen of La Bruyère." And, leaving the Titans of the past, we have Mr. Augustine Birrell setting Law alongside of Gibbon, and asserting that, "splendid achievement of learning and industry though the 'Decline and Fall' may be, . . . yet in sundry moods it seems but a poor and barren thing by the side of a book which, like the 'Serious Call,' has proved its power 'to pierce the heart and tame the will.'"

III.

The "Serious Call" is a complete *vade mecum* to practical religion, written by one who was not only a profound and translucently sincere believer in what he taught, but also a formidable controversialist, a keen satirist, and a master of pure, virile English. The result is a peculiar charm—the charm of "grace seasoned with salt," so rare and so compelling. And the genius of the achievement lies in its unity. It is not a case of the meek believer being now and again swamped by the critic, or of the satirist intruding his incisive faculty upon the earnest and impassioned mood of the preacher. Such dualism is the mark of second-rate work of this type. But in Law the shafts of satire are always hurled by the white hand of sincere and steadfast goodwill, and a very tender conscience ever holds the critic's pen. There are religious writers about whom one feels that they are interesting and acute and pungent, in spite of their religious habit. Law's interesting quality and acuteness and pungency are, in a sense, the outcome of his religion. They were his by nature, of course, but they received a characteristic remoulding at the hands of his spiritual personality. They were the clay; the "new" soul was the potter.

IV.

Very practical and minute and homely are the directions and precepts of the "Serious Call." Habits of prayer, of humility, of simplicity of life, of charity and kindliness, of early rising, almsgiving, study and labour are discussed in detail. Common failings are analysed, homely virtues inculcated. Learned and ignorant, gentle and simple are included in the range of these direct and searching exhortations. It is the book of one whose pastoral soul sees all men alike, fears none, cares for the least promising, and deals frankly and specifically with the most intimate spiritual needs of each.

But it is by his quietly stinging power of characterisation that it makes its widest appeal. Throughout the "Serious Call" there are scattered imaginary characters illustrative of the points Law wishes to enforce, and their demure and restrained, yet uncomfortably keen satire and unswerving fidelity to nature set them among the few perfect things of their kind. They are etched in with all the delicacy and all the insistence of the graver's needle, with a hand so sure and so restrained that the artistry of the modern impressionist writer is crude and fumbling by comparison. Take the character of Octavius, for instance—"a learned, ingenious man, well versed in most parts of literature, and no stranger to any kingdom in Europe." Octavius, on recovering from an illness, solemnly gathers his friends together, and tells them that age and death are upon him, and he has scarcely another year to live. The friends, "expecting to hear something truly excellent from so learned a man who has but a year longer to live," listen intently. "For these reasons," begins Octavius, "I have left off all taverns; the wine of those places is not good enough for me in this decay of nature. I must now be nice in what I drink, . . . and therefore I am resolved to furnish my own cellar with a little of the very best, though it cost me ever so much." One is sorry for the reader who finds nothing to attract him in Octavius; or in Mundanus, the man of "excellent parts and clear comprehension," who has gone on increasing his knowledge and judgment, but left his devotions in the same state as when he was only six, praying now, as an old man, in the little form of words he used to repeat as a small boy; or in Negotius, whose absorption in business kept him alike from vice and from virtue; or in Cognatus, "the sober, regular clergyman of good repute," whose farmers "listen to him with great attention when he talks of the properest time for selling corn"; or of the vain and religious Matilda, the worldly and orthodox Flavia, and many others. And throughout all Law's work one is enchanted with a style which is explained not by art but by genius.

# THE WOMEN'S PAGE

## The Labour Member's Wife ⁂ By Edith J. Macrosty

ALTHOUGH members of Parliament are drawn from all ranks of the community, many of them are very much alike so far as birth and training are concerned; Labour members, on the contrary, emanate from one class only, and most of them in early years have had to be content with the very small wage even skilled workmen earn. Like their associates, they marry young, and therefore their wives also differ in certain important respects from Conservative and Liberal dames.

I.

It is no easy matter to gain the suffrages of fellow-workmen, and those who do must have certain qualities of heart and mind, in addition to the indispensable fluency of speech. For the glamour of wealth and the facilities it gives for purchasing respect the working-man leader must substitute sterling ability and unsullied conduct. The slightest deviation from honesty, the tiniest scrap of scandal, and the man's chances of getting into Parliament are ruined for all time. The suburban clerk may know very little about his neighbours; the working man knows a very great deal about the home life of the shopmates among whom he lives and labours. Genuine neighbourliness is quickly engendered when there are constant calls for sympathy and help, while in humble streets the Leader has an added phosphorescence of publicity.

Consequently, his home must be a model of cleanliness and order, his children must be examples of good training; and in the early stages of his career all this must be done on less money than is usually given to the working man's wife. The Leader must have books and newspapers, tidy clothes, possibly money for fares. These extra expenses are to be met out of a meagre income without imposing any suffering upon the household, and the woman who manages that is exceptionally industrious and capable.

II.

I say woman advisedly; among the working classes she always handles the wages. But in the case contemplated she cannot have even the small help usually accorded by the man. He must keep himself well in front of a fickle and exacting public—one non-attendance at a committee may put things back a whole year. The Labour Leader's wife, then, has more responsibility, less leisure, and more work than her neighbours, for someone must stay and put the children to bed, someone must plan and contrive, someone must pay exclusive attention to those domestic details which seem of such slight importance, and yet count for so much in human health and happiness. Given circumstances such as have been roughly sketched, the woman who brings her husband out triumphant must have more than average capacity and force of character.

III.

When success comes, and conditions are altered, when children grow up and need less looking after, when money is more plentiful and work less exacting, the Labour Leader's wife does not suddenly change and become selfish and frivolous. Even though her husband is earning £400 a year, in addition to any salary he may get as Trade Union official, she will not fold her hands in idleness, or try to run in the same road as the capricious children of fashion. The habits of half a lifetime are not so easily set aside. Nor does she desert old companions. The measure of her husband's success has been the measure of her capacity for retaining friends. Therefore the increased income brings with it few radical changes, perhaps a move into a slightly larger house, a little more leisure, more books and pictures, less anxiety for the future, more money for the children's training—but seldom, if ever, the complete immunity from household cares or housework, which even in these days some foolish women suppose to be the hall-mark of ladyhood. The Labour Leader's wife remains as simple and unaffected as when she did her own washing and cooking, and in many cases she does part of it still.

IV.

The claims on a Labour Leader's purse are plentiful, and as a rule he is generously inclined. Frequent journeyings are necessary, and if, as sometimes happens, his family remain in the constituency, he must have quarters not too far from Westminster. Often the arrangements are quite primitive—one member had a camp bed in his London office—but living away from home always entails extra expense.

The typical Labour member's wife, then, is domesticated, self-dependent, clever, sympathetic, conservative in her views on feminism, but strongly in favour of the enfranchisement of married women—the sort of woman who makes such an excellent local public servant when she is partially released from household cares, and rids herself of a certain shyness and unreadiness to talk on committees. Conscious of her lack of theoretical knowledge, she may be rather apt to undervalue the practical training life has given her, although on many questions it is easily the more important.

V.

Recent events have shown that the Labour members' wives are going into practical politics, with excellent results. Hitherto the Labour party has not gained much advantage from the women within its ranks. Professing, and indeed desiring, the most complete political equality between the sexes, the men are rather apt to vote and talk down the women. The Textile Trade Union, for instance, has as many women members as men, but it elects few women officials, and generally only one female delegate. A similar reproach could have been levelled against the Independent Labour Party last year. This year it has improved, largely owing to the new influence exerted.

One lady from a Northern town assisted to shepherd the delegates to two Conferences. The first was a meeting of working women; the delegates to the second were all highly educated. My friend said that at the first Conference she was candle-holder to women of understanding; at the second she was nurse to particularly troublesome infants. The highly educated woman asked a dozen questions, and misunderstood the replies; the working woman asked one, and quickly comprehended her answer. And this incident tells far better than any long string of words why the Labour member is so fortunate in his wife.

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# THE TRIAL OF THE GIRONDISTS ✍ ✍ BY HENRI MAZEL

THE twenty-one Girondists who appeared on October 24th before the Revolutionary Tribunal were but the remnant of the great party of that name which impersonated the revolution for several months. This party was the victim of the non-cohesiveness of its leaders and the cowardice of its members.

Almost on the eve of its fall, it reunited again at the Convention in 279 voices against 238; but it broke up before the yells of the riotous party, its leaders abandoned it, and the ultra-revolutionary minority proceeded to vote for the arrest of twenty-nine deputies, the leaders of the Girondists. Their friends could have joined them the next day, and saved them. They had not the courage. They knew too well the fate which awaited them.

But as cowardice has never saved anyone, so this dreaded fate finally overtook them on October 13th, 1793. That day, by a decree of the Convention, sixty-one were put under arrest, and forty-three others were brought before the Revolutionary Tribunal,

Counting the twenty-one persons who were outlawed on the 28th of the previous July—a terrible prescription, which allowed of anyone under this ban being put to death without a trial—this made a total of 129 names. This number included all the outstanding men of the Girondist party. Of those whose names were on the two pages, only a few men, and those of little importance, escaped being put to death. The only refugee of importance who escaped was Languinais, who, be it said, was more of a Royalist than a Girondist.

All the heads of the Girondists died violent deaths, and the most eloquent of them mounted the scaffold together, on October 31st, 1793.

The proceedings of the trial lasted seven days, from the 24th to the 31st October. Hermann was President of the Revolutionary Tribunal, and Fouquier Tinville Public Prosecutor. These two fanatical partisans of Robespierre were made in their turn to pay the penalty on the scaffold for the part they had taken in the Reign of Terror.

The hall where the trial took place was the old Parliament Hall, called the Chamber of Liberty. Not all the Girondists who appeared before the Tribunal were celebrated men. Some of them, indeed, played quite insignificant parts.

The one who was given the place of honour as chief conspirator was Brissot. He, in fact, would have been considered the leader of the Girondist party if that party had been really united.

Alongside of him was the great orator Vergniaud, and his friend Gensonné, also a Girondist deputy; Valazé, the impeacher of Louis XVI.; Fauchet, the old constitutional Bishop of Calvados; the ex-Marquis of Sillery, a great personage at the ancient Court, whose wife made her name in literature as Countess of Genlis.

Sillery, aged fifty-seven, was the eldest of them. Nearly all the others were thirty or forty years of age. The youngest were Boyer-Fonfrède, Ducos, and Duchastel, who were twenty-six or twenty-seven.

Rineffe, a fellow-prisoner for two days, the day before their execution described their attitude in the intervals between the meetings of the Convention. Brissot he portrayed as grave and thoughtful, Gensonné as holding commune with himself, Ducos and Boyer-Fonfrède united by a loving friendship, calm and natural, and their souls on such planes that it was impossible to offer them ordinary consolation.

And the historians of the revolution have spoken with touching emotion of the fine young men whose heads fell under the knife of the guillotine. Particularly Lamartine, author of "The History of the Girondists," a work of eight volumes, written in so highly a poetical and enthusiastic style that it is impossible to read certain pages without one's eyes filling with tears.

Nevertheless, though in no way grudging them the tribute of deep sympathy, it must not be forgotten that the majority of the Girondist deputies played an odious rôle, both at the Legislative Assembly and at the Convention of 1793. It was their fault, too, as well as that of the "Mountainists," that the revolution started on the fatal path which ended in the Reign of Terror.

They were the most violent enemies of the Feuillant party, that is to say, of the Liberal monarchy, which would have saved France from all the Terrorist horrors, without minimising the victories of the Constitutional Assembly.

They were responsible for the foreign and civil wars. They paved the way for the riots of August 10th, which overthrew the throne of Louis XVI. They permitted the September massacres, and did not attempt to punish the instigators. They concurred in the King's trial, and in the severe measures taken against unsworn priests, against the Constitutionalists, and against the Moderates. In short, they established the Revolutionary Tribunal, and they were filled with dismay to see the machine which they had put in motion about to bring ruin on themselves.

But it is just on this account that their sentence was one of the most glaring iniquities in history. If they had been arraigned before a Royalist tribunal, one could have understood the judgment that was awarded them. Even had they appeared before a Court wholly non-political, they would have been accused of many charges, some of them even criminal.

But it was not for their fanatic Jacobite rivals to condemn them for actions against the Revolutionaries. Here the Girondists had reason to resent the accusations brought against them. But they, on the other hand, showed too excessive zeal in exaggerating the part they had played as demolishers, and denied their actions which savoured of moderation, and, what was more deplorable, accused and denounced each other.

The trial lasted for five days, and, to the impartial public who followed it, it never seemed to advance at all. The accused did not have any difficulty in refuting their accusers on the charge against revolutionism, nor was anyone able to convict them of anything but a hostile attitude against the Mountain, which was by no means a perilous attitude for the Republic. And even this did not hold, owing to the greater number of Girondists renouncing their party, confessing their past errors, and declaring themselves entirely Mountainists.

Their adversaries, however, had sworn to have

their heads, and they were men who shrank from nothing. On the 6th day, therefore, the Convention, following a motion of Robespierre's, adopted an enactment by which the President of the Revolutionary Tribunal had the right, when the trial had lasted more than three days, to ask the jury if they were sufficiently clear in their own minds, and, on receiving an answer in the affirmative, to proceed at once to pronounce judgment. This was raising murder to the level of a judicial principle.

In virtue of this enactment, the President of the Jury announced on the following evening that he and his fellow-jurymen were clear in their minds about the case. As soon as the Public Prosecutor had pronounced the necessary formula, before any of the seven counsels could rise to give their defence, before even the President had done the summing up of the case, the Court rose, and the jury retired into the Council chamber.

At half-past ten in the evening they returned, and unanimously declared Brissot and his colleagues guilty. The prisoners were brought back to the Court, and heard the verdict of the jury, and saw the Public Prosecutor rise and protest against the death sentence.

Then some became dazed, others uttered violent shrieks. The unfortunate ones who had prepared their defence, and who still held in their hands the papers they were expecting to read, tore them in shreds, and threw them to the people. One of them threw his cap in the air, exclaiming, "I am innocent!" Boyer-Fonfrède threw himself into Ducos' arms. "My friend," he said, "it is I who cause your death." Ducos pressed him to his heart, replying, "My friend, take comfort. We will die together!"

Sillery, who was suffering from gout, threw away his crutch, saying, "The sentence of death pronounced against me gives me back all my strength."

Amidst the uproar, one scarcely heard the cry, "I am dying." It was Valazé, who had killed himself with a sword, which he always carried, concealed on his person.

The condemned were hurried out of the trial hall by gendarmes. Only the corpse of Valazé remained on the empty benches.

The President of the Tribunal pronounced the sentence of death against the condemned, and ordered the confiscation of all their estates.

Fouquier-Tinville asked that Valazé's corpse might be executed along with the other Girondists; but Hermann recoiled before this futile atrocity, and the Tribunal only ordered that the body of the self-murderer should be taken to the place of execution in a cart, accompanying those of the other condemned men, and be buried in the same grave.

The crowd then filed out, away from the shrieks which followed on the sentence of the Girondists. It was then half-past eleven at night.

The last night of these unfortunate men was a sad one. Tradition, which has weaved itself round this heart-breaking episode in history, tells us of a cheerful repast, at which the twenty-one Girondists are said to have mutually discussed philosophy and poetry.

If the poor men did take some nourishment, it was only to brace themselves up for the fatal hour; and if they did exchange words, they certainly did not exchange songs. Several made their confessions, and the old Bishop Fauchet, after having confessed to one of them, heard Sillery in his turn. Gensonné cut a lock off his hair, and gave it to the priest who heard his confession.

"My father," he said, "you render me a great service. I ask a favour of you. It is that you carry this lock of hair to my wife."

The next day at noon the condemned men mounted into their carts in the court of the Conciergerie. Their heads were bare, their hands tied, and they wore shirt-sleeves.

A fourth cart followed, bearing Valazé's corpse. It was pouring with rain.

An immense crowd was gathered on the route. Cries of "Vive la Republic!" "Down with the traitors!" were heard all around. The condemned replied "Vive la Republic!"

One of them said prophetically, "Poor Parisians! We are leaving in your hands men who will make you pay dearly for to-day's pleasure."

The melancholy cortège took an hour to go from the Palais de Justice to the Place de la Révolution (now La Place de la Concorde).

On their arrival at the place of execution, Boyer-Fonfrède and Ducos embraced one another, and the others followed their example.

The Marquis of Sillery was the first to mount the scaffold. On the scaffold he saluted the spectators right and left, with as much ease as if he were in a drawing-room. Another followed, and another.

During the waiting time they sang the refrain, "Death rather than slavery!" It was the motto of Francis I.

Some of them at the moment of their death said some inaudible words

When Vignaud's turn came there was a rumbling of drums which drowned his voice. In the same way they had prevented Louis XVI. from speaking on the scaffold.

The last to be executed was a man called Viger. The execution lasted thirty-eight minutes.

The end of the executions was greeted by cries, a million times repeated, of "Vive la Republic!" which lasted for more than twenty minutes.

The Girondists had expiated their faults. Their murderers were not long in following them to the scaffold.

* * *

## THE TWO DAWNS

THERE came faint, trembling whispers from the East,
Voices of grey and silver, pink-lined pearl;
And flying fast before them o'er the sky
Were running messengers, who told the news
To waiting Nature of the feathered world.
Small wings were pruned, small eyes awoke;
And presently a clarion split the air.
As if it were a sign, a thousand throats
Were heralding the birth of a new day!
The whole sky now was silver tinged with rose,
A vaulted roof, where gorgeous treasures lay
Unlimited to eyes that love to gaze
On beauty's march. A maiden's charming smile
Lit up the firmament, a smile so frank,
So innocent, that clear-eyed children woke
From pretty dreams and ran to windows bright
To catch the splendour of the Dawn's pure eyes:
And then a rose of colour filled the sky
Once more; the dawn was all abashed;
"I have not beauty like those children's eyes;
I have not purity like their white souls.
I am but colour; they the highest work
Of God. He paints me on the sky, but they
Are more than pictures; they are holy works
Where temples stand, and love is heard within."

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# THE PHILOSOPHY OF HAPPINESS

By MRS. HAVELOCK ELLIS.

THE art of living, which includes the meaning of love and the philosophy of happiness, is a subject more worth while studying than how to attain riches or even how to fly. The philosophy of happiness wants more than a philosopher to explain it and to examine it. To state with any degree of certainty whether happiness is an art or an accident is not an easy task. To reveal the nature of happiness, one really ought to be something of a child, in order to tell great secrets almost unconsciously. Possibly, also, the problem should be approached only by one who has merged pain into the redemption of joy. Above all, one needs, as the interpreter, a divine jester, who is able to express the subtle connection between the anguish and gaiety which lie at the heart of things.

Many people say they are happy, but, when the veils are down, and intimate confessions are made, we find, if we are philosophers, that most of the so-called happiness of the world is a vague content or a resigned fortitude. Real happiness is a glowing, radiant thing, so radiant that the person who is really and truly happy within spreads it contagiously, even if he is at the moment wretched. True happiness has roots and an inner meaning. It is not an effervescent thing or a matter of moods. It is an eternal possession, which no man or woman can actually give or wholly take away.

The first condition for happiness is never to seek it. Even the true believer has moments of apparent atheism on this matter. "Do not hurry—have faith," says Edward Carpenter. This should be the text for the philosopher of happiness.

The second condition for the attainment of happiness is an uncrushable sense of humour. A sense of humour is a veritable gift from the gods, and saves the philosophic and the unphilosophic alike from endless pitfalls. It is ludicrous to pant for and to seek what is *not* ours, and it is equally ludicrous to waste time in trying to get what is ours for the asking. By the asking I mean literally praying. A mean, selfish and self-satisfied would-be truce with the Infinite, in order that we may get our own ends more easily and quickly, is not real prayer. There is no humour in that, and certainly no dignity. It is only drab, pestilential selfishness and a lack of faith in destiny. The only prayer to offer in this matter would be somewhat like this: "Help me to face Life, with happiness or without it; sustain my courage, and make courage a daily habit. Save me from self-seeking, but open my eyes that I may see and understand happiness if it should come to me. Put my small will into the larger will, and increase my powers of joy. If happiness comes not, give me grace to rejoice with either my brother or my enemy who has received it."

There are a great many people left in the world with Puritanism in their blood, and there are others who suffer from, or even cultivate, a sort of spiritual anæmia which is mistaken for goodness. These people are afraid of happiness even while they long for it. They are soldiers of a great gospel, but the uniform is often too tight for a splendid warfare. The spiritually suburban seeker for happiness wants it placed in a six-ounce bottle, and carefully labelled "righteous and safe," and warranted not to effervesce. The true mystic knows that joy is a regenerator and a cleanser.

"We are all in the gutter, but some of us are look-

ing at the stars," says Vachell. Why so many of us are afraid of happiness is because we think virtue consists in sleeping in the gutter rather than in singing to the stars. Some of us are afraid of not getting happiness, and we are equally afraid of accepting it, because we have forgotten that the senses can be as clean as our prayers and as ardent and as purifying as the sun. As much danger may lie in cold calculation as in swift spontaneities in these matters. "Love and do what you like," said St. Augustine. The happiness most people are seeking is that of doing what they like, forgetting that love seeks not its own. Love can redeem anything and everything, and never fails. The philosopher of happiness, who realises happiness as an art, and not as an accident, knows that perfect personal joy is the right of every civilised human being. Charm, abandonment, and all fantastic beauty expressed in song or dance and passionate expressions of all kinds, lead us upward and not downward, if we know the philosophy of love as well as the philosophy of happiness. It is at our peril today, if we allow ourselves to become anæmic spiritual slugs instead of rollicking children of the Infinite.

In Dr. Garnett's wonderful little book on Love ("De Flagello Myrteo"), he says: "At Love's high feasts there are two cups: one never can be drained, and the other fills itself." He knew the great secret that a great love is a sacrament, and bread and wine do not fail at the high altar. This brings us to the contemplation of an apparently sad side of this question of happiness. To some of us, apparently, whether we seek happiness or not, destiny *seems* to offer no cup at all. For these, the philosopher of happiness has a special word. The sufferer may actually be the cup-bearer, and so be a special servant of the Infinite. We are too foolish yet to realise whose hand Fate chooses for the offering of the cup of happiness to her children. Your sorrow and my sorrow, unbearable as they may appear to us, may help to mould the cup for another's comfort. Who dare deny that your loss and my loss may help to fill that cup for another, even if that other be our rival or our defamer? It may be our lot to press the very grapes for the wine our rival drinks. This may be a sort of left-handed happiness, but, to the real philosopher, it is happiness, because he knows the "forward ends" of pain, as Hinton so clearly puts it. To save others is at last as though we had saved ourselves, and thus happiness of a rare and delicate kind is found.

If we refuse the first cup of personal happiness, we pay our price. If we accept it, we have to pay heaven's price, and that is, that the second cup, filled to overflowing, shall not only be handed round and drained dry for the good of others, but be handed back again and again to be refilled and emptied for others till death releases us. To everyone who has been personally happy in the fullest sense, there comes at one time or another a voice from heaven about this second draught, this aftermath of happiness. To ignore it is to surrender to the vulgar whine of the sybarite for excess or to the self-love of a mere child of this world. As the second cup is handed to us, it is a challenge from heaven. If we refuse the challenge, our last state is worse than the first. To us much has been given, and we must not spill or waste the wine or break the cup. Fate's challenge to those of us who have dared to be gloriously happy is to go on being happy in the only way possible. The law is, in this matter, that the personal joy shall lead to the universal succour. We must not haste, but neither must we rest, till everyone in the world has a taste of joy. The only happy person is one who


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radiates even out of personal pain. To be happy is to know a few secrets that the gods whisper in their obedient children's ears.

To a few a third cup is sometimes offered, and the personal and the universal alike are forgotten for a moment in the cry, "Father, let this cup pass." It is the cup of wormwood or the sponge with vinegar. It is the chalice of crucifixion, and those who drink from it are the willing saviours of the world. They are despised and rejected of men, men of sorrows and acquainted with grief. They have at last no care for what the world can give or take away. They are free from condemnation and free from personal craving. They have seen the beauty of the whole, and faced death and suffering. The multitude cannot recognise them. They stone them and slay their bodies. The Magdalen and the Judas may call them friends, the little children, simple folk, sinners, and animals are their companions.

Hitherto the chalice-drinker has been the exception in the world's history. But there is a distinct change coming with regard to these things. There is a fashion even in spiritual matters. The happiness of the many is now becoming the imperative demand. The day is not only coming, but is actually here, when to live in luxury while one human creature lacks either bread or joy, can only be crucifixion to the spiritual man or the spiritual woman. To be a millionaire will soon be more pitiable than to be a leper, because it implies extortion, the sweat of brothers for mean ends, and the gluttony of one at the expense of many. As it is now almost a disgrace to be ill, it will soon be a disgrace to be rich or unhappy.

Happiness is a definite art and not an accident, for it is beyond accident, even beyond analysis. It is an art of the inner life, a result of wise cultivation. It is sometimes bought at a great price, but the payment is well worth while. It is often pain forged into peace, and the personal merged into the universal. Those who have it stand like children before the Eternal, content to hold the hands of Life and Death, knowing that all that happens is meant to form part of a great picture in which we are the colours.

* * *

## CORRESPONDENCE

### NATIONAL EDUCATION.

*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

SIR,—To all who are interested in secondary education I strongly recommend a careful reading of the report of an inquiry into the conditions of service of teachers in English and foreign secondary schools.

It is the result of investigations undertaken by a special committee appointed by the Incorporated Association of Assistant Masters in 1909, and is published by Messrs. Bell and Sons at 2s.

It is a work unique of its kind, and a perusal of it should leave the reader hot with shame at the present chaotic state of national education, and, above all, at the disgraceful salaries paid to the men in secondary schools, particularly the old grammar school.

As an "eye-opener" of typical English muddling-through, with serious loss of time and material, the book has no equal.—I am, sir, etc., EN AVANT!

### ANGLO-GERMAN RELATIONS.

*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

DEAR SIR,—The very able and conclusive criticisms of Mr. Austin Harrison's article in your last

issue seem to need little addition. It is, however, often complained that we pacificists are not practical, and we are living in practical times. Will you allow me, therefore, to give one or two most successful examples of the securing of peace by disarmament—the Rush-Bagot Treaty, better known as the arrangement of 1817 for the limitation of naval force on the boundary lakes between Canada and America?

In earlier days these waters had been stained with the blood of English and Americans. On Christmas Eve, 1814, the treaty of Ghent was concluded. But so long as the naval forces were on the lakes, and continued to sail up and down, there was no assurance of peace; at any time, as long as those vessels, armed to the teeth, passed each other in those narrow channels, there was danger that even a stray shot of salute might be changed into the roar of battle. Men of both countries felt this, and they were wiser in their day and generation than we are in ours. They saw that so long as the United States could build ships to beat the British ones, and the British could also go on increasing theirs, neither side could afford to stop. Both sides wished for peace, and to obtain it they knew that the menaces of war must be stopped. So they said, "We will try and see what the effect of lack of preparation for war upon the lakes will be." An agreement was finally reached, and the naval ships were reduced until, with the exception of revenue cutters, the force of the United States on the Great Lakes has been confined to the single steamer *Michigan*, built over forty years ago. The Governments of both countries have so sacredly observed this treaty that the United States refused the request of the managers of the Exhibition at Chicago, in 1892, to send a naval vessel through the lakes, and they would only allow a wooden imitation battleship to be there. Four times during the hundred years that have gone by difficulties between America and Canada and Great Britain have arisen, and one of these difficulties, on the Venezuelan question, was thought to be quite serious at the time. On all these occasions the question came up on both sides, "How about the lakes; there are no ships on the lakes, and, before taking any hasty action, had we not better think the matter over?" And on each occasion it was decided to arbitrate instead of going to war. As to the results, I need not do more than quote Lord Grey's words last December, at the Mansion House, when he was speaking of the great celebration to take place on the hundredth anniversary of this agreement. He said, "But the victories of peace are nobler than the victories of war, and it is the advent of a greater centenary than that of Brock's victory that calls us here to-day. On December 24th, 1914, a century of unbroken peace between the British and the American people will be completed. Although the boundaries of Canada march with those of the United States nearly 4,000 miles, not a sentinel, not a cannon, not a fort exists on either side of this long, this almost invisible frontier to mark the existence of any mutual suspicion between the two great friendly peoples. . . . When I was in Canada, the Secretary of State in President Roosevelt's Administration came to Ottawa and reminded the people of the Dominion that, while on the frontier of Europe armed men jealously watch incursions of possible enemies, the British and American Governments agreed, in 1817, by a simple exchange of notes, upon the disarmament of the great international waters between Canada and the United States."

Let us only compare this example of disarmament

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with the feverish state of panic created in this country by means of meetings and articles in order to heap up Dreadnoughts, which bring us, instead of security, more and more scares and panics!—I am, sir, etc.,

March 24th, 1913. S.

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*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

SIR,—While agreeing with part of your correspondent, Mr. Wallis's, able contribution in this week's issue, viz., that no war is inevitable until declared, I should give only a very qualified adhesion to his statement, that the longer war is avoided the less likely does it become. This does not by any means always follow, and I am much afraid that, in the case under review, it would not be as sure of realisation as we could desire. While I should abhor war between two kindred nations, with all its dire results, I cannot but see, at the same time, that, under certain conditions, it may be unavoidable—that is, if we are to sustain, or endeavour to sustain, our present position as a foremost Power. I can understand the German view to some extent. They wish (and rightly) to be insured by a big navy from having to stand aside in a crisis because of our hitherto overwhelming naval strength, and to protect their fast-increasing sea-borne commerce. But, at the same time, there is, I am pretty certain, a strong tendency of German opinion in the direction of challenging our ancient predominance at sea, arising altogether apart from a legitimate desire to safeguard their commerce, etc. It is easy to say that the bulk of the German people do not want war with us; but what effective say have they in the matter? And we know well enough that in all wars the national spirit of patriotism comes to the support of the authorities; at such times the justice or injustice of the quarrel gets no real consideration. I am firmly of opinion that it behoves us (unfortunately) to lose no opportunity of placing and keeping both our naval and military forces in a state of preparedness, and of increasing their efficiency if possible. For it is certain (notwithstanding the views of your correspondent, Mr. Pyke) that if we once allow ourselves to lag behind in these respects we should not be long allowed to continue our course unchallenged (not necessarily by Germany always). It still remains true, though "pity 'tis, 'tis true," that the best way to avoid war is to be prepared for it.

The rivalry between Germany and ourselves at sea was not of our seeking; it was begun, and continued in an increasing degree, by Germany. To my mind, they have long attained to a quite sufficient strength at sea for the protection of their commercial interests and territories, and have been, and are, building far beyond necessity in those respects.

To what does this point? As has frequently been stated, the history of Germany, since she became an effective factor, has been one of aggression, provocation, and ruthlessness, and we should be wise not to lose sight of this fact and its obvious lessons.—I am, sir, etc., G. H. DEXTER.

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## THE CALL OF THE CITIZEN.

*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

SIR,—The article in your issue of March 21st, by Lady Frances Balfour, is picturesque writing, but it is, unfortunately, vitiated from beginning to end by the fact that she completely ignores the existence of such a thing as Suffragette militancy. "The gates of learning," Lady Frances tells us, "have been opened to women, and they have been treated as beings

capable of using the knowledge lavished on the community." This has an ironical ring, which the writer probably did not intend. But it inevitably leads one to ask, very sadly, whether the present outburst of monkey-tricks and wild unreason is the result of treating women as beings capable of using knowledge? Is the childish and ludicrous idea, that the nation can be pestered, like a silly old nurse, into doing what these women think they want, due to the greater knowledge and freedom extended to them?

Again, Lady Frances remarks, "We have taught our women their place in the world." Have we? And is that place in front of pillar-boxes, or on golf links, or beside other people's houses with weapons of destruction in their hands? It is strange that Lady Frances Balfour should not see that what is required of her and of all constitutional societies of Suffragist women is the taking of decisive steps to suppress militancy, which is the great obstacle in the way of Women's Suffrage. To agitate now for a Bill granting the vote to women, in the present state of mind of the great world outside committee rooms, is only to court failure. Could not Lady Frances Balfour turn her efforts to the task of securing a real education for women, an education that should be both an intellectual and moral training? The vote would soon follow then!—I am, sir, etc., LUMEN.

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*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

SIR,—In her article, "The Call of the Citizen," Lady Frances Balfour has made out the best case for Women Suffrage that I have read. I am a strong opponent of the principle of votes for women, but, in view of the vast multitude of men who are utterly incompetent to vote on questions that come up for decision at election-time, one is bound to sympathise with educated and responsible women, who look on helplessly while these untrained and, in many cases, untrainable minds are allowed to use their electoral power.

One is forced to the conclusion that to remedy this absurdity one of two things must be done.

Either a new class of specially qualified plural male voter should be brought into existence, by granting an extra vote to those who distinguish themselves in their educational careers, or else those women who are similarly qualified should be allowed to exercise the franchise.

Facilities for free education and free libraries have been long enough in existence to justify a demand from electors that they become responsible as such, instead of, as at present, placing this power for good or ill in the hands of anyone, irrespective of their possessing the necessary wisdom for using it.

No thoughtful person can pretend that the serious questions that have been before Parliament in recent years have been intelligently sifted by anything like an adequate proportion of those enfranchised.

The pursuit of pleasure in its various forms has tended, and is tending to an alarming degree, to unfit those who are indulging in it for much more than attending to their daily duties.

An ignorant and indifferent electorate is bound to have a bad effect on a paid House of Commons, and nothing would raise the tone of politics so much as the knowledge that members of Parliament were being watched by a keenly and intelligently interested country. Clap-trap would lose its present-day value, and such cries as "9d. for 4d." would be treated with the contempt they deserve.—I am, sir, etc.,

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## THE GLORIOUS FREEDOM OF HALF-TIMERDOM.

*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

SIR,—In the course of his letter to EVERYMAN, published on March 21st, Dr. Priestman ventures to refer to "the glorious freedom of half-timerdom." May I be permitted to describe the nature of this glorious freedom? The percentage of physically defective children among the full-time pupils in my school for the years 1910, 1911, and 1912 respectively worked out at 6.1, 12.6, and 15.1.

The corresponding percentages for factory half-time pupils worked out at 57.1, 77.9, and 40.

These results were so astounding that further inquiry was made, and statistics relating to a girls' school and three mixed schools were obtained for the same period.

The percentage of physical defect among full-time scholars for 1910, 1911, and 1912 was found to average 6.6, 7.2, and 5.3 respectively, while for half-timers the figures averaged 34.1, 29.6, and 39.2.

For all the schools, including 1,000 cases examined, the percentage of physical defect among full-time pupils was as follows:—1910, 6.2; 1911, 8.4; 1912, 7.1. For half-timers the figures are:—1910, 39; 1911, 35.8; 1912, 38. Only cases of physical defect notified by the school medical officers for treatment were taken into account.

Inasmuch as every half-timer employed in the factory must produce a clean sheet of health before being allowed to work, it follows that within twelve months of commencing factory work one-third of the unfortunate children are afflicted with serious physical disease, and in the majority of cases it was found that the physical deterioration was most noticeable after children had been working six months or more in the factory.

As a school medical officer, Dr. Priestman will doubtless realise the logical fallacy of the "glorious freedom of half-timerdom" in view of the statistics quoted.

It is surely a standing menace and disgrace to our civilisation that the only freedom possessed by the factory half-timer should be freedom from participation in the blessings of sound physical and mental health.—I am, sir, etc., HERBERT LEATHER.

Swinton, Manchester.

## MR. MACPHERSON ON G. B. S.

*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

SIR,—Why does not Mr. Macpherson exercise "self-renunciation" by foregoing the pleasure of criticising Mr. Shaw, and why is he so "self-assertive" if he does not approve of self-assertion? He is surely asserting his own convictions. If not, whose?

The logic of self-renunciation is instant and complete self-effacement and eternal extinction. But in reality men do but renounce those things they're not inclined to, and grab whate'er they have a mind to; but this is not self-sacrifice. Neither is it self-renunciation to withstand unnatural desire, but merely self-preservation. Self-surrender in one involves usurpation by another, and both are immoral, though pitiably prevalent.

The superman is fully himself that he may be more fully the instrument of the purpose of the universe, for which he conceives he was created. He is not sensuous nor self-indulgent; he seeks neither enjoyment nor happiness, and is the least likely of men to suffer from ennui.

When Shaw says "Be thyself," he is as "dogmatic"

as a doctor who will insist that fresh air is an essential to health. Of course, there are those who will dispute this "dogmatic" medical axiom and seek to substitute their own doctrinal fads for the said fresh air. They are such as have no faith in the universal, but only in the particular; no faith in man, but only in a man.

G. B. S., like G. K. C., selects from tradition what he thinks is in line with future progress, and rejects the rest, with due regard, no doubt, to Christ's stern rebuke as to "teaching for truth the traditions of men." What great reformer but has upset tradition and created new, to serve for an epoch and be outgrown? It is only thus we are "heirs of all the ages' gain."

The wicked Mr. Shaw provides the faithful with abundant scope for their self-renunciation, their faith, hope, and charity, and he thereby puts them under a great obligation; but, alas! I fear Mr. M. and Dr. Kelman do not rise to the occasion. They pursue him with a lack of "self-renunciation" and a "self-assertiveness" which would be admirable if it were not so petulant and unreasoning. Poor Mr. Shaw! Mr. M. says he never reasons; G. K. C. accuses him of "frigidity of logic"; some sneer at his humanitarianism; others say he is inhuman and cynical; and so on and so on. Oh, dear; oh, dear!—I am, sir, etc.,

Hornsey, N. E. DERWENT.

## ESPERANTO.

*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

SIR,—The writer of "A Plea for Esperanto" remarks that "to compare a scientific or literary language to a living organism is merely to use a specious but misleading metaphor, which has already done unspeakable harm to the science of philology."

It is true that the metaphor is misused. Some people seem to draw from it a mystical idea that language is a thing in itself, having a separate existence—in a word, "almost human." But it is wrong to infer that because the analogy is misused it is unscientific.

The real point, surely, is that language has virtually no existence at all, unless when considered in relation to the mind. In this sense, being the reflex and product of an organism, it becomes itself organic—can be acted upon, can grow and develop. Language is a "part of ourselves," just as a musician might say that a piece of music he has thoroughly studied has become part of himself.

The analogy is not unknown in philosophy. It is an expert view that certain changes in thought are explainable as a transition from the mechanical view of things to the *organic* view of things. In philology, too, which is more and more devoting itself to the delicate problems of meaning and syntactical usage, the analogy has become something of a guiding principle.

That organic change is possible in dead languages (and, therefore, in artificial languages like Esperanto) is easily provable. Latin, after it became a purely literary medium, as opposed to the popular speech, changed much in style down to Seneca and then Tertullian. Sanskrit became "dead" through the influence of a long series of grammarians; yet for centuries it kept on changing in style and expression, though generally for the worse. In many ways, of course, it remained quite fixed.

And, with time, Esperanto, too, would vastly change, and in multitudes of different directions. There would not merely be a single nation to reckon with; that would secure *some* consistency in the midst of change. All the nations of the world would be

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involved. The strong prejudices of nations where their languages are concerned are justly noted by your contributor. But stronger still are the idiosyncrasies of temperament and faculty which make one people tend to express its ideas in a different manner from any other. These would soon make havoc of the symmetrical syntax of Esperanto. Moreover, those who are "literary and scientific," and for whom Esperanto is specially to cater, are the worst sinners here, for their tastes and ideas are more individualised.—I am, sir, etc.,

S. S. Cherry.

London.

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*To the Editor of* Everyman.

Dear Sir,—I was more than delighted to see your article in the current number of Everyman on Esperanto.

Referring to your paragraph IV., I shall *not* be one of the readers who will reply that an international language is an impossible dream, for I have used Esperanto successfully for a long time, and have never failed to make myself understood with foreign esperantists.

There is one experience I would like to put before anyone as a proof of the facility in using the language. Soon after I started the study of Esperanto I commenced to correspond with a young French student; in this manner I taught him shorthand for use with Esperanto. He knew no shorthand whatever before; the whole of the elements of the subject had to be taught, not merely adaptations, for it to be used with Esperanto. He knew not a word of English, and I not a word of French, and, as before mentioned, I had not long commenced Esperanto; yet I was able to use that language as a means of imparting knowledge of a subject without there once being a misunderstanding. All rules I had to explain, form exercises for him to work, make clear any corrections, and there was not one occasion where any rule had been misunderstood. The whole theory was completed, and it formed a most interesting correspondence. I think I might say it was a novel test of what could be done with what people like to call an *artificial* language. I should like to hear of a parallel case with a national language undertaken at the commencement of its study.

The use of Esperanto with all nationalities at congress times, and when travelling, has now become such an everyday occurrence that it is not necessary to go into the matter any further.—I am, sir, etc.,

(Miss) H. E. Bone.

London, N.

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## PAGANISM AND CHRISTIANITY.

*To the Editor of* Everyman.

Sir,—I am greatly indebted to Mr. Macpherson for his article, "Pagan and Christian Ideals." May I venture to offer some ideas which have been suggested by it?

"Paganism stands for the self-assertiveness and self-sufficiency of humanity." This is just the thing that wants saying, and saying often. It seems, however, that the principle may be pressed a little further. The Stoic was just as self-centred as the Epicurean, or the ordinary, everyday pagan, although on a slightly different basis. Generally speaking, Paganism stood for Self on a basis of sensual enjoyment, and the attempt to escape from such a basis produced the Stoic, although the escape left him just as self-centred, if not more so.

The Greeks, reared in a Particularist environment, were naturally a race of thinkers, whereas action was the characteristic of the Romans. The Greeks constructed a theory of Politics, the Romans built a State; the former had a theory of Ethics, the latter established a code of Laws. . . . It is perhaps due to this that the thoughtful Roman, subconsciously moved by the desire to escape from aforesaid basis, generally fell back into the Stoic position, which gave him a definite rule of life.

The principle actuating any man may always more easily be known by his action than by his words. A man's intellectual view of life is not necessarily expressed in his action. Action often does follow thought, but the process is sometimes reversed, and the interaction of the two is often difficult to puzzle out. Looked at from the activistic point of view, the principle of Stoicism seems to be retirement into self, a rising to a self-standard of conduct, expressed outwardly by pure passivity. Though moving in the moral plane, such an attitude is no less self-centred than that of the Epicurean or the ordinary pagan. "How easy it is to repel and to wipe away every impression which is troublesome or unsuitable, and immediately to be all tranquillity." Again, "See how many qualities thou art immediately called upon to exhibit, . . . and yet thou remainest voluntarily below the mark" (Marc. Aur., Med). These expressions hit the centre of the Stoic life and action, and are they not essentially self-sufficient and self-assertive? In his thought the Stoic, indeed, acknowledged a superior existence, the existence of Zeus; but what did Zeus become in action? Either an abstract name for things in general or an explanation of how things came to be what they were.

Self-satisfaction and self-dissatisfaction seem to be different stages in the same line of mental evolution, the latter being the natural climax to which the former leads. Nothing is more boring than self, and the painful ennui of the classical world is one of the most pathetic things in history. Ennui is always primarily loss of interest, and when that comes fictitious interests—excitement—must be found. To this was due the vaporous indulgence in mysteries of the Eleusinian and Mithraistic type, as to-day are gambling and extravagant luxury. From this hell of self (of which Stoicism is but one phase) Christ came to redeem humanity, that man might die unto self and live in Him. It is thus that "He who would lose his life shall find it."

An interesting sidelight is thrown by the attitude of Paganism to Christianity. Pagan philosophy set out to find for Religion that Unity which was necessary to its very vitality, the Unity which the Polytheism of the ancients flatly denied. The Unity Philosophy arrived at was an abstraction from an aggregation of concepts, obtained by stripping off from things their characteristics one by one. A Unity thus arrived at could be nothing more nor less than pure Negation (as undifferentiated Unity must inevitably be); when the connotation had expanded to infinity, the denotation had shrunk to zero. It was the emptiness of such an ideal, and its absurdity as a moral force, which made a man's life recoil upon itself.

Into this chaos came the Christian, claiming to have seized the Reality which the philosophers sought. He was generally quite a simple person, who had never passed through the disciplinary course of logic, ethic, and physic. Yet the fact of his having something was obvious. His whole conduct and his indifference to persecution showed it, and the world of thought—which characterised him as "stubborn"—was astounded. There was a difference. The Christian had not got Reality; Reality had got him. This the

*(Continued on page 800.)*

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philosopher couldn't see or understand, and the observed facts irritated him. Marcus Aurelius, the Stoic, the passionless, was—inconsistently enough, considering his scheme of life—a persecutor of Christians.—I am, sir, etc., THOS. SEFTON.
Dudley.

## "THE WORLD UGLY."

*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

SIR,—Dr. Dearmer writes well of the nineteenth century's legacy of ugliness, and believes habitual city dwellers live on with "perverted imaginations, base ideals, and mean instincts. If Everyman does not believe this, let him notice what people read in the train." That is precisely what I did the last Thursday week "as ever was." Three City men, two young, one middle-aged, got into my compartment, sat next each other, and, quite independently of each other, took the current issue of EVERYMAN from their pockets to read. Things are bad, but not quite so bad as that, after all; so—cheer up, Dr. Dearmer!—I am, sir, etc., J. R. BLANCKENHAGEN.

## CHRISTIANITY AND PROGRESS.

*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

SIR,—Mr. J. Miller's statement in your columns of March 7th that "wherever secular ideas are spread as against religion, we see more liberty, freedom, and comfort," cannot be passed over unanswered. Modern history shows that liberty and comfort are not always to be found under a so-called secular Government. Since the establishment of the Republic and the consequent separation of the Church and State in Portugal, we find that this nation has had to face the greatest strikes and riots in her history, and also that the organised system of slavery in her colonies still goes on unchecked. France has had her national strikes and riots, her organised bands of hooligans, and the problem of a declining birth rate. The United States has been the victim of widespread graft in all its phases. She has had her share of motor bandits, dynamiters, and strike riots. China, too soon alas! has had her share of so-called secular government. The Cantonese students, who are the self-styled Government, and who need the restraining influence of a Yuan Shi-Kai, are governing China by the precise methods of their predecessors, and only in name is there a change. These student statesmen and theoretic secularists, who are supposed to have the most modern ideas of democratic government, have summarily executed their "enemies," driven lepers into pits, and imposed bribes—reminding one of the Inquisition.

The world is largely indebted to Christianity for its great and good laws, its mine of knowledge and literature, and its great and good lives. It may be of interest to your correspondent to know that President Wilson, who is going to purify the graft-sodden Government departments of America, bases several of his election addresses on direct Biblical teaching.

Mr. Miller also states that "science has always been opposed by theologians." This is a very grave statement, and may have been true in the middle ages when bigotry was rampant, but is certainly not true to-day. I could name several ministers of religion who have distinguished themselves in various branches of science.

Dispense with your religion, whatever it may be, and you will certainly have national decadence as a result.—I am, sir, etc., ROBIN MOFFATT
Newcastle-on-Tyne.

# BOOKS OF THE WEEK

CARNACHI THE GHOST-FINDER (Eveleigh Nash, 6s.) opens well. Here at last, one thinks, is the perfect ghost story. The setting is admirable, the atmosphere charged with a potent suggestion of dread—the dread that lifts the hair ever so slightly as by a wind of terror makes the pulse quicken its beat. The first story treats of an old chapel, and describes a gruesome dagger that, suspended just above the altar, is said to guard the sacred plate hidden in a secret recess. The dagger does strange things. Unwelcome visitors—intruders on the peace of the chapel and its guardian ghost—are found prone upon the floor, stabbed in the region of the heart. One gets the genuine thrill at this, and hurries eagerly from page to page. And then, alas! the spell is broken, Mr. Hodgson forsakes the company of ghosts and goblins, and introduces a spiritual detective, a rationalistic person, who explains away the legend, and reduces the mystery of the chapel to a Maskelyne and Devant device. The murderous weapon is controlled by a spring, released by pressure on the altar rails. Carnachi unravels the riddle, cheats the reader of his thrill, and spoils what promised to be a rare good study of the supernatural.

* * *

Stories of Australia have a certain family resemblance; it is difficult to meet with a volume that is not replete with bushrangers, sheep farms, and water famine. Mr. Alexander MacDonald is original and arrestive in his latest publication. IN THE LAND OF PEARL AND GOLD (T. Fisher Unwin, 10s. 6d. net) is freshly written, bearing the marks of first-hand acquaintance with miners in the outlying districts of Australia. "The Holding of Pelican Creek" is one of the best-written stories in the book. The miners are not of the Bret Harte type; rugged, illiterate men, with a fine command of choice invective and a catholic taste in drink. The author brings them before you so that you seem to know them personally, and take a vivid interest in their fortunes. The story is marked by certain technical touches in relation to mining; the author does not labour his knowledge, but gives a sufficient number of details to explain the risk and excitement attendant on wresting mineral treasure from the earth. We commend the book to all those who want to read of Australia as it really is. This is not a collection of fancy sketches; each story has the real right ring, and the book is notable not only for its convincing atmosphere, but for the simple yet graphic style in which it is written.

* * *

There is a light and whimsical touch in the telling of THE GAY ADVENTURE (William Blackwood and Son, 6s.). Mr. Richard Bird has the art of putting his reader in a good temper, and the mood being favourable, one can accompany him throughout his pleasant and gossipy pages with satisfaction and amusement. His opening is excellent; how few authors understand that in the initial paragraph of a novel so much is determined. It is a far cry from the days of G. P. R. James, who would expend at least three pages in the description of the solitary horseman who invariably appeared in the first page of the romance; but, though padding as a fine art is at a discount, the majority of writers have yet to learn how to set the scene with a few graphic touches. "Mr. Lionel Mortimer was a young gentleman of few intentions and no private means." The author

(Continued on page 802.)

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at once arrests the attention and intrigues the interest. One gets a grip of the story through the suggestion of a phrase, in the same fashion that a half-opened door reveals the temperament and limitations of the owner of the room that it discovers. We have not enjoyed a book of such freshness for a long time; the characterisation is subtle and distinctive, and the whole story redolent of that humour that is the salt of life.

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❀ ❀ ❀

The Charming of Estercel (J. M. Dent, 6s.) is written with a simplicity of style and an appreciation of colour that lend to it a notable distinction. Certain passages gem the book and lend an intimate charm. "Below her the lake shone. In waving lines along its face the edges of the ripples caught the light, till it seemed as though rows of diamond lamps were being lit, bright as the spirit in those eyes that had troubled her peace." The fantasy is significantly in keeping with the character of Sabia, one of the central figures of the romance. A quaint and fragrant creature, with an illusive yet dominant charm, she serves as an admirable foil to the other woman of the piece, who exercises a strong though counter influence on Estercel, the hero of the romance. He is drawn with a full appreciation of the qualifications necessary to the rôle. He is of splendid appearance and a fearless rider, and his white horse, Tamberlaine, is as imposing and almost as interesting as he. It is rarely one finds an author with the capacity for creating an atmosphere of bygone days, who at the same time possesses a talent for vitalising her characters. One gets a glimpse of Essex, and an echo of the Court of Queen Elizabeth so vivid and lifelike that one wishes Mrs. Rhys would write a romance against the background of the Tudor period, and set the scene in London. The story told with the charm of "Estercel" should prove as notable a success as this romance of Ulster has already scored.

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❀ ❀ ❀

Mr. Martindale has issued a collection of sketches slight in form, but written with a delicacy of treatment and an underlying sense of mysticism that finds expression in certain eloquent and haunting phrases. In God's Nursery (Longmans, Green and Co., 3s. 6d. net) the author touches on the border line between this world and the unseen. The story of the child's toy, the little painted dog, carries with it the echoes of bygone ages. The first story dates back to Pagan times, when a little Prince of the Egyptians throws down his toy in temper, is slapped by his mother for the offence, and is, incidentally, poisoned by a scratch from an iron ornament that she is wearing. The child dies, and is buried with the plaything. And a thousand years later the little mummy, with its grotesque dog, is seen, and, by its side, a child stands and stretches out its hand, the same plaint upon its lips, the same cry that had died upon the little Prince's—a cry for the little dog! "Guardian Angels" is a study of child life from a different angle. Jack, a young undergrad., has been reading the Iliad, and, unlike most of us who for the first time taste the supreme joy of Homer, he is affected, not by the pageantry of battle, the gleaming sword of combat, but by the pathos of the children sacrificed in the cause of Helen—the world's desire. His mood is cleverly portrayed; his meeting with the two slum children on Hampstead Heath, his instinctive desire to give them a good time, and their enjoyment of the treat, admirably sketched. Restrained, yet effective in treatment, and containing passages of real power, the book should be a literary success.

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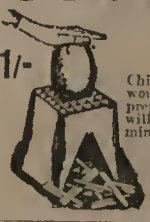

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Printed by Hazell, Watson & Viney, Ld., 4-8, Kirby Street, Hatton Garden, London, E.C., and Published by J. M. Dent & Sons, Ld., Aldine House, Bedford Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.

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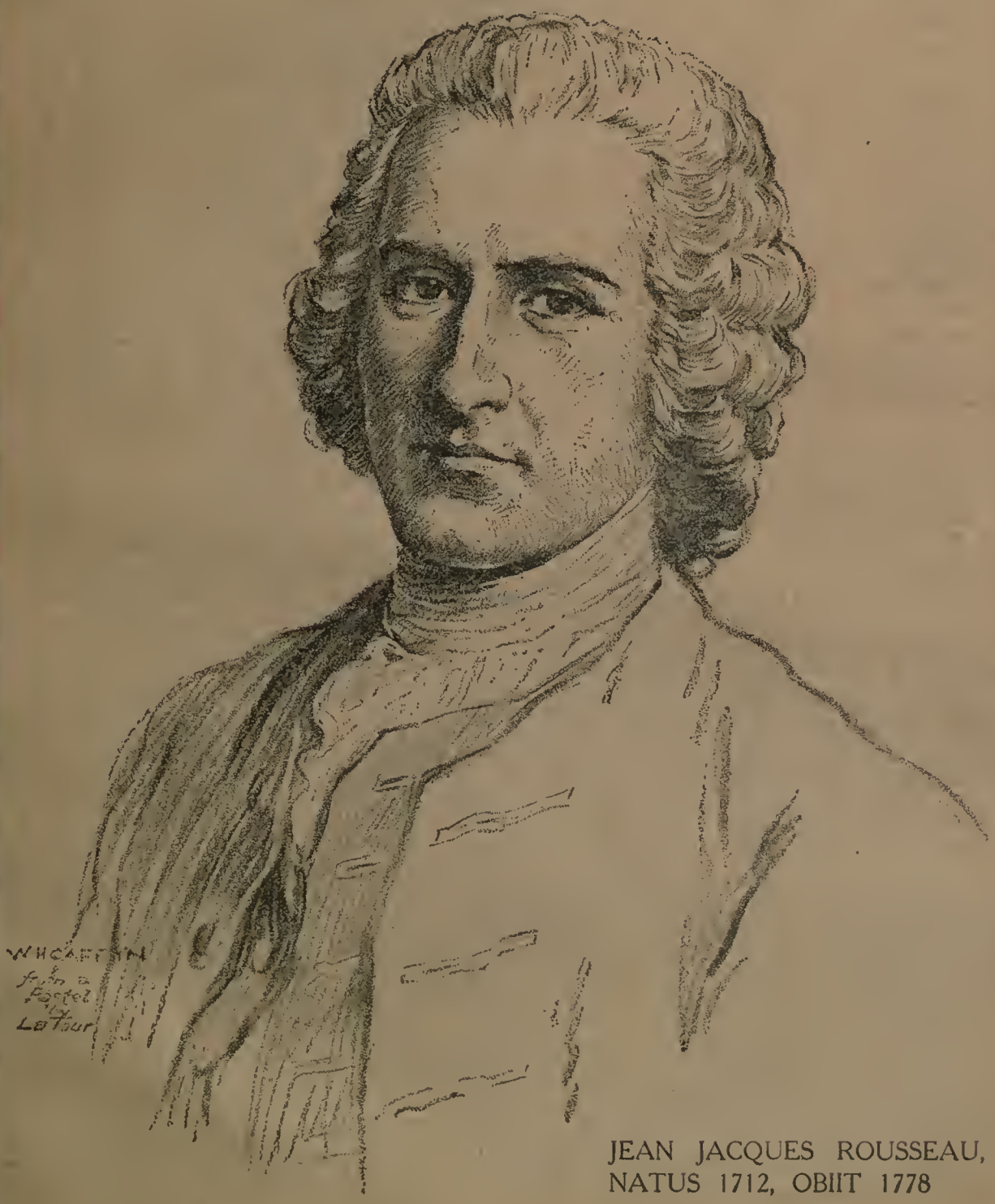


JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU,
NATUS 1712, OBIIT 1778

*For Character Sketch, see page 818.*

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# HISTORY IN THE MAKING

## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THE European situation has once more assumed a complex and difficult character. Montenegro —"Europe's refractory child"—has defied the Powers, and Mr. Chesterton's gibe at the "impotences" gains point once again. In brief, King Nicholas and his loyal people are not taking the naval demonstration as seriously as might have been expected from a nation with a population about as large as that of the average London borough. The majority of thoughtful men are agreed that, whatever sympathy Britain may have for small and struggling nations, she must stand by the Concert; the only difficulty being the haunting doubt as to whether there will in the end be any Concert left to stand by. A vague but significant note of disharmony has crept into the Ambassadorial deliberations. Between the tone of the London Conference, which shows a gladdening unanimity in following the lead of Sir Edward Grey, and the attitude of Vienna, St. Petersburg, and Paris there is a by no means negligible difference. When the naval demonstration and blockade was in question, France hesitated. It heard behind the official voice of Russia the more imperious voice of Pan-Slavism. This cleavage between official opinion and popular national instinct and sentiment is fraught with peril for the continuance of the Concert. And it remains true that official position does not annihilate the private sympathies of even the most loyal statesman.

The reality and growing force of a Pan-Slavic protest against the policy of the Powers was shown in the second Slavonic demonstration at St. Petersburg last Sunday. To everyone's surprise, the whole Russian police tradition was contravened on that day. "I have had a long and exceptional experience with the Russian police," writes the correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, "and have never seen them so gentle and affectionately tender with street demonstrators before. Not one mounted constable or gendarme was to be seen." Requiem services were held, not only for the Slavs killed in the Balkan War, but also for the Slav victims of Austrian cruelty. A wreath of white flowers was laid upon the tomb of Alexander II., "the Emancipator of the Slavs and the Peasants," and a white banner was displayed, bearing the inscription, "The Cross on St. Sophia."

The problem of how to supply war news without destroying the secrecy of military operations is the subject of a timely article by "A Journalist" in the current issue of the *Fortnightly Review*. It will be remembered that, some eight or nine years ago, the weighty appeal of Lord Selborne, in what proved to be his valedictory speech as First Lord of the Admiralty, led to the drafting of a Bill which made it a penal offence for the owner, publisher, or editor of any newspaper to publish unauthorised information with respect to military dispositions and movements, strategic plans, etc., etc. This Bill was shelved, for the reason that it did not gain the unanimous support of representatives of the Press—an insufficient reason, according to our writer, who deals caustically with the popular objection that such a Bill would curtail the liberty of the Press. He tells the "ass" who would "get up and quote the Areopagitica," that "the real liberty of the Press is not the liberty to publish news, but to express opinion, and that this latter liberty would remain absolutely unabridged. The only liberty of the Press that would be abridged is the liberty to jeopardise the security of the nation." The article is not likely to pass unchallenged, as it is difficult to see how an "opinion" can be stated without an appeal to "facts."

The tactics of the militant Suffragists are evoking a quite extraordinary passion of indignation in America, to judge by Press comments. The expressions of condemnation could hardly be stronger if American Suffragettes were in question. The *New York American* fiercely advocates extreme punishment, the *New York Times* taunts the Government with being afraid of our "wild women," while the *New York Sun* declares that if the police lost control and became brutal the results might stagger humanity, but that, while humanity would recover, militancy would more likely not. These extracts are typical, and offer an interesting footnote to the psychology of the freest and, in a sense, most woman-ridden of nations.

The seventy "lightning strikes" which have lately interfered with the even tenor of our hotel and restaurant life are concentrating tardy attention upon a class of men whose disabilities are peculiarly galling. There is something about a waiter's life, under present conditions, which makes for destruction of manhood, and this demoralisation applies even more to the sleek and prosperous head-waiter, whose tips amount to £35 a week, and who owns his house and motor-car, than to the starved and browbeaten assistant, who can hope for 15s. a week at best. It is high time that the luxurious diner should know something about the human automatons, whose obsequious attentions put him in such a good humour with himself and the world. But the average patron of hotels has scarcely the imagination to guess at the places where these men sleep, the food on which they thrive, and the future they have to look forward to; not to speak of the type of soul that is requisite to make what they term an "ideal" waiter in this machine-made age.

# IS THE HUMAN BRAIN DEGENERATING? BY HUBERT BLAND

I.

ONE may confidently assume, I take it, that nine out of ten who glance at the question which heads this column will turn from it impatiently, regarding it as one of those questions which it is superfluous and futile to ask because it admits of only one answer. "How, in the name of evolution," they will say, "can the human brain be degenerating? And, anyhow, where are the signs of degeneration? Is not the evolution of the human brain from some vastly lower form, at this time of day, something more than a scientific hypothesis—is it not a proven fact? And is not evolution synonymous with progress, with improvement, that is? The improvement, it is true, may be extremely slow, but still improvement there must be. There must be; therefore there is. Each succeeding generation of mankind—at any rate, of civilised, advancing mankind—in this matter of brain capacity, may be only the least little bit better than its predecessor. Still, that little bit better it needs must be."

That, I think, roughly but accurately expresses the view of the average, uninstructed person upon the subject of human evolution. If one may judge from a good deal that one reads, it expresses also the view of a not insignificant number of persons who are not, or at least should not, considering their opportunities, be uninstructed. By these persons—for the most part writers on political affairs—human progress, up to the present moment, to say no more than that, is taken for granted, and with it is taken for granted the continuous perfecting of the human brain as an organism, as an instrument, as a thinking machine.

The object of this brief article is to suggest reasons for supposing that this view, so commonly held, is a false view, and that so far is the brain of civilised man, considered as a thinking machine, from improving, that it is and must be subject to a process of gradual degeneration.

II.

There is no need to waste words in refuting a possible argument based on the assumption that evolution is synonymous with progress, or that it is in any way incompatible with the phenomenon of degeneration; any text-book will do that. Any text-book will make it quite clear to the most uninformed reader that evolution is a twofold process, and that at the present, or at any other moment of time, there are as many organisms reverting towards the simple and homogeneous as there are progressing towards the complex and heterogeneous. That is all that progress in organic evolution means.

If I am asked what evidence I have that the civilised brain is degenerating, I frankly admit that I have none whatever. I have none, because none is, or could be, by the nature of the case, available. If we could get hold of a thousand boys of tender years, born in England, say, in the fifth century, send them to our best preparatory schools, then to our most efficient public schools, and, later on, to our Universities, then we might, by comparing their failures and successes with those of a thousand picked youths born in our own time, get evidence which would be, if not convincing evidence, at least evidence of a sort. Unfortunately, we cannot do that; and so we must fall back on the *à priori* method—a perfectly sound and safe method if carefully pursued.

Progressive evolution is not brought about by some inward impulsion, some mysterious life-force, coming we know not whence, going we know not whither; it is the result of certain external conditions. Where, and for as long as, those conditions are present we have progress; when those conditions are withdrawn we have stagnation or reversion.

Was there ever a time, then, in human history when the external conditions were favourable to improvement of the brain?

III.

There is no need for us to go quite so far back as the time of our anthropoid and non-human ancestor; primitive man will do to begin with. We cannot fix a definite point at which man ceased to be primitive—since science recognises no definite line of demarcation, the lines are invisible—but, at least, we are all agreed that there was such a being as primitive man, and that a very hard time of it he had. It was no easy task to provide enough food for himself, his mate, and his young family. Food was scarce and danger everywhere. There was a quite remarkable equality of scarcity. Most primitive men went to bed hungry; dinner was an affair of every three days or so, and to the eating of it seclusion was necessary to security; for equally hungry neighbours were always around, ready and even eager to share, by force, the nest of wild bird's eggs, the cluster of berries, or the succulent root, which formed the *pièce de résistance* of the meal. Lean and ferocious wild beasts abounded. Then there was the avowed human enemy. Primitive man might run across him anywhere, and, when he did, war to the hatchet broke out without diplomatic preliminaries. There were the forces, too, of inanimate nature, almost entirely beyond primitive man's control. These forces, nearly always inimical, he, in his individual capacity, was compelled to elude, to dodge, to circumvent, or at their hands to perish. Of him, more truly than of any other son of man, may it be said that he lived by his wits. He stood alone, with unsheltered head and bare hands, in a hostile world.

IV.

It is obvious, then, I think, that the primitive man to whom it occurred to discover or to invent some tool or weapon—a sharpened flint, or pointed stick, the simplest kind of arrow, or sling, or throwing spear, or most rudimentary snare—which would enable him to bring down the flying bird or running beast, or to entrap the warier or more dangerous foe, which escaped the neighbour who still sought his food or defended his life with empty hands, would have an incalculable advantage over those of his fellows with less or no inventive faculty. He would live where they would die. That meant more and more ample food for his offspring, to whom he had transmitted whatever of brain capacity was his; and that, in its turn, meant that his offspring would survive, in conditions to which the less brainy neighbour's children would succumb. That extra and deeper brain convolution which he must have had made all the difference.

Primitive man lived, as a rule, in caves when there

were caves to live in; in the roughest sort of shelters when there were not. The man who had just enough sense to keep the water from coming through his roof or the winds through his walls would save his children from pneumonia. On the other hand, the absence of that brain-convolution involved extinction for self and family. It is not too much to say that, before the dawn of civilisation, before mutual aid had been added to self-help, the smallest advantage in brain-capacity did more for progressive evolution of brain-power than the very greatest advantage can do to-day.

V.

The moment when improvement in brain-capacity ceased is impossible to be named with any hope of accuracy. It was at a different moment among different races and in different habitats. It came when the struggle for life—actual, individual life—ceased to be severe enough to ensure actual death to all those, and to the offspring of all those, who did not possess that slight advantage. As soon as mutual aid and co-operation had reached a point when the children of the comparatively brainless could reckon on reaching manhood almost as certainly as the children of the cunningest and most resourceful, the human brain lost, not the potentiality, but the actuality of progressive improvement. All that was left to the human race then was to make the best of such brains as it had. That it failed miserably to do; to do that it is still lamentably failing.

We hear much of the "struggle for life"—the phrase has become a *cliché*. In point of fact, in civilised communities there is no struggle for *life*, no struggle, that is, of a sort which secures life to the cleverer and denies it to the more foolish. It may be said that, while the uncivilised world tried hard to kill men, the civilised world tries hard to keep them alive. There is, no doubt, a continuous competitive struggle in society as we know it; but only by an extravagant figure of speech can it be called a "struggle for *life*." On the lower levels, in the slums and in the grimy streets, the fight is, perhaps, actually for bread. But, even so, whether it is the cleverest who get the bread it is doubtful; it is more probably the physically stronger and those who have the luck. On the higher levels, the competition is for the luxuries and conveniences, not for the necessaries of life. It is a scramble for easy-chairs. It is easy to exaggerate the intensity of the conflict. Daily observation shows us how small a brain-capacity is necessary to enable a man to make an income sufficient to marry, within his class, and to rear an overflowing family. It requires but a minimum of intelligence to furnish forth your average curate or your average clerk, and these are the very men who marry early and reproduce with astonishing rapidity; while the circumstance which makes most powerfully against the progressive evolution of brains is the practice, yearly more and more common among those whose extra ability has won for them the easy-chairs, of limiting their families within extremely exiguous limits.

VI.

A community bent upon developing a higher class and quality of brain must make arrangements to breed from its cleverest members and to restrict the procreation of the feebler-witted. At the present moment, the man of less than even average intelligence, but with a few hundreds a year derived from inherited wealth, has a better chance of marrying earlier, and thus producing a brood of intelligences less than average, than the possessor of the most capable and highly trained brain who has to rely on his wits for his breakfast.

Look where you will, in whatever department of Government administration, public or private, it is rarely indeed that you will find the ablest at the top. If there be one thing more than another of which the future will stand in sorest need, it is scientific inventiveness; and what is the reward of scientific invention? More often than not, a pittance or the poorhouse. What step is society taking to bring into being the inventive brain? For, let us make no mistake on this point, brains must be bred. Education, even of the very highest, does not produce superior brains; the utmost it can achieve is rightly to develop such brains as are there already; it can but work up the material; it can do nothing to create it.

It may be that a day will come when civilised society will set itself to produce superior brains with the same earnestness of endeavour as it has employed in the production of swift racehorses and pet lapdogs; when it will replace, by remorseless artificial selection, the remorseless natural selection of the pre-civilised era. That is possible, but not in the least likely; for the whole trend of modern thought is towards making the environment softer for the feebler-minded and for those who are wholly incompetent to make an improvement in the environment for themselves. These moral and emotional tendencies are much more likely to increase than to decrease in force and volume, and, whatever beneficent sociological developments may be hoped for from them, they are fatal to the progressive evolution of brains.

VII.

Stronger men and women we may get, healthier men and women we may get, men and women more highly cultivated, more sedulously trained, more moral, more compunctious, than those we see about us now; but cleverer men and women—assuredly, these we may not hope for.

For the production of these certain conditions were essential; these conditions once existed and no longer exist. Selection, the chief, if not the only, factor in progressive evolution, is no more. Not even sexual selection plays a part in the civilised life of to-day. If most clever men married clever women and begot large families, something would be done towards the increase of brain-power, both in quantity and quality. But they do not; it is a matter of every-day observation that they do not. And as for selection by women, so far as it exists at all, it makes not for the progressive evolution of brains. In a husband women demand not a brain but an income, or at least the prospect of one; and brains and income, as we have seen, by no means invariably accompany each other.

The best we dare hope for is stagnation, and, alas! we may not hope, with any sort of assurance, even for that. For advance, nature demands selection, natural or artificial, and, if that be not granted her, back she goes. Therefore there can be no sort of doubt that when, recently, the head master of Eton declared the human brain to be degenerating, the inexorable facts of life were on his side.

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# THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO BY HILAIRE BELLOC

## PART I.

THE end of Napoleon and the conclusion of the Revolutionary Wars is associated in the public mind with the name of *Waterloo*.

That association is by no means accurate. In so far as Napoleon failed, his failure was determined by his loss of the Russian Campaign, involving the whole of the Grand Army, the great mass of his trained cavalry, and, of course, his prestige. I say "in so far as" he failed, because it is evident to the least trained observer of Europe to-day that Napoleon's effort is ending not in failure, but in success. Europe is, as a fact, on the way—and far on the way—towards its reconstruction, and the full political result of the Revolution (of which Napoleon was the soldier) has certainly been achieved; for where democracy fails to-day in Europe, it is not from lack of opportunity, but from cowardice or stupidity.

Still, the end of Napoleon's enforcement of the French Revolution was a personal failure, and it was possible even for an intelligent man in 1815 to believe that the Revolution had failed; with that apparent failure is associated, as I have said, the name of Waterloo.

I propose, within a very short compass, to describe the main lines of that battle, and to show from what dispositions it proceeded.

Napoleon had been pursued, after the failure of his Russian Campaign in 1812, by the united forces of the Royal houses and the aristocracies of Europe. Their pursuit was, of course, successful, and in 1814 he abandoned his leadership of the French army and of the French nation, and was given, as a sort of political prison or place of exile, the island of Elba, off the Italian coast. From that island he escaped to France in the spring of 1815. The army and the people rose in his favour, and for three months he continued at their head.

He had, however, very little left with which to retain his position at the head of the French army and nation. All the Governments of Europe were marching against him. They would not hear of leaving him to reorganise France, for they feared that his genius would again lead him to conquest. Their united forces were now, of course, overwhelmingly superior to his own. It seemed only a question of time for the advent of these enemies, five or six to one, to overwhelm him. Napoleon determined, however, upon a desperate throw. It was only one chance in many, but it was a chance. This chance was to attack the *vanguard* of those who were now gathering to force him back again upon inevitable defeat through their superiority of numbers, and through their crushing successes of the preceding years.

While all the other Governments of Europe were bringing up against him their huge armies, three in particular—the Prussian, the Dutch, and the English—had already a considerable body mobilised and immediately ready for war, within striking distance of Paris. Even this vanguard of his enemies came to double the force he could bring against it; but Napoleon imagined that if, by some combination of chance and genius, he defeated it, his immediate success might give pause to the much larger reserves which the other European Governments were bringing against him, and lead to some sort of compromise. He determined, therefore, when all his advances for a peace had failed, to attack this vanguard and try his luck against it, although it had very nearly two men to his one. He based his hope of success on this: that this vanguard of the allied Powers, who desired his destruction (and that of the democratic principles for which he stood), was, in the first place, stretched out over one hundred miles of country, and, in the second place, divided into two distinct commands, each covering about fifty miles.

This is the first point, which must be clearly seized. The Dutch, English, and Prussian forces lay in a long chain of positions along the north-eastern frontier of France, and that long chain consisted of two separate halves, under two separate commanders, Wellington commanding the Dutch, English, and Germans of the western half, Blucher the Prussians of the eastern half. These two halves met and loosely joined opposite a town called Charleroi, just beyond the French frontier. A few miles behind Charleroi are cross-roads and a village, whose names should be remembered—Quatre-Bras and Ligny; Quatre-Bras to the north-west and Ligny to the north-east of the point of junction. They are four or five miles apart.

Napoleon designed to strike suddenly and secretly through Charleroi, and split the long line of his opponents at the place where the eastern half and the western half of that long line joined up. He hoped by thus coming up suddenly and secretly to defeat each half in detail, or rather the head of each half. For he meant to appear between them before the more remote parts of each line could come up in succour of its head at the joining place. Then, when he had crushed the head of either half, he would push through between to Brussels, and there issue a proclamation upon the old Revolutionary lines that should rally local opinion in his favour.

The campaign was of very short duration. Napoleon crossed the frontier, and struck at Charleroi on Thursday, the 15th of June, 1815. He took the enemy by surprise, as he had designed, but his movement was a little slower than his plan allowed for, and he did not come to hand-grips until the midday of the morrow, the Friday, June the 16th.

He was successful in his leading idea of cutting in between the two halves of the Anglo-Dutch-Hanoverian-Prussian line, and he was partially successful in managing to deal with the heads of each line only, and not with the whole force.

The eastern, or Prussian half, he tackled in person at Ligny, just to the north-east of Charleroi; the western line his lieutenant, Ney, tackled at Quatre-Bras, to the west. Of the eastern or Prussian line, only three-quarters hurried up in time to meet Napoleon. Wellington's line was taken still more by surprise at Quatre-Bras, so that when Ney began to attack he was at first resisted by a very small body, entirely composed of Dutchmen; but, as they held good, reinforcements joined them continually throughout the day.

At Ligny, against the eastern side of the gap, Napoleon was successful, but only partially successful, because he could get no reinforcements from Ney during the battle. Had he had those reinforcements, Napoleon would have surrounded the Prussians, and destroyed them altogether. As it was (as we shall see in a moment), he merely drove them back, and they retreated in such a direction as to appear again upon the field of Waterloo. Meanwhile Ney, after

the Dutch had resisted his first attack successfully, found himself opposed by an increasing number of enemies, for the Duke of Wellington had got news rather tardily of the French advance, and was beginning to move up his half of the line. Ney, however, would have won at Quatre-Bras—or, more probably, the enemy would have retreated before him—had it not been for an accident of immense importance to history. A whole army corps, under the command of Erlon, was on its way to support Ney, when its commander received an order from Napoleon to come and help surround the Prussians at Ligny. Erlon turned off to execute this order, but, before he got to Ligny, he received a counter-order from Ney to turn back and help him at Quatre-Bras. Erlon obeyed this counter-order, but darkness fell before he could arrive at Quatre-Bras, with the result that this whole army corps under Erlon was of no use to Napoleon at Ligny, of no use to Ney at Quatre-Bras, and might just as well not have been present in the field at all. The consequence was that at Ligny (as I have said) Napoleon, though he defeated the Prussians and beat them back, did not surround or destroy them. They were free to retreat in whatever direction they chose. While at Quatre-Bras Ney utterly failed to push back his enemy, and was rather himself pushed back with his inferior forces.

So much for Friday, June 16th, which really decided the campaign. The non-appearance of Erlon at Ligny permitted the Prussians to escape from Napoleon. His non-appearance at Quatre-Bras prevented Ney from pushing back the Dutch, English, and Germans of Wellington.

(*To be continued.*)

# THE ABOLITION OF THE WORKING CLASSES

## II.—The Path to Freedom

By L. G. CHIOZZA MONEY.

How is the industrial State to find not merely an equilibrium, but a gentlemanly solution of the problem of Work?

The Work That Must Be Done—let us keep our minds upon it. Let us not deceive ourselves into the belief that mere traffic in the products of work, or a mere routine direction of familiar processes, is a proper contribution to it. Let us remember that there is no escape from the growing of food and organic materials, or from the mining of ores and other minerals, or from the production of a constant stream of manufactured products, to maintain and renew the material fabric of civilisation. Civilisation on its material side is neither more nor less than the conquest of Nature, and the conquest of Nature by Man entails the continuous performance of work. There is no escape from the penalty of work consistent with honourable conduct. The Work That Must Be Done is the price of continued life for the human species. A great man said not long ago that it was not the fault of Nature that people were poor; I wish he had spoken truly. If the thing were left to Nature, the greater part of our population would be dead within twelve months. The price of the continued existence in the United Kingdom of forty-five millions of people and their heirs, executors, and assignees, is, and will be, the doing of hard work in despite of the forces of Nature. The very basis of modern British wealth—coal—is only to be won by hard, incessant, and dangerous toil.

While men were without science, and that is, of course, until quite recent days, the majority of men were necessarily poor, and it needed the collection of fractions from the peasants of a countryside to build up one relatively rich man. The problem to-day is of a different character. To-day, although it is early in the life of modern science, mankind possesses powers of an extraordinary character. The production of wealth can now proceed on a considerable scale, and, as I said at the beginning, it is power production which has given us that considerable volume of commodities which has built up the modern "classes," and afforded for many of us a dishonourable escape from labour.

The Work That Must Be Done is arduous and incessant for a proportion of our people called the "working classes," because it is not shared by all those who are physically able to undertake it. It may be asserted without fear of contradiction that if we assume no material output on the part of any person under eighteen years of age, an enormous production of wealth with modern appliances could be made by the twenty-six millions of adults between eighteen and sixty-five years of age if all of them, save, of course, women nurturing children, shared between them the necessary manual work. *In a short working day there could be produced such an improved and enlarged output of material things that the problem of material poverty would be solved for ever.* Of course, it is part of the proposition that the work of these adults should be properly organised and co-ordinated, and that it should be free from competitive waste and mere trafficking.

But it is important to observe that we should have thus solved something far greater than the problem of material poverty; we should have secured the Abolition of the Working Classes. To use a cricketing phrase, every player would be a gentleman, and every gentleman a player. Because of the common performance of the Work That Must Be Done, that work would cease to be the lot of a class and the mark of an inferior. The general gain would exhibit itself in every activity of life.

I have spoken of organised and co-ordinated work, words which fill some minds with visions of a social slavery, in which lives are patterned and moulded by State institutions, and in which liberty is finally overthrown. To these fearful minds I would protest that it is here and now that Liberty is wanted, and that it is to a path to a new and hitherto unheard-of Liberty that I point. Let those prate of liberty to-day who have as little knowledge of the lives of the industrial workers of the twentieth century as of the fettered toilers of the old English common fields. To reconcile economic wealth production with the liberty of the individual we must agree with each other to get done the Work That Must Be Done by common agreement, in common decency, and in order, and, having made that simple settlement, which entails the observance of club rules, the avenue is opened to the gain of Leisure, not by a few, but by all. I doubt whether, even with Science no further advanced than it is, more than a five hours' working day on the part of healthy adults would be required to abolish poverty. Those five hours of organised work would be the individual's contribution to the common stock, leaving him nineteen daily hours of complete liberty in which to work or to idle—perchance to produce in the spirit of the true amateur works of art which could no longer be the subject of debasing traffic.

I should at least like you to think it over.

# DR. CHALMERS AS SOCIAL REFORMER

It is customary among a certain class of historians to write depreciatively of the influence of Presbyterianism in Scotland. If Buckle did not set the fashion, he at least did much to popularise it, and since his day the superior person, when writing of Scottish Presbyterianism, cannot resist a sneer at its narrowness and intolerance. True, Buckle gives ample credit to the Church for its resistance to the Erastian tyranny of the Stuarts, but faithfulness to historical veracity should have compelled him to do justice to the high ideal which ever hovered before the minds of the leaders of the Church of Scotland. Knox, Melville, Henderson, and the Covenanters were inspired by the theocratic ideal. With them the duty of the Church was not limited to the salvation of the individual soul; they were influenced by the Hebraic conception of the nation as such as well as the individual being consecrated to God. Thus we find Knox, in addition to preaching the Gospel, formulating a great scheme of national education, and Melville devoting his energies to the reform and reorganisation of the Universities; and when we come to later times the opposition of the stricter set among the Covenanters to the Revolution Settlement was dictated by the belief that the idea of national religion was not adequately conserved. Nor did the Church neglect social questions. The cause of the poor was very near its heart, though, owing to the dramatic character of Scottish ecclesiastical history, this side of the Church's activity has not received adequate attention at the hands of historians.

During the reign of Moderatism the ideals of the Reformers suffered eclipse, and it is significant that it was only at the time of the ascendency of the Evangelical party that an attempt was made to realise the ideals of an earlier day. As a consequence of the Industrial Revolution and the massing of the population into congested centres, the problem presented itself in an acute form. In face of the problem Moderatism was powerless. The call for action on the part of the Church was urgent. The hour had come and the man. Dr. Chalmers stood forth as the representative of the theocratic ideal; he was clearly in the apostolic succession to Knox and Melville. If religion in Scotland was to be not sectarian, but national, Chalmers saw that it must make the cause of the poor its own, and this thought dictated his crusade against the heathenism and pauperism of our large towns. His opposition to the Poor Law arose from his conviction that the relief of the poor was a religious duty, and could not be effectively discharged by legislative machinery. He pinned his faith to Christian dynamics rather than to State mechanics. Chalmers did more: by his famous Glasgow experiment he demonstrated the practicability of his ideas. Before he entered upon his pastorate in Glasgow, the cost of pauperism in his parish had sometimes amounted to £1,400; he reduced it to about £250. He reduced the average cost to £30 per 1,000, whereas the average cost of the other parishes in Glasgow was about £200, and in many parishes in England was upwards of £1,000 per 1,000 of the population. We are told that, "instead of any compulsory assessment, the voluntary contributions were so abundant as to swell into large balances, which were ultimately applied to the creation and endowment of schools for the children of the parish." The experiment, which lasted for eighteen years—fourteen years after Chalmers left Glasgow—proved a complete success. In the words of an English Poor Law Commissioner in 1833, the essence of the St. John's management consisted in the superior system which it established. "This personal attention of the rich to the poor seems to be one of the most efficient modes of preventing pauperism." Under the reign of love rather than of law, in the opinion of Chalmers, could the poor be raised out of the abyss of pauperism and elevated in the scale of being.

In accordance with his theory that Christianity should embrace and penetrate all departments of the national life, Chalmers attacked the evils he saw around him. What we now call the social question was never absent from his mind, and he deals with it at great length in his "Christian and Civic Economy of Large Towns." The tendency of the clergy then, as now, was to limit their energies within purely ecclesiastical channels, and to put behind them the theocratic ideals of an earlier period. It was characteristic of Chalmers that he never wavered in his attempts to counteract this tendency. He appealed to the clergy in the interests of their high calling to study the science of Political Economy. It is the neglect of this study by the clergy, he remarked, that has led economists to imagine "a certain poverty of understanding as inseparable from religious zeal." While giving the first place to theology, Chalmers recognised the great value of sociology as a factor in realising the theocratic ideal. It would have been well for society and the influence of the Church to-day had the clergy taken to heart the advice of the great Scottish ecclesiastic. Had Chalmers been able to leave behind him a band of clergymen imbued with his spirit and methods, Political Economy might have been preserved from the materialism which overtook it. It was left to Ruskin to protest against the economic views of the Ricardian school. With them the main problem of Political Economy was how to buy in the cheapest market and sell in the dearest, irrespective of the effect of the transaction on the physical and moral well-being of the workers. Ruskin raised the science to a higher plane when he defined wealth as that which sustains life, thus giving to the economic term "value" an ethical interpretation. In this Ruskin was anticipated by Chalmers, who declared that the problem of Political Economy is "how to elevate by means of well-paid industry the general platform of humble life." In the words of Dr. Harper in his book on "Chalmers' Contribution to Christian Economics": "He saw clearly that the health, strength, and prosperity of the nation do not depend upon numbers, unless they be well fed and well housed; nor upon increase of employment, unless the employment be remunerating in the sense of producing things that make for life. . . . He perceived clearly what many are now beginning slowly to apprehend, that Christian ethics applied to business make for a higher social life than is possible under the severe reign of individualism and unbrotherly competition." Unfortunately, just when social problems were demanding the earnest attention of the Church, there took place the Disruption, and the problem of Church and Society was driven into the background by the problem of Church and State. There are not wanting signs, however, that we are within measurable distance of a solution of the ecclesiastical problem; and when union comes we may expect the Church, in a real sense the National Church of Scotland, will, in the spirit of Chalmers, concentrate its energies upon the secular as well as the sacred side of life, and unite the two great factors in national progress and prosperity, the theocratic and the democratic.

Hector Macpherson.

# WOMEN AT WORK By Margaret Hamilton

## VII.—THE JOURNALIST

*The question of women's employment, with its attendant problems of the rate of wages, hours of labour, and the inevitable competition with men workers, is a burning one, affecting as it does the welfare of the entire community. The Editor invites his readers' views on this all-important subject.*

JOURNALISM for women falls into three categories, which overlap and overrun each other. These are the editorial, the daily, and magazine writing. The last heading includes that class of contribution required by the "weeklies" who cater for popular as well as literary tastes. The most profitable section of this class of contribution is serial writing. The art of the novel lends itself peculiarly to the genius of woman. Observation and a certain swift capacity for grasping the essentials of character are pre-eminently feminine qualities, and nowhere do we find them so strikingly expressed as in fiction writing. Women hold their own in this department of literature, though not perhaps in the very front rank of creative work. We have not yet had a female prototype of Dickens or of Fielding; the canvases on which the greatest artists paint are too vast, too crowded for the more detailed genius of woman.

The man sends his hero out into the world and starts him on the high road of adventure; the woman sits by the fire of life or, at the best, glimpses it from a window. Though the work of the greatest feminine writers rises to heights of emotional power and dramatic insight, yet there is and must ever be lacking in them the larger knowledge of varied interests, of the curious mixed company of rogues and vagabonds cheek by jowl with honest, sober citizens that falls to the lot of man.

It is because of this capacity for detail that of late years the woman writer has been so largely in demand by the publishers and proprietors of popular journals. The Board School called into being a flood of periodicals, cheap not only in price but in the class of literature they affected. The youths of both sexes, proud in the possession of a smattering of knowledge, untrained in the exercise of discrimination or of taste, eagerly demanded "something to read," something which could be absorbed with little trouble and without much thought. The serial form of story, already familiarised to the public by the memorable monthly instalments of the "Pickwick Papers" and subsequent Dickensian masterpieces, became largely in demand. And first and foremost in the rank of literary competitors woman kept her place.

Nowadays the demand for the swiftly moving serial, with its inevitable and machine-like sensation, is not so keen. The popular taste has reverted to a quieter, more domestic form of story, and with the change the woman writer is more than ever to the fore.

The essential quality in a successful serialist is the capacity first to see a picture, and then boldly to describe it. There is little or no room for psychology; your effect must be instantaneous, your emotions simple and strong. The plot which in the ordinary nature of things partakes of the nature of a Chinese puzzle, and is responsible for all sorts of odd and startling things, need not seriously interfere with the development of character. The central figure is preferably a young girl, round whom a net of plot and counter-plot, sensation and intrigue is woven, until the reader is moved to tears on her behalf.

Tears and laughter are, indeed, the essential points of a popular serial.

"You are treating your heroine too well," said the editor of a popular weekly to an ardent serialist.

The lady suggested that she had already turned the poor girl out of her home, accused her wrongfully of theft, and made her sleep on the Embankment; but the editor was obdurate.

"She must *suffer*," he said with emphasis. "You've got to make your women readers cry. The girl must go through it!"

Unless a serialist can visualise the scenes and people he or she is describing, the story will fall flat. A novel written for the book market will pass muster if it be smartly written, seasoned with epigram, analytical, with page after page of moral dissection. These attributes may and do atone for lack of "grip" about the tale, the absence of emotional crises, the want of conflict, which is the soul of drama. But the serial has no room for analyses long drawn out. The story is the thing, the parts the actors play, their tears, their laughter, their ambitions, and their fears.

A serial averages in length from 52,000 words to 120,000, and is divided into instalments of from 2,000 to 5,000 words. Each instalment must end in a dramatic note of interrogation, so that the reader, racked with suspense, is lured into buying the next number—and the next. The average price per thousand some few years back was a guinea, rising, as the serialist became known and secured a particular public, to thirty shillings or two guineas. Some few writers there are—men and women—who, supreme in this particular branch of journalism, secure fancy prices, but these are not many. Nowadays the price has fallen, and writers thankfully accept from twelve to fifteen shillings per thousand words, or even less, in some cases as little as five shillings being paid.

Prolific serialists turn out six to seven stories in the year, frequently writing well over the half million words. This pace, however, cannot for long be kept up, and the serialist finds herself "written out," and must either rest for some time or turn to other departments of her profession.

And this is where, in many cases, the woman does not succeed.

A successful free lance in the newspaper world is dependent on new and arresting ideas, versatility of interest, capacity for adapting style to journals widely divergent. You may be called on to write a love story on Monday, a dramatic criticism on Tuesday, a political article the end of the week. Women, for the most part, specialise, and, apart from serials, are in the majority of instances engaged in writing articles on topics of feminine interest, fashion articles, and the like. The rate of pay in this class of work is small and the employment irregular. Those weeklies that cater specifically for the "home" are usually edited by women, but their number is not large, and the staff is limited to two or three. Of late years women have been increasingly employed on the big "dailies" and "weeklies," but their work is usually specified, and is not of the varied interest of the pressman. Women reporters are not numerous, and the number of female sub-editors in Fleet Street is astonishingly small.

A woman who desires to obtain a post on the reporting staff of a paper must have the scent for news abnormally developed, be able to stand long hours of work and periods of fatigue, and possess indomitable

courage. Even then the chances are enormously against her attaining any position of importance on the reporting side, and the field for her activities in that direction is increasingly limited.

Literary work of the nature of reviews, criticisms, and articles is not largely sought by women. They tend to contribute to the weekly papers of the "snippety" order, and write brightly, cheerfully, and with consummate ease in a light "titbitian" strain. The field that gives occupation to a large proportion is research work. Careful, painstaking, and indefatigably industrious, you may find any number of them in the Reading Room of the British Museum, "devilling" and, in some instances, "ghosting" for literary lights who, having attained a reputation, are content to leave the task of gleaning their materials, and in some instances writing it up, to obscure members of the profession. Some of the women grow grey in the course of their long-drawn-out ordeal of weary years. Having once accepted research work, it is difficult to turn to other fields. The pay, if small, is sure and regular, and it needs courage and resource to face the fact that, for some little time at least, there is small hope of raising money on journalistic ventures. For—and this is one of the tragedies of Fleet Street—for men and women alike it is not enough to find a subject for a topical article and write, or even to place, it. There ensues a period of waiting for publication and payment, during which time the contributor has to exist. And, though matters in this respect have definitely improved of late years, and the number of papers who pay upon acceptance is increasing, the natural timidity of woman prevents her, even in such instances, from pressing her demand.

And this brings me to another point in the career of a writing woman. It is not the excellence of an article that ensures its acceptance so much as the personality of the contributor who offers it for sale. A woman of my acquaintance, and a most consummate journalist, wrote a series of disclosures relating to baby farming of a most startling character. She called on half a dozen editors before she could induce one of them even to consider her contributions. She was of a nervous, highly impressionable temperament, and found it terribly difficult to combat with the editorial conviction that the majority of articles by unknown contributors are not worth considering.

Interviewing friendly celebrities is a department of Press work eminently suited to feminine capacity, and the woman generally scores in this respect. Clever, for the most part, at descriptive, she is hampered in following up the story of a crime or a sensational happening by her sex, and the fact that her natural sympathies allow her emotions to colour her judgment.

Magazine writing requires a longer apprenticeship than that demanded by the weeklies. Stories and articles for the monthly periodicals call for a certain finish of technique and a literary style not often met with in contributions to the more popular type of paper. There is, indeed, a certain prejudice against "style" in some of the snippety variety. The effects must be definite, distinct, and crude black and white, with but few softening shades, and the relief of humour must be applied but sparingly. Atmospheric studies and delicate characterisation are called for by the American magazines more than the English. A subtle piece of writing is appreciated in the type of periodical that still retains something of the tradition of the New England school of literature—the school that produced Nathaniel Hawthorne, Edgar Allan Poe, and their heirs and inheritors, Walt Whitman, and, in some degree, Henry James. Having arrived at the central idea for the article or story you propose to put on paper, it is necessary to do one of two things. Either cast your effort on sufficiently broad lines to meet the requirements of a certain section of papers, periodicals, etc., or—and this is a course infinitely preferable, and one more likely to ensure definite results—the literary aspirant should select the paper that most closely appeals to her, and write the article to meet its special requirements.

It is necessary to remember that an editor is a very busy person, and that, with the best will in the world, aided by an ardent desire to discover unknown geniuses, it is impossible for him to read MSS., however clever, that are not likely to interest readers of his paper. Often a clever story, or a brilliant article, is rejected simply because the author has not thought out the particular market for which the wares are suitable. First select your paper, and read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest its aims, objects, and the topics best likely to suit its requirements. Then set to work, and, having written at your best and brightest, take a pencil and ruthlessly score out irrelevancies, however brilliant or remarkable. Then sit down and write it all over again, and, above all, pay marked attention to the opening and the closing paragraph of your effusion. For by these will the editor judge you. If you open with a "snap" and close with a swift, trenchant phrase he may read that portion that lies between the two extremes, and, if your "stuff" interests him, he may make an appointment and call on you. And then, if you are quick and clever, you will have found the opportunity you sought, for—and it is important this should be remembered—the editor is as keen for good "copy" as you are to write it. And, once you have admission to the columns of a paper, it is your own fault if you lose your footing.

With this belief firmly in my mind, I would counsel a woman with literary ambitions to content herself with writing articles and stories in her home, and leave untouched the exhausting and limited field of daily journalism; and this brings me back to the point where this article started, that the most profitable department for women is that of story writing. Certain papers have fixed rules as to their serials. Said an editor once to a new contributor: "Always remember, Miss Blank, to put your villain in patent boots, and you *will* let me have plenty of kisses, won't you?"

A story is told of the editor of a well-known weekly who commissioned "a religious serial with a strong bicycling interest," and within my own experience I have met with directions "to renovate my hero's finances, and remove him from Purley to Park Lane," as the aim of the proprietors of the journal in question was "to elevate the taste of their readers."

The Society of Women Journalists affords its members much useful general information as to the standing of papers, the rates of pay, etc., and I would counsel any aspirant to the writing profession to join it.

Last, but not least, the amateur should realise the golden rule that all MSS. should be typewritten, and that signs of wear and tear through the post should carefully be removed.

"Keep up your courage," said a kindly editor to a young aspirant. "Write something every day, choose your paper carefully, and be prepared to spend an entire fortune in stamps."

And I can do no better than repeat his advice—especially in regard to the stamps!

# MONTAIGNE AND NIETZSCHE BY CHARLES SAROLEA

I.

THERE is a continuity and heredity in the transmission of ideas as there is in the transmission of life. Each great thinker has a spiritual posterity, which for centuries perpetuates his doctrine and his moral personality. And there is no keener intellectual enjoyment than to trace back to their original progenitors one of those mighty and original systems which are the milestones in the history of human thought.

It is with such a spiritual transmission that I am concerned in the present paper. I would like to establish the intimate connection which exists between Montaigne and Nietzsche, between the greatest of French moralists and the greatest of Germans. A vast literature has grown up in recent years round the personality and works of Nietzsche, which would already fill a moderately sized library. It is, therefore, strange that no critic should have emphasised and explained the close filiation between him and Montaigne. It is all the more strange because Nietzsche himself has acknowledged his debt to the "Essays" with a frankness which leaves no room to doubt.

To anyone who knows how careful Nietzsche was to safeguard his originality, such an acknowledgment is in itself sufficient proof of the immense power which Montaigne wielded over Nietzsche at a decisive and critical period of his intellectual development. But only a systematic comparison could show that we have to do here with something more than a mental stimulus and a quickening of ideas, that Montaigne's "Essays" have provided the foundations of Nietzsche's philosophy, and that the Frenchman may rightly be called, and in a literal sense, the "spiritual father" of the German.

II.

At first sight this statement must appear paradoxical, and a first reading of the two writers reveals their differences rather than their resemblances. The one strikes us as essentially the sane; the other, even in his first books, reveals that lack of mental balance which was to terminate in insanity. The one is a genial sceptic; the other is a fanatic dogmatist. To Montaigne life is a comedy; to his disciple life is a tragedy. The one philosophises with a smile; the other, to use his own expression, philosophises with a hammer. The one is a Conservative; the other is a herald of revolt. The one is constitutionally moderate and temperate; the other is nearly always extreme and violent in his judgment. The one is a practical man of the world; the other is a poet and a dreamer and a mystic. The one is quaintly pedantic, and his page is often a mosaic of quotations; the other is supremely original. The one is profuse in his professions of loyalty to the Roman Catholic Church; the other calls himself Anti-Christ.

III.

There can be no doubt that if the characteristics which we have just referred to belonged essentially to Montaigne, there would be little affinity between the thought of Nietzsche and that of Montaigne. And it would be impossible to account for the magnetic attraction which drew Nietzsche to the study of the "Essays," and for the enthusiasm with which they inspired him. But I am convinced that those characteristics are not the essential characteristics. I am convinced that there is another Montaigne who has nothing in common with the Montaigne of convention and tradition. I am convinced that the scepticism, the Conservatism, the irony, the moderation, the affectation of humility, frivolity, pedantry, and innocent candour, are only a mask and disguise which Montaigne has put on to conceal his identity, that they are only so many tricks and dodges to lead the temporal and spiritual powers off the track, and to reassure them as to his orthodoxy. I am convinced that beneath and beyond the Montaigne of convention and tradition there is another much bigger and much deeper Montaigne, whose identity would have staggered his contemporaries, and would have landed him in prison. And it is this unconventional and real Montaigne who is the spiritual father of Nietzsche.

It is obviously impossible, within the limits of a brief paper, to prove this far-reaching statement and to establish the existence of an esoteric and profound meaning in the "Essays." I shall only refer to a passage which is ignored by most commentators, which has been added in the posthumous edition, in which Montaigne himself admits such a double and esoteric meaning, and which seems to me to give the key to the interpretation of the "Essays":—

"I know very well that when I hear anyone dwell upon the language of my essays, I had rather a great deal he would say nothing: 'tis not so much to elevate the style as to depress the sense, and so much the more offensively as they do it obliquely; and yet I am much deceived if many other writers deliver more worth noting as to the matter, and, how well or ill soever, if any other writer has sown things much more material, or at all events more downright, upon his paper than myself. To bring the more in, I only muster up the heads; should I annex the sequel I should trebly multiply the volume. And how many stories have I scattered up and down in this book, that I only touch upon, which, should anyone more curiously search into, they would find matter enough to produce infinite essays. Neither those stories nor my quotations always serve simply for example, authority, or ornament; I do not only regard them for the use I make of them; they carry sometimes, besides what I apply them to, the seed of a more rich and a bolder matter, and sometimes, collaterally, a more delicate sound, both to myself, who will say no more about it in this place, and to others who shall be of my humour."

IV.

The real and esoteric Montaigne is, like Nietzsche, a herald of revolt, one of the most revolutionary thinkers of all times. And the Gascon philosopher who philosophises with a smile is far more dangerous than the Teuton who philosophises with a hammer. The corrosive acid of his irony is more destructive than the violence of the other. Like Nietzsche, Montaigne transvalues all our moral values. Nothing is absolute; everything is relative. There is no law in morals.

"The laws of conscience, which we pretend to be derived from nature, proceed from custom; everyone, having an inward veneration for the opinions and manners approved and received amongst his own people, cannot, without very great reluctance, depart from them, nor apply himself to them without applause."

There is no absolute law in politics. And one form of government is as good as another.

"Such people as have been bred up to liberty, and subject to no other dominion but the authority of their own will, look upon all other forms of government as monstrous and contrary to nature. Those who are inured to monarchy do the same; and what opportunity soever fortune presents them with to change, even then, when with the greatest difficulties they have disengaged themselves from one master, that was troublesome and grievous to them, they presently run, with the same difficulties, to create another; being unable to take into hatred subjection itself."

There is no law in religion. There is no justification in patriotism. The choice of religion is not a matter of conscience or of reason, but of custom and climate. We are Christians by the same title as we are Perigordins or Germans.

V.

If to destroy all human principles and illusions is to be a sceptic, Montaigne is the greatest sceptic that ever existed. But Montaigne's scepticism is only a means to an end. On the ruin of all philosophies and religions Montaigne, like Nietzsche, has built up a dogmatism of his own. The foundation of that dogmatism in both is an unbounded faith in life and in nature. Like Nietzsche, Montaigne is an optimist. At the very outset of the "Essays" he proclaims the joy of life. He preaches the "Gaza scienza," the "fröhliche Wissenschaft." All our sufferings are due to our departing from the teachings of nature. The chapter on cannibalism, from which Shakespeare has borrowed a famous passage in "The Tempest," and which has probably suggested the character of Caliban, must be taken in literal sense. The savage who lives in primitive simplicity comes nearer to Montaigne's ideal of perfection than the philosopher and the saint.

VI.

And this brings us to the fundamental analogy between Nietzsche and Montaigne. Like the German, the Frenchman is a pure Pagan. Here again we must not be misled by the innumerable professions of faith, generally added in later editions and not included in the edition of 1580. Montaigne is uncompromisingly hostile to Christianity. His Catholicism must be understood as the Catholicism of Auguste Comte, defined by Huxley, namely, Catholicism minus Christianity. He glorifies suicide. He abhors the self-suppression of asceticism; he derides chastity, humility, mortification—every virtue which we are accustomed to associate with the Christian faith. He glorifies self-assertion and the pride of life. Not once does he express even the most remote sympathy for the heroes of the Christian Church, for the saints and martyrs. On the other hand, again and again he indulges in lyrical raptures for the achievements of the great men of Greece and Rome. He is an intellectual aristocrat. His ideal policy is the policy of the Spartans—"almost miraculous in its perfection." His ideal man is the Pagan hero—the superman of antiquity—Alcibiades, Epamenonda, Alexander, Julius Cæsar.

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As we yeeld Princes all advantages of honor, so we aucthorize their defects and sooth-up their vices: not onely by approbation, but also by imitation. All *Alexanders* followers bare their heads sideling, as he did. And such as flattered *Dionysius*, in his owne presence did run and justle one another, and either stumbled at, or over-threw what ever stood before their feete, to inferre; that they were as short-sighted or spurblinde, as he was. Naturall imperfections have sometimes served for commendation and favour.—From *Montaigne's Essayes*.

# SEX AND THE DRAMA

## An Appeal to History

By ARTHUR OWEN ORRETT

The production of Ibsen's "Pretenders" in London raised an interesting question. Is there any future for the sexless drama? Is this sex-obsession to permeate our theatres in the future as it has in the past? Is there no room for plays of which the mainspring is ambition, or political upheaval, or financial crisis, or social wrong and economic helplessness? Have we not had enough of what Philip Madras calls "this farmyard world of sex"?

In his book, "The English Stage," Mr. D. E. Oliver, who in this voices the views of many earnest social reformers, thinks we have had enough and to spare. Says he, "The present-day advanced dramatists deal with real problems, both social and economic, whereas the Victorian dramatists were content with eternally ringing the changes upon the theme of wife, husband, and the other fellow, the usual gamut of sex-dramas," etc., etc. As instances of the improvement he gives Mr. Shaw's "Widowers' Houses," Mr. Galsworthy's "The Silver Box," "Strife," and "Justice," and Mr. Granville Barker's "The Voysey Inheritance."

This was written before the arrival of "The Eldest Son," and Mr. Oliver must now feel inclined to cry reproachfully to Mr. Galsworthy, "*Et tu, Brute!*" With regard to Mr. Shaw, it is only necessary to say that "Candida," the theme of which is pre-eminently that of "wife, husband, and the other fellow," is a far better play than "Widowers' Houses"; and the same remark will apply to Mr. Barker's "Waste," as compared with "The Voysey Inheritance."

So much for Mr. Oliver's particular instances. Now for his general statement. First, let it be noted that by "Victorian dramatists" he must mean the later ones, as the typical Victorian dramatists, T. W. Robertson and the like, kept the sex-relations of their characters rigidly within the four corners of the Marriage Acts. Excluding the "old gang" of dramatists and the three I have referred to, the most notable of the advanced English playwrights of to-day and yesterday are John Masefield, Stanley Houghton, Charles McEvoy, St. John Hankin, and Arnold Bennett. Not one of these could be said to more than toy with any social or economic problem. Apart from Miss Baker, the author of "Chains," and a few well-meaning people like Lady Bell, I can't see that any dramatic author of to-day, except Mr. Galsworthy, is concerning him or her self about social problems, save when those problems are closely associated with the relations between the sexes.

This sex-obsession in drama is very noticeable in the case of those who start play-writing after success in another sphere. Nothing could be more innocuous than Mr. Jerome's novels; but when he takes to the drama he gives us "Esther Castways," purely a sex-play. Nay, even Mr. Redford, freed from his diligently performed duty of censoring sex-plays, immediately celebrates his liberty by producing one himself.

Of course, the people who demand the discussion of social and economic problems on the stage are quite distinct from the other class which raises its voice against the sex-drama; that is to say, the class which sighs for the mid-Victorian sanitary drama—healthy, clean, wholesome, pleasant, and so on.

These sighs, by the way, are not sincere, for this class of playgoer has left the theatre for good (and for the theatre's good), and if a new Tom Robertson

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were to arise to-morrow he would have to boil his stuff down to music-hall-sketch or cinema-scenario size; he would not wean the sanitary brigade back to the theatre were his heroes never so misunderstood, his heroines never so sweet or so harshly parented; no, not even if the kind hearts of his humble characters were a thousand times more desirable than the most dazzling coronet that ever adorned the brow of belted earl.

But let us assume, for the sake of argument, that these people are in earnest, and that they would really patronise the theatre if the fare provided were less "morbid," as they love to call it. The grounds for their demand are based on a fundamental misconception. They regard the mid-Victorian stage as normal in the history of drama, the modern sex-obsession as an episode. The facts are just the reverse. English drama was never squeamish. Shakespeare certainly was not. Nor were Webster, Tourneur, Massinger, or Beaumont and Fletcher. Everyone knows the Restoration dramatists were not; in fact, that is all the sheep-like British public does know about them, thanks to Macaulay's pharisaical diatribe. If Shakespeare were judged as Wycherley, Congreve, Farquhar, and Dryden have been judged—! But this sort of speculation is bootless. The Anglo-Saxon mind is not strong on logic; it is the type of mind which finds nothing so absurd as that a person should trouble himself about a *reductio ad absurdum*.

To continue. The eighteenth century was singularly barren in dramatic writing, though fertile in great actors, who, be it noted, persisted in producing and reproducing the plays of that sex-obsessed fellow, Shakespeare. Towards the close of the century came Goldsmith and Sheridan. "She Stoops to Conquer" is a play after the Victorian's own heart; but the background of the play, Marlowe's distinction between two classes of women, is—well, not "wholesome." As for Sheridan, of his two plays that still live, "The School for Scandal" is a sex-play. "The Rivals" I will present to the Victorians.

Then came the interlude, and for fifty years the English stage was in the possession of the sweet and simple maiden, the manly, but extraordinarily thick-headed, young hero, the stern parent, the comic, yet faithful, servant, the unmitigated and generally immaculate villain, and—most important of all—the happy ending. It might be called the era of the sausage-drama, for in whatever condition the characters went into the machine, they always came out the same way—paired-off and prosperous, with the villain hanged, transported, or penitent. This was the sort of stuff served up by Dion Boucicault, Tom Taylor, H. J. Byron, Clement Scott, T. W. Robertson, Lord Lytton, W. G. Wills, and their imitators. Would anyone in his senses exchange these purveyors of nothingness for Pinero, Jones, Shaw, Barrie, Barker, Galsworthy—or even for a single one of them?

Yet all is not well with the art of writing plays. Our authors have willy-nilly been forced to the conclusion that the sex-motive is normal in drama; other motives are exceptional. This is because sex-crises are more abrupt and vivid than any others, and their effects are more widely diffused; besides which, they are almost universal in their appeal, so that they lend themselves to drama as no other subject can. Yet how few writers dare to go to the kernel! They find all sorts of sex-problems that never existed, and those that stare them in the face they will not look at. Take Sir Arthur Pinero; he is a superb crafts-

man, and no writer has been more teachable or amenable to progressive influences. It is a far cry from "Sweet Lavender" to "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," and it is a still farther cry from "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" to "Mid-Channel." Yet one cannot help thinking that Sir Arthur Pinero's view of life is restricted and conventional, and at times he seems wilfully blind to difficulties of vast importance. For instance, when the curtain finally falls on "His House in Order" we are quite in the dark as to what will become of the son of Annabel and Maurewarde in the house of Annabel's husband and his second wife.

Mr. Jones is much worse; in fact, he is almost impossible. He jumped from "The Silver King" to "The Middleman" and "The Triumph of the Philistines," and then he descended to "Whitewashing Julia," "The Heroic Stubbs," and other negligible and occasionally tedious trifles.

Neither Sir Arthur Pinero nor Mr. Jones has the courage (or the vision, if you prefer it) of Mr. Shaw. But even Mr. Shaw's courage (or vision) fails him in "Candida." He pits Marchbanks against Morell; but are not Candida's children more important than either of these? and there is hardly a word of them.

In "The Last of the De Mullins" the late Mr. St. John Hankin treated the problem of illegitimacy with much apparent boldness, but by making the mother an exceptionally able woman he burked the issue also. Mr. Granville Barker faces one aspect of the case in "Waste," and is promptly censored. Mr. Haddon Chambers settles the matter with astounding frankness in an otherwise mid-Victorian play, "Passers-by." But Mr. Galsworthy, who might have thrown real light on the subject in "The Eldest Son," chooses instead to follow Mr. Stanley Houghton's "Hindle Wakes" in an excursion into the melodrama of contrariety.

Still, there has been progress. Out of the play that was ill in every respect came the play that was at least well made. Out of the well-made play (with a little assistance, generally unacknowledged, from Norway) came the pompous tendency play. Out of the tendency play came the play in which serious problems were discussed "with nimbleness and wit," as one critic puts it. The drama of every age and every nation has treated mainly of sex, and if you kill the sex-drama the whole art perishes. The only question is the quality of this drama. We want a dramatist in England to-day who will seize the material at his hand and use it unflinchingly and remorselessly —but never forgetting the golden rule that in order to be serious it is not necessary to be solemn.

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Let not the craftsman's care thine ardour cool;
Let art be to thee ever as a tool
Fashioning metal that itself is bright.
To exercise their wits let dullards write;
But, having seen, oh, let no prating fool
House thine imagination in his school,
Shutting the gates of vision on thy sight!

What though the world seem lapt with sluggish greed,
In deepest midnight be thou as the rift
Rayed by the moon when, cloud-pent, she doth climb.
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That little light 'tis thine alone to lift
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# JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU, 1712-1778 ❧ ❧ BY E. HERMANN

FEW students of the "Confessions" and of "Emile" but have at some time or other—probably many times—stood before Rousseau's portrait and questioned the dead face concerning the living soul that baffles our analysis most when it most nakedly reveals itself. But the painted features hold no clue to the problem, and the many critical theories and interpretations which have gathered round it have left its central darkness unillumined. Time was when we interpreted Rousseau in terms of Puritan morality; to-day we interpret him in terms of pathological psychology. Once we condemned him as a particularly repulsive and moral delinquent; now we study him as a particularly interesting psychiatric patient. And while the latter view is the saner and juster, neither of the two covers all the facts.

I.

It does not take a very keen psychological insight to tell us that Rousseau was a neuropath, that he was afflicted with a fatal moral astigmatism, that he bore an unsound mind in an infirm body. But the astounding paradox remains, that out of that warped character and flawed mind there came thoughts and words that changed the face of European sentiment and culture—seminal thoughts that fructified in the greatest minds of every nation; magic words that touched dead souls to vital issues. It is true, of course, that there was "Rousseauism" before Rousseau; but in him it became articulate and operative. "But that is what you have proved already," was said to Buffon when Rousseau uttered himself on the duty of mothers to nurse their own children. "Yes," was the answer; "we all *proved* it, but Jean Jacques *commands*, and is obeyed." And the secret of Rousseau's compelling power was not only in the magic of his style; it lay in that inalienable spiritual birthright which a superficial psychology cheerfully classes with neurasthenia and satyriasis among "pathological phenomena." Within the tenebrous mesh of warring passions and morbid tendencies, the spirit of the man moved in a mysterious way; and where the mere laboratory-psychologist is interested in the mesh, the man of spiritual insight is interested in the triumph of the ensnared spirit, and reads the enigma in the light of that triumph.

II.

To run over the leading features of Rousseau's life is to be plunged into mournful wonder that a spirit so world-moving and enriching should have stained itself with so many sordid and ignoble deeds. We read of his petty theft of a ribbon, and his falsely accusing a young maidservant of the act to the ruin of her character; of his leaving a friend and benefactor sick upon the road; of his nauseous intrigues with women; of his callous abandonment of his own children, and of many delinquencies more. Our faith in the depth of his religion is shaken by his calculating "conversion"; our very sense of pity is dulled by the sordidness of his misfortunes. We see him sitting at his unhomely hearth, with the brutishly stupid Thérèse on one side of him, and her malignantly rapacious mother on the other, and our compassion is tinged with contempt. We read his sophisticated explanation of his unnatural act of child-abandonment, and censure is added to contempt. We are alienated and repelled.

III.

But here it were well to stop and remember that we would be comparatively ignorant of these dishonouring and disillusionising facts but for Rousseau himself. What other soul has stripped itself naked before us with such deliberate and appalling thoroughness? We may criticise the accuracy of the "Confessions"; we may deny Rousseau's veracity. It is not dry life he gives us: it is life seen through a temperament—through the singular and chromatic medium of his soul—but for that very reason it is life seen with essentially *sincere* eyes. And, once we have overcome our natural and (one feels) just repugnance to his incontinent lust of self-communication, we cannot deny this fundamental sincerity, which glimmers even through his specious arguments in defence of his abandonment of his children. For he sets down these arguments only to refute them in the same breath by repeated expressions of penitence and remorse. And it must be remembered that even in this blackest of all his misdeeds he stands above many of his contemporaries. They abandoned their children, and afterwards exalted their crime into a social theory. He saw it so heinous that penitence ever burst through his attempts at extenuation, and he wrote "Emile"—the apotheosis of parental duty—*after* he had done the deed, thereby courting the charge of hypocrisy.

IV.

Sometimes one falls to wondering if Rousseau was congenitally the degenerate some psychologists make him out to be. The picture he has drawn of his early training and his apprentice days justifies a doubt. What child born with a preponderance of the sensuous and emotional could have developed normally under a father who sat up most of the night reading emotional and erotic fiction with him, and abandoned him at the age of eight to fall into even more ignorant hands? If a normal, tough-fibred child could hardly escape from developing into a liar, a thief, and a vagabond under such conditions, what could be expected from a boy who came into the world with a congenital disease and a neurasthenic habit which acutely intensified certain perilous propensities? Speculations are idle here; but a cocksure diagnosis is still more so.

V.

It remains that a great man must ultimately be judged, not by the microcosm of his life, but by the macrocosm of his influence. It was Rousseau, the demoralised and distraught, who wrote the sanest, most original and most influential treatise on education ever penned—a book which, so the tale goes, lost the impeccable Kant his reputation for punctuality, so absorbed was he in reading "Emile." It was Rousseau who sent the clarion call of social sentiment from one end of Europe to the other. Does any man toss in sleepless anguish because his brother men swarm, starving and unsheltered, about his doors? It was Rousseau who first forced the age to listen to the cry of the poor. Was he the storm-petrel of revolution? He was no less the herald of the Catholic reaction. What great writer of any nation, from his day till now, has remained untouched by his influence? It would be hard to name one. The most enigmatic, as well as, perhaps, the most potent force in the world of modern thought, with the lovable and the repulsive, the pitiable and the blameworthy, strangely intermingled in his abnormal nature, Rousseau stands, above all, as an epoch-maker, an influence of rarely unparalleled power and range.

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One of the giants of the early Victorian age of literature, William Makepeace Thackeray, attained the zenith of his powers in "Vanity Fair." The author himself realised it was his greatest work, and, secure in the belief of its ultimate triumph, patiently endured its rejection at the hands of publisher after publisher, until at the end it was accepted at a price phenomenal at that time in publishing annals. The novel, from the point of view of technique, is not so well constructed as "Henry Esmond," and there are moments when the author's "asides" to the reader hamper the progress of the tale to an irritating extent. But in spite of minor criticisms, "Vanity Fair" towers above the rest of Thackeray's writings, and exists as a permanent landmark in the field of literature.

Supreme in satire, with a pen that hits off in a phrase the foibles of a fop, the hypocrisies of a sect, in dealing with simple and unaffected souls Thackeray shows an unexpected breadth of sympathy and clarity of vision.

Becky, the brilliant adventuress, outplays Amelia, sweeping her off the stage by sheer force of vitality, and the contrast between the vividity of the woman who has to make her way in the world and the vacillation of Amelia, who was born to be looked after, obviously influences judgment in her behalf. But—and herein lies that supreme sense of literary justice that characterises your great creative artist—while he permits you to feel angry, impatient, even bored with Emmy during her period of prosperity, he shows you the innate tenderness of the weak yet loyal woman, her capacity for endurance, her almost inhuman powers of sacrifice, when, after George Osborne's death, she goes home to the old father and mother, who have lost all their money and position, and are reduced to the pitiable condition of having to keep up appearances on an entirely inadequate income.

Never did any author state the case for two women, each urged by the most intimate affections, each true to their ideals, and by reason of their fidelity unable to do justice to the other. Poor old Sedley, by rash speculations, has gamed away his fortune, and, his pride crushed, is thankful for the contributions Amelia can afford towards the upkeep of the household. The young widow, anxious for her boy, determined if possible to shield him from the seamy side of poverty, screws and saves from the modest sum she reserves from her allowance, eager to buy him clothes and toys, and to afford him the education she thinks suitable for his position—the position, poor soul! she feels the son of George Osborne is entitled to take—and, in her humility and devotion, she engenders those faults in the boy that made his father grow up so vain and despicable a creature.

And all the time Mrs. Sedley, the wife, watches the manœuvres of Amelia, the mother, with anger and resentment. It is not for herself she grudges the small luxuries given to George. She has learnt to go without those things that at one time appeared essential to her comfort. Her bitterness is on behalf of her husband—the broken man, who risked and lost her home, but for whom she still has a pitying, a tender, a passionate affection. Even when she discovers that the unfortunate Sedley has bartered away the annuity allowed them by their son Jos, on a mad scheme of speculation which engulfs him in a worse position than before, she has no word of blame for any but Amelia. Why should the boy have fine clothes and pocket-money when her poor husband has to go without a pipe of tobacco? The situation reaches its climax when Amelia, realising her family are in even harder straits than she supposed, sells the shawl that Dobbin, her faithful lover and devoted friend, gave her in happier days. She spends a part of the money on books for George. Mrs. Sedley encounters her in the passage, the prized volumes in her arms.

"'Books!' cried the elder lady indignantly. 'Books! when, to keep you and your son in luxury and your dear father out of gaol, I've sold every trinket I had—the Indian shawl from my back—even down to the very spoons! . . . Oh, Amelia, you break my heart with your books and that boy of yours, whom you are ruining, though part with him you will not!'"

Hysterical sobs and cries end Mrs. Sedley's speech, and Amelia, broken in spirit, her power of resistance snapped, yields to the force of circumstance and parts with her boy, sends him to his grandfather Osborne, who from the beginning has decried her, who bitterly opposed her marriage with his son, and, now that that son is dead, vents on her all his grief and anger against fate. She sends her child, knowing he will hear no good word spoken on her behalf, no plea for tenderness, no reminder that for him she has sacrificed so much. And, having done this, she makes no word of complaint, but remains in the narrow home with the old people, dutiful and sacrificial to the last.

Thackeray's genius responds swiftly to the spur of dramatic effect. With a few graphic touches he brings a picture vividly before you—witness his marvellous descriptive of the effect of the first shot heard in the city of Brussels on the eve of Waterloo:—

"But all of a sudden Isidor started, and the Major's wife laid down her knife and fork. The windows of the room were open, and looked southward, and a dull, distant sound came over the sun-lighted roofs from that direction. . . . 'God defend us; it's cannon!' Mrs. O'Dowd cried. She started up and followed, too, to the window. A thousand pale and anxious faces might have been seen looking from other casements. And presently it seemed as if the whole population of the city rushed into the streets."

The concluding phrase carries supreme effect. Every word falls like the thud of a hammer. One sees and feels and hears the tramping feet, the white faces, the seething crowd, urged on with the desperate speed of frantic and unreasoning fear.

What Thackeray achieves in dealing with a crowd he does with equal success in handling those situations that involve two or three characters only. The immortal interview between Becky, Rawdon (her husband), and Lord Steyne is written with consummate skill. No padding here; each phrase keen, rapier-like, piercing to the very quick of drama, laying bare the nerves of the heart and the soul. Like lightning he passes from the objective method—wherein he shows the scene from a spectacular standpoint—to the subjective, and cuts open Becky's shallow vanity with a master stroke.

Rawdon, it will be remembered, has come straight from the sponging house, where, by the connivance of Steyne, he has been held under arrest. By the help of his sister-in-law, Lady Jane, he is released, and re-

turns to find his wife, ablaze with diamonds, alone in the house with Lord Steyne. "A little table with a dinner was laid out—and wine and plate. Steyne was hanging over the sofa on which Becky sat. . . . He had her hand in his, and was bowing over it to kiss it, when Becky started up with a faint scream as she caught sight of Rawdon's white face." In the scene that follows, when Rawdon Crawley triumphantly vindicates the author's faith in his creation, Becky remains appalled, fascinated by her husband's domination of the scene. "He struck the peer twice over the face with his open hand, and flung him, bleeding, to the ground. It was all done before Rebecca could interpose. She stood there trembling before him. She admired her husband—strong, brave, and victorious."

One of the most poignant touches in the whole of this wonderful scene is when Rawdon, going through Becky's desk, discovers a pocket-book full of bank-notes. "Some of these were dated ten years back, and one was quite a fresh one—a note for a thousand pounds, which Lord Steyne had given her." And the husband, remembering all the slights he had incurred on her behalf, the career that he had sacrificed, the devoted belief and adherence and support that he had given her, shrinks back from this last most treacherous blow. She had let him be arrested and never cared; suffered him to eat his heart out in a sordid sponging-house, and not troubled. "You might have spared me a hundred pounds, Becky, out of all this—I have always shared with you."

Becky has nothing to say; she can only repeat her parrot cry of innocence. "Was she guilty or not? She said not; but who could tell what was truth that came from those lips, or if that corrupt heart was in this case pure? All her lies and her schemes, all her selfishness and her wiles, all her wit and genius had come to this bankruptcy."

With a last terrible touch Thackeray drops the curtain. Becky is left to the care of the French maid, who was her accomplice, and in Steyne's pay. In all the world she, who had known so many friends, had met with such unmerited kindness, had only this woman to turn to. And the measure Becky had meted to others was ruthlessly shown to her. "The woman closed the curtains, and, with some entreaty and show of kindness, persuaded her mistress to lie down on the bed. Then she went below and gathered up the trinkets, which had been lying on the floor since Rebecca dropped them, at her husband's orders, and Lord Steyne went away."

The end of Becky is too familiar to be more than briefly touched on here. A smaller man, a less consummate genius, would inevitably have shown us the adventuress reduced to a pitiable pass. He would have painted her on a death-bed, racked with hunger, or shown her in a last spasm of hypocritical repentance. Thackeray was too great for this. A glimpse of Becky's less prosperous days is shown us in the description of her foreign lodgings, with the bottle of brandy thrust under the soiled pillow of the untidy bed, and the plate of beef upon the dressing-table. But in the ultimate she returns again, as women of her unconquerable vitality and supreme egotism must always return, to smooth waters, and we catch a last glimpse of her presiding at a fashionable stall of a charity bazaar.

Amelia's weakness, her futile grasping at shadows, the mild but inveterate obstinacy which refused to recognise her mistakes and hopelessly obscured from her the realisation of Dobbin's value, is revealed in a master-stroke. When, after years of vacillation and a placid acceptance of his generosity, she finally sends for him, it is almost too late. She has outworn even the fidelity of that generous heart, and all her life one feels that she is haunted by regret she had not found out his worth before.

One closes the book with a feeling that there has been revealed to us such a pageant of emotion—human endeavour and ambition, human failure and human love—as is unsurpassed in its strength and tenderness throughout the whole of English literature.

* * *

## "THE BILL," BY MRS. GEORGE CORNWALLIS WEST

*Produced by Mr. Alfred Wareing at the Royalty, Glasgow.*

SINCE "The Bill" is a comedy of politics, written by a lady whose intimacy with the inside working of both parties will not readily be questioned, it is inevitable that it should be judged by standards differing somewhat from those applied to the ordinary play by the relatively commonplace person. It has something of the interest of direct revelation, so that there is a spice of adventure even in its anticipation. We look, perhaps, for a glimpse of greatness in deshabillé, with the lurking hope that, if the gods will, there may be a hint of the imagined feet of clay which we cherish as a sop to mediocrity.

Of course, Mrs. West makes no startling disclosures. She does not undertake a critical analysis of our existing system: she passes no judgment on it, good or bad. She attempts no examination of politics in the abstract; she is content to take the game as she knows it, and to deal with it primarily in its human aspect. Round John Lamson's Universal Suffrage Bill she groups the various individuals most closely interested in its progress; and her main concern is to show how the fate of even a great administrative project may be bound up with the intimate personal relations of its originators and its opponents—and that quite legitimately and naturally.

The play contains a medley of detail affecting the protagonists in the action, a web of circumstance in which coincidence and the rather conventional device of an indiscreet letter have no small part, and a great deal of sparkling, witty, and clean-cut dialogue. Even the irrelevancies have a charm of their own, and are touched in with a kindly and humorous pen. The characters are natural and understandable humans; and the plain man, quite irrespective of party bias, will take comfort from the best of Mrs. West's portraits, that of old John Lamson, President of the Local Government Board—a sturdy, single-minded Radical, with all the passion and honesty of deep conviction.

"The Bill" would have been marked as the work of a clever and sympathetic writer even had Mrs. West taken refuge in a *nom de guerre*. There is no straining after "greatness" or undue subtlety; but the play is always interesting, and is far from a lack of strong dramatic situations. In short, it has all the elements of a popular success, and it will be no surprise if the appreciation of Glasgow is repeated in London.

While it is evident that Mrs. West is conscious of many inconsistencies and anomalies in political life, it is equally clear that she has succeeded in remaining a convinced optimist, despite all her dread "inside" knowledge—and many of us will thank heaven for that! N. W. D.

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# LITERARY NOTES

PROFESSOR EDWARD DOWDEN'S death closes a career of great literary distinction. Combining sound and extensive scholarship with a highly developed critical faculty, Dr. Dowden was for many years held in high esteem by all who are interested in the serious side of literature. On whatever subject he wrote, one might look with confidence for distinction in thought and expression, spacious culture, and for what Mathew Arnold called the note of "high seriousness." But it is as a masterly Shakespearean critic that he has earned our gratitude most.

* * * * *

Professor Dowden's "Shakespeare, his Mind and Art," published when he was only thirty-two, is admittedly one of the most penetrating expositions of the genius of the dramatist ever penned. Along with his brilliant "Shakespeare Primer," which ran through many editions and was honoured by translation into several foreign tongues, it gave an impulse to Shakespearean study which has been felt ever since. It is not too much to say that no book on Shakespeare has been written during the last thirty years which does not exhibit to some extent the influence of Professor Dowden.

* * * * *

But Dr. Dowden excelled in many directions. His biography of Shelley is a masterpiece of insight and painstaking research, and can never be superseded, while the history of French literature which he contributed to Mr. Gosse's Literatures of the World series is in certain respects the most satisfactory survey of the literature of our near neighbours available to English readers. And in saying this I am not unmindful of the excellent monographs of Professor Saintsbury and Emile Faguet. Dr. Dowden also gave us a number of admirable volumes of literary essays, and editions of Shelley, Wordsworth, and Southey which are widely used. Nor ought I to forget his brief critical biography of the latter poet, one of the very best pieces of literary work he ever did.

* * * * *

I had occasion to remark some time ago on the curious fact that many American ambassadors are men of letters in disguise. Representatives to the Court of St. James have, almost without exception, had some connection with literature. Dr. Walter Hines Page, of New York, who succeeds Mr. Whitelaw Reid, is another notable addition to the list of literary ambassadors. Formerly literary adviser to a well-known American publishing firm and now member of another, Dr. Page should worthily maintain the literary tradition. Two of the foremost American magazines—the *Forum* and the *Atlantic Monthly*—have in bygone years been under his editorial control, and now he shapes the destinies of the New York *World's Work*. One volume also stands to Dr. Page's credit, "The Rebuilding of Old Commonwealths."

* * * * *

The late Lord Archibald Campbell, brother of the Duke of Argyll, dabbled in literature and was something of a poet. "Reveries" was the title of a charming little volume of verse which he published in 1902, while his devotion to the preservation of the ancient lore of the Highlands was signalised by a handsome volume, "The Records of Argyll," which saw the light in 1885. He was also the author of "Waifs and Strays of Celtic Tradition," "Notes on Swords from the Battlefield of Culloden," "Highland Dress, Arms, and Ornament," "Armada Cannon," "Children of the

Mist"—rather a miscellaneous assortment, but clearly showing where Lord Archibald's literary interests lay.

* * * * *

Miss Betham-Edwards, who has given us so many delightful books, notably those on France and its people, has recently performed a literary feat which, if not unique, must be singularly rare. She has revised her first book, "The White House by the Sea," for re-issue after fifty-six years. One has difficulty in crediting the fact that this book, which Messrs. Collins have just issued in sixpenny form, actually appeared two years before "Adam Bede." It was then published by Messrs. Smith, Elder in two volumes at a guinea. Subsequently the same firm issued cheap editions at three and sixpence and two shillings. Then Baron Tauchnitz added "The White House by the Sea" to his collection, and now the work has been given a new lease of life in sixpenny form.

* * * * *

This week will witness the issue of the first twenty volumes of "Bohn's Popular Library"—an old friend in a new dress. Some sixty years have elapsed since Henry George Bohn began the issue at a popular price of the valuable series of literary masterpieces associated with his name. He was the real pioneer of the movement for publishing good literature at a low price, and I am glad to learn that the reappearance of his "Library" is being encouraged in a very practical way. The publishers intended to inaugurate their venture a fortnight ago, but so great was the demand for the first twenty volumes that they were compelled to postpone the date of publication.

* * * * *

Actors as a rule are rather indifferent authors, but if they are distinguished in their art, and write about it, their books generally meet with a ready sale. I have just seen the list of contents of a volume which Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree is publishing through Messrs. Cassell. "Thoughts and Afterthoughts"—rather a felicitous title—consists of a collection of the accomplished actor's lectures and essays. There will be many who will wish to read the matured opinions of Sir Herbert concerning "The Humanity of Shakespeare," "Henry VIII.," "Hamlet—from an Actor's Prompt Book," "Some Interesting Fallacies of the Modern Stage," and so on.

* * * * *

There was a time when the publication of a translation of Goethe's original manuscript of "Wilhelm Meister" would have created widespread interest, but that day has long since gone by. Goethe's influence has appreciably declined in this country since Carlyle's death, and I doubt if the number of Goethe enthusiasts in the United Kingdom would fill a moderately sized hall. Goethe lost the original draft of his "Wilhelm Meister," and it was not until a year or so ago that the manuscript was discovered by accident in Germany. It is this version, which varies considerably from that with which the reading public has so long been familiar, that Mr. Heinemann is publishing next week. The translation has been made by Mr. Gregory Page.

* * * * *

Lady Hall, whose husband, Sir John Richard Hall, of Dunglass, has just succeeded his uncle in the baronetcy, is the great-granddaughter of Dr. Duncan, minister of Ruthwell parish, Dumfriesshire, the founder of savings banks in Scotland. Lady Hall some time ago published a monograph on her distinguished ancestor through Messrs. Oliphant, Anderson and Ferrier.

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# THE DOG THAT LOST HIS CHARACTER

## A CAUTIONARY TALE

He had always been eccentric. Always, that is to say, so long as the family had known him. There is no saying whether his nature may not have received a warp in early puppyhood, when possible unkindness may have cut at the root of that faith and confidence which is the dog's instinct of religion, and so weakened with a life-long bias the little bundle of nerves and affection that makes a puppy dog.

When he was something under two he was engaged as nursery-dog at the Manor House, and after the first access of nervousness, when he snapped at the baby, he filled the post with zeal and discretion, being devoted body and soul to each and every member of that tumultuous family, and discharging every duty with punctuality and attention. His two leading principles were to guard the children and extinguish fire. He allowed nobody to speak to the family in his presence, unless they were duly authorised to do so, and even then with a grudging consent. He would fuss wildly about a lighted match, and try to jump on it, dash at a cigar light, and become frenzied when crackers were pulled. He was faithful, industrious, and generally amenable, and he was a great friend of the Brown Brother's. But he hated Parson.

The ground of his objection to this latter was never clearly ascertained, for the spiritual director of the parish was accustomed to spoil and stuff both dogs and children with equal lack of discretion. The Brown Brother, moreover, lost no opportunity of telling Robin that Parson was, in his opinion, a very respectable man. Whether he disapproved of his neighbour's views, political or theological, or whether it was merely prejudice, Robin's objection was immovable, and he always tried to bite Parson. When they met in the road, he would drop behind and attack him in the rear, or lurk in a ditch till the enemy was near, and dash at him with injurious epithets and bared teeth. Or he would lie in wait behind the laurels of the drive, and spring out with a whoop. And within doors, where he dared not show violence, he retired beneath a chair and rolled his eyes.

The Brown Brother—then a mere boy—was a warm admirer of his wire-haired neighbour, who tried to teach him ratting, a science at which the Brown Brother was always an enthusiastic blunderer. They would trot along the roads during morning walks in friendly fashion, brown tail and white tail bobbing side by side, till Robin scented bunnies and led his young friend off in chase. Then no more would be seen or heard except distant yelps, until two breathless figures reappeared, dishevelled and red-dyed from the mines, Robin usually with a rabbit, and the Brown Brother, empty-mouthed, in envious admiration.

The Brown Brother's youthful weakness was for chasing sheep—not from vice, but for the fun of seeing them scatter. On the occasions when he was corrected for this habit, he was accustomed—Irish terrier fashion—to rend the air with his shrieks before ever the stick descended on his person. If within earshot at such times, Robin would come down the Manor House drive like a woolly white cannon-ball, dash into the Parsonage stables, and fly at his friend's persecutor with ferocious growls.

The village in general stood rather in awe of him, and, like other people who do not mind making themselves disagreeable, Robin was allowed to play the tyrant more than was good for him, because it was

too much trouble to keep him in his place. Things may go on like this to the end of a dog's days, with no more serious results than much swagger on one side and a little animosity on the other. But Fate had a future for Robin. The Manor House family went abroad for six months, and Robin was boarded out with the coachman, a friend of his and an excellent man. But the children were gone, the only things that Robin loved whole-heartedly. From this point began his downfall.

It has been remarked by a great many moralists that a sense of duty is useful and necessary to the development of a respectable character. It is, however, equally necessary that the sense of duty should be complemented by a just sense of the owner's place in creation, otherwise damage may ensue. An ill-balanced character may be overweighted by the conviction that the world must go wrong unless he takes charge, and so come to grief through a disproportionate sense of his own importance. So long as Robin had had his nursery duties to fulfil, he had remained a tolerably respectable member of society. Once the duties removed, he had lost his sheet-anchor, and threatened to make shipwreck of his fortunes. He cared for nobody but the children, and had cultivated the habit of rancour till it seemed as though he could learn to care for nobody else. Perhaps it was that, like some injudicious mortals, he felt indispensable, and wanted to be considered so, disregarding the fact that in this world nobody is indispensable. He refused friendship of any other kind; his poor little narrow, devoted heart pined for the children, and would have nothing else. His grief did not take an heroic form; he did not pine and droop; he only grew crustier and crustier, and his hatred of Parson and Parson's belongings became an obsession. His mind seemed to have lost its spring, as if it were becoming stiffened within the *idée fixe* that results in mental overbalancing.

The world has hard ways of teaching. It needs a generous character to bear some of those bitter disciplines without becoming embittered. All things considered, it is, however, a rare school for character. But a dog's horizon is of necessity limited, especially in the case of a family dog who is bound fast to a small circle by all the ties he knows of honour and affection. For one week Robin recovered himself. That was when the youngest girl came for a week to the Rectory on her way to France. Care was taken that Robin should not know of her arrival; but he knew. He spent the night under her window, and appeared next morning in the breakfast-room, where he would have been welcome enough if he had only chosen to come before. His joy at seeing the child was indescribably pathetic; it was not noisy, but silent and devotional. For that week he even tolerated Parson. But Molly went away, and Robin once more snapped, growled, and became morose and inconsolable. Then he went to the dogs.

He began it by founding the dogs' club, which continued to annoy the village for more than a year after Robin was gone. The nature and objects of the club were not known; but its methods were these. All the dogs of the neighbourhood used to forgather at some meeting-place, by night for choice, and get into mischief. The melancholy part of it was that all the most respectable, hard-working dogs in the parish belonged to it, as well as the few blackguards. These were the Butcher's cross-grained bobtail, the Gipsy carrier's dissipated-looking lurcher, the cross-bred bull terrier owned by the post office, and two furtive-eyed black-and-white sheep dogs from a neighbouring hamlet who were suspected of sheep-


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worrying by adjacent farmers. The Brown Brother did not belong, although he would have given his stump of a tail to be admitted. But, resolutely as he endeavoured to fight his way in, he was persistently black-balled by the members, who were all working dogs, and seemed to despise him as a loafer. Perhaps, too, he swaggered a little. It was the policeman who found out about the club. He used to fall in upon their meetings sometimes by night in outlying parts of his beat, and he reported Robin as the evident ring-leader. It caused some amusement until it turned out to be far from harmless. Dogs, like certain classes of humanity, need the control of a higher power. This relaxed, they break their hearts or get into mischief. There was a sheep worried, nobody could say by whom; more than one turkey on another farm missing or damaged. Then the climax came with the awful fate which overtook the churchwarden's dog, who was shot by his own master, mistaking him for a strange thief, in the act of crawling through the larder window with a stolen leg of mutton. After this, careful owners chained their dogs at night. But there seemed no chance of reform for Robin. After he had been met one Sunday morning early, coming out of the public-house without a collar, and had been abusive when addressed by the Rector, he came to wear the air of one who has literally gone to the dogs. His crowning exploit came when he walked over to a farm in the next parish, full three miles away, apparently for the sole purpose of biting the churchwarden (not the owner of the shot spaniel). After this he seemed to be a canine Ishmael, with his paw against every man. He was finally condemned as a public danger and sent away.

His family never came back to their old home. They went to live in town, where it was considered impossible to keep a dog. So Robin was given back to his original owner, and nothing more was heard of him for nearly a year. At last it came out by degrees that his temper had grown so unbearable that his owner had had him shot. It was a sad ending to pluck and faithfulness, because it seemed as though he had deliberately refused help when he was going under. When Fate had bereft him of all his soul yearned for, he preferred to go to the dogs.

This is a cautionary tale, and has the inherent defect of its kind, namely, that they who might benefit by its moral instruction are precisely those who will not attend to it.

H. H. W.

## CORRESPONDENCE

### ESPERANTO.

*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

DEAR SIR,—All who desire an international *auxiliary* language will agree with the contributor of last week's article on this question up to paragraph eight; but he then proceeds as though Esperanto is the only solution of the problem. This is not so. In 1907 an international committee, consisting of scientists and linguists, after having studied all the projects for an international language, both old and new, adopted an improved version of Esperanto which they named "Ido." This language (Ido) has gained many adherents, mostly ex-Esperantists.

As Volapük suffered by comparison with Esperanto, so does the latter when compared with Ido. It may be assumed that the final selection of an international language lies neither with the Idists nor Esperantists. It will be the duty of an international committee,

appointed by the various Governments, to examine into and select from these artificial languages the best. We Idists are content to await that judgment, and, in the meantime, ask all those interested in the question to study it for themselves. The fact that there are more Esperantists than Idists is of no value, as there *were* more Volapükists than Esperantists; but Volapük no longer exists, and Esperanto—well, eventually the best will win.

An English Esperantist will admit that Esperanto is not making much progress here, but points to its success abroad; but in Germany and France I found that the Esperantists there also say, in effect, "Business is bad here, but good in England and elsewhere." This is because every item of news favourable to the Esperantists is reported in their journals, but the defections from their ranks, and the cessation of group meetings, are only known locally.

An Ido translation of an article appearing in EVERYMAN is published in the March number of the Ido review, *Progress*. It would be interesting, for the purposes of comparison, to see an Esperanto translation of the same.

I hope that an article *re* Ido will soon appear in EVERYMAN, as the question of an international language is rapidly coming to the front, and it behoves every man to be conversant with the claims put forward by the partisans of the diverse systems.—I am, sir, etc.,

J. WARREN BAXTER,
Hon. Sec., British Idistic Society.

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*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

SIR,—I read with great interest your article on Esperanto in EVERYMAN of March 28th. Personally, I took up Esperanto as a pastime, and a most fascinating and useful pastime it has proved. I am now able, after only two or three months' learning at odd times, to correspond with men abroad who do not even know the English language, but who are Esperantists.

It may be of interest to you to know that there is an Esperanto bank called "La Cekbanko Esperantista." Members of this bank are able to transmit money to one another in any part of the world by means of a postcard. In this bank, as in the language itself, everything is based on purely logical and practical grounds.

Three weeks ago I sent a friend of mine a little Esperanto exercise-book, and now he is able to write to me in very good Esperanto. As every man knows, this would be an utter impossibility with any other language.

My advice to your readers is to learn Esperanto "for fun," and they will find that not only will they have learnt something useful, but that they will also have improved their English as well.—I am, sir, etc.,

KOMENCANTO (Ivor Gwynne Perrett).

London, S.E.

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*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

DEAR SIR,—Many of your readers will have perused with interest the article under the above title in the current number of EVERYMAN, and as I have attended several of the international congresses referred to in Paragraph IX. I trust you will allow me to testify to the ease with which the international language, as a means of ordinary conversation, is understood by people of different nationalities. The language is phonetic, and the rules for pronunciation are so simple that it is impossible to detect the nationality of a speaker from his pronunciation of Esperanto. I have frequently entered into a conver-


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sation with a seeming foreigner, and only on exchanging cards with a view to future correspondence have learned that I have been speaking to a fellow-countryman. The grammar is absolutely without exceptions, and the language can be learned for purposes of correspondence in a few weeks.—I am, sir, etc.,

J. Bredall.

South Croydon.

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*To the Editor of* Everyman.

Sir,—No doubt Mr. S. S. Cherry, in his letter in Everyman of April 4th, is theoretically correct when he says that "in time Esperanto, too, will vastly change, and in multitudes of different directions." But the important question is, after all, Is such a possibility a matter of practical politics? The excellent translations from European classics that have appeared in Esperanto from the pens of Dr. Zamenhof, Dr. Bein ("Kabe"), and other authors—e.g., "Marta," "La Revizoro" (Gogol), "La Rabistoj" (Schiller), "La Faraono" (B. Prus), and "Patroj kaj Filoj" (Turgucnev)—have laid down models of good style in Esperanto which are closely followed by good writers, no matter what their nationality. Indeed, to such an extent have these models influenced the use of the language, that, given a piece of writing by a mature wielder of Esperanto, it is to all intents and purposes impossible to detect the nationality of the writer.

Then, too, the practical resolution taken in 1905, at the Congress in Boulogne, where the principle was accepted that, until such time as Esperanto shall have been officially adopted, no change must be arbitrarily made in the basis of the language, is a sufficient safeguard for a reasonable time.

But, after all, is there any infallible analogy between "natural" languages and Esperanto? Natural languages never did start as homogeneous; and their exceptions and irregularities are not necessarily corruptions from a pure pristine source, but very often forms derived from entirely different sources (e.g., *was, be, is*). But the case is otherwise in Esperanto. From its inception, the language has been virtually without exception or irregularity. And we may be quite sure that whatever changes may take place will be kept within reasonable bounds by that great unifying force which was the motive of its creation, and which all other things must subserve—the desire for mutual understanding.—I am, sir, etc.,

P. J. Cameron,
Hon. Sec., London Esperanto Club,
St. Bride's Institute, E.C.

London.

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## THE SUPERMAN.

*To the Editor of* Everyman.

Sir,—What exactly does your correspondent, E. Derwent, mean? He says: "The superman is fully himself that he may be more fully the instrument of the purpose of the universe, for which he conceives he was created." What does it all mean? Does one become fully oneself by being self-assertive? Does self-assertion mean the endeavour to gratify all personal desire and ambition? Are all who act upon the above precept supermen? Finally, is not the very act of making oneself the "instrument of the purpose of the universe" an act of self-renunciation?

It is really rather futile of Mr. Derwent (or his master, G. B. S.) to pervert a Christian ideal for the sake of mocking it. The slightest study will show that the extent of self-sacrifice demanded by Christ of His followers is just so much as will enable them

to attain the same ideal heights of spiritual self-realisation (or self-assertion) as He Himself did; that is, to become more Christ-like. The Christian realises that to be morally and spiritually self-assertive (the purpose for which he was created), he must practise self-renunciation where his natural, uncontrolled desires and ambitions are likely to prove a hindrance to himself or to others.

If Mr. Derwent (for Mr. Shaw) answers my first three questions with "Yes" and the last with a "No," then it appears to me that, so far from being a new ethic, a new morality, Mr. Shaw's doctrines are the very principles upon which modern life is conducted, after removing the hollow, conventional self-deception which is constantly practised to-day in order to square it with the higher Christian morality. Granted that the Shavian morality is more honest than the present indefensible duplicity, the fact must still be faced that it would leave things pretty much as they are. His system would still leave the unfortunate a prey to the unscrupulous and the get-rich-quicks. This surely would be very awkward from Mr. Shaw's point of view. Does not his advocacy of Socialism involve the regulation of an individual's self-assertiveness and involve a certain measure of self-renunciation?—I am, sir, etc.,

H. V. HERWIG.

London, N.

## ANGLO-GERMAN RELATIONS.

*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

DEAR SIR,—Permit me once more a few words in reply to Mr. Dexter's letter in No. 25.

I think this letter is very typical of the average Englishman's attitude towards this question. "I abhor war between the two nations, but I believe in the present state of things (which are nearly worse than war). It is not our fault." This is the meaning of his letter in a nutshell.

Mr. Dexter accuses Germany of having been "aggressive, provocative, and ruthless," and I quite understand that he feels himself justified in his reproach from a purely English point of view. Should he happen, however, to read German history, he will be surprised to learn that "Germany has always wished for peace, and that only England or France have done something to threaten her." Still another aspect of the matter he will gather from French history. It is always the other nation who has started the mischief. In such a case, I daresay we are not far out if we take it that the truth lies in the middle, and the fault with all parties concerned. He asks what effective say the bulk of the German people have in the matter. Well, not much of it. But will your correspondent maintain that it is otherwise here or in France? Was the bulk of the English nation in favour of the South African war?

If, however, he goes on to say "that in all wars the national spirit of patriotism comes to the support of the authorities," I beg to differ, for I flatly deny the "patriotism" to those who back the authorities in a "game at war."

In this case we should rather call it fanaticism. This pretty quality of the mostly thoughtless masses of Philistines without backbone is cleverly evoked by an irresponsible Press in the hands of interested persons, and it is here that the high value of independent journals like EVERYMAN, etc., comes in.

I should like to add a word about the dreadful German fleet, which your correspondent thinks "has long reached a quite sufficient strength for the protection of the commercial interests and territories," and


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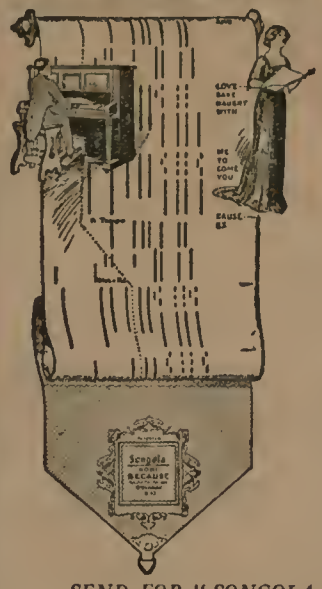

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is built "far beyond necessity in those respects." The situation is as follows: England is in possession or controls the chief export markets. The idea of the German Government is, clearly, that if English Imperialism closes up these markets for the German industries, these would be simply paralysed, and therefore Germany requires a navy, as an important factor, which is weighty enough to inhibit her commercial exclusion.

Mark you, I want to explain, not to justify. For I am of opinion that an able diplomacy could work more effectively and much more cheaply.

We cannot get away from the fact that the problem must be solved on a commercial basis. If, therefore, diplomacy fails to get at the solution, commercial men have the duty to make a start in the right direction.—I am, sir, etc., Ed. Schmidt.

London, April 5th, 1913.

## EDUCATIONAL REFORM.

*To the Editor of* Everyman.

Sir,—Your correspondent "Student" makes use of the following expressions:—

"We want a system in which the Church will cease from troubling, a system which will not be controlled by small local bodies composed of men who are, for the most part, utterly unqualified to express adequate opinions on educational needs," etc.

Does not this point to a grave error in the Act of 1902, viz., the abolition of the school boards? I know the argument then employed against the multiplication of authorities, but in the case of education this will hardly hold good. It is a question that wants the undivided attention of all of those responsible for its management and efficiency. In every civilised community there are always a number of men anxious to take part in public affairs, but to whom the work of local boards and town councils is not congenial—men—and women, too—who prefer laying the foundations of knowledge in the child, and enlightening its mind and cultivating its brains, to attending to the laying of the streets, and the lighting of the same, and the construction of the drains, and it was men and women of this type who formed by far the larger bulk of those school boards, corporations which, whatever their shortcomings in exceptional cases may have been, did their work excellently well, and ought for that reason alone never to have been abolished. In any new Education Act—and God knows one is wanted—the Government, be it Liberal or be it Conservative, might, in this respect, make a good beginning by reverting to the days before 1902.—I am, sir, etc., E. S.

London, March 27th, 1913.

*To the Editor of* Everyman.

Sir,—I would join in the shout of indignation that is rising over the chaotic condition of educational affairs.

The fences are broken and the ropes are down, and the turf is open to be trampled underfoot of all the clowns and all the beasts that like to roam. What chance have the nurturers or the nursed? Fine artists need tranquillity and seclusion to produce fine results. If the guardians of the teaching fields have been lax or arrogant in their supervision or have absconded, if the people have been interfering and absurd, if the teachers have come to strained relations and lost their bearings, if the children and the youth are being twisted and warped and overlain and chilled, how shall the thing be remedied? There is only one way. What is the object in view? Is it not to produce fine plants and flowers and shrubs and trees? Very well. It is necessary, first of all, to have plenty of space and good soil, and a situation not exposed to cold winds, but open to the sun and well watered. Is this available? It seems so. Secondly, the supply of weeds, shoots, cuttings should be carefully sorted, the tainted from the untainted, the good stock from the poor or medium stock. And whose affair is this? That of the doctors, and the sanitary inspectors, and the legislators, and the parents. But is this attainable? Not for a long time, I fear. Thirdly, there should be a well-regulated, machine-like, uniform organisation for the handling of the supply on receipt at the enclosures. And how can this be? Only by the co-operation and union of all the different teaching bodies and associations and federations. But how can such an unwieldy mass be moved and handled and unified? Only after much shifting, many words and many conferences. And who is to do this? This can only be done amongst the teachers themselves, with the help and guidance of those legislators who understand them. And are there such men? Some there are, who have been teachers, and some understand by sympathy and intuition. And who is to control this great union or federation? There should be a Minister of Education, whose office should rank with the highest offices in the State, and should be unique, and not a stepping-stone to something else. Is that all? No; in the fourth place, there should be well-rolled gravel paths through the fields and plantations, and at the entrances notice-boards should be placed inscribed "Smoking strictly prohibited!" to be observed by visitors. And is this possible? I hope so.—I am, sir, etc., F. E. Hodder.

Croydon, Surrey.

## ENTERPRISE IN BUSINESS.

*To the Editor of* Everyman.

Sir,—With reference to your article entitled "Enterprise in Business, an Omission in the Socialist Argument," I would like to point out that not all Socialists have omitted the important points referred to in your contributor's interesting article. As one who is dissatisfied with the present social and economic conditions, I welcome the honest criticism set forth as a means of throwing light on the subject. In a book written a few years ago, entitled "Studies, Scientific and Social," Dr. Alfred Russell Wallace deals fully with the problem of enterprise, organisation, and management in a state of society compatible with the Socialist argument. In his account of the co-operative farming experiment at Ralahine, Co. Clare, in 1831-33, he shows how a community of uneducated Irish people, under the leadership of their able steward, Mr. E. T. Craig (who knew nothing about farming), were able to organise and show considerable ability in the management of their 600-acre farm, from both a financial and agricultural point of view.

While admitting that great organising power is rare, I emphatically deny that organisation and management must remain the monopoly of an élite.

The success of the great co-operative societies in this country, whose managers are elected from the members, by the members, for the members, is proof that organisation and management are not the monopoly of an élite.

Many of the managers of our great railway companies have risen up from the ranks. In my opinion, a measure which has contributed largely to the success of these gentlemen is the experience that they

*(Continued on page 832.)*

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gained during their sojourn in positions of a lower degree than that of manager.

Experience would, therefore, be one of the most important factors in creating organisation and management. Another point worth consideration is the fact that nearly all great enterprises had small beginnings, circumstances which compel one to believe that the process of evolution should take not a little of the credit which your contributor believes to belong to an élite.

With regard to enterprise being an important factor in the production of wealth, I admit that it is so; but can anyone prove that in a state of society where the whole community would have equal opportunity such a society would be fatal to its existence?

I might quote the Post Office as being an example of public ownership in which enterprise or expressed personality has not been lacking. Indeed, I venture to assert that the vital forces which have been at work in our postal institution, culminating in the present splendid organisation, are a good example which private enterprise would do well to imitate.—I am, sir, etc.,

A RAILWAY WORKER.

Southfields, S.W.

## PAGANISM AND CHRISTIANITY.

*To the Editor of* EVERYMAN.

SIR,—May I be allowed to correct an error in my letter on "Paganism and Christianity." The phrase, "when the connotation had expanded to infinity, the denotation had shrunk to zero," should, of course, read, "when the denotation had expanded to infinity, the connotation had shrunk to zero."—I am, sir, etc.,

THOS. SEFTON.

❧ ❧ ❧

# BOOKS OF THE WEEK

IN A CRYSTAL AGE (Duckworth, "The Reader's Library," 2s. 6d. net) Mr. W. H. Hudson has given us a purely imaginary picture—as all such pictures must necessarily be—of the future. Originally published in 1887, the book is, as he tells us himself, "coloured by the little cults, crazes, and modes of thought of the 'eighties." The author describes to us how, on regaining consciousness after falling from a great height, he finds himself encased in a covering of fibrous roots, from which, however, he with little difficulty is able to extricate himself. Investigating his surroundings, he chances on a company of mourners intent on burying their dead. On enquiry, he explains his position, but fails to make his listeners thoroughly understand him; they think he is talking in a series of riddles. Anxious to help him as much as possible, they receive him into their house. Strange and mystifying are the rules and orders to which he has to conform, and the tests and trials he has to undergo in this new existence, where men dress in artistic and brightly coloured garments, read and write according to more or less phonetic rules, accomplish well-nigh impossible feats and live a Utopian life. The book, which is admirably written, will appeal to all who enjoy the conjuring up of wildly speculative pictures of old Mother Earth in which she is made to dance to a fantastic albeit amusing strain.

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The strange friendship which occasionally springs up between a child and one of more mature years is the foundation which Mr. Will Allen Dromgoole has chosen on which to build his novel, THE ISLAND OF BEAUTIFUL THINGS (Pitman and Sons, 6s.). The little chap, or "Fighting Mans," as he chooses to call

himself, is the medium through which his "My Mans" and his "Lady Captain" find this wonderful "Island of Beautiful Things." One cannot help wondering, however, how a child of six, who can only express himself in "baby-language," should possess such maturely quaint and poetical ideas. The story, in this respect, suggests the other side of the Atlantic. The plot is slight, but the book contains many good passages.

❀ ❀ ❀

I'd Venture All for Thee (Eveleigh Nash, 6s.) is written with a cheery pen and bright descriptive touches, that conjure up the stirring times of the rising in favour of the Pretender, 1745. Mr. J. S. Fletcher is particularly successful in his pictures of the great white road that stretches from across the border into the heart of England. Along the great highway huge droves of cattle are driven in a cloud of dust, dogs and drovers behind them, and before. One thinks of the many thousand of head of cattle that have trodden the path that leads to Smithfield, and the image is striking and, for a moment, staggering. The author tells us that, in those days, the days when railways were not, and transit was expensive and difficult, it was inevitable that the cattle should be shod. The miles they had to traverse wore out their hoofs, and it was necessary to call on the local blacksmiths to supply iron shoes. We dwell on these portions of the book because they stand out with significance and strength from the story. The account of Barnaby Fair is one of the most successful pictures of village life in those far-off days we have read for some time. The contrast between that healthy, happy age and the apathy and discontent rife in our own is cleverly portrayed, and one passes from the rustics gaping at the booths to the affairs of the hero, the last Earl of Strithes, with a touch of regret. The interest centres round this Jacobite nobleman, on whose head a price is set, and we follow him through scenes of hair-breadth escapes and thrilling adventures, until at long last he gains peace, and the love of Freda, a golden-haired descendant of the Vikings. The story is well told, graphically written; but, when curiosity is satisfied in regard to Alan, and sentiment no longer hungers for the union of the lovers, the reader will linger with pleasurable recollection over the scenes of rustic life so well portrayed, and the picture of the great North road, with its vast herds of cattle, a sea of tossing heads and the clatter of iron hoofs.

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Mr. Harold Williams once more takes us into the region of Harley Street, and we are introduced into the waiting-room of a physician, called on to pronounce a verdict on the case of Oswald Bouverie. The latter, we suspect, is suffering from a disease only too common in a certain section of the community. He has too much money and leisure, and too little work. The doctor apparently comes to the same conclusion. He tells Bouverie that he is "lacking in sincerity," and suggests that, generally speaking, the patient has fooled away his time and energy. His prescription is simple and convincing. Bouverie is ordered the "simple life." He must take up his abode in the country and live with cows and sheep and simple, kindly people, where existence will narrow down to essentials, and he will be forced to find out for what he cares, and just how much. Bouverie follows his advice, leaves London, and finds a quiet spot. Intimacy with nature, however, does not awaken his energy, and he drifts into a backwater where thought is stagnant and there is no health. Even the influence of the woman he loves does not rouse him,

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and it is left to Cummins, a simple, unsophisticated son of nature—with literary ambitions—to open his eyes. Bouverie, in the feckless fashion of that particular type of individual, is upset while boating, and, at the cost of his own life, Cummins saves him. The gift, secured at such a price, gives Bouverie an awakening shock, and he sets out, determined to put up a fight with life, instead of sauntering through existence. DISCOVERY (Sidgwick and Jackson, 6s.) should go well.

❀ ❀ ❀

Mr. Edgar Jepson has given us a variety of original and entirely fascinating children. "Lady Noggs" captured our hearts long since, though certain of Mr. Jepson's admirers, even in face of her piquant ladyship's attractions, thought with regret of his earlier creation, the delightful little girl of "The Passion for Romance." In his latest book, THE DETERMINED TWINS (Hutchinson, 6s.), he invests the wildest escapades of Erebus and The Terror with an air of such simplicity and candour that the enormity of their scrapes is veiled from sight, and you wish that you could meet with two such charming vagabonds as he portrays. The best story in the book is that devoted to the gentle art of "Blackmailing," as practised on a baronet. The twins request the local personage, Sir James Morgan, for permission to fish the Grange water, the Grange being his property, inclusive of extensive grounds. Permission being withheld—the local reputation of the twins was not of the mildest order—they decide to be revenged on him. The baronet, as keen, if not as skilful, with the rod as they, gets tired of fishing his own waters, wherein he can catch nothing, and poaches on his neighbour's. The terrible twins see him in the act, and, marching to the Grange, beard him outright, threatening exposure if he does not withdraw his prohibition against them. The baronet succumbs, subsequently makes friends with the twins, and ultimately marries their mother. And with this satisfactory conclusion, the book comes to an end. Written with all the quiet humour characteristic of the author at his best, the story should achieve as great a success as its predecessors.

❀ ❀ ❀

Poison and the dagger and the scents—or rather the odours of the South—figure prominently in Mr. Haslette's romance, THE SHADOW OF SALVADOR (Ouseley, 6s.). The author is lavish with his descriptives, and occasionally employs epithets strained out of all relation to the sense in which they are employed. He falls back after an impassioned flight on outworn phrases, such as the "sauce of hunger" that makes plain food and homely fare ambrosia! Salvador is a man with a fine presence and a reputation that would make the fortune of a modern pirate. His adventures are "thrilling" in every sense of the word, and his capacity for stage-managing the removal of those persons who seriously interfere with him unrivalled. The book belongs to a phase of popular fiction overpast, and we would commend the author to seek simpler themes and less fearsome people.

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Stories of South Africa inevitably suggest the "illimitable veldt" quoted *ad nauseam* by those authors who indulged in romances of the Boer War. Miss Amy J. Baker is to be commended that she deals with life, not in the hinterlands of the dark continent, but of the everyday existence in the towns and cities of the Colony. She paints the men and women with a sure touch, noting the influence of climate and the loosening of social formalities on character, and working out the modifications thus induced with care and cleverness. The story needs the background of the tropics, and while the author of THE IMPENITENT PRAYER (John Long, 6s.) confines herself to sketching customs and manners, with racy glimpses of adventure proper to less civilised modes of life, she is markedly successful. It is when she ventures on the troubled waters of emotional stress and strain that she is less convincing. Her love scenes are crude, and the proposal of marriage Lyn Baring receives, written in the style of courtship by capture, falls flat and lacks sincerity. At the same time, Miss Baker possesses undoubted power, and with care should do good things.

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## LIST OF BOOKS RECEIVED

Anderson, A. J. "The A B C of Artistic Photography." (Stanley Paul, 5s.)
Bird, Richard. "The Gay Adventure." (Blackwood, 6s.)
Dembster, K. E. "Europe and the New Sea Law." (Simpkin, Marshall, 5s.)
Fetterless, Arthur. "Willie in the Isle of Man." (Blackwood, 6s.)
Gupta, J. N. "The Life and Work of Romesh Chunder Dutt." (Dent, 2s. 6d.)
Hallard, J. H. "The Idylls of Theocritus." (Rivingtons.)
Healy, T. N. "Stolen Waters." (Longmans, 10s. 6d.)
Jacobs, Reginald. "Covent Garden." (Simpkin, Marshall, 6s.)
Johnson, Arthur T. "California." (Stanley Paul, 10s. 6d.)
Knowles, A. C. "Adventures in the Alps." (Skeffington, 3s. 6d.)
McCarthy, Michael. "Church and State in England and Wales." (Hodges, Figgis and Co.)
MacAnn, John. "The Political Philosophy of Burke." (Arnold, 5s.)
MacDonald, Alex. "In the Land of Pearl and Gold." (Fisher Unwin, 10s. 6d.)
Münsterberg, H. "Psychology and Industrial Efficiency." (Constable, 6s.)
Manning, W. "Echoes of the Angelus." (Dent.)
Paul, Herbert. "Letters of Lord Acton to Mary Gladstone." (Macmillan, 10s.)
Public Morals Conference. "The Nation's Morals." (Cassell.)
Remband, Jacques. "Memoirs of Comte Roger de Damas." (Chapman and Hall, 15s.)
Sawkins, Mrs. Langfield, L.L.A. "Ladye Berta of Romrow." (Griffiths, 6s.)
Santayana, G. "Winds of Doctrine." (Dent, 6s.)
Selbie, W. B., M.A., D.D. "Schleier Macher." (Chapman and Hall, 7s. 6d.)
Scully, W. C. "Reminiscences of a South African Pioneer." (Fisher Unwin, 10s. 6d.)
Simon, André L. "In Vino Veritas." (Grant Richards, 2s. 6d.)
To-day, E. "Camp and Tramp in African Wilds." (Seeley, Service and Co., 16s.)
Underhill, Evelyn. "The Mystic Way." (Dent, 12s. 6d.)
Wason, Robert Alexander. "Friar Tuck." (Grant Richards.)
Whitley, Charles. "Essays in Biography." (Constable, 5s.)
Warrick, John, M.A. "The Moderators of the Church of Scotland." (Oliphant, Anderson and Ferrier, 10s. 6d.)

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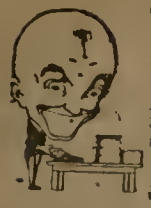

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